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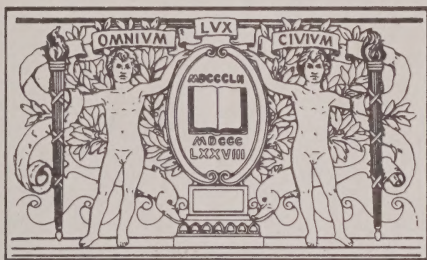


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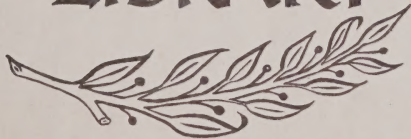


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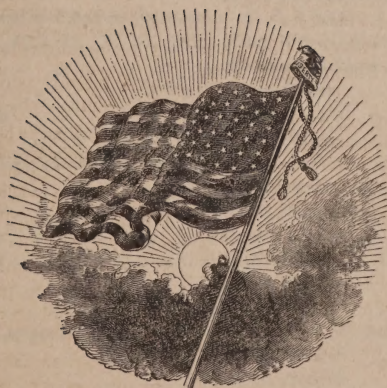
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

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VOLUME XX.



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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUSAN'S YOUNG MAN.

THERE seems no reasonable doubt that Myrtle Hazard might have made a safe thing of it with Gifted Hopkins, (if so inclined,) provided that she had only been secured against interference. But the constant habit of reading his verses to Susan Posey was not without its risk to so excitable a nature as that of the young poet. Poets always were capable of divided affections, and Cowley's "Chronicle" is a confession that would fit the whole tribe of them. It is true that Gifted had no right to regard Susan's heart as open to the wiles of any new-comer. He knew that she considered herself, and was considered by another, as pledged and plighted. Yet she was such a devoted listener, her sympathies were so easily roused, her blue eyes glistened so tenderly at the least poetical hint, such as "Never, O never," "My aching heart," "Go, let me weep,"—any of those touching phrases out of the long catalogue which readily suggests itself,—that her influence was getting to be such that Myrtle (if really anxious to

secure him) might look upon it with apprehension, and the owner of Susan's heart (if of a jealous disposition) might have thought it worth while to make a visit to Oxbow Village to see after his property.

It may seem not impossible that some friend had suggested as much as this to the young lady's lover. The caution would have been unnecessary, or at least premature. Susan was loyal as ever to her absent friend. Gifted Hopkins had never yet presumed upon the familiar relations existing between them to attempt to shake her allegiance. It is quite as likely, after all, that the young gentleman about to make his appearance in Oxbow Village visited the place of his own accord, without a hint from anybody. But the fact concerns us more than the reason of it, just now.

"Who do you think is coming, Mr. Gridley? Who *do* you think is coming?" said Susan Posey, her face covered with a carnation such as the first season may see in a city belle, but not the second.

"Well, Susan Posey, I suppose I must guess, though I am rather slow at

that business. Perhaps the Governor. No, I don't think it can be the Governor, for you would n't look so happy if it was only his Excellency. It must be the President, Susan Posey, — President James Buchanan. Have n't I guessed right, now, tell me, my dear?"

"O Mr. Gridley, you are too bad, — what do I care for governors and presidents? I know somebody that's worth fifty million thousand presidents, — and *he's* coming, — my Clement is coming," said Susan, who had by this time learned to consider the awful Byles Gridley as her next friend and faithful counsellor.

Susan could not stay long in the house after she got her note informing her that her friend was soon to be with her. Everybody told everything to Olive Eveleth, and Susan must run over to the Parsonage to tell her that there was a young gentleman coming to Oxbow Village; upon which Olive asked who it was, exactly as if she did not know; whereupon Susan dropped her eyes and said, "Clement, — I mean Mr. Lindsay."

That was a fair piece of news now, and Olive had her bonnet on five minutes after Susan was gone, and was on her way to Bathsheba's, — it was too bad that the poor girl who lived so out of the world should n't know anything of what was going on in it. Bathsheba had been in all the morning, and the Doctor had said she must take the air every day; so Bathsheba had on *her* bonnet a little after Olive had gone, and walked straight up to The Poplars to tell Myrtle Hazard that a certain young gentleman, Clement Lindsay, was coming to Oxbow Village.

It was perhaps fortunate that there was no special significance to Myrtle in the name of Clement Lindsay. Since the adventure which had brought these two young persons together, and, after coming so near a disaster, had ended in a mere humiliation and disappointment, and but for Master Gridley's discreet kindness might have led to foolish scandal, Myrtle had never referred to it in any way. Nobody really

knew what her plans had been except Olive and Cyprian, who had observed a very kind silence about the whole matter. The common version of the story was harmless, and near enough to the truth, — down the river, — boat upset, — pulled out, — taken care of by some women in a house farther down, — sick, brain fever, — pretty near it, anyhow, — old Dr. Hurlbut called in, — had her hair cut, — hystericky, etc., etc.

Myrtle was contented with this statement, and asked no questions, and it was a perfectly understood thing that nobody alluded to the subject in her presence. It followed from all this that the name of Clement Lindsay had no peculiar meaning for her. Nor was she like to recognize him as the youth in whose company she had gone through her mortal peril, for all her recollections were confused and dream-like from the moment when she awoke and found herself in the foaming rapids just above the fall, until that when her senses returned, and she saw Master Byles Gridley standing over her with that look of tenderness in his square features which had lingered in her recollection, and made her feel towards him as if she were his daughter.

Now this had its advantage; for as Clement was Susan's young man, and had been so for two or three years, it would have been a great pity to have any such curious relations established between him and Myrtle Hazard as a consciousness on both sides of what had happened would naturally suggest.

"Who is this Clement Lindsay, Bathsheba?" Myrtle asked.

"Why, Myrtle, don't you remember about Susan Posey's is-to-be, — the young man that has been — well, I don't know, but I suppose engaged to her ever since they were children almost?"

"Yes, yes, I remember now. O dear! I have forgotten so many things I should think I had been dead and was coming back to life again. Do you know anything about him, Bathsheba? Did n't somebody say he was

very handsome? I wonder if he is really in love with Susan Posey. Such a simple thing! I want to see him. I have seen so few young men."

As Myrtle said these words, she lifted the sleeve a little on her left arm, by a half-instinctive and half-voluntary movement. The glimmering gold of Judith Pride's bracelet flashed out the yellow gleam which has been the reddening of so many hands and the blackening of so many souls since that innocent sin-breeder was first picked up in the land of Havilah. There came a sudden light into her eye, such as Bathsheba had never seen there before. It looked to her as if Myrtle were saying unconsciously to herself that she had the power of beauty, and would like to try its influence on the handsome young man whom she was soon to meet, even at the risk of unseating poor little Susan in his affections. This pained the gentle and humble-minded girl, who, without having tasted the world's pleasures, had meekly consecrated herself to the lowly duties which lay nearest to her. For Bathsheba's phrasing of life was in the monosyllables of a rigid faith. Her conceptions of the human soul were all simplicity and purity, but elementary. She could not conceive the vast license the creative energy allows itself in mingling the instincts which, after long conflict, may come into harmonious adjustment. The flash which Myrtle's eye had caught from the gleam of the golden bracelet filled Bathsheba with a sudden fear that she was like to be led away by the vanities of that world lying in wickedness of which the minister's daughter had heard so much and seen so little.

Not that Bathsheba made any fine moral speeches to herself. She only felt a slight shock, such as a word or a look from one we love too often gives us,—such as a child's trivial gesture or movement makes a parent feel,—that impalpable something which in the slightest possible inflection of a syllable or gradation of a tone will sometimes leave a sting behind it, even in a trusting heart. This was all. But

it was true that what she saw meant a great deal. It meant the dawning in Myrtle Hazard of one of her as yet un-lived *secondary lives*. Bathsheba's virgin perceptions had caught a faint early ray of its glimmering twilight.

She answered, after a very slight pause, which this explanation has made seem so long, that she had never seen the young gentleman, and that she did not know about Susan's sentiments. Only, as they had kept so long to each other, she supposed there must be love between them.

Myrtle fell into a reverie, with certain *tableaux* glowing along its perspectives which poor little Susan Posey would have shivered to look upon, if they could have been transferred from the purple clouds of Myrtle's imagination to the pale silvery mists of Susan's pretty fancies. She sat in her day-dream long after Bathsheba had left her, her eyes fixed, not on the faded portrait of her beautiful ancestress, but on that other canvas where the dead Beauty seemed to live in all the splendors of her full-blown womanhood.

The young man whose name had set her thoughts roving *was* handsome, as the glance at him already given might have foreshadowed. But his features had a graver impress than his age seemed to account for, and the sober tone of his letter to Susan implied that something had given him a maturity beyond his years. The story was not an uncommon one. At sixteen he had dreamed—and told his dream. At eighteen he had awoke, and found, as he believed, that a young heart had grown to his so that its life was dependent on his own. Whether it would have perished if its filaments had been gently disentangled from the object to which they had attached themselves, experienced judges of such matters may perhaps question. To justify Clement in his estimate of the danger of such an experiment, we must remember that to young people in their teens a first passion is a portentous and unprecedented phenomenon. The

young man may have been mistaken in thinking that Susan would die if he left her, and may have done more than his duty in sacrificing himself; but if so, it was the mistake of a generous youth, who estimated the depth of another's feelings by his own. He measured the depth of his own rather by what he felt they might be, than by that of any abysses they had yet sounded.

Clement was called a "genius" by those who knew him, and was consequently in danger of being spoiled early. The risk is great enough anywhere, but greatest in a new country, where there is an almost universal want of fixed standards of excellence.

He was by nature an artist; a shaper with the pencil or the chisel, a planner, a contriver capable of turning his hand to almost any work of eye and hand. It would not have been strange if he thought he could do everything, having gifts which were capable of various application, — and being an American citizen. But though he was a good draughtsman, and had made some reliefs and modelled some figures, he called himself only an architect. He had given himself up to his art, not merely from a love of it and talent for it, but with a kind of heroic devotion, because he thought his country wanted a race of builders to clothe the new forms of religious, social, and national life afresh from the forest, the quarry, and the mine. Some thought he would succeed, others that he would be a brilliant failure.

"Grand notions, — grand notions," the master with whom he studied said. "Large ground plan of life, — splendid elevation. A little wild in some of his fancies, perhaps, but he's only a boy, and he's the kind of boy that sometimes grows to be a pretty big man. Wait and see, — wait and see. He works days, and we can let him dream nights. There's a good deal of him, anyhow." His fellow-students were puzzled. Those who thought of their calling as a trade, and looked forward to the time when they should be embodying the ideals of municipi-

pal authorities in brick and stone, or making contracts with wealthy citizens, doubted whether Clement would have a sharp eye enough for business. "Too many whims, you know. All sorts of queer ideas in his head, — as if a boy like him was going to make things all over again!"

No doubt there was something of youthful extravagance in his plans and expectations. But it was the untamed enthusiasm which is the source of all great thoughts and deeds, — a beautiful delirium which age commonly tames down, and for which the cold shower-bath the world furnishes *gratis* proves a pretty certain cure.

Creation is always preceded by chaos. The youthful architect's mind was confused by the multitude of suggestions which were crowding in upon it, and which he had not yet had time or developed mature strength sufficient to reduce to order. The young American of any freshness of intellect is stimulated to dangerous excess by the conditions of life into which he is born. There is a double proportion of oxygen in the New-World air. The chemists have not found it out yet, but human brains and breathing organs have long since made the discovery.

Clement knew that his hasty entanglement had limited his possibilities of happiness in one direction, and he felt that there was a certain grandeur in the recompense of working out his defeated instincts through the ambitious medium of his noble art. Had not Pharaohs chosen it to proclaim their longings for immortality, Cæsars their passion for pomp and luxury, and the priesthood to symbolize their conceptions of the heavenly mansions? His dreams were on a grand scale; such, after all, are the best possessions of youth. Had he but been free, or mated with a nature akin to his own, he would have felt himself as truly the heir of creation as any young man that lived. But his lot was cast, and his youth had all the serious aspect to himself of thoughtful manhood. In the region of his art alone he hoped always to find

freedom and a companionship which his home life could never give him.

Clement meant to have visited his beloved before he left Alderbank, but was called unexpectedly back to the city. Happily Susan was not exacting; she looked up to him with too great a feeling of distance between them to dare to question his actions. Perhaps she found a partial consolation in the company of Mr. Gifted Hopkins, who tried his new poems on her, which was the next best thing to addressing them to her. "Would that you were with us at this delightful season," she wrote in the autumn; "but no, your Susan must not repine. Yet, in the beautiful words of our native poet,

'O would, O would that thou wast here,
For absence makes thee doubly dear;
Ah! what is life while thou'rt away?
'T is night without the orb of day!'

The poet referred to, it need hardly be said, was our young and promising friend G. H., as he sometimes modestly signed himself. The letter, it is unnecessary to state, was voluminous,—for a woman can tell her love, or other matter of interest, over and over again in as many forms as another poet, not G. H., found for his grief in ringing the musical changes of "In Memoriam."

The answers to Susan's letters were kind, but not very long. They convinced her that it was a simple impossibility that Clement could come to Ox-bow Village, on account of the great pressure of the work he had to keep him in the city, and the plans he *must* finish at any rate. But at last the work was partially got rid of, and Clement was coming; yes, it was so nice, and, O dear! should n't she be real happy to see him?

To Susan he appeared as a kind of divinity,—almost too grand for human nature's daily food. Yet, if the simple-hearted girl could have told herself the whole truth in plain words, she would have confessed to certain doubts which from time to time, and oftener of late, cast a shadow on her seemingly bright future. With all the pleasure that the thought of meeting Clement gave her,

she felt a little tremor, a certain degree of awe, in contemplating his visit. If she could have clothed her self-humiliation in the gold and purple of the "Portuguese Sonnets," it would have been another matter; but the trouble with the most common sources of disquiet is that they have no wardrobe of flaming phraseology to air themselves in; the inward burning goes on without the relief and gratifying display of the crater.

"A *friend* of mine is coming to the village," she said to Mr. Gifted Hopkins. "I want you to see him. He is a genius,—as some other young men are." (This was obviously personal, and the youthful poet blushed with ingenuous delight.) "I have known him for ever so many years. He and I are *very good friends*." The poet knew that this meant an exclusive relation between them; and though the fact was no surprise to him, his countenance fell a little. The truth was, that his admiration was divided between Myrtle, who seemed to him divine and adorable, but distant, and Susan, who listened to his frequent poems, whom he was in the habit of seeing in artless domestic costumes, and whose attractions had been gaining upon him of late in the enforced absence of his divinity.

He retired pensive from this interview, and, flinging himself at his desk, attempted wreaking his thoughts upon expression, to borrow the language of one of his brother bards, in a passionate lyric which he began thus:—

"ANOTHER'S!

"Another's! O the pang, the smart!
Fate owes to Love a deathless grudge,—
The barb'd fang has rent a heart
Which— which—

"judge—judge,—no, not judge. Budge, drudge, fudge— What a disgusting language English is! Nothing fit to couple with such a word as grudge! And the gush of an impassioned moment arrested in full flow, stopped short, corked up, for want of a paltry rhyme! Judge,—budge,—drudge,—nudge,—oh!—smudge,—misery!—fudge. In

vain, — futile, — no use, — all up for to-night!"

While the poet, headed off in this way by the poverty of his native tongue, sought inspiration by retiring into the world of dreams, — went to bed, in short, — his more fortunate rival was just entering the village, where he was to make his brief residence at the house of Deacon Rumrill, who, having been a loser by the devouring element, was glad to receive a stray boarder when any such were looking about for quarters.

For some reason or other he was restless that evening, and took out a volume he had brought with him to beguile the earlier hours of the night. It was too late when he arrived to disturb the quiet of Mrs. Hopkins's household; and whatever may have been Clement's impatience, he held it in check, and sat tranquilly until midnight over the pages of the book with which he had prudently provided himself.

"Hope you slept well last night," said the old Deacon, when Mr. Clement came down to breakfast the next morning.

"Very well, thank you, — that is, after I got to bed. But I sat up pretty late reading my favorite Scott. I am apt to forget how the hours pass when I have one of his books in my hand."

The worthy Deacon looked at Mr. Clement with a sudden accession of interest.

"You could n't find better reading, young man. Scott is *my* favorite author. A great man. I have got his likeness in a gilt frame hanging up in the other room. I have read him all through three times."

The young man's countenance brightened. He had not expected to find so much taste for elegant literature in an old village deacon.

"What are your favorites among his writings, Deacon? I suppose you have your particular likings, as the rest of us have."

The Deacon was flattered by the question. "Well," he answered, "I can hardly tell you. I like pretty much everything Scott ever wrote. Some-

times I think it is one thing, and sometimes another. Great on Paul's Epistles, — don't you think so?"

The honest fact was, that Clement remembered very little about "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," — a book of Sir Walter's less famous than many of his others; but he signified his polite assent to the Deacon's statement, rather wondering at his choice of a favorite, and smiling at his queer way of talking about the Letters as Epistles.

"I am afraid Scott is not so much read now-a-days as he once was, and as he ought to be," said Mr. Clement. "Such character, such nature and so much grace —"

"That 's it, — that 's it, young man," the Deacon broke in, — "Natur' and Grace, — Natur' and Grace. Nobody ever knew better what those two words meant than Scott did, and I 'm very glad to see you 've chosen such good wholesome reading. You can't set up too late, young man, to read Scott. If I had twenty children, they should all begin reading Scott as soon as they were old enough to spell 'sin,' — and that 's the first word my little ones learned, next to 'pa' and 'ma.' Nothing like beginning the lessons of life in good season."

"What a grim old satirist!" Clement said to himself. "I wonder if the old man reads other novelists. — Do tell me, Deacon, if you have read Thackeray's last story?"

"Thackery's story? Published by the American Tract Society?"

"Not exactly," Clement answered, smiling, and quite delighted to find such an unexpected vein of grave pleasantry about the demure-looking church-dignitary; for the Deacon asked his question without moving a muscle, and took no cognizance whatever of the young man's tone and smile. First-class humorists are, as is well known, remarkable for the immovable solemnity of their features. Clement promised himself not a little amusement from the curiously sedate drollery of the venerable Deacon, who, it was plain from his conversation, had cultivated a literary

taste which would make him a more agreeable companion than the common ecclesiastics of his grade in country villages.

After breakfast, Mr. Clement walked forth in the direction of Mrs. Hopkins's house, thinking as he went of the pleasant surprise his visit would bring to his longing and doubtless pensive Susan; for though she knew he was coming, she did not know that he was at that moment in Oxbow Village.

As he drew near the house, the first thing he saw was Susan Posey, almost running against her just as he turned a corner. She looked wonderfully lively and rosy, for the weather was getting keen and the frosts had begun to bite. A young gentleman was walking at her side, and reading to her from a paper he held in his hand. Both looked deeply interested, — so much so that Clement felt half ashamed of himself for intruding upon them so abruptly.

But lovers are lovers, and Clement could not help joining them. The first thing, of course, was the utterance of two simultaneous exclamations, "Why, Clement!" "Why, Susan!" What might have come next in the programme, but for the presence of a third party, is matter of conjecture; but what did come next was a mighty awkward look on the part of Susan Posey, and the following short speech: —

"Mr. Lindsay, let me introduce Mr. Hopkins, my friend, the poet I've written to you about. He was just reading two of his poems to me. Some other time, Gifted — Mr. Hopkins."

"O no, Mr. Hopkins, — pray go on," said Clement. "I'm very fond of poetry."

The poet did not require much urging, and began at once reciting over again the stanzas which were afterwards so much admired in the "Banner and Oracle," — the first verse being, as the readers of that paper will remember, —

"She moves in splendor, like the ray
That flashes from unclouded skies,
And all the charms of night and day
Are mingled in her hair and eyes."

Clement, who must have been in an

agony of impatience to be alone with his beloved, commanded his feelings admirably. He signified his approbation of the poem by saying that the lines were smooth and the rhymes absolutely without blemish. The stanzas reminded him forcibly of one of the greatest poets of the century.

Gifted flushed hot with pleasure. He had tasted the blood of his own rhymes; and when a poet gets as far as that, it is like wringing the bag of exhilarating gas from the lips of a fellow sucking at it, to drag his piece away from him.

"Perhaps you will like these lines still better," he said; "the style is more modern: —

'O daughter of the spiced South,
Her bubbly grapes have spilled the wine
That staineth with its hue divine
The red flower of thy perfect mouth.'"

And so on, through a series of stanzas like these, with the pulp of two rhymes between the upper and lower crust of two others.

Clement was cornered. It was necessary to say something for the poet's sake, — perhaps for Susan's; for she was in a certain sense responsible for the poems of a youth of genius, of whom she had spoken so often and so enthusiastically.

"Very good, Mr. Hopkins, and a form of verse little used, I should think, until of late years. You modelled this piece on the style of a famous living English poet, did you not?"

"Indeed I did not, Mr. Lindsay, — I never imitate. Originality is, if I may be allowed to say so much for myself, my peculiar *forte*. Why, the critics allow as much as that. See here, Mr. Lindsay."

Mr. Gifted Hopkins pulled out his pocket-book, and, taking therefrom a cutting from a newspaper, — which dropped helplessly open of itself, as if tired of the process, being very tender in the joints or creases, by reason of having been often folded and unfolded, — read aloud as follows: —

"The bard of Oxbow Village — our valued correspondent who writes over the signature of G. H. —

is, in our opinion, more remarkable for his *originality* than for any other of his numerous gifts."

Clement was apparently silenced by this, and the poet a little elated with a sense of triumph. Susan could not help sharing his feeling of satisfaction, and without meaning it in the least, nay, without knowing it, for she was as simple and pure as new milk, edged a little bit—the merest infinitesimal atom—nearer to Gifted Hopkins, who was on one side of her, while Clement walked on the other. Women love the conquering party,—it is the way of their sex. And poets, as we have seen, are wellnigh irresistible when they exert their dangerous power of fascination upon the female heart. But Clement was above jealousy; and, if he perceived anything of this movement, took no notice of it.

He saw a good deal of his pretty Susan that day. She was tender in her expressions and manners as usual, but there was a little something in her looks and language from time to time that Clement did not know exactly what to make of. She colored once or twice when the young poet's name was mentioned. She was not so full of her little plans for the future as she had sometimes been, "everything was so uncertain," she said. Clement asked himself whether she felt quite as sure that her attachment would last as she once did. But there were no reproaches, not even any explanations, which are about as bad between lovers. There was nothing but an undefined feeling on his side that she did not cling quite so closely to him, perhaps, as he had once thought, and that, if he had happened to have been drowned that day when he went down with the beautiful young woman, it was just conceivable that Susan, who would have cried dreadfully, no doubt, would in time have listened to consolation from some other young man,—possibly from the young poet whose verses he had been admiring. Easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting, as Master Gridley used to say. Susan

had a fluent natural gift for tears, as Clement well knew, after the exercise of which she used to brighten up like the rose which had been washed, just washed in a shower, mentioned by Cowper.

As for the poet, he learned more of his own sentiments during this visit of Clement's than he had ever before known. He wandered about with a dreadfully disconsolate look upon his countenance. He showed a falling-off in his appetite at tea-time, which surprised and disturbed his mother, for she had filled the house with fragrant suggestions of good things coming, in honor of Mr. Lindsay, who was to be her guest at tea. And chiefly the genteel form of doughnut called in the native dialect *cymbal* (*Qu. Symbol? B. G.*) which graced the board with its plastic forms, suggestive of the most pleasing objects,—the spiral ringlets pendent from the brow of beauty,—the magic circlet, which is the pledge of plighted affection,—the indissoluble knot, which typifies the union of hearts, which organs were also largely represented; this exceptional delicacy would at any other time have claimed his special notice. But his mother remarked that he paid little attention to these, and his "No, I thank you," when it came to the preserved "damselfs" as some call them, carried a pang with it to the maternal bosom. The most touching evidence of his unhappiness—whether intentional or the result of accident was not evident—was a *broken heart*, which he left upon his plate, the meaning of which was as plain as anything in the language of flowers. His thoughts were gloomy during that day, running a good deal on the more picturesque and impressive methods of bidding a voluntary farewell to a world which had allured him with visions of beauty only to snatch them from his impassioned gaze. His mother saw something of this, and got from him a few disjointed words, which led her to lock up the clothes-line and hide her late husband's razors,—an affectionate, yet perhaps unnecessary precaution, for self-elimination contem-

plated from this point of view by those who have the natural outlet of verse to relieve them is rarely followed by a casualty. It may rather be considered as implying a more than average chance for longevity; as those who meditate an imposing finish naturally save themselves for it, and are therefore careful of their health until the time comes, and this is apt to be indefinitely postponed so long as there is a poem to write or a proof to be corrected.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECOND MEETING.

"MISS EVELETH requests the pleasure of Mr. Lindsay's company to meet a few friends on the evening of the Feast of St. Ambrose, December 7th, Wednesday.

"THE PARSONAGE, December 6th."

It was the luckiest thing in the world. They always made a little festival of that evening at the Rev. Ambrose Eveleth's, in honor of his canonized namesake, and because they liked to have a good time. It came this year just at the right moment, for here was a distinguished stranger visiting in the place. Oxbow Village seemed to be running over with its one extra young man, — as may be seen sometimes in larger villages, and even in cities of moderate dimensions.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw had called on Clement the very day of his arrival. He had already met the Deacon in the street, and asked some questions about his transient boarder.

A very interesting young man, the Deacon said, much given to the reading of pious books. Up late at night after he came, reading Scott's Commentary. Appeared to be as fond of serious works as other young folks were of their novels and romances and other immoral publications. He, the Deacon, thought of having a few religious friends to meet the young gentleman, if he felt so disposed; and should like to have him, Mr. Bradshaw, come in and take a part in the exercises.

— Mr. Bradshaw was unfortunately engaged. He thought the young gentleman could hardly find time for such a meeting during his brief visit.

Mr. Bradshaw expected naturally to see a youth of imperfect constitution, and cachectic or dyspeptic tendencies, who was in training to furnish one of those biographies beginning with the statement that, from his infancy, the subject of it showed no inclination for boyish amusements, and so on, until he dies out, for the simple reason that there was not enough of him to live. Very interesting, no doubt, Master Byles Gridley would have said, but had no more to do with good, hearty, sound life than the history of those very little people to be seen in museums, preserved in jars of alcohol, like brandy peaches.

When Mr. Clement Lindsay presented himself, Mr. Bradshaw was a good deal surprised to see a young fellow of such a mould. He pleased himself with the idea that he knew a man of mark at sight, and he set down Clement in that category at his first glance. The young man met his penetrating and questioning look with a frank, ingenuous, open aspect, before which he felt himself disarmed, as it were, and thrown upon other means of analysis. He would try him a little in talk.

"I hope you like these people you are with. What sort of a man do you find my old friend the Deacon?"

Clement laughed. "A very queer old character. Loves his joke as well, and is as sly in making it, as if he had studied Joe Miller instead of the Catechism."

Mr. Bradshaw looked at the young man to know what he meant. Mr. Lindsay talked in a very easy way for a serious young person. He was puzzled. He did not see to the bottom of this description of the Deacon. With a lawyer's instinct, he kept his doubts to himself and tried his witness with a new question.

"Did you talk about books at all with the old man?"

"To be sure I did. Would you believe it, that aged saint is a great novel-reader. So he tells me. What is more, he brings up his children to that sort of reading, from the time when they first begin to spell. If anybody else had told me such a story about an old country deacon, I would n't have believed it; but he said so himself, to me, at breakfast this morning."

Mr. Bradshaw felt as if either he or Mr. Lindsay must certainly be in the first stage of mild insanity, and he did not think that he himself could be out of his wits. He must try one more question. He had become so mystified that he forgot himself, and began putting his interrogation in legal form.

"Will you state, if you please—I beg your pardon—may I ask who is your own favorite author?"

"I think just now I like to read Scott better than almost anybody."

"Do you mean the Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary?"

Clement stared at Mr. Bradshaw, and wondered whether he was trying to make a fool of him. The young lawyer hardly looked as if he could be a fool himself.

"I mean Sir Walter Scott," he said, dryly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bradshaw. He saw that there had been a slight misunderstanding between the young man and his worthy host, but it was none of his business, and there were other subjects of interest to talk about.

"You know one of our charming young ladies very well, I believe, Mr. Lindsay. I think you are an old acquaintance of Miss Posey, whom we all consider so pretty."

Poor Clement! The question pierced to the very marrow of his soul, but it was put with the utmost suavity and courtesy, and honeyed with a compliment to the young lady, too, so that there was no avoiding a direct and pleasant answer to it.

"Yes," he said, "I have known the young lady you speak of for a long time, and very well,—in fact, as you must have heard, we are something

more than friends. My visit here is principally on her account."

"You must give the rest of us a chance to see something of you during your visit, Mr. Lindsay. I hope you are invited to Miss Eveleth's this evening?"

"Yes, I got a note this morning. Tell me, Mr. Bradshaw, who is there that I shall meet this evening if I go? I have no doubt there are girls here I should like to see, and perhaps some young fellows that I should like to talk with. You know all that's prettiest and pleasantest, of course."

"O, we're a little place, Mr. Lindsay. A few nice people, the rest *comme ça*, you know. High-bush blackberries and low-bush blackberries,—you understand,—just so everywhere,—high-bush here and there, low-bush plenty. You must see the two parsons' daughters,—Saint Ambrose's and Saint Joseph's,—and another girl I want particularly to introduce you to. You shall form your own opinion of her. I call her handsome and stylish, but you have got spoiled, you know. Our young poet, too, one we raised in this place, Mr. Lindsay, and a superior article of poet, as we think,—that is, some of us, for the rest of us are jealous of him, because the girls are all dying for him and want his autograph.—And Cyp,—yes, you must talk to Cyp,—he has ideas. But don't forget to get hold of old Byles—Master Gridley I mean—before you go. Big head. Brains enough for a cabinet minister, and fit out a college faculty with what was left over. Be sure you see old Byles. Set him talking about his book,—'Thoughts on the Universe.' Didn't sell much, but has got knowing things in it. I'll show you a copy, and then you can tell him you know it, and he will take to you. Come in and get your dinner with me to-morrow. We will dine late, as the city folks do, and after that we will go over to the Rector's. I should like to show you some of our village people."

Mr. Bradshaw liked the thought of showing the young man to some of his friends there. As Clement was already

"done for," or "bowled out," as the young lawyer would have expressed the fact of his being pledged in the matrimonial direction, there was nothing to be apprehended on the score of rivalry. And although Clement was particularly good-looking, and would have been called a distinguishable youth anywhere, Mr. Bradshaw considered himself far more than his match, in all probability, in social accomplishments. He expected, therefore, a certain amount of reflex credit for bringing such a fine young fellow in his company, and a second instalment of reputation from outshining him in conversation. This was rather nice calculating, but Murray Bradshaw always calculated. With most men life is like backgammon, half skill and half luck, but with him it was like chess. He never pushed a pawn without reckoning the cost, and when his mind was least busy it was sure to be half a dozen moves ahead of the game as it was standing.

Mr. Bradshaw gave Clement a pretty dinner enough for such a place as Ox-bow Village. He offered him some good wine, and would have made him talk so as to show his lining, to use one of his own expressions, but Clement had apparently been through that trifling experience, and could not be coaxed into saying more than he meant to say. Murray Bradshaw was very curious to find out how it was that he had become the victim of such a rudimentary miss as Susan Posey. Could she be an heiress in disguise? Why no, of course not; had not he made all proper inquiries about that when Susan came to town? A small inheritance from an aunt or uncle, or some such relative, enough to make her a desirable party in the eyes of certain villagers perhaps, but nothing to allure a man like this, whose face and figure as marketable possessions were worth say a hundred thousand in the girl's own right, as Mr. Bradshaw put it roughly, with another hundred thousand if his talent is what some say, and if his connection is a desirable one, a fancy price, — anything he would fetch. Of course

not. Must have got caught when he was a child. Why the *diavolo* did n't he break it off, then?

There was no fault to find with the modest entertainment at the Parsonage. A splendid banquet in a great house is an admirable thing, provided always its getting up did not cost the entertainer an inward conflict, nor its recollection a twinge of economical regret, nor its bills a cramp of anxiety. A simple evening party in the smallest village is just as admirable in its degree, when the parlor is cheerfully lighted, and the board prettily spread, and the guests are made to feel comfortable without being reminded that anybody is making a painful effort.

We know several of the young people who were there, and need not trouble ourselves for the others. Myrtle Hazard had promised to come. She had her own way of late as never before; in fact, the women were afraid of her. Miss Silence felt that she could not be responsible for her any longer. She had hopes for a time that Myrtle would go through the customary spiritual paroxysm under the influence of the Rev. Mr. Stoker's assiduous exhortations; but since she had broken off with him, Miss Silence had looked upon her as little better than a backslider. And now that the girl was beginning to show the tendencies which seemed to come straight down to her from the belle of the last century, (whose rich physical developments seemed to the under-vitalized spinster as in themselves a kind of offence against propriety,) the forlorn woman folded her thin hands and looked on hopelessly, hardly venturing a remonstrance for fear of some new explosion. As for Cynthia, she was comparatively easy since she had, through Mr. Byles Gridley, upset the minister's questionable apparatus of religious intimacy. She had, in fact, in a quiet way, given Mr. Bradshaw to understand that he would probably meet Myrtle at the Parsonage if he dropped in at their small gathering.

Clement walked over to Mrs. Hopkins's after his dinner with the young

lawyer, and asked if Susan was ready to go with him. At the sound of his voice, Gifted Hopkins smote his forehead, and called himself, in subdued tones, a miserable being. His imagination wavered uncertain for a while between pictures of various modes of ridding himself of existence, and fearful deeds involving the life of others. He had no fell purpose of actually doing either, but there was a gloomy pleasure in contemplating them as possibilities, and in mentally sketching the "Lines written in Despair," which would be found in what was but an hour before the pocket of the youthful bard, G. H., victim of a hopeless passion. All this emotion was in the nature of a surprise to the young man. He had fully believed himself desperately in love with Myrtle Hazard; and it was not until Clement came into the family circle with the right of eminent domain over the realm of Susan's affections, that this unfortunate discovered that Susan's pretty ways and morning dress and love of poetry and liking for his company had been too much for him, and that he was henceforth to be wretched during the remainder of his natural life, except so far as he could unburden himself in song.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw had asked the privilege of waiting upon Myrtle to the little party at the Eveleths. Myrtle was not insensible to the attractions of the young lawyer, though she had never thought of herself except as a child in her relations with any of these older persons. But she was not the same girl that she had been but a few months before. She had achieved her independence by her audacious and most dangerous enterprise. She had gone through strange nervous trials and spiritual experiences, which had matured her more rapidly than years of common life would have done. She had got back her health, bringing with it a ripper wealth of womanhood. She had found her destiny in the consciousness that she inherited the beauty belonging to her blood, and which, after sleeping for a generation or two as if to

rest from the glare of the pageant that follows beauty through its long career of triumph, had come to the light again in her life, and was to repeat the legends of the olden time in her own history.

Myrtle's wardrobe had very little of ornament, such as the *modistes* of the town would have thought essential to render a young girl like her presentable. There were a few heirlooms of old date, however, which she had kept as curiosities until now, and which she looked over until she found some lace and other convertible material, with which she enlivened her costume a little for the evening. As she clasped the antique bracelet around her wrist, she felt as if it were an amulet that gave her the power of charming which had been so long obsolete in her lineage. At the bottom of her heart she cherished a secret longing to try her fascinations on the young lawyer. Who could blame her? It was not an inwardly expressed intention,—it was the mere blind instinctive movement to subjugate the strongest of the other sex who had come in her way, which, as already said, is as natural to a woman as it is to a man to be captivated by the loveliest of those to whom he dares to aspire.

Before William Murray Bradshaw and Myrtle Hazard had reached the Parsonage, the girl's cheeks were flushed and her dark eyes were flashing with a new excitement. The young man had not made love to her directly, but he had interested her in herself by a delicate and tender flattery of manner, and so set her fancies working that she was taken with him as never before, and wishing that the Parsonage had been a mile farther from The Poplars. It was impossible for a young girl like Myrtle to conceal the pleasure she received from listening to her seductive admirer, who was trying all his trained skill upon his artless companion. Murray Bradshaw felt sure that the game was in his hands if he played it with only common prudence. There was no need of hurrying this child,—it might startle her

to make downright love abruptly; and now that he had an ally in her own household, and was to have access to her with a freedom he had never before enjoyed, there was a refined pleasure in playing his fish,—this gamest of golden-scaled creatures,—which had risen to his fly, and which he wished to hook, but not to land, until he was sure it would be worth his while.

They entered the little parlor at the Parsonage looking so beaming, that Olive and Bathsheba exchanged glances which implied so much that it would take a full page to tell it with all the potentialities involved.

"How magnificent Myrtle is this evening, Bathsheba!" said Cyprian Eveleth, pensively.

"What a handsome pair they are, Cyprian!" said Bathsheba cheerfully.

Cyprian sighed. "She always fascinates me whenever I look upon her. Is n't she the very picture of what a poet's love should be,—a poem herself,—a glorious lyric,—all light and music! See what a smile the creature has! And her voice! When did you ever hear such tones? And when was it ever so full of life before?"

Bathsheba sighed. "I do not know any poets but Gifted Hopkins. Does not Myrtle look more in her place by the side of Murray Bradshaw than she would with Gifted hitched on her arm?"

Just then the poet made his appearance. He looked depressed, as if it had cost him an effort to come. He was, however, charged with a message which he must deliver to the hostess of the evening.

"They're coming presently," he said. "That young man and Susan. Wants you to introduce him, Mr. Bradshaw."

The bell rang presently, and Murray Bradshaw slipped out into the entry to meet the two lovers.

"How are you, my fortunate friend?" he said, as he met them at the door. "Of course you're well and happy as mortal man can be in this vale of tears. Charming, ravishing, quite delicious, that way of dressing your hair, Miss

Posey! Nice girls here this evening, Mr. Lindsay. Looked lovely when I came out of the parlor. Can't say how they will show after this young lady puts in an appearance." In reply to which florid speeches Susan blushed, not knowing what else to do, and Clement smiled as naturally as if he had been sitting for his photograph.

He felt, in a vague way, that he and Susan were being patronized, which is not a pleasant feeling to persons with a certain pride of character. There was no expression of contempt about Mr. Bradshaw's manner or language at which he could take offence. Only he had the air of a man who praises his neighbor without stint, with a calm consciousness that he himself is out of reach of comparison in the possessions or qualities which he is admiring in the other. Clement was right in his obscure perception of Mr. Bradshaw's feeling while he was making his phrases. That gentleman was, in another moment, to have the tingling delight of showing the grand creature he had just begun to tame. He was going to extinguish the pallid light of Susan's prettiness in the brightness of Myrtle's beauty. He would bring this young man, neutralized and rendered entirely harmless by his irrevocable pledge to a slight girl, face to face with a masterpiece of young womanhood, and say to him, not in words, but as plainly as speech could have told him, "Behold my captive!"

It was a proud moment for Murray Bradshaw. He had seen, or thought that he had seen, the assured evidence of a speedy triumph over all the obstacles of Myrtle's youth and his own present seeming slight excess of maturity. Unless he were very greatly mistaken, he could now walk the course; the plate was his, no matter what might be the entries. And this youth, this handsome, spirited-looking, noble-aired young fellow, whose artist-eye could not miss a line of Myrtle's proud and almost defiant beauty, was to be the witness of his power, and to look in admiration upon his prize! He intro-

duced him to the others, reserving her for the last. She was at that moment talking with the worthy Rector, and turned when Mr. Bradshaw spoke to her.

"Miss Hazard, will you allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Clement Lindsay?"

They looked full upon each other, and spoke the common words of salutation. It was a strange meeting; but we who profess to tell the truth must tell strange things, or we shall be liars.

In poor little Susan's letter there was some allusion to a bust of Innocence which the young artist had begun, but of which he had said nothing in his answer to her. He had roughed out a block of marble for that impersonation; sculpture was a delight to him, though secondary to his main pursuit. After his memorable adventure, the features and the forms of the girl he had rescued so haunted him that the pale ideal which was to work itself out in the bust faded away in its perpetual presence, and — alas, poor Susan! — in obedience to the impulse that he could not control, he left Innocence sleeping in the marble, and began modelling a figure of proud and noble and imperious beauty, to which he gave the name of Liberty.

The original which had inspired his conception was before him. These were the lips to which his own had clung when he brought her back from the land of shadows. The hyacinthine curl of her lengthening locks had added something to her beauty; but it was the same face which had haunted him. This was the form he had borne seemingly lifeless in his arms, and the bosom which heaved so visibly before him was that which his eyes — They were the calm eyes of a sculptor, but of a sculptor hardly twenty years old.

Yes, — her bosom was heaving. She had an unexplained feeling of suffocation, and drew great breaths, — she could not have said why, — but she could not help it; and presently she became giddy, and had a great noise in her ears, and rolled her eyes about, and was on the point of going into an hysterical spasm. They called Dr. Hurlbut,

who was making himself agreeable to Olive just then, to come and see what was the matter with Myrtle.

"A little nervous turn, — that is all," he said. "Open the window. Loose the ribbon round her neck. Rub her hands. Sprinkle some water on her forehead. A few drops of cologne. Room too warm for her, — that's all, I think."

Myrtle came to herself after a time without anything like a regular paroxysm. But she was excitable, and whatever the cause of the disturbance may have been, it seemed prudent that she should go home early; and the excellent Rector insisted on caring for her, much to the discontent of Mr. William Murray Bradshaw.

"Demonish odd," said this gentleman, "was n't it, Mr. Lindsay, that Miss Hazard should go off in that way? Did you ever see her before?"

"I — I — have seen that young lady before," Clement answered.

"Where did you meet her?" Mr. Bradshaw asked, with eager interest.

"I met her in the Valley of the Shadow of Death," Clement answered, very solemnly. — "I leave this place to-morrow morning. Have you any commands for the city?"

("Knows how to shut a fellow up pretty well for a young one, does n't he?" Mr. Bradshaw thought to himself.)

"Thank you, no," he answered, recovering himself. "Rather a melancholy place to make acquaintance in, I should think, that Valley you spoke of. I should like to know about it."

Mr. Clement had the power of looking steadily into another person's eyes in a way that was by no means encouraging to curiosity or favorable to the process of cross-examination. Mr. Bradshaw was not disposed to press his question in the face of the calm, repressive look the young man gave him.

"If he was n't bagged, I should n't like the shape of things any too well," he said to himself.

The conversation between Mr. Clement Lindsay and Miss Susan Posey, as they walked home together, was not

very brilliant. "I am going to-morrow morning," he said, "and I must bid you good by to-night." Perhaps it is as well to leave two lovers to themselves, under these circumstances.

Before he went he spoke to his worthy host, whose moderate demands he had to satisfy, and with whom he wished to exchange a few words.

"And by the way, Deacon, I have no use for this book, and as it is in a good type, perhaps you would like it. Your favorite, Scott, and one of his greatest works. I have another edition of it at home, and don't care for this volume."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Lindsay, much obliged. I shall read that copy for your sake,—the best of books next to the Bible itself."

After Mr. Lindsay had gone, the Deacon looked at the back of the book. "Scott's Works, Vol. IX." He opened it at hazard, and happened to fall on a well-known page, from which he began reading aloud, slowly,

"When Izrul, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came."

The whole hymn pleased the grave Deacon. He had never seen this work of the author of the Commentary. No matter; anything that such a good man wrote must be good reading, and he would save it up for Sunday. The consequence of this was, that, when the Rev. Mr. Stoker stopped in on his way to meeting on the "Sabbath," he turned white with horror at the spectacle of the senior Deacon of his church sitting, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, absorbed in the pages of "Ivanhoe," which he found enormously interesting; but, so far as he had yet read, not occupied with religious matters so much as he had expected.

Myrtle had no explanation to give of her nervous attack. Mr. Bradshaw called the day after the party, but did not see her. He met her walking, and thought she seemed a little more distant than common. That would never do. He called again at The Poplars a few days afterwards, and was met in the entry by Miss Cynthia, with whom he had a long conversation on matters involving Myrtle's interests and their own.

A PASSAGE FROM HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.

OUR road to Rydal lay through Ambleside, which is certainly a very pretty town, and looks cheerfully on a sunny day. We saw Miss Martineau's residence, called the Knoll, standing high up on a hillock, and having at its foot a Methodist chapel, for which, or whatever place of Christian worship, this good lady can have no occasion. We stopped a moment in the street below her house, and deliberated a little whether to call on her, but concluded otherwise.

After leaving Ambleside, the road winds in and out among the hills, and soon brings us to a sheet (or napkin, rather, than a sheet) of water, which the

driver tells us is Rydal Lake! We had already heard that it was but three quarters of a mile long, and one quarter broad; still, it being an idea of considerable size in our minds, we had inevitably drawn its ideal physical proportions on a somewhat corresponding scale. It certainly did look very small; and I said, in my American scorn, that I could carry it away easily in a porringer; for it is nothing more than a grassy-bordered pool among the surrounding hills, which ascend directly from its margin; so that one might fancy it not a permanent body of water, but a rather extensive accumulation of recent rain. Moreover, it was rippled

with a breeze, and so, as I remember it, though the sun shone, it looked dull and sulky, like a child out of humor. Now the best thing these small ponds can do is to keep perfectly calm and smooth, and not to attempt to show off any airs of their own, but content themselves with serving as a mirror for whatever of beautiful or picturesque there may be in the scenery around them. The hills about Rydal water are not very lofty, but are sufficiently so as objects of every-day view,—objects to live with,—and they are craggier than those we have hitherto seen, and bare of wood, which indeed would hardly grow on some of their precipitous sides.

On the roadside, as we reach the foot of the lake, stands a spruce and rather large house of modern aspect, but with several gables, and much overgrown with ivy,—a very pretty and comfortable house, built, adorned, and cared for with commendable taste. We inquired whose it was, and the coachman said it was “Mr. Wordsworth’s,” and that Mrs. Wordsworth was still residing there. So we were much delighted to have seen his abode; and as we were to stay the night at Grasmere, about two miles farther on, we determined to come back and inspect it as particularly as should be allowable. Accordingly, after taking rooms at Brown’s Hotel, we drove back in our return car, and, reaching the head of Rydal water, alighted to walk through this familiar scene of so many years of Wordsworth’s life. We ought to have seen De Quincey’s former residence, and Hartley Coleridge’s cottage, I believe, on our way, but were not aware of it at the time. Near the lake there is a stone quarry, and a cavern of some extent, artificially formed, probably, by taking out the stone. Above the shore of the lake, not a great way from Wordsworth’s residence, there is a flight of steps hewn in a rock, and ascending to a seat, where a good view of the lake may be attained; and as Wordsworth has doubtless sat there hundreds of times, so did we ascend and sit down and look at

the hills and at the flags on the lake’s shore.

Reaching the house that had been pointed out to us as Wordsworth’s residence, we began to peer about at its front and gables, and over the garden-wall on both sides of the road, quickening our enthusiasm as much as we could, and meditating to pilfer some flower or ivy-leaf from the house or its vicinity, to be kept as sacred memorials. At this juncture a man approached, who announced himself as the gardener of the place, and said, too, that this was not Wordsworth’s house at all, but the residence of Mr. Ball, a Quaker gentleman; but that his ground adjoined Wordsworth’s, and that he had liberty to take visitors through the latter. How absurd it would have been if we had carried away ivy-leaves and tender recollections from this domicile of a respectable Quaker! The gardener was an intelligent young man, of pleasant, sociable, and respectful address; and as we went along, he talked about the poet, whom he had known, and who, he said, was very familiar with the country people. He led us through Mr. Ball’s grounds, up a steep hillside, by winding, gravelled walks, with summer-houses at points favorable for them. It was a very shady and pleasant spot, containing about an acre of ground, and all turned to good account by the manner of laying it out; so that it seemed more than it really was. In one place, on a small, smooth slab of slate let into a rock, there is an inscription by Wordsworth, which I think I have read in his works, claiming kindly regards from those who visit the spot, after his departure, because many trees had been spared at his intercession. His own grounds, or rather his ornamental garden, is separated from Mr. Ball’s only by a wire fence, or some such barrier, and the gates have no fastening, so that the whole appears like one possession, and doubtless was so as regarded the poet’s walks and enjoyments. We approached by paths so winding, that I hardly know how the house stands in relation to the road;

but, after much circuitry, we really did see Wordsworth's residence, — an old house, with an uneven ridge-pole, built of stone, no doubt, but plastered over with some neutral tint, — a house that would not have been remarkably pretty in itself, but so delightfully situated, so secluded, so hedged about with shrubbery and adorned with flowers, so ivy-grown on one side, so beautified with the personal care of him who lived in it and loved it, that it seemed the very place for a poet's residence; and as if, while he lived so long in it, his poetry had manifested itself in flowers, shrubbery, and ivy. I never smelt such a delightful fragrance of flowers as there was all through the garden. In front of the house, there is a circular terrace, of two ascents, in raising which Wordsworth had himself performed much of the labor; and here there are seats, from which we obtained a fine view down the valley of the Rothay, with Windermere in the distance, — a view of several miles, and which we did not suppose could be seen, after winding among the hills so far from the lake. It is very beautiful and picture-like. While we sat here, mamma happened to refer to the ballad of little Barbara Lewthwaite, and Julian began to repeat the poem concerning her; and the gardener said that little Barbara had died not a great while ago, an elderly woman, leaving grown-up children behind her. Her marriage-name was Thompson, and the gardener believed there was nothing remarkable in her character.

There is a summer-house at one extremity of the grounds, in deepest shadow, but with glimpses of mountain-views through trees which shut it in, and which have spread intercepting boughs since Wordsworth died. It is lined with pine-cones, in a pretty way enough, but of doubtful taste. I rather wonder that people of real taste should help Nature out, and beautify her, or perhaps rather *prettify* her so much as they do, — opening vistas, showing one thing, hiding another, making a scene picturesque whether or no. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that there is

something false, a kind of humbug, in all this. At any rate, the traces of it do not contribute to my enjoyment, and, indeed, it ought to be done so exquisitely as to leave no trace. But I ought not to criticise in any way a spot which gave me so much pleasure, and where it is good to think of Wordsworth in quiet, past days, walking in his home-shadow of trees which he knew, and training flowers, and trimming shrubs, and chanting in an undertone his own verses, up and down the winding walks.

The gardener gave Julian a cone from the summer-house, which had fallen on the seat, and mamma got some mignonette, and leaves of laurel and ivy, and we wended our way back to the hotel.

Wordsworth was not the owner of this house, it being the property of Lady Fleming. Mrs. Wordsworth still lives there, and is now at home.

Five o'clock. — All day it has been cloudy and showery, with thunder now and then; the mists hang low on the surrounding hills, adown which, at various points, we can see the snow-white fall of little streamlets — forces they call them here — swollen by the rain. An overcast day is not so gloomy in the hill-country as in the lowlands; there are more breaks, more transfusion of sky-light through the gloom, as has been the case to-day; and, as I found in Lenox, we get better acquainted with clouds by seeing at what height they lie on the hillsides, and find that the difference betwixt a fair day and a cloudy and rainy one is very superficial, after all. Nevertheless, rain is rain, and wets a man just as much among the mountains as anywhere else; so we have been kept within doors all day, till an hour or so ago, when Julian and I went down to the village in quest of the post-office.

We took a path that leads from the hotel across the fields, and, coming into a wood, crosses the Rothay by a one-arched bridge, and passes the village church. The Rothay is very swift and turbulent to-day, and hurries along with

foam-specks on its surface, filling its banks from brim to brim, a stream perhaps twenty feet wide, perhaps more; for I am willing that the good little river should have all it can fairly claim. It is the St. Lawrence of several of these English lakes, through which it flows, and carries off their superfluous waters. In its haste, and with its rushing sound, it was pleasant both to see and hear; and it sweeps by one side of the old churchyard where Wordsworth lies buried, — the side where his grave is made. The church of Grasmere is a very plain structure, with a low body, on one side of which is a low porch with a pointed arch. The tower is square, and looks ancient; but the whole is overlaid with plaster of a buff or pale-yellow hue. It was originally built, I suppose, of rough, shingly stones, as many of the houses hereabouts are now, and the plaster is used to give a finish. We found the gate of the churchyard wide open; and the grass was lying on the graves, having probably been mowed yesterday. It is but a small churchyard, and with few monuments of any pretension in it, most of them being slate headstones, standing erect. From the gate at which we entered a distinct foot-track leads to the corner nearest the river-side, and I turned into it by a sort of instinct, the more readily as I saw a tourist-looking man approaching from that point, and a woman looking among the gravestones. Both of these persons had gone by the time I came up, so that Julian and I were left to find Wordsworth's grave all by ourselves.

At this corner of the churchyard there is a hawthorn bush or tree, the extremest branches of which stretch as far as where Wordsworth lies. This whole corner seems to be devoted to himself and his family and friends; and they all lie very closely together, side by side, and head to foot, as room could conveniently be found. Hartley Coleridge lies a little behind, in the direction of the church, his feet being towards Wordsworth's head, who lies in the row of those of his own blood.

I found out Hartley Coleridge's grave sooner than Wordsworth's; for it is of marble, and, though simple enough, has more of sculptured device about it, having been erected, as I think the inscription states, by his brother and sister. Wordsworth's has only the very simplest slab of slate, with "William Wordsworth" and nothing else upon it. As I recollect it, it is the midmost grave of the row. It is, or has been, well grass-grown, but the grass is quite worn away from the top, though sufficiently luxuriant at the sides. It looks as if people had stood upon it, and so does the grave next to it, which, I believe, is of one of his children. I plucked some grass and weeds from it; and as he was buried within so few years, they may fairly be supposed to have drawn their nutriment from his mortal remains, and I gathered them from just above his head. There is no fault to be found with his grave, — within view of the hills, within sound of the river, murmuring near by, — no fault, except that he is crowded so closely with his kindred; and, moreover, that, being so old a churchyard, the earth over him must all have been human once. He might have had fresh earth to himself, but he chose this grave deliberately. No very stately and broad-based monument can ever be erected over it, without infringing upon, covering, and overshadowing the graves, not only of his family, but of individuals who probably were quite disconnected with him. But it is pleasant to think and know — were it but on the evidence of this choice of a resting-place — that he did not care for a stately monument. After leaving the churchyard, we wandered about in quest of the post-office, and for a long time without success. This little town of Grasmere seems to me as pretty a place as ever I met with in my life. It is quite shut in by hills that rise up immediately around it, like a neighborhood of kindly giants. These hills descend steeply to the verge of the level on which the village stands, and there they terminate at once, the whole site of the little town being as

even as a floor. I call it a village; but it is no village at all, all the dwellings standing apart, each in its own little domain, and each, I believe, with its own little lane leading to it, independently of the rest. Most of these are old cottages, plastered white, with antique porches, and roses and other vines trained against them, and shrubbery growing about them; and some are covered with ivy. There are a few edifices of more pretension and of modern build, but not so strikingly as to put the rest out of countenance. The post-office, when we found it, proved to be an ivied cottage, with a good deal of shrubbery round it, having its own pathway, like the other cottages. The whole looks like a real seclusion, shut out from the great world by these encircling hills, on the sides of which, whenever they are not too steep, you see the division-lines of property, and tokens of cultivation, — taking from them their pretensions to savage majesty, but bringing them nearer to the heart of man.

Since writing the above, I have been again with S—— to see Wordsworth's grave, and, finding the door of the church open, we went in. A woman and little girl were sweeping at the farther end, and the woman came towards us out of the cloud of dust which she had raised. We were surprised at the extremely antique appearance of the church. It is paved with bluish-gray flagstones, over which uncounted generations have trodden, leaving the floor as well laid as ever. The walls are very thick, and the arched windows open through them at a considerable distance above the floor. And down through the centre of the church runs a row of five arches, very rude and round-headed, all of rough stone, supported by rough and massive pillars, or rather square stone blocks, which stand in the pews, and stood in the same places, probably, long before the wood of those pews began to grow. Above this row of arches is another row, built upon the same mass of stone, and almost as broad, but lower; and on this

upper row rests the framework, the oaken beams, the black skeleton of the roof. It is a very clumsy contrivance for supporting the roof, and if it were modern we certainly should condemn it as very ugly; but being the relic of a simple age, it comes in well with the antique simplicity of the whole structure. The roof goes up, barn-like, into its natural angle, and all the rafters and cross-beams are visible. There is an old font; and in the chancel is a niche, where, judging from a similar one in Furness Abbey, the holy water used to be placed for the priest's use while celebrating mass. Around the inside of the porch is a stone bench, placed against the wall, narrow and uneasy, but where a great many people had sat who now have found quieter resting-places.

The woman was a very intelligent-looking person, not of the usual English ruddiness, but rather thin and somewhat pale, though bright of aspect. Her way of talking was very agreeable. She inquired if we wished to see Wordsworth's monument, and at once showed it to us, — a slab of white marble fixed against the upper end of the central row of stone arches, with a pretty long inscription, and a profile bust, in bas-relief, of his aged countenance. The monument is placed directly over Wordsworth's pew, and could best be seen and read from the very corner-seat where he used to sit. The pew is one of those occupying the centre of the church, and is just across the aisle from the pulpit, and is the best of all for the purpose of seeing and hearing the clergyman, and likewise as convenient as any, from its neighborhood to the altar. On the other side of the aisle, beneath the pulpit, is Lady Fleming's pew. This and one or two others are curtained; Wordsworth's was not. I think I can bring up his image in that corner seat of his pew — a white-headed, tall, spare man, plain in aspect — better than in any other situation. The woman said that she had known him very well, and that he had made some verses on a sister of

hers. She repeated the first lines, something about a lamb; but neither S—— nor I remembered them.

On the walls of the chancel there are monuments to the Flemings, and painted escutcheons of their arms; and along the side walls also, and on the square pillars of the row of arches, there are other monuments, generally of white marble, with the letters of the inscription blackened. On these pillars, likewise, and in many places in the walls, were hung verses from Scripture, painted on boards. At one of the doors was a poor-box, an elaborately carved little box of oak, with the date 1648, and the name of the church—St. Oswald's—upon it. The whole interior of the edifice was plain, simple, almost to grimness,—or would have been so, only that the foolish church-wardens, or other authority, have washed it over with the same buff color with which they have overlaid the exterior. It is a pity; it lightens it up, and desecrates it horribly, especially as the woman says that there were formerly paintings on the walls, now obliterated forever. I could have stayed in the old church much longer, and could write much more about it, but there must be an end to everything. Pacing it from the farther end to the elevation before the altar, I found that it was twenty-five paces long.

On looking again at the Rothay, I find I did it some injustice; for at the bridge, in its present swollen state, it is nearer twenty yards than twenty feet across. Its waters are very clear, and it rushes along with a speed which is delightful to see, after an acquaintance with the muddy and sluggish Avon and Leam.

Since tea, I have taken a stroll from the hotel in a different direction from usual, and passed the Swan Inn, where Scott used to go daily to get a draught of liquor when he was visiting Wordsworth, who had no wine nor other inspiring fluid in his house. It stands directly on the wayside, a small, white-washed house, with an addition in the rear that seems to have been built since Scott's time. On the door is the paint-

ed sign of a swan,—and the name "Scott's Swan Hotel." I walked a considerable distance beyond it; but a shower coming up, I turned back, entered the inn, and, following the mistress into a snug little room, was served with a glass of bitter ale. It is a very plain and homely inn, and certainly could not have satisfied Scott's wants, if he had required anything very far-fetched or delicate in his potations. I found two Westmoreland peasants in the room with ale before them. One went away almost immediately; but the other remained, and, entering into conversation with him, he told me that he was going to New Zealand, and expected to sail in September. I announced myself as an American, and he said that a large party had lately gone from hereabouts to America; but he seemed not to understand that there was any distinction between Canada and the States. These people had gone to Quebec. He was a very civil, well-behaved, kindly sort of person, of a simple character, which I took to belong to the class and locality, rather than to himself individually. I could not very well understand all that he said, owing to his provincial dialect; and when he spoke to his own countrymen, or to the women of the house, I really could but just catch a word here and there. How long it takes to melt English down into a homogeneous mass! He told me that there was a public library in Grasmere, to which he has access in common with the other inhabitants, and a reading-room connected with it, where he reads the "Times" in the evening. There was no American smartness in his mind. When I left the house, it was showering briskly; but the drops quite ceased, and the clouds began to break away, before I reached my hotel, and I saw the new moon over my right shoulder.

July 21.—We left Grasmere yesterday, after breakfast, it being a delightful morning, with some clouds, but the cheerfullest sunshine on great part of the mountain-sides and on ourselves.

We returned, in the first place, to Ambleside, along the border of Grasmere Lake, which would be a pretty little piece of water, with its steep and high-surrounding hills, were it not that a stubborn and straight-lined stone fence, running along the eastern shore, by the roadside, quite spoils its appearance. Rydal water, though nothing can make a lake of it, looked prettier and less diminutive than at the first view; and, in fact, I find that it is impossible to know accurately how any prospect or other thing looks until after at least a second view, which always essentially corrects the first. This, I think, is especially true in regard to objects which we have heard much about, and exercised our imagination upon; the first view being a vain attempt to reconcile our idea with the reality, and at the second we begin to accept the thing for what it really is. Wordsworth's situation is really a beautiful one; and Nab Scaur behind his house rises with a grand, protecting air. We passed Nab's cottage, in which De Quincey formerly lived, and where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. It is a small, buff-tinted, plastered, stone cottage, immediately on the roadside, and originally, I should think, of a very humble class; but it now looks as if persons of taste might some time or other have sat down in it, and caused flowers to spring up about it. It is very agreeably situated, under the great, precipitous hill, and with Rydal water close at hand, on the other side of the road. An advertisement of lodgings to let was put up on this cottage.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England, at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright, universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages,—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the laboring poor; such nice villas along the roadside, so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls,—and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green, and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life are so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can, even in its humbler modes of life,—to say nothing of the beautiful lives that might be led, one would think, by the higher classes, whose gateways, with broad, smooth gravelled drives leading through them, one sees every mile or two along the road, winding into some proud seclusion. All this is passing away, and society must assume new relations; but there is no harm in believing that there has been something very good in English life,—good for all classes, while the world was in a state out of which these forms naturally grew.

MONA'S MOTHER.

IN the porch that brier-vines smother,
 At her wheel, sits Mona's mother.
 O, the day is dying bright!
 Roseate shadows, silver dimming,
 Ruby lights through amber swimming,
 Bring the still and starry night.

Sudden she is 'ware of shadows
 Going out across the meadows
 From the slowly sinking sun, —
 Going through the misty spaces
 That the rippling ruby laces, —
 Shadows, like the violets tangled,
 Like the soft light, softly mingled,
 Till the two seem just as one!

Every tell-tale wind doth waft her
 Little breaths of maiden laughter.
 O, divinely dies the day!
 And the swallow, on the rafter,
 In her nest of sticks and clay, —
 On the rafter, up above her,
 With her patience doth reprove her,
 Twittering soft the time away;
 Never stopping, never stopping,
 With her wings so warmly dropping
 Round her nest of sticks and clay.

"Take, my bird, O take some other
 Eve than this to twitter gay!"
 Sayeth, prayeth Mona's mother,
 To the slender-throated swallow
 On her nest of sticks and clay;
 For her sad eyes needs must follow
 Down the misty, mint-sweet hollow,
 Where the ruby colors play
 With the gold, and with the gray.
 "Yet, my little Lady-feather,
 You do well to sit and sing,"
 Crieth, sigheth Mona's mother.
 "If you would, you could no other.
 Can the leaf fail with the spring?
 Can the tendril stay from twining
 When the sap begins to run?
 Or the dew-drop keep from shining
 With her body full o' the sun?
 Nor can you, from gladness, either;
 Therefore, you do well to sing.
 Up and o'er the downy lining

Of your bird-bed I can see
Two round little heads together,
Pushed out softly through your wing.
But alas! my bird, for me!"

In the porch with roses burning
All across, she sitteth lonely.
O, her soul is dark with dread!
Round and round her slow wheel turning,
Lady brow down-dropped serenely,
Lady hand uplifted queenly,
Pausing in the spinning only
To rejoin the broken thread,—
Pausing only for the winding,
With the carded silken binding
Of the flax, the distaff-head.

All along the branches creeping,
To their leafy beds of sleeping
Go the blue-birds and the brown;
Blackbird stoppeth now his clamor,
And the little yellowhammer
Droppeth head in winglet down.
Now the rocks rise bleak and barren
Through the twilight, gray and still;
In the marsh-land now the heron
Clappeth close his horny bill.
Death-watch now begins his drumming.
And the fire-fly, going, coming,
Weaveth zigzag lines of light,—
Lines of zigzag, golden-threaded,
Up the marshy valley, shaded
O'er and o'er with vapors white.
Now the lily, open-hearted,
Of her dragon-fly deserted,
Swinging on the wind so low,
Gives herself, with trust audacious,
To the wild warm wave that washes
Through her fingers, soft and slow.

O the eyes of Mona's mother!
Dim they grow with tears unshed;
For no longer may they follow
Down the misty mint-sweet hollow,
Down along the yellow mosses
That the brook with silver crosses.
Ah! the day is dead, is dead;
And the cold and curdling shadows,
Stretching from the long, low meadows,
Darker, deeper, nearer spread,
Till she cannot see the twining
Of the briers, nor see the lining
Round the porch of roses red,—

Till she cannot see the hollow,
Nor the little steel-winged swallow,
On her clay-built nest o'erhead.

Mona's mother falleth mourning :
O, 't is hard, so hard, to see
Prattling child to woman turning,
As to grander company !
Little heart she lulled with hushes
Beating, burning up with blushes,
All with meditative dreaming
On the dear delicious gleaming
Of the bridal veil and ring ;
Finding in the sweet ovations
Of its new, untried relations
Better joys than she can bring.

In her hand her wheel she keepeth,
And her heart within her leapeth,
With a burdened, bashful yearning,
For the babe's weight on her knee,
For the loving lisp of glee,
Sweet as larks' throats in the morning,
Sweet as hum of honey-bee.

"O my child!" cries Mona's mother,
"Will you, can you take another
Name ere mine upon your lips ?
Can you, only for the asking,
Give to other hands the clasping
Of your rosy finger-tips?"

Fear on fear her sad soul borrows,—
O the dews are falling fair !
But no fair thing now can move her ;
Vainly walks the moon above her,
Turning out her golden furrows
On the cloudy fields of air.

Sudden she is 'ware of shadows,
Coming in across the meadows,
And of murmurs, low as love, —
Murmurs mingled like the meeting
Of the winds, or like the beating
Of the wings of dove with dove.

In her hand the slow wheel stoppeth,
Silken flax from distaff droppeth,
And a cruel, killing pain
Striketh up from heart to brain ;
And she knoweth by that token
That the spinning all is vain,
That the troth-plight has been spoken,
And the thread of life thus broken
Never can be joined again.

AT PADUA.

I.

THOSE of my readers who have frequented the garden of Doctor Rappaccini no doubt recall with perfect distinctness the quaint old city of Padua. They remember its miles and miles of dim arcade over-roofing the sidewalks everywhere, affording excellent opportunity for the flirtation of lovers by day and the vengeance of rivals by night. They have seen the now vacant streets thronged with maskers, and the Venetian Podestà going in gorgeous state to and from the vast Palazzo della Ragione. They have witnessed ringing tournaments in those sad, empty squares, and races in the Prato della Valle, and many other wonders of different epochs, and their pleasure makes me half sorry that I should have lived for several years within an hour by rail from Padua, and should know little or nothing of these great sights from actual observation. I take shame to myself for having visited Padua so often and so familiarly as I used to do,—for having been bored and hungry there,—for having had toothache there, upon one occasion,—for having rejoiced more in a cup of coffee at Pedrocchi's than in the whole history of Padua,—for having slept repeatedly in the bad-bedded hotels of Padua and never once dreamt of Portia,—for having been more taken by the *salti mortali** of a waiter who summed up my account at a Paduan restaurant, than by all the strategies with which the city has been many times captured and recaptured. Had I viewed Padua only over the wall of Doctor Rappaccini's garden, how different my impressions of the city would now be! This is one of the drawbacks of actual knowledge.

* *Salti mortali* are those prodigious efforts of mental arithmetic by which Italian waiters, in verbally presenting your account, arrive at six as the product of two and two.

"Ah! how can you write about Spain when once you have been there?" asked Heine of Théophile Gautier setting out on a journey thither.

Nevertheless it seems to me that I remember something about Padua with a sort of romantic pleasure. There was a certain charm which I can dimly recall, in sauntering along the top of the old wall of the city, and looking down upon the plummy crests of the Indian-corn that flourished up so mightily from the dry bed of the moat. At such times I could not help figuring to myself the many sieges that the wall had known, with the fierce assault by day, the secret attack by night, the swarming foe upon the plains below, the bristling arms of the besieged upon the wall, the boom of the great mortars made of ropes and leather and throwing mighty balls of stone, the stormy flight of arrows, the ladders planted against the defences and staggering headlong into the moat, enriched for future agriculture not only by its sluggish waters, but by the blood of many men. I suppose that most of these visions were old stage spectacles furbished up anew, and that my armies were chiefly equipped with their obsolete implements of warfare from museums of armor and from cabinets of antiquities; but they were very vivid, for all that.

I was never able, in passing a certain one of the city gates, to divest myself of an historic interest in the great loads of hay waiting admission on the outside. For an instant they masked again the Venetian troops that, in the war of the League of Cambray, entered the city in the hay-carts, shot down the landsknechts at the gates, and, uniting with the citizens, cut the German garrison to pieces. But it was a thing long past. The German garrison was here again; and the heirs of the landsknechts went clanking through the gate to the parade-ground, with that fierce clamor of their kettle-drums which is so much

fiercer because unmingled with the noise of fifes. Once more now the Germans are gone, and, let us trust, forever; but when I saw them, there seemed little hope of their going. They had a great Biergarten on the top of the wall, and they had set up the altars of their heavy Bacchus in many parts of the city.

I please myself with thinking that, if I walked on such a spring day as this in the arcaded Paduan streets, I should catch glimpses, through the gateways of the palaces, of gardens full of vivid bloom, and of fountains that tinkle there forever. If it were autumn, and I were in the great market-place before the Palazzo della Ragione, I should hear the baskets of amber-hued and honey-eyed grapes humming with the murmur of multitudinous bees, and making a music as if the wine itself were already singing in their gentle hearts. It is a great field of succulent verdure, that wide old market-place; and fancy loves to browse about among its gay stores of fruits and vegetables, brought thither by the world-old peasant-women who have been bringing fruits and vegetables to the Paduan market for so many centuries. They sit upon the ground before their great panniers, and knit and doze, and wake up with a drowsy "*Comandala?*" as you linger to look at their grapes. They have each a pair of scales,—the emblem of Injustice,—and will weigh you out a scant measure of the fruit, if you like. Their faces are yellow as parchment, and Time has written them so full of wrinkles that there is not room for another line. Doubtless these old parchment visages are palimpsests, and would tell the whole history of Padua if you could get at each successive inscription. Among their primal records there must be some account of the Roman city, as each little contadinella remembered it on market-days; and one might read of the terror of Attila's sack, a little later, with the peasant-maid's personal recollections of the bold Hunnish trooper who ate up the grapes in her basket, and kissed her hard, round red cheeks,—for in that

time she was a blooming girl,—and paid nothing for either privilege. What wild and confused reminiscences on the wrinkled visage we should find thereafter of the fierce republican times, of Ecelino, of the Carraras, of the Venetian rule! And is it not sad to think of systems and peoples all passing away, and these ancient women lasting still, and still selling grapes in front of the Palazzo della Ragione? What a long mortality!

The youngest of their number is a thousand years older than the palace, which was begun in the twelfth century, and which is much the same now as it was when first completed. I know that, if I entered it, I should be sure of finding the great hall of the palace—the vastest hall in the world—dim and dull and dusty and delightful, with nothing in it except at one end Donatello's colossal marble-headed wooden horse of Troy, stared at from the other end by the two dog-faced Egyptian women in basalt placed there by Belzoni.

Late in the drowsy summer afternoons I should have the Court of the University all to myself, and might study unmolested the blazons of the noble youth who have attended the school in different centuries ever since 1200, and have left their escutcheons on the walls to commemorate them. At the foot of the stairway ascending to the schools from the court is the statue of the learned lady who was once a professor in the University, and who, if her likeness belie not her looks, must have given a great charm to student life in other times. At present there are no lady professors at Padua, any more than at Harvard; and during late years the schools have suffered greatly from the interference of the Austrian government, which frequently closed them for months, on account of political demonstrations among the students. But now there is an end of this and many other stupid oppressions; and the time-honored University will doubtless regain its ancient importance. Even in 1864 it had nearly fifteen hundred students, and one met them everywhere under

the arcades, and could not well mistake them, with that blended air of pirate and dandy which these studious young men loved to assume. They were to be seen a good deal on the promenades outside the walls, where the Paduan ladies are driven in their carriages in the afternoon, and where one sees the blood-horses and fine equipages for which Padua is famous. There used once to be races in the Prato della Valle, after the Italian notion of horse-races; but these are now discontinued, and there is nothing to be found there but the statues of scholars and soldiers and statesmen, posted in a circle around the old race-course. If you strolled thither about dusk on such a day as this, you might see the statues unbend a little from their stony rigidity, and in the failing light nod to each other very pleasantly through the trees. And if you stayed in Padua over night, what could be better to-morrow morning than a stroll through the great Botanical Garden,—the oldest botanical garden in the world,—the garden which first received in Europe the strange and splendid growths of our hemisphere,—the garden where Doctor Rappaccini doubtless found the germ of his mortal plant?

On the whole, I believe I would rather go this moment to Padua than to Lowell or Lawrence, or even to Worcester; and as to the disadvantage of having seen Padua, I begin to think the whole place has now assumed so fantastic a character in my mind that I am almost as well qualified to write of it as if I had merely dreamed it.

The day that we first visited the city was very rainy, and we spent most of the time in viewing the churches. These, even after the churches of Venice, one finds rich in art and historic interest, and they in no instance fall into the maniacal excesses of the Renaissance to which some of the temples of the latter city abandon themselves. Their architecture forms a sort of border-land between the Byzantine of Venice and the Lombardic of Verona. The superb domes of St. Anthony's emulate those of St. Mark's, and

the porticos of other Paduan churches rest upon the backs of bird-headed lions and leopards that fascinate with their mystery and beauty.

It was the wish to see the attributive Giotto's in the Chapter which drew us first to St. Anthony's, and we saw them with the satisfaction naturally attending the contemplation of frescos discovered only since 1858, after having been hidden under plaster and whitewash for many centuries; but we could not believe that Giotto's fame was destined to gain much by their rescue from oblivion. They are in no wise to be compared with this master's frescos in the Chapel of the Annunziata, — which, indeed, is in every way a place of wonder and delight. You reach it by passing through a garden lane bordered with roses, and a taciturn gardener comes out with clinking keys, and lets you into the chapel, where there is nobody but Giotto and Dante, nor seems to have been for ages. Cool it is, and of a pulverous smell, as a sacred place should be; a blessed benching goes round the wall, and you sit down and take unlimited comfort in the frescos. The gardener leaves you alone to the solitude and the silence, in which the talk of the painter and the exile is plain enough. Their contemporaries and yours are cordial in their gay companionship; through the half-open door falls, in a pause of the rain, the same sunshine that they saw lie there; the deathless birds that they heard sing out in the garden trees; it is the fresh sweetness of the grass mown six hundred years ago that breathes through all the lovely garden grounds.

How mistaken was Ponce de Leon, to seek the fountain of youth in the New World! It is there,—in the Old World,—far back in the past. We are all old men and decrepit together in the present; the future is full of death; in the past we are light and glad as boys turned barefoot in the spring. The work of the heroes is play to us; the pang of the martyr is a thrill of rapture; the exile's longing is a strain of plaintive music touch-

ing and delighting us. We are not only young again, we are immortal. It is this divine sense of superiority to fate which is the supreme good won from travel in historic lands, and from the presence of memorable things, and which no sublimity of natural aspects can bestow. It is this which forms the wide difference between Europe and America, — a gulf that it will take a thousand years to bridge.

It is a shame that the immortals should be limited in their pleasures by the fact that they have hired their brougham by the hour; yet we early quit the Chapel of Giotto on this account. We had chosen our driver from among many other drivers of broughams in the vicinity of Pedrocchi's, because he had such an honest look, and was not likely, we thought, to deal unfairly with us.

"But first," said the signor who had selected him, "how much is your brougham an hour?"

So and so.

"Show me the tariff of fares."

"There is no tariff."

"There is. Show it to me."

"It is lost, signor."

"I think not. It is here in this pocket. Get it out."

The tariff appears, and with it the fact that he had demanded just what the boatman of the ballad received in gift, — thrice his fee.

The driver mounted his seat, and served us so faithfully that day in Padua that we took him the next day for Arquà. At the end, when he had received his due, and a handsome *mancia* besides, he was still unsatisfied, and referred to the tariff in proof that he had been under-paid. On that confronted and defeated, he thanked us very cordially, gave us the number of his brougham, and begged us to ask for him when we came next to Padua and needed a carriage.

From the Chapel of the Annunziata he drove us to the Church of Santa Giustina, where is a very famous and noble picture by Romanino. But as this paper has nothing in the world to

do with art, I here dismiss that subject, and with a gross and idle delight follow the sacristan down under this church to the prison of Santa Giustina.

Of all the faculties of the mind there is none so little fatiguing to exercise as mere wonder; and, for my own sake, I try always to wonder at things without the least critical reservation. I therefore, in the sense of deglutition, bolted this prison at once, though subsequent experiences led me to look with grave indigestion upon the whole idea of prisons, their authenticity, and even their existence.

As far as mere dimensions are concerned, the prison of Santa Giustina was not a hard one to swallow, being only three feet wide by about ten feet in length. In this limited space, Santa Giustina passed five years of the paternal reign of Nero (a virtuous and a long-suffering prince, whom, singularly enough, no historic artist has yet arisen to whitewash), and was then brought out into the larger cell adjoining, to suffer a blessed martyrdom. I am not sure now whether the sacristan said she was dashed to death on the stones, or cut to pieces with knives; but whatever the form of martyrdom, an iron ring in the ceiling was employed in it, as I know from seeing the ring, — a curiously well-preserved piece of ironmongery. Within the narrow prison of the saint, and just under the grating, through which the sacristan thrust his candle to illuminate it, was a mountain of candle-drippings, — a monument to the fact that faith still largely exists in this doubting world. My own credulity, not only with regard to this prison, but also touching the coffin of St. Luke, which I saw in the church, had so wrought upon the esteem of the sacristan, that he now took me to a well, into which, he said, had been cast the bones of three thousand Christian martyrs. He lowered a lantern into the well, and assured me that, if I looked through a certain screenwork there, I could see the bones. On experiment I could not see the bones, but this circumstance did

not cause me to doubt their presence, particularly as I did see upon the screen a great number of coins offered for the repose of the martyrs' souls. I threw down some *soldi*, and thus enthralled the sacristan.

If the signor cared to see prisons, he said, the driver must take him to those of Ecelino, at present the property of a private gentleman near by. As I had just bought a history of Ecelino, at a great bargain, from a second-hand book-stall, and had a lively interest in all the enormities of that nobleman, I sped the driver instantly to the villa of the Signor Pacchiarotti.

It depends here altogether upon the freshness or mustiness of the reader's historical reading whether he cares to be reminded more particularly who Ecelino was. He flourished balefully in the early half of the thirteenth century as lord of Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and Brescia, and was defeated and hurt to death in an attempt to possess himself of Milan. He was in every respect a remarkable man for that time, — fearless, abstemious, continent, avaricious, hardy, and unspeakably ambitious and cruel. He survived and suppressed innumerable conspiracies, escaping even the thrust of the assassin whom the fame of his enormous wickedness had caused the Old Man of the Mountain to send against him. As lord of Padua he was more incredibly severe and bloody in his rule than as lord of the other cities, for the Paduans had been latest free, and conspired most frequently against him. He extirpated whole families on suspicion that a single member had been concerned in a meditated revolt. Little children and helpless women suffered hideous mutilation and shame at his hands. Six prisons in Padua were constantly filled by his arrests. The whole country was traversed by witnesses of his cruelties, — men and women deprived of an arm or leg, and begging from door to door. He had long been excommunicated; at last the Church proclaimed a crusade against him, and his lieutenant and nephew —

more demoniacal, if possible, than himself — was driven out of Padua while he was operating against Mantua. Ecelino retired to Verona, and maintained a struggle against the crusade for nearly two years longer, with a courage which never failed him. Wounded and taken prisoner, the soldiers of the victorious army gathered about him, and heaped insult and reproach upon him; and one furious peasant, whose brother's feet had been cut off by Ecelino's command, dealt the helpless monster four blows upon the head with a scythe. By some, Ecelino is said to have died of these wounds alone; but by others it is related that his death was a kind of suicide, inasmuch as he himself put the case past surgery by tearing off the bandages from his hurts, and refusing all medicines.

II.

ENTERING at the enchanted portal of the Villa P——, we found ourselves in a realm of wonder. It was our misfortune not to see the magician who compelled all the marvels on which we looked, but for that very reason, perhaps, we have the clearest sense of his greatness. Everywhere we beheld the evidences of his ingenious but lugubrious fancy, which everywhere tended to a monumental and mortuary effect. A sort of vestibule first received us, and beyond this dripped and glimmered the garden. The walls of the vestibule were covered with inscriptions setting forth the sentiments of the philosophy and piety of all ages concerning life and death; we began with Confucius, and we ended with Benjamino Franklino. But as if these ideas of mortality were not sufficiently depressing, the funereal Signor P—— had collected into earthen *amphoræ* the ashes of the most famous men of ancient and modern times, and arranged them so that a sense of their number and variety should at once strike his visitor. Each jar was conspicuously labelled with the name its illustrious dust had borne in life; and if

one escaped with comparative cheerfulness from the thought that Seneca had died, there were in the very next pot the cinders of Napoleon to bully him back to a sense of his mortality.

We were glad to have the gloomy fascination of these objects broken by the custodian, who approached to ask if we wished to see the prisons of Ecelino, and we willingly followed him into the rain out of our sepulchral shelter.

Between the vestibule and the towers of the tyrant lay that garden already mentioned, and our guide led us through ranks of weeping statuary, and rainy bowers, and showery lanes of shrubbery, until we reached the door of his cottage. While he entered to fetch the key to the prisons, we noted that the towers were freshly painted and in perfect repair; and indeed the custodian said frankly enough, on reappearing, that they were merely built over the prisons on the site of the original towers. The storied stream of the Bacchiglione sweeps through the grounds, and now, swollen by the rainfall, it roared, a yellow torrent, under a corner of the prisons. The towers rise from masses of foliage, and form no unpleasing feature of what must be, in spite of Signor P——, a delightful Italian garden in sunny weather. The ground is not so flat as elsewhere in Padua, and this inequality gives an additional picturesqueness to the place. But as we were come in search of horrors, we scorned these merely lovely things, and hastened to immure ourselves in the dungeons below. The custodian, lighting a candle, (which ought, we felt, to have been a torch,) went before.

We found the cells, though narrow and dark, not uncomfortable, and the guide conceded that they had undergone some repairs since Ecelino's time. But all the horrors for which we had come were there in perfect grisliness, and labelled by the ingenious Signor P—— with Latin inscriptions.

In the first cell was a shrine of the Virgin, set in the wall. Beneath this,

while the wretched prisoner knelt in prayer, a trap-door opened and precipitated him down upon the points of knives, from which his body fell into the Bacchiglione below. In the next cell, held by some rusty iron rings to the wall, was a skeleton, hanging by the wrists.

"This," said the guide, "was another punishment of which Ecelino was very fond."

A dreadful doubt siezed my mind. "Was this skeleton found here?" I demanded.

Without faltering an instant, without so much as winking an eye, the custodian replied, "*Appunto.*"

It was a great relief, and restored me to confidence in the establishment. I am at a loss to explain how my faith should have been confirmed afterwards by coming upon a guillotine—an awful instrument in the likeness of a straw-cutter, with a decapitated wooden figure under its blade—which the custodian confessed to be a modern improvement placed there by Signor P——. Yet my credulity was so strengthened by his candor, that I accepted without hesitation the torture of the water-drop when we came to it. The water-jar was as well preserved as if placed there but yesterday, and the skeleton beneath it—found as we saw it—was entire and perfect.

In the adjoining cell sat a skeleton—found as we saw it—with its neck in the clutch of the garrote, which was one of Ecelino's more merciful punishments; while in still another cell the ferocity of the tyrant appeared in the penalty inflicted upon the wretch whose skeleton had been hanging for ages—as we saw it—head downwards from the ceiling.

Beyond these, in a yet darker and drearier dungeon, stood a heavy oblong wooden box, with two apertures near the top, peering through which we found that we were looking into the eyeless sockets of a skull. Within this box Ecelino had immured the victim we beheld there, and left him to perish in view of the platters of food and gob-

lets of drink placed just beyond the reach of his hands. The food we saw was of course not the original food.

At last we came to the crowning horror of Villa P——, the supreme excess of Ecelino's cruelty. The guide entered the cell before us, and, as we gained the threshold, threw the light of his taper vividly upon a block that stood in the middle of the floor. Fixed to the block by an immense spike driven through from the back was the little slender hand of a woman, which lay there just as it had been struck from the living arm, and which, after the lapse of so many centuries, was still as perfectly preserved as if it had been embalmed. The sight had a most cruel fascination; and while one of the horror-seekers stood helplessly conjuring to his vision that scene of unknown dread, — the shrinking, shrieking woman dragged to the block, the wild, shrill, horrible screech following the blow that drove in the spike, the merciful swoon after the mutilation, — his companion, with a sudden pallor, demanded to be taken instantly away.

In their swift withdrawal, they only glanced at a few detached instruments of torture, — all original Ecelinos, but intended for the infliction of minor and comparatively unimportant torments, — and then they passed from that place of fear.

III.

In the evening we sat talking at the Caffè Pedrocchi with an abbate, an acquaintance of ours, who was a Professor in the University of Padua. Pedrocchi's is the great caffè of Padua, a granite edifice of Egyptian architecture, which is the mausoleum of the proprietor's fortune. The pecuniary skeleton at the feast, however, does not much trouble the guests. They begin early in the evening to gather into the elegant saloons of the caffè, — somewhat too large for so small a city as Padua, — and they sit there late in the night over their cheerful cups and their ices with their newspaper and their talk.

Not so many ladies are to be seen as at the caffè in Venice, for it is only in the greater cities that they go much to these public places. There are few students at Pedrocchi's, for they frequent the cheaper caffè; but you may nearly always find there some Professor of the University, and on the evening of which I speak, there were two present besides our abbate. Our friend's great passion was the English language, which he understood too well to venture to speak a great deal. He had been translating from that tongue into Italian certain American poems, and our talk was of these at first. Then we began to talk of distinguished American writers, of whom intelligent Italians always know at least four, in this succession, — Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, and Irving. Mrs. Stowe's *Capanna di Zio Tom* is, of course, universally read; and my friend had also read *Il Fiore di Maggio*, — "The Mayflower." Of Longfellow, the "Evangeline" is familiar to Italians, through a translation of the poem; but our abbate knew all the poet's works, and one of the other Professors present that evening had made such faithful study of them as to have produced some translations rendering the original with remarkable fidelity and spirit. I have before me here his *brochure*, printed last year at Padua, and containing versions of "Enceladus," "Excelsior," "A Psalm of Life," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass," "Twilight," "Daybreak," "The Quadroon Girl," and "Torquemada," — pieces which give the Italians a fair notion of our poet's lyrical range, and which bear witness to Professor Messadaglia's sympathetic and familiar knowledge of his works. A young and gifted lady of Parma, now unhappily no more, published only a few months since a translation of "The Golden Legend"; and Professor Messadaglia, in his Preface, mentions a version of another of our poet's longer works on which the translator of the "Evangeline" is now engaged.

At last, turning from literature, we

spoke with the gentle abbate of our day's adventures, and eagerly related that of the Ecelino prisons. To have seen them was the most terrific pleasure of our lives.

"Eh!" said our friend, "I believe you."

"We mean those under the Villa P——."

"Exactly."

There was a tone of politely suppressed amusement in the abbate's voice; and after a moment's pause, in which we felt our awful experience slipping and sliding away from us, we ventured to say, "You don't mean that those are *not* the veritable Ecelino prisons?"

"Certainly they are nothing of the kind. The Ecelino prisons were destroyed when the Crusaders took Padua, with the exception of the tower which the Venetian Republic converted into an observatory."

"But at least these prisons are on the site of Ecelino's castle?"

"Nothing of the sort. His castle in that case would have been outside of the old city walls."

"And those tortures and the prisons are all—"

"Things got up for show. No doubt, Ecelino used such things, and many worse, of which even the ingenuity of Signor P—— cannot conceive. But he is an eccentric man, loving the horrors of history, and what he can do to realize them he has done in his prisons."

"But the custodian, how could he lie so?"

Our friend shrugged his shoulders. "Eh! easily. And perhaps he even believed what he said."

The world began to assume an aspect of bewildering unguineness, and there seemed to be a treacherous quality of fiction in the ground under our feet. Even the play at the pretty little Teatro Sociale, where we went to pass the rest of the evening, appeared hollow and improbable. We thought the hero something of a bore, with his patience and goodness; and as for the heroine, pursued by the attentions of the rich profligate, we doubted if she were any better than she should be.

POOR RICHARD.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

RICHARD got through the following week he hardly knew how. He found occupation, to a much greater extent than he was actually aware of, in a sordid and yet heroic struggle with himself. For several months now, he had been leading, under Gertrude's inspiration, a strictly decent and sober life. So long as he was at comparative peace with Gertrude and with himself, such a life was more than easy; it was delightful. It produced a moral buoyancy infinitely more deli-

cate and more constant than the gross exhilaration of his old habits. There was a kind of fascination in adding hour to hour, and day to day, in this record of his new-born austerity. Having abjured excesses, he practised temperance after the fashion of a novice: he raised it (or reduced it) to abstinence. He was like an unclean man who, having washed himself clean, remains in the water for the love of it. He wished to be religiously, superstitiously pure. This was easy, as

we have said, so long as his goddess smiled, even though it were as a goddess indeed,—as a creature unattainable. But when she frowned, and the heavens grew dark, Richard's sole dependence was in his own will,—as flimsy a trust for an upward scramble, one would have premised, as a tuft of grass on the face of a perpendicular cliff. Flimsy as it looked, however, it served him. It started and crumbled, but it held, if only by a single fibre. When Richard had cantered fifty yards away from Gertrude's gate in a fit of stupid rage, he suddenly pulled up his horse and gulped down his passion, and swore an oath, that, suffer what torments of feeling he might, he would not at least break the continuity of his gross physical soberness. It was enough to be drunk in mind; he would not be drunk in body. A singular, almost ridiculous feeling of antagonism to Gertrude lent force to this resolution. "No, madam," he cried within himself, "I shall *not* fall back. Do your best! I shall keep straight." We often outweather great offences and afflictions through a certain healthy instinct of egotism. Richard went to bed that night as grim and sober as a Trappist monk; and his foremost impulse the next day was to plunge headlong into some physical labor which should not allow him a moment's interval of idleness. He found no labor to his taste; but he spent the day so actively, in the mechanical annihilation of the successive hours, that Gertrude's image found no chance squarely to face him. He was engaged in the work of self-preservation,—the most serious and absorbing work possible to man. Compared to the results here at stake, his passion for Gertrude seemed but a fiction. It is perhaps difficult to give a more lively impression of the vigor of this passion, of its maturity and its strength, than by simply stating that it discreetly held itself in abeyance until Richard had set at rest his doubts of that which lies nearer than all else to the heart of man,—his doubts of the strength of his will. He answered

these doubts by subjecting his resolution to a course of such cruel temptations as were likely either to shiver it to a myriad of pieces, or to season it perfectly to all the possible requirements of life. He took long rides over the country, passing within a stone's throw of as many of the scattered wayside taverns as could be combined in a single circuit. As he drew near them he sometimes slackened his pace, as if he were about to dismount, pulled up his horse, gazed a moment, then, thrusting in his spurs, galloped away again like one pursued. At other times, in the late evening, when the window-panes were aglow with the ruddy light within, he would walk slowly by, looking at the stars, and, after maintaining this stoical pace for a couple of miles, would hurry home to his own lonely and black-windowed dwelling. Having successfully performed this feat a certain number of times, he found his love coming back to him, bereft in the interval of its attendant jealousy. In obedience to it, he one morning leaped upon his horse and repaired to Gertrude's abode, with no definite notion of the terms in which he should introduce himself.

He had made himself comparatively sure of his will; but he was yet to acquire the mastery of his impulses. As he gave up his horse, according to his wont, to one of the men at the stable, he saw another steed stalled there which he recognized as Captain Severn's. "Steady, my boy," he murmured to himself, as he would have done to a frightened horse. On his way across the broad court-yard toward the house, he encountered the Captain, who had just taken his leave. Richard gave him a generous salute (he could not trust himself to more), and Severn answered with what was at least a strictly just one. Richard observed, however, that he was very pale, and that he was pulling a rosebud to pieces as he walked; whereupon our young man quickened his step. Finding the parlor empty, he instinctively crossed over to a small room adjoining it, which Gertrude had converted into

a modest conservatory; and as he did so, hardly knowing it, he lightened his heavy-shod tread. The glass door was open and Richard looked in. There stood Gertrude with her back to him, bending apart with her hands a couple of tall flowering plants, and looking through the glazed partition behind them. Advancing a step, and glancing over the young girl's shoulder, Richard had just time to see Severn mounting his horse at the stable door, before Gertrude, startled by his approach, turned hastily round. Her face was flushed hot, and her eyes brimming with tears.

"You!" she exclaimed, sharply.

Richard's head swam. That single word was so charged with cordial impatience that it seemed the death-knell of his hope. He stepped inside the room and closed the door, keeping his hand on the knob.

"Gertrude," he said, "you love that man!"

"Well, sir?"

"Do you confess it?" cried Richard.

"Confess it? Richard Clare, how dare you use such language? I'm in no humor for a scene. Let me pass."

Gertrude was angry; but as for Richard, it may almost be said that he was mad. "One scene a day is enough, I suppose," he cried. "What are these tears about? Would n't he have you? Did he refuse you, as you refused me? Poor Gertrude!"

Gertrude looked at him a moment with concentrated scorn. "You fool!" she said, for all answer. She pushed his hand from the latch, flung open the door, and moved rapidly away.

Left alone, Richard sank down on a sofa and covered his face with his hands. It burned them, but he sat motionless, repeating to himself, mechanically, as if to avert thought, "You fool! you fool!" At last he got up and made his way out.

It seemed to Gertrude, for several hours after this scene, that she had at this juncture a strong case against Fortune. It is not our purpose to repeat the words which she had exchanged with Captain Severn. They had come

within a single step of an *éclaircissement*, and when but another movement would have flooded their souls with light, some malignant influence had seized them by the throats. Had they too much pride? — too little imagination? We must content ourselves with this hypothesis. Severn, then, had walked mechanically across the yard, saying to himself, "She belongs to another"; and adding, as he saw Richard, "and such another!" Gertrude had stood at her window, repeating, under her breath, "He belongs to himself, himself alone." And as if this was not enough, when misconceived, slighted, wounded, she had faced about to her old, passionless, dutiful past, there on the path of retreat to this asylum Richard Clare had arisen to forewarn her that she should find no peace even at home. There was something in the violent impertinence of his appearance at this moment which gave her a dreadful feeling that fate was against her. More than this. There entered into her emotions a certain minute particle of awe of the man whose passion was so uncompromising. She felt that it was out of place any longer to pity him. He was the slave of his passion; but his passion was strong. In her reaction against the splendid civility of Severn's silence, (the real antithesis of which would have been simply the perfect courtesy of explicit devotion,) she found herself touching with pleasure on the fact of Richard's brutality. He at least had ventured to insult her. He had loved her enough to forget himself. He had dared to make himself odious in her eyes, because he had cast away his sanity. What cared he for the impression he made? He cared only for the impression he received. The violence of this reaction, however, was the measure of its duration. It was impossible that she should walk backward so fast without stumbling. Brought to her senses by this accident, she became aware that her judgment was missing. She smiled to herself as she reflected that it had been taking holiday for a whole afternoon. "Richard was right," she said to herself. "I am no fool. I

can't be a fool if I try. I'm too thoroughly my father's daughter for that. I love that man, but I love myself better. Of course, then, I don't deserve to have him. If I loved him in a way to merit his love, I would sit down this moment and write him a note telling him that if he does not come back to me, I shall die. But I shall neither write the note nor die. I shall live and grow stout, and look after my chickens and my flowers and my colts, and thank the Lord in my old age that I have never done anything unwomanly. Well! I'm as He made me. Whether I can deceive others, I know not; but I certainly can't deceive myself. I'm quite as sharp as Gertrude Whittaker; and this it is that has kept me from making a fool of myself and writing to poor Richard the note that I would n't write to Captain Severn. I needed to fancy myself wronged. I suffer so little! I needed a sensation! So, shrewd Yankee that I am, I thought I would get one cheaply by taking up that unhappy boy! Heaven preserve me from the heroics, especially the economical heroics! The one heroic course possible, I decline. What, then, have I to complain of? Must I tear my hair because a man of taste has resisted my unspeakable charms? To be charming, you must be charmed yourself, or at least you must be able to be charmed; and that apparently I'm not. I did n't love him, or he would have known it. Love gets love, and no-love gets none."

But at this point of her meditations Gertrude almost broke down. She felt that she was assigning herself but a dreary future. Never to be loved but by such a one as Richard Clare was a cheerless prospect; for it was identical with an eternal spinsterhood. "Am I, then," she exclaimed, quite as passionately as a woman need do, — "am I, then, cut off from a woman's dearest joys? What blasphemous nonsense! One thing is plain: I am made to be a mother; the wife may take care of herself. I am made to be a wife; the mistress may take care of *herself*. I am in the Lord's hands," added the

poor girl, who, whether or no she could forget herself in an earthly love, had at all events this mark of a spontaneous nature, that she could forget herself in a heavenly one. But in the midst of her pious emotion, she was unable to subdue her conscience. It smote her heavily for her meditated falsity to Richard, for her miserable readiness to succumb to the strong temptation to seek a momentary resting-place in his gaping heart. She recoiled from this thought as from an act cruel and immoral. Was Richard's heart the place for her now, any more than it had been a month before? Was she to apply for comfort where she would not apply for counsel? Was she to drown her decent sorrows and regrets in a base, a dishonest, an extemporized passion? Having done the young man so bitter a wrong in intention, nothing would appease her magnanimous remorse (as time went on) but to repair it in fact. She went so far as keenly to regret the harsh words she had cast upon him in the conservatory. He had been insolent and unmannerly; but he had an excuse. Much should be forgiven him, for he loved much. Even now that Gertrude had imposed upon her feelings a sterner regimen than ever, she could not defend herself from a sweet and sentimental thrill — a thrill in which, as we have intimated, there was something of a tremor — at the recollection of his strident accents and his angry eyes. It was yet far from her heart to desire a renewal, however brief, of this exhibition. She wished simply to efface from the young man's morbid soul the impression of a real contempt; for she knew — or she thought that she knew — that against such an impression he was capable of taking the most fatal and inconsiderate comfort.

Before many mornings had passed, accordingly, she had a horse saddled, and, dispensing with attendance, she rode rapidly over to his farm. The house door and half the windows stood open; but no answer came to her repeated summons. She made her way to the rear of the house, to the barn-yard,

thinly tenanted by a few common fowl, and across the yard to a road which skirted its lower extremity and was accessible by an open gate. No human figure was in sight; nothing was visible in the hot stillness but the scattered and ripening crops, over which, in spite of her nervous solicitude, Miss Whittaker cast the glance of a connoisseur. A great uneasiness filled her mind as she measured the rich domain apparently deserted of its young master, and reflected that she perhaps was the cause of its abandonment. Ah, where was Richard? As she looked and listened in vain, her heart rose to her throat, and she felt herself on the point of calling all too wistfully upon his name. But her voice was stayed by the sound of a heavy rumble, as of cart-wheels, beyond a turn in the road. She touched up her horse and cantered along until she reached the turn. A great four-wheeled cart, laden with masses of newly broken stone, and drawn by four oxen, was slowly advancing towards her. Beside it, patiently cracking his whip and shouting monotonously, walked a young man in a slouched hat and a red shirt, with his trousers thrust into his dusty boots. It was Richard. As he saw Gertrude, he halted a moment, amazed, and then advanced, flicking the air with his whip. Gertrude's heart went out towards him in a silent Thank God! Her next reflection was that he had never looked so well. The truth is, that, in this rough adjustment, the native barbarian was duly represented. His face and neck were browned by a week in the fields, his eye was clear, his step seemed to have learned a certain manly dignity from its attendance on the heavy bestial tramp. Gertrude, as he reached her side, pulled up her horse and held out her gloved fingers to his brown dusty hand. He took them, looked for a moment into her face, and for the second time raised them to his lips.

"Excuse my glove," she said, with a little smile.

"Excuse mine," he answered, ex-

hibiting his sunburnt, work-stained hand.

"Richard," said Gertrude, "you never had less need of excuse in your life. You never looked half so well."

He fixed his eyes upon her a moment. "Why, you have forgiven me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Gertrude, "I have forgiven you, — both you and myself. We both of us behaved very absurdly, but we both of us had reason. I wish you had come back."

Richard looked about him, apparently at loss for a rejoinder. "I have been very busy," he said, at last, with a simplicity of tone slightly studied. An odd sense of dramatic effect prompted him to say neither more nor less.

An equally delicate instinct forbade Gertrude to express all the joy which this assurance gave her. Excessive joy would have implied undue surprise; and it was a part of her plan frankly to expect the best things of her companion. "If you have been busy," she said, "I congratulate you. What have you been doing?"

"O, a hundred things. I have been quarrying, and draining, and clearing, and I don't know what all. I thought the best thing was just to put my own hands to it. I am going to make a stone fence along the great lot on the hill there. Wallace is forever grumbling about his boundaries. I'll fix them once for all. What are you laughing at?"

"I am laughing at certain foolish apprehensions that I have been indulging for a week past. You're wiser than I, Richard. I have no imagination."

"Do you mean that I have? I have n't enough to guess what you *do* mean."

"Why, do you suppose, have I come over this morning?"

"Because you thought I was sulking on account of your having called me a fool."

"Sulking, or worse. What do I deserve for the wrong I have done you?"

"You have done me no wrong. You

reasoned fairly enough. You are not obliged to know me better than I know myself. It's just like you to be ready to take back that bad word, and try to make yourself believe that it was unjust. But it was perfectly just, and therefore I have managed to bear it. I *was* a fool at that moment,—a stupid, impudent fool. I don't know whether that man had been making love to you or not. But you had, I think, been feeling love for him,—you looked it; I should have been less than a man, I should be unworthy of your—your affection, if I had failed to see it. I did see it,—I saw it as clearly as I see those oxen now; and yet I bounced in with my own ill-timed claims. To do so was to be a fool. To have been other than a fool would have been to have waited, to have backed out, to have bitten my tongue off before I spoke, to have done anything but what I did. I have no right to claim you, Gertrude, until I can woo you better than that. It was the most fortunate thing in the world that you spoke as you did: it was even kind. It saved me all the misery of groping about for a starting-point. Not to have spoken as you did would have been to fail of justice; and then, probably, I should have sulked, or, as you very considerably say, done worse. I had made a false move in the game, and the only thing to do was to repair it. But you were not obliged to know that I would so readily admit my move to have been false. Whenever I have made a fool of myself before, I have been for sticking it out, and trying to turn all mankind—that is, *you*—into a fool too, so that I should n't be an exception. But this time, I think, I had a kind of inspiration. I felt that my case was desperate. I felt that if I adopted my folly now I adopted it forever. The other day I met a man who had just come home from Europe, and who spent last summer in Switzerland. He was telling me about the mountain-climbing over there,—how they get over the glaciers, and all that. He said that you sometimes came upon great slippery, steep, snow-covered slopes that

end short off in a precipice, and that if you stumble or lose your footing as you cross them horizontally, why you go shooting down, and you're gone; that is, but for one little dodge. You have a long walking-pole with a sharp end, you know, and as you feel yourself sliding,—it's as likely as not to be in a sitting posture,—you just take this and ram it into the snow before you, and there you are, stopped. The thing is, of course, to drive it in far enough, so that it won't yield or break; and in any case it hurts infernally to come whizzing down upon this upright pole. But the interruption gives you time to pick yourself up. Well, so it was with me the other day. I stumbled and fell; I slipped, and was whizzing downward; but I just drove in my pole and pulled up short. It nearly tore me in two; but it saved my life." Richard made this speech with one hand leaning on the neck of Gertrude's horse, and the other on his own side, and with his head slightly thrown back and his eyes on hers. She had sat quietly in her saddle, returning his gaze. He had spoken slowly and deliberately; but without hesitation and without heat. "This is not romance," thought Gertrude, "it's reality." And this feeling it was that dictated her reply, divesting it of romance so effectually as almost to make it sound trivial.

"It was fortunate you had a walking-pole," she said.

"I shall never travel without one again."

"Never, at least," smiled Gertrude, "with a companion who has the bad habit of pushing you off the path."

"O, you may push all you like," said Richard. "I give you leave. But isn't this enough about myself?"

"That's as you think."

"Well, it's all I have to say for the present, except that I am prodigiously glad to see you, and that of course you will stay awhile."

"But you have your work to do."

"Dear me, never you mind my work. I've earned my dinner this morning, if you have no objection; and I propose

to share it with you. So we will go back to the house." He turned her horse's head about, started up his oxen with his voice, and walked along beside her on the grassy roadside, with one hand in the horse's mane, and the other swinging his whip.

Before they reached the yard-gate, Gertrude had revolved his speech. "Enough about himself," she said, silently echoing his words. "Yes, Heaven be praised, it is about himself. I am but a means in this matter,—he himself, his own character, his own happiness, is the end." Under this conviction it seemed to her that her part was appreciably simplified. Richard was learning wisdom and self-control, and to exercise his reason. Such was the suit that he was destined to gain. Her duty was as far as possible to remain passive, and not to interfere with the working of the gods who had selected her as the instrument of their prodigy. As they reached the gate, Richard made a trumpet of his hands, and sent a ringing summons into the fields; whereupon a farm-boy approached, and, with an undisguised stare of amazement at Gertrude, took charge of his master's team. Gertrude rode up to the door-step, where her host assisted her to dismount, and bade her go in and make herself at home, while he busied himself with the bestowal of her horse. She found that, in her absence, the old woman who administered her friend's household had reappeared, and had laid out the preparations for his mid-day meal. By the time he returned, with his face and head shining from a fresh ablution, and his shirt-sleeves decently concealed by a coat, Gertrude had apparently won the complete confidence of the good wife.

Gertrude doffed her hat, and tucked up her riding-skirt, and sat down to a *tête-à-tête* over Richard's crumpled table-cloth. The young man played the host very soberly and naturally; and Gertrude hardly knew whether to augur from his perfect self-possession that her star was already on the wane,

or that it had waxed into a steadfast and eternal sun. The solution of her doubts was not far to seek; Richard was absolutely at his ease in her presence. He had told her indeed that she intoxicated him; and truly, in those moments when she was compelled to oppose her dewy eloquence to his fervid importunities, her whole presence seemed to him to exhale a singularly potent sweetness. He had told her that she was an enchantress, and this assertion, too, had its measure of truth. But her spell was a steady one; it sprang not from her beauty, her wit, her figure,—it sprang from her character. When she found herself aroused to appeal or to resistance, Richard's pulses were quickened to what he had called intoxication, not by her smiles, her gestures, her glances, or any accession of that material beauty which she did not possess, but by a generous sense of her virtues in action. In other words, Gertrude exercised the magnificent power of making her lover forget her face. Agreeably to this fact, his habitual feeling in her presence was one of deep repose,—a sensation not unlike that which in the early afternoon, as he lounged in his orchard with a pipe, he derived from the sight of the hot and vaporous hills. He was innocent, then, of that delicious trouble which Gertrude's thoughts had touched upon as a not unnatural result of her visit, and which another woman's fancy would perhaps have dwelt upon as an indispensable proof of its success. "Porphyro grew faint," the poet assures us, as he stood in Madeline's chamber on Saint Agnes' eve. But Richard did not in the least grow faint now that his mistress was actually filling his musty old room with her voice, her touch, her looks; that she was sitting in his unfrequented chairs, trailing her skirt over his faded carpet, casting her perverted image upon his mirror, and breaking his daily bread. He was not fluttered when he sat at her well-served table, and trod her muffled floors. Why, then, should he be fluttered now? Gertrude was her-

self in all places, and (once granted that she was at peace) to be at her side was to drink peace as fully in one place as in another.

Richard accordingly ate a great working-day dinner in Gertrude's despite, and she ate a small one for his sake. She asked questions moreover, and offered counsel with most sisterly freedom. She deplored the rents in his table-cloth, and the dismemberments of his furniture; and although by no means absurdly fastidious in the matter of household elegance, she could not but think that Richard would be a happier and a better man if he were a little more comfortable. She forbore, however, to criticise the poverty of his *entourage*, for she felt that the obvious answer was, that such a state of things was the penalty of his living alone; and it was desirable, under the circumstances, that this idea should remain implied.

When at last Gertrude began to bethink herself of going, Richard broke a long silence by the following question: "Gertrude, *do* you love that man?"

"Richard," she answered, "I refused to tell you before, because you asked the question as a right. Of course you do so no longer. No. I do not love him. I have been near it, — but I have missed it. And now good by."

For a week after her visit, Richard worked as bravely and steadily as he had done before it. But one morning he woke up lifeless, morally speaking. His strength had suddenly left him. He had been straining his faith in himself to a prodigious tension, and the chord had suddenly snapped. In the hope that Gertrude's tender fingers might repair it, he rode over to her towards evening. On his way through the village, he found people gathered in knots, reading fresh copies of the Boston newspapers over each other's shoulders, and learned that tidings had just come of a great battle in Virginia, which was also a great defeat. He procured a copy of the paper from a man who had read it out, and made haste to Gertrude's dwelling.

Gertrude received his story with those passionate imprecations and regrets which were then in fashion. Before long, Major Luttrell presented himself, and for half an hour there was no talk but about the battle. The talk, however, was chiefly between Gertrude and the Major, who found considerable ground for difference, she being a great radical and he a decided conservative. Richard sat by, listening apparently, but with the appearance of one to whom the matter of the discourse was of much less interest than the manner of those engaged in it. At last, when tea was announced, Gertrude told her friends, very frankly, that she would not invite them to remain, — that her heart was too heavy with her country's woes, and with the thought of so great a butchery, to allow her to play the hostess, — and that, in short, she was in the humor to be alone. Of course there was nothing for the gentlemen but to obey; but Richard went out cursing the law, under which, in the hour of his mistress's sorrow, his company was a burden and not a relief. He watched in vain, as he bade her farewell, for some little sign that she would fain have him stay, but that as she wished to get rid of his companion civility demanded that she should dismiss them both. No such sign was forthcoming, for the simple reason that Gertrude was sensible of no conflict between her desires. The men mounted their horses in silence, and rode slowly along the lane which led from Miss Whittaker's stables to the high-road. As they approached the top of the lane, they perceived in the twilight a mounted figure coming towards them. Richard's heart began to beat with an angry foreboding, which was confirmed as the rider drew near and disclosed Captain Severn's features. Major Luttrell and he, being bound in courtesy to a brief greeting, pulled up their horses; and as an attempt to pass them in narrow quarters would have been a greater incivility than even Richard was prepared to commit, he likewise halted.

"This is ugly news, isn't it?" said Severn. "It has determined me to go back to-morrow."

"Go back where?" asked Richard.

"To my regiment."

"Are you well enough?" asked Major Luttrell. "How is that wound?"

"It's so much better that I believe it can finish getting well down there as easily as here. Good by, Major. I hope we shall meet again." And he shook hands with Major Luttrell. "Good by, Mr. Clare." And, somewhat to Richard's surprise, he stretched over and held out his hand to him.

Richard felt that it was tremulous, and, looking hard into his face, he thought it wore a certain unwonted look of excitement. And then his fancy coursed back to Gertrude, sitting where he had left her, in the sentimental twilight, alone with her heavy heart. With a word, he reflected, a single little word, a look, a motion, this happy man whose hand I hold can heal her sorrows. "Oh!" cried Richard, "that by this hand I might hold him fast forever!"

It seemed to the Captain that Richard's grasp was needlessly protracted and severe. "What a grip the poor fellow has!" he thought. "Good by," he repeated aloud, disengaging himself.

"Good by," said Richard. And then he added, he hardly knew why, "Are you going to bid good by to Miss Whittaker?"

"Yes. Isn't she at home?"

Whether Richard really paused or not before he answered, he never knew. There suddenly arose such a tumult in his bosom that it seemed to him several moments before he became conscious of his reply. But it is probable that to Severn it came only too soon.

"No," said Richard; "she's not at home. We have just been calling." As he spoke, he shot a glance at his companion, armed with defiance of his impending denial. But the Major just met his glance and then dropped his eyes. This slight motion was a horrible

revelation. He had served the Major too.

"Ah? I'm sorry," said Severn, slacking his rein,—"I'm sorry." And from his saddle he looked down toward the house more longingly and regretfully than he knew.

Richard felt himself turning from pale to consuming crimson. There was a simple sincerity in Severn's words which was almost irresistible. For a moment he felt like shouting out a loud denial of his falsehood: "She is there! she's alone and in tears, awaiting you. Go to her—and be damned!" But before he could gather his words into his throat, they were arrested by Major Luttrell's cool, clear voice, which in its calmness seemed to cast scorn upon his weakness.

"Captain," said the Major, "I shall be very happy to take charge of your farewell."

"Thank you, Major. Pray do. Say how extremely sorry I was. Good by again." And Captain Severn hastily turned his horse about, gave him his spurs, and galloped away, leaving his friends standing alone in the middle of the road. As the sound of his retreat expired, Richard, in spite of himself, drew a long breath. He sat motionless in the saddle, hanging his head.

"Mr. Clare," said the Major, at last, "that was very cleverly done."

Richard looked up. "I never told a lie before," said he.

"Upon my soul, then, you did it uncommonly well. You did it so well I almost believed you. No wonder that Severn did."

Richard was silent. Then suddenly he broke out, "In God's name, sir, why don't you call me a blackguard? I've done a beastly act!"

"O, come," said the Major, "you need n't mind that, with me. We'll consider that said. I feel bound to let you know that I'm very, very much obliged to you. If you had n't spoken, how do you know but that I might?"

"If you had, I would have given you the lie, square in your teeth."

"Would you, indeed? It's very fortunate, then, I held my tongue. If you will have it so, I won't deny that your little improvisation sounded very ugly. I'm devilish glad I didn't make it, if you come to that."

Richard felt his wit sharpened by a most unholy scorn, — a scorn far greater for his companion than for himself. "I am glad to hear that it did sound ugly," he said. "To me, it seemed beautiful, holy, and just. For the space of a moment, it seemed absolutely right that I should say what I did. But you saw the lie in its horrid nakedness, and yet you let it pass. You have no excuse."

"I beg your pardon. You are immensely ingenious, but you are immensely wrong. Are you going to make out that I am the guilty party? Upon my word, you're a cool hand. I have an excuse. I have the excuse of being interested in Miss Whittaker's remaining unengaged."

"So I suppose. But you don't love her. Otherwise —"

Major Luttrell laid his hand on Richard's bridle. "Mr. Clare," said he, "I have no wish to talk metaphysics over this matter. You had better say no more. I know that your feelings are not of an enviable kind, and I am therefore prepared to be good-natured with you. But you must be civil yourself. You have done a shabby deed; you are ashamed of it, and you wish to shift the responsibility upon me, which is more shabby still. My advice is, that you behave like a man of spirit, and swallow your apprehensions. I trust that you are not going to make a fool of yourself by any apology or retraction in any quarter. As for its having seemed holy and just to do what you did, that is mere bosh. A lie is a lie, and as such is often excusable. As anything else, — as a thing beautiful, holy, or just, — it's quite inexcusable. Yours was a lie to you, and a lie to me. It serves me, and I accept it. I suppose you understand me. I adopt it. You don't suppose it was because I was frightened by those big

black eyes of yours that I held my tongue. As for my loving or not loving Miss Whittaker, I have no report to make to you about it. I will simply say that I intend, if possible, to marry her."

"She'll not have you. She'll never marry a cold-blooded rascal."

"I think she'll prefer him to a hot-blooded one. Do you want to pick a quarrel with me? Do you want to make me lose my temper? I shall refuse you that satisfaction. You have been a coward, and you want to frighten some one before you go to bed to make up for it. Strike me, and I'll strike you in self-defence, but I'm not going to mind your talk. Have you anything to say? No? Well, then, good evening." And Major Luttrell started away.

It was with rage that Richard was dumb. Had he been but a cat's-paw after all? Heaven forbid! He sat irresolute for an instant, and then turned suddenly and cantered back to Gertrude's gate. Here he stopped again; but after a short pause he went in over the gravel with a fast-beating heart. O, if Luttrell were but there to see him! For a moment he fancied he heard the sound of the Major's returning steps. If he would only come and find him at confession! It would be so easy to confess before him! He went along beside the house to the front, and stopped beneath the open drawing-room window.

"Gertrude!" he cried softly, from his saddle.

Gertrude immediately appeared. "You, Richard!" she exclaimed.

Her voice was neither harsh nor sweet; but her words and her intonation recalled vividly to Richard's mind the scene in the conservatory. He fancied them keenly expressive of disappointment. He was invaded by a mischievous conviction that she had been expecting Captain Severn, or that at the least she had mistaken his voice for the Captain's. The truth is that she had half fancied it might be, — Richard's call having been little more

than a loud whisper. The young man sat looking up at her, silent.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Can I do anything for you?"

Richard was not destined to do his duty that evening. A certain infinitesimal dryness of tone on Gertrude's part was the inevitable result of her finding that that whispered summons came only from Richard. She was preoccupied. Captain Severn had told her a fortnight before, that, in case of news of a defeat, he should not await the expiration of his leave of absence to return. Such news had now come, and her inference was that her friend would immediately take his departure. She could not but suppose that he would come and bid her farewell, and what might not be the incidents, the results, of such a visit? To tell the whole truth, it was under the pressure of these reflections that, twenty minutes before, Gertrude had dismissed our two gentlemen. That this long story should be told in the dozen words with which she greeted Richard, will seem unnatural to the disinterested reader. But in those words, poor Richard, with a lover's clairvoyance, read it at a single glance. The same resentful impulse, the same sickening of the heart, that he had felt in the conservatory, took possession of him once more. To be witness of Severn's passion for Gertrude,—that he could endure. To be witness of Gertrude's passion for Severn,—against that obligation his reason rebelled.

"What is it you wish, Richard?" Gertrude repeated. "Have you forgotten anything?"

"Nothing! nothing!" cried the young man. "It's no matter!"

He gave a great pull at his bridle, and almost brought his horse back on his haunches, and then, wheeling him about on himself, he thrust in his spurs and galloped out of the gate.

On the highway he came upon Major Luttrell, who stood looking down the lane.

"I'm going to the Devil, sir!" cried Richard. "Give me your hand on it."

Luttrell held out his hand. "My poor young man," said he, "you're out of your head. I'm sorry for you. You have n't been making a fool of yourself?"

"Yes, a damnable fool of myself!"

Luttrell breathed freely. "You'd better go home and go to bed," he said. "You'll make yourself ill by going on at this rate."

"I—I'm afraid to go home," said Richard, in a broken voice. "For God's sake, come with me!"—and the wretched fellow burst into tears. "I'm too bad for any company but yours," he cried, in his sobs.

The Major winced, but he took pity. "Come, come," said he, "we'll pull through. I'll go home with you."

They rode off together. That night Richard went to bed miserably drunk; although Major Luttrell had left him at ten o'clock, adjuring him to drink no more. He awoke the next morning in a violent fever; and before evening the doctor, whom one of his hired men had brought to his bedside, had come and looked grave and pronounced him very ill.

DOCTOR MOLKE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

AS my own fancy led me into the Greenland seas, so chance sent me into a Greenland port. It was a choice little harbor, a good way north of the Arctic Circle,—fairly within the realm of hyperborean barrenness,—very near the northernmost border of civilized settlement. But civilization was exhibited there by unmistakable evidences;—a very dilute civilization, it is true, yet, such as it was, outwardly recognizable; for Christian habitations and Christian beings were in sight from the vessel's deck,—at least some of the human beings who appeared upon the beach were dressed like Christians, and veritable smoke curled gracefully upward into the bright air above the roofs of houses from veritable chimneys.

We had been fighting the Arctic ice and the Arctic storms for so long a time, that it was truly refreshing to get into this good harbor. The little craft which had borne us thither seemed positively to enjoy her repose, as she lay quietly to her anchors on the still waters, in the calm air and the blazing sunshine of the Arctic noonday. As for myself, I was simply wondering what I should find ashore. A slender fringe of European custom bordering native barbarism and dirt was what I anticipated; for, as I looked upon the naked rocks,—which there, as in other Greenland ports, afforded room for a few straggling huts of native fishermen and hunters, with only now and then a more pretentious white man's lodge,—I could hardly imagine that much would be found seductive to the fancy or inviting to the eye. A country where there is no soil to yield any part of man's subsistence seemed to offer such a slender chance for man in the battle of life, that I could well imagine it to be repulsive rather than

attractive; yet I was eager to see how poor men might be, and live.

While thus looking forward to a novel experience, I was unconsciously preparing myself for a great surprise. Whatever there might be of poverty in the condition of the few dozens of human beings who there forced a scanty subsistence from the sea, I was to discover one person in the place who did in no way share it,—who, born as it might seem to different destinies, yet, voluntarily choosing wild Nature for companionship, and rising superior to the forbidding climate and the general desolation, rejoiced here in his own strong manhood, and lived seemingly contented as well with himself as with the great world of which he heard from afar but the faint murmurs.

The anchors had been down about an hour, and the bustle and confusion necessarily attending an entrance into port had subsided. The sails were stowed, the decks were cleared up, and the ropes were coiled. A port watch was set. The crew had received their "liberty," and there was much wondering among them whether Esquimaux eyes could speak a tender welcome. Nor had the Danish flag been forgotten. That swallow-tailed emblem of a gallant nationality—which, according to song and tradition, has the enviable distinction of having

"Come from heaven down, my boys,
Ay, come from heaven down"—

was fluttering from a white flag-staff at the front of the government-house, and we had answered its display by running up our own Danish colors at the fore, and saluting them with our signal-gun in all due form and courtesy.

Soon after reaching the anchorage I had despatched an officer to look up the chief ruler of the place, and to assure him of the great pleasure I should

have in calling upon him, if he would name an hour convenient to himself; and I was awaiting my messenger's return with some impatience, when suddenly I heard the thump of his heavy sea boots on the deck above. In a few moments he entered the cabin, and reported that the governor was absent, but that his office was temporarily filled by a gentleman who had been good enough to accompany him on board, — the surgeon of the settlement, Doctor Molke; and then stepping aside, Doctor Molke passed through the narrow doorway and stood before me, bowing. I bowed in return, and bade him welcome, saying, I suppose, just what any other person would have said under like circumstances, (not, however, supposing for a moment that I was understood,) and then, turning to the officer, I signified my wish that he should act as interpreter. But that was needless. My Greenland visitor answered me, in pure, unbroken English, with as little hesitation as if he had spoken no other language all his life; and in conclusion he said: "I come to invite you to my poor house, and to offer you my service. I can give you but a feeble welcome in this outlandish place, but such as I have is yours; and if you will accompany me ashore, I shall be much delighted."

The delight was mutual; and it was not many minutes before, seated in the stern sheets of a whale-boat, we were pulling towards the land.

My new-found friend interested me at once. The surprise at finding myself addressed in English was increased when I discovered that this Greenland official bore every mark of refinement, culture, and high breeding. His manner was wholly free from restraint; and it struck me as something odd that all the self-possession and ease of a thorough man of the world should be exhibited in this desert place. He did not seem to be at all aware that there was anything incongruous in either his dress or manner and his present situation; yet this man, who sat with me in the stern sheets of a battered whale-

boat, pulling across a Greenland harbor to a Greenland settlement, might, with the simple addition of a pair of suitable gloves, have stepped as he was into a ball-room without giving rise to any other remark than would be excited by his bearing.

His graceful figure was well set off by a neatly fitting and closely buttoned blue frock-coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and embroidered cuffs, and heavily braided shoulder-knots. A decoration on his breast told that he was a favorite with his king. His finely shaped head was covered by a blue cloth cap, having a gilt band and the royal emblems. Over his shoulders was thrown a cloak of mottled seal-skins, lined with the warm and beautiful fur of the Arctic fox. His cleanly shaven face was finely formed and full of force, while a soft blue eye spoke of gentleness and good-nature, and with fair hair completed the evidences of Scandinavian birth.

My curiosity became much excited. "How," thought I, "in the name of everything mysterious, has it happened that such a man should have turned up in such a place?" From curiosity I passed to amazement, as his mind unfolded itself, and his tastes were manifested. I was prepared to be received by a fur-clad hunter, a coppery-faced Esquimaux, or a meek and pious missionary, upon whose face privation and penance had set their seal; but for this high-spirited, high-bred, graceful, and evidently accomplished gentleman, I was not prepared.

I could not refrain from one leading observation. "I suppose, Doctor Molke," said I, "that you have not been here long enough to have yet wholly exhausted the novelty of these noble hills!"

"Eleven years, one would think," replied he, "ought to pretty well exhaust anything; and yet I cannot say that these hills, upon which my eyes rest continually, have grown to be wearisome companions, even if they may appear something forbidding."

Eleven years among these barren

hills! Eleven years in Greenland!! Surely, thought I, this is something "passing strange."

The scene around us as we crossed the bay was indeed imposing, and, though desolate enough, was certainly not without its bright and cheerful side. Behind us rose a majestic line of cliffs, climbing up into the clouds in giant steps, picturesque yet solid,—a great massive pedestal, as it were, supporting mountain piled on mountain, with caps of snow whitening their summits, and great glaciers hanging on their sides. Before us lay the town,—built upon a gnarled spur of primitive rock, which seemed to have crept from underneath the lofty cliffs, as a serpent from its hiding-place, and, after wriggling through the sea, to have stopped at length, when it had almost completely enclosed a beautiful sheet of water about a mile long by half a mile broad, leaving but one narrow, winding entrance to it. Through this entrance the swell of the sea could never come to disturb the silent bay, which lay there, nestling among the dark rocks beneath the mountain shadows, as calmly as a Swiss lake in an Alpine valley.

But the rocky spur which supported on its rough back what there was of the town wore a most woe-begone and distressed aspect. A few little patches of grass and moss were visible, but generally there was nothing to be seen but the cold gray-red naked rocks, broken and twisted into knots and knobs, and cut across with deep and ugly cracks. I could but wonder that on such a dreary spot man should ever think of seeking a dwelling-place; and my companion must have interpreted my thoughts, for he pointed to the shore, and said playfully, "Ah! it is true, you behold at last the fruits of wisdom and instruction,—a city founded on a rock." And then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Let me point out to you the great features of this new wonder. First, to the right there, underneath that little, low, black, peaked roof, dwells the royal cook,—a Dane who came out here a long time ago,

married a native of the country, and rejoices in a brood of half-breeds, among whom are four girls, rather dusky, but not ill-favored. Next in order is the government-house,—that pitch-coated structure near the flag-staff. This is the only building, you observe, that can boast of a double tier of windows. Next, a little higher up, you see, is my own lodge, bedaubed with pitch, like the other, to protect it against the assaults of the weather, and to stop the little cracks. Down by the beach, a little farther on, that largest building of all is the store-house, &c., where the Governor keeps all sorts of traps for trade with the natives, and where the shops are in which the cooper fixes up the oil-barrels, and where other like industrial pursuits are carried on. A little farther on you observe a low structure where the oil is stored. On the ledge above the shop you see another pitchy building. This furnishes quarters for the half-dozen Danish employees,—fellows who, not having married native wives, hunt and fish for the glory of Denmark. Near the den of these worthies you observe another,—a duplicate of that in which lives the cook. There lives the royal cooper; and not far from it are two others, not quite so pretentious, where dwell the carpenter and blacksmith,—all of whom have followed the worthy example of the cook, and have dusky sons and daughters to console their declining years. You may perhaps be able to distinguish a few moss-covered hovels dotted about here and there,—perhaps there may be twenty of them in all, though there are but few of them in sight. These are the huts of native hunters. At present they are not occupied, for, being without roofs that will turn water, the people are compelled to abandon them when the snow begins to melt in the spring, and betake themselves to seal-skin tents, some of which you observe scattered here and there among the rocks. And now I've shown you everything,—just in time, too, for here we are at the landing."

We had drawn in close to the end of

a narrow pier, run out into the water on slender piles, and, quickly ascending some steps, the Doctor led the way up to his house. The whole settlement had turned out to meet us, men, women, children, and dogs, — which latter, about two hundred in number, "little dogs and all," set up an ear-splitting cry, wild and strangely in keeping with every other part of the scene, and like nothing so much as the dismal evening concert of a pack of wolves. The children, on the other hand, kept quiet, and clung to their mothers, as all children do in exciting times; the mothers grinned and laughed and chattered, "as becomes the gentler sex" in the savage state; while the men, all smoking short clay pipes, (one of their customs borrowed from civilization,) looked on with that air of stolid indifference peculiar to the male barbarian. They were mostly dressed in suits of seal-skins, but some of them wore greasy Guernsey frocks and other European clothing. Many of the women carried cunning-looking babies strapped upon their backs in seal-skin pouches. The heads of men and women alike were for the most part capless; but every one of the dark, beardless faces was surmounted by a heavy mass of straight, uncombed, and tangled jet-black hair. There were some half-breed girls standing in little groups upon the rocks, who, adding something of taste to the simple need of an artificial covering for the body, were attired in dresses, which, although of the Esquimau fashion, were quite neatly ornamented. While passing through this curious crowd, the eye could not but find pleasure in the novel scene, the more especially as the delight of these half-barbarous people was excited to the highest pitch by the strange being who had come among them.

But if what the eye drank in gave delight, less fortunate the nose; for from about the store-house and the native huts, and, indeed, from almost everywhere, welled up that horrid odor of decomposing oil and fish and flesh peculiar to a fishing-town. On this

account, if on no other, I was not sorry when we reached our destination.

"You like not this Greenland odor?" said my conductor. "Luckily it does not reach me here, or I should seek a still higher perch to roost on"; — saying which, he opened the door and led the way inside, first through a little vestibule into a square hall, where we deposited our fur coats, and then to the right, into a small room furnished with a table, an old pine bench, a single chair, a case with glass doors containing white jars and glass bottles having Latin labels, and smelling dreadfully of doctor's stuffs.

"I always come through here," said my host, "after passing the town. It gives the olfactories a new sensation. This, you observe, is the place where I physic the people."

"Have you many patients, Doctor?" I inquired.

"Not very many; but, considering that I go sometimes a hundred miles or so to see the suffering sinners, I have quite enough to satisfy me. Not much competition, you know. But come, we have some lunch waiting for us in the next room, and Sophy will be growing impatient."

A lady, eh?

The room into which the Doctor ushered me was neatly furnished. On the walls were hung some prints and paintings of fruits and animals and flowers, and in the centre stood a small round table covered with dishes carefully placed on a snowy cloth.

All very nice, but who's Sophy?

The Doctor tinkled a little bell, the tones of which told that it was silver; and then, all radiant with smiles and beaming with good-nature, Sophy entered. A strange apparition.

"This is my housekeeper," said the Doctor, in explanation; "speak to the American, Sophy."

And, without embarrassment or pausing for an instant, she advanced and bade me welcome, addressing me in fair English, and extending at the same time a delicate little hand, which peeped out from cuffs of eider-down.

"I am glad," said she, "to see the American. I have been looking through the window at him ever since he left the ship."

"Now, Sophy," said the Doctor, "let us see what you have got us for lunch."

"O, I have n't anything at all, Doctor Molke," answered Sophy; "but I hope the American will excuse me until dinner, when I have some nice trout and venison."

"Pot-luck," as I told you," exclaimed my host. "But never mind, Sophy, let's have it, be it what it may." And Sophy tripped lightly out of the room to do her master's bidding.

"A right good girl that," said the Doctor, when the door was closed. "Takes capital care of me."

Strange Sophy! A pretty face of dusky hue, and a fine figure attired in native costume, neatly ornamented and arranged with cultivated taste. Pantaloon of mottled seal-skin, and of silvery lustre, tapered down into long white boots, which enclosed the neatest of ankles and the daintiest of feet. A little jacket of Scotch plaid, with a collar and border of fur, covered the body to the waist, while from beneath the collar peeped up a pure white cambric handkerchief, covering the throat; and heavy masses of glossy black hair were intertwined with ribbons of gay red. Marvelous Sophy! Dusky daughter of a Danish father and a native mother. From her mother she had her rich brunette complexion and raven hair; from her father, Saxon features, and light blue Saxon eyes.

If the housekeeper attracted my attention, so did the dishes which she set before me. Smoked salmon of exquisite delicacy, reindeer sausages, reindeer tongues nicely dried and thinly sliced, and fine fresh Danish bread, made up a style of "pot-luck" calculated to cause a hungry man from the high seas and sailors' "prog" to wish for the same style of luck for the remainder of his days. But when all this came to be washed down with the contents of sundry bottles with which

Sophy dotted the clean white cloth, the "luck" was perfect, and there was nothing further to desire.

"Ah! here we are," said my entertainer. "Sophy wishes to make amends for the dryness of her fare. This is a choice Margaux, and I can recommend it. But, Sophy, here, you have n't warmed this quite enough. Ah! my dear sir, you experience the trouble of a Greenland life. One can never get his wines properly tempered."

One cannot get his wines properly tempered!—and this is the trouble of a Greenland life!! "Surely," thought I, "one might find something worse than this."

"Here," picking up the next bottle, "we have some Johannisberg, very fine as I can assure you; but I have little fancy even for the best of these Rhenish wines. Too much like a pretty woman without soul. They never warm the imagination. There's something better to build upon there close beside your elbow. Since the claret's forbidden us for the present, I'll drink you welcome in that rich Madeira. Why, do you know, sir," rattled on the Doctor, as I passed the bottle, seemingly rejoiced in his very heart at having some one to talk to,— "do you know, sir, that I have kept that by me here these ten years past? My good old father sent it to me as a mark of special favor. Why, sir, it has a pedigree as long as one of Locksley's cloth-yard shafts. But the pedigree will keep: let's prove it,"—and he filled up two dainty French straw-stem glasses, and pledged me in the good old Danish style. Then, when the claret came back, this time all rightly tempered, the Doctor filled the glasses, and hoped that, when I "left this place, the girls would pull lustily on the tow-ropes."

Hunger and thirst were soon appeased. "And now," said the Doctor, when this was done, "I know you are dying for the want of something fresh and green. You have probably tasted nothing that grew out of dear old Mother Earth since leaving home";—and

he tinkled his silver bell again, and Sophy of the silver seal-skin pantaloons and dainty boots tripped softly through the door.

"Sophy, have n't you a surprise for the American?"

Sophy smiled knowingly, and said, "Yes," as she retreated. In a moment she came back, carrying a little silver dish, with a little green pyramid upon it. Out from the green peeped little round red globes, — *radishes*, as I lived! — round red radishes! — *ten* round red radishes!

"What! radishes in Greenland!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, and raised on my own farm, too; you shall see it by and by." The Doctor was enjoying my surprise, and Sophy looked on with undisguised satisfaction. Meanwhile I lost no time in tumbling the pyramid to pieces, and crunching the delicious bulbs. They disappeared in a twinkling. Their rich and luscious juices seemed to pour at once into the very blood, and to tingle at the very finger-tips. I never knew before the full enjoyment of the fresh growth of the soil. After so long a deprivation it was indeed a strange, as it will remain a lasting sensation. Never to my dying day shall I forget the ten radishes of Greenland.

"You see that I was right," exclaimed my host, after the vigorous assault was ended. "And now," continued he, addressing Sophy, "bring the other things."

The "other things" proved to be a plate of fine lettuce, a bit of Stilton cheese, and coffee in transparent little china cups, and sugar in a silver bowl, and then cigars, — everything of the best and purest; and as we passed from one thing to another, I became at length persuaded that the Arctic Circle was a myth, that my cruise among the icebergs was a dream, and that Greenland was set down wrongly on the maps. Long before this I had been convinced that Doctor Molke was a most mysterious character, and wholly unaccountable.

After we had finished this sumptuous

lunch and chatted for a while, the Doctor surprised me again by asking if I would like a game of billiards. (Billiards in Greenland, as well as radishes!) "But first," said he, "let us try this sunny Burgundy. Ah! these red wines are the only truly generous wines. They monopolize all the sensuous glories and associations of the fruit. With these red wines one drinks in the very soul and sentiment of the lands which grow the grapes that breed them."

"Even if drank in Greenland?"

"Yes, or at the very Pole. Geographical lines may confine our bodies; but nature is an untamed wild, where the spirit roams at will. If I am here hemmed in by barren hills, and live in a desert waste, yet, as one of your sweetest poets has put it, my

'Fancy, like the finger of a clock,

Runs the great circuit and is still at home';

and truly, I believe that I have in this retreat about as much enjoyment of life as they who taste of it more freely; for while I can here feel all the world's warm pulsations, I am freed from its annoyances: if the sweet is less sweet, the bitter is less bitter. But — Well, let's have the billiards."

My host now led the way into the billiard-room, which was tastefully ornamented with everything needful to harmonize with a handsome table standing in its centre, upon which we were soon knocking the balls about in an ill-matched game, for he beat me sadly. I was much surprised at the skilfulness of his play, and remarked that I thought it something singular that he "should there find any one to keep him so well in hand."

"Ah! my dear sir," said he, "you have yet much to learn. This country is not so bad as you think for. Sophy — native-born Sophy — is my antagonist, and she beats me three times out of five." Wonderful Sophy!

The game finished, my host next led the way into his study. A charming retreat as ever human wit and ingenuity devised. It was indeed rather a parlor than a study. The room was

quite large, and was literally filled with odd bits of furniture, elegant and well kept. Heavy crimson curtains were draped about the windows, a rich crimson carpet covered the floor, and there were lounges and chairs of various patterns, adapted for every temper of mind or mood of body, — all of the same pleasing color. Odd *étagères*, hanging and standing, and a large solid walnut case, were all well filled with books, and other books were carefully arranged on a table in the centre of the room. Among them my eye quickly detected the works of various English authors, conspicuous among which were Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Cooper, and Washington Irving. Sam Slick had a place there, and close beside him was the renowned Lemuel Gulliver; and in science there were, beside many others, Brewster, Murchison, and Lyell. The books all showed that they were well used, and they embraced the principal classical stores of the French and German tongues, beside the English and his own native Danish. In short, the collection was precisely such as one would expect to find in any civilized place, where means were not wanting, the disposition to read a habit and a pleasure, and the books themselves boon companions.

A charming feature of the room was the air of refreshing *négligé* with which sundry robes of bear and fox skins were tossed about upon the chairs and lounges and floor; while the blank spaces of the walls were broken by numerous pictures, some of them apparently family relics, and on little brackets were various souvenirs of art and travel.

"I call this my study," said the Doctor; "but in truth there is the real shop"; — and he led me into a little room adjoining, in which there was but one window, one table, one chair, no shelves, a great number of books, lying about in every direction, and great quantities of paper. On the wall hung about two dozen pipes of various shapes and sizes, and a fine assortment of guns and rifles and all

the paraphernalia of a practised sportsman. It was easy to see that there was one place where the native-born Sophy did not come.

The chamber of this singular Greenland recluse was in keeping with his study. The walls were painted light blue, a blue carpet adorned the floor, blue curtains softened the light which stole through the windows, and blue hangings cast a pleasant hue over a snowy pillow. Although small, there was indeed nothing wanting, not even a well-arranged bath-room, — nothing that the most fastidious taste could covet or desire.

"And now," said my entertainer, when we had got seated in the study, "does this present attractions sufficient to tempt you from your narrow bunk on shipboard? You are most heartily welcome to that blue den which you admire so much, and which I am heartily sick of, while I can make for myself a capital 'shake-down' here, or *vice versa*. If neither of these will suit you, then cast your eyes out of the window, and you will observe snow enough to build a more truly Arctic lodging."

I stepped to the window, and there, sure enough, piled up beneath it and against the house, was a great bank of snow, which the summer's sun had not yet dissolved; and as I saw this, and then looked beyond it over the wretched little village, and the desolate waste of rocks on which it stood, and then on up the craggy steepes to the great white-topped mountains, I could but wonder what strange occurrence had sent this luxury-loving man, with books only for companions, into such a howling wilderness. Was it his own fancy? or was it some cruel necessity? In truth, the surprise was so great that I found myself suddenly turning from the scene outside to that within, not indeed without an impulse that the whole thing might have vanished in the interval, as the palace of Aladdin in the Arabian tale.

My host was watching me attentively, no doubt reading my thoughts,

for as I turned round he asked if I "liked the contrast." To be quite candid, I was forced to own myself greatly wondering "that a den so well fitted for the latitude of Paris should be stumbled upon away up here so near the Pole."

"Hardly in keeping with 'the eternal fitness of things,' eh?"

"Precisely so."

"You think, then, because a fellow chooses to live in barbarous Greenland, he must needs turn barbarian?"

"Not exactly that, but we are in the habit of associating the appreciation of comfort and luxury with the desire for social intercourse, — certainly not with banishment like this."

"Then you would be inclined to think there is, something unnatural, in short, mysterious, in my being here, — tastes, fancies, inclinations, and all?"

"I confess it would so strike me, if I took the liberty to speculate upon it."

"Very far from the truth, I do assure you. I am not obliged to be here any more than you are. I came from pure choice, and am at liberty to return when I please. In truth, I do go home with the ship to Copenhagen, once in three or four years, and spend a winter there, living the while in a den much like what you here see; but I am always glad enough to get back again. The salary which I receive from the government does not support me as I live, so you see *that* is not a motive. But I am perfectly independent, have capital health, lots of adventure, hardship enough (for you must know that, if I do sleep under a sky-blue canopy, I am esteemed one of the most hardy men in all Greenland) to satisfy the most insatiate appetite and perverse disposition."

"Sufficient reason, I should say, for a year or so, but hardly, one would think, for a lifetime."

"Why not?"

"Because the novelty of adventure wears off in a little time. Good health never gives us satisfaction, for we do not give it thought until we lose it, so that can never be an impelling motive;

and as for independence, what is that, when one can never be freed from himself? In short, I should say one so circumstanced as you are would die of ennui; that his mind, constantly thrown back upon itself, must, sooner or later, result in a weariness even worse than death itself. However, I am only curious, not critical."

"But you forget these shelves. Those books are my friends; of them I never grow weary, they never grow weary of me; we understand each other perfectly, — they talk to me when I would listen, they sing to me when I would be charmed, they play for me when I would be amused. Ah! my dear sir, this country is great as all countries are great, each in its way; and this is a great country to read books in. Upon my word, I wonder everybody don't fill ships with books and come up here, burn the ships, as did the great Spaniard, and each spend the remainder of his days in devouring his ship-load of books."

"A pretty picture of the country, truly; but let me ask how often do books reach you?"

"Once a year, — when the Danish ship comes out to bring us bread, sugar, coffee, coal, and such-like things, and to take home the few little trifles, such as furs, oil, and fish, which the natives have picked up in the interval."

"Books to the contrary, I should say the ship would not return more than once without me, were I in your situation."

"So you would think me a sensible fellow, no doubt, if I would pick up this box and carry it off to Paris, or may be to New York?"

"That's exactly what I was thinking; or rather it would certainly have appeared to me more reasonable if you had built it there in the first instance."

"Quite the contrary, I do assure you, — quite the contrary. Indeed, I can prove to your entire satisfaction that I am a very sensible man; but wait until I have shown you all my possessions. Will you look at my farm?"

Farm! — well, this was, after all, ex-

hibiting some claims of the country to the consideration of a civilized man. A farm in Greenland was something I was hardly prepared for.

The Doctor now rose and led the way to the rear of the house, into a yard about eighty feet square, enclosed by a high board fence.

"This is my farm," said the Doctor.

"Where?"

"Here, look. It is n't a large one." And he pointed to a patch of earth about thirty feet long by four wide, enclosed with boards and covered over with glass. Under the glass were growing lettuce, radishes, and pepper-grass, all looking as bright and fresh and green and well contented as if they, like the man for whose benefit they grew, cared little where they sprouted, so only they grew. The ten round red radishes of the recent luncheon were accounted for.

"So you see," exclaimed the Doctor, "something besides a lover of books can take root in this country. Are you not growing reconciled to it? To be sure they are fed on pap from home; but so does the farmer who cultivates them get his books from the same quarter."

"How is that? Do you mean to say you bring the earth they grow in from home?"

"Even so. This is good rich Jutland earth, brought in barrels by ship from Copenhagen."

An imported farm! One more novelty.

"Now you shall see my barn";—and we passed over to a little tightly made building in the opposite corner, where the first thing that greeted my ears was the bleating of goats and the grunting of pigs; and as the door was opened, I heard the cackling and flutter of chickens. Twenty chickens, two pigs, and three goats!

"All brought from Copenhagen with the farm";—and the Doctor began to talk to them in a very familiar manner in the Danish tongue. They all recognized the kindly voice of their master, and flocked round him to be fed; and

while this was being done I observed that he had provided for the safety of his brood by securing in the centre of their house a large stove, which was now cold, but which in the winter must give them abundant heat. And so the Doctor, besides his round red radishes and his nice fresh butter, had pork and milk and eggs of native growth.

The next object of interest to attract attention was the Doctor's "smoke-house," then in full operation. This was simply a large hoghead, with one head pierced with holes and the other head knocked out. The end without a head was set upon a circle of stones, which supported it about a foot above the ground, and inside of this circle a great volume of smoke was being generated, and which came puffing out through the holes in the head above. Inside of this simple contrivance were suspended a number of fine salmon, the delicate flesh of which was being dried by the heat, and penetrated by the sweet aroma of the smoke, which came puffing through the holes. The smoke arose from a smouldering fire of the leaves and branches of the *Andromeda* (*Andromeda tetragona*), the heather of Greenland,—a trailing plant with a pretty purple blossom, which grows in sheltered places in great abundance. Besides moss, this is the only vegetable production of North Greenland that will burn, and it is sometimes used by the natives for fuel, after it is dried by the sun, for which purpose it is torn up and spread over the rocks. The perfume of the smoke is truly delicious, which accounts for the excellent flavor of the salmon which the Doctor had given me for lunch. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the delicacy of the fish thus prepared.

The inspection of the Doctor's garden, or "farm," as he facetiously called it, occupied us during the remainder of the afternoon; and so novel was everything to me, from the Doctor down to his vegetables and perfumed fish, that the time passed away unnoticed, and I was quite astonished when Sophy came to announce "dinner."

We were soon seated at the table where we had been before, and Sophy served the dinner. Her soup was excellent, the trout were of fine quality and well cooked, the haunch was done to a turn, the wines were this time rightly tempered, the champagne needed not to be iced, more of the round red radishes appeared in season, and then followed lettuce and cheese and coffee, and then we found ourselves at another game of billiards, and at length were settled for the evening in the Doctor's study, one on either side of a table, on which stood all the ingredients for an arrack punch, and a bundle of cigars.

Our conversation naturally enough ran upon the affairs of the big world on the other side of the Arctic Circle,—upon its politics and literature and science and art, passing lightly from one to the other, lingering now and then over some book which we had mutually fancied. I found my companion perfectly posted up to within a year, and inquired how he managed so well. "Ah! you must know," answered he, "that is a clever little illusion of mine. I'm always precisely one year behind the rest of the world. The Danish ship brings me a file of papers for the past twelve months, the principal reviews and periodicals, the latest maps, such books as I have sent for the year previous, and, beside this, the bookseller and my other home friends make me up an assortment of what they think will please me. Now, you see, in devouring this, I pursue an absolute method. The books, of course, I take up as the fancy pleases me; but the reviews, periodicals, and newspapers I turn over to Sophy, and the faithful creature places on my breakfast-table every morning exactly what was published that day one year before. Clever, is n't it? You see I get every day the news, and go through the drama of the year with perhaps quite as much satisfaction as they who live the passing days in the midst of the occurring events. Each day's paper opens a new act in the play, and what matters it that

the 'news' is one year old? It is none the less news to me; and, besides, are not Gibbon, Shakespeare, and Mother Goose still more ancient?"

I could but smile at this ingenious device; and the Doctor, seeing plainly that I was deeply interested in his novel mode of life, loosened a tongue which, in truth, needed little encouragement, and rattled away over the rough and smooth of his Greenland experiences, with an enjoyment on his part perhaps scarcely less than mine; for it was easy to see that his love of wild adventure kept pace with his love of comfort, and that he heartily enjoyed the exposures of his career and the reputation which his hardihood had acquired for him. I perceived, too, that he possessed a warm and vivid imagination, and that, clothing everything he saw and everything he did with a fitting sentiment of strength or beauty, he had blended wild nature and his own strange life into a romantic scheme which completely filled his fancy,—apparently, at least, leaving nothing unsupplied,—and this he enjoyed to the very bottom of his soul.

The hours glided swiftly away as we sat sipping our punch and smoking our cigars in that quaint study of the Doctor's, chatting of this and of that; and a novel feature of the evening was, that, as we talked on and on, the light grew not dim with the passing hours; for when the hand of a Danish clock which ticked above the mantel told nine, and ten, and eleven o'clock, it was still broad day; and then in the full blaze of sunshine the clock rang out the "witching hour" of midnight. The sun, low down upon the northern horizon, poured his bright rays over the hills and sea, throwing the dark shadow of the mountains over the town, but illuminating everything to right and left with that soft and pleasant light which we so often see at home in the early morning of the spring.

After the clock had struck twelve, we threw our fur cloaks over our shoulders, and strolled out into this strange midnight. Passing through the town,

I remarked the quiet which everywhere prevailed, and how all nature seemed to have caught the inspiration of the hour. Not a soul was stirring abroad; the dogs, crouching in clusters, were all asleep; and it seemed as if my little vessel lay under the shadows of the cliffs with a consciousness that midnight is a solemn thing even in sunshine; and never did the sun shine more brightly, or a more brilliantly illuminated landscape give stronger evidence of day. But wearied nature had sought repose, even though no "sable cloud with silver lining" turned upon the world its darkening shadow,—for the hour of rest was come. Walking on over the rough rocks, we came at length upon the sea, and I noticed that the very birds which were wont to paddle about in great flocks upon the waters, or fly gayly through the air, had crawled upon the shore, and, tucking their heads beneath their wings, had gone to sleep. Even the little flowers and blades of grass seemed to droop, as if wearied with the long hours of the day, and, defying the restless sun to rob them of their natural repose, had fallen to sleep with the beasts and birds. The very sea itself seemed to have caught the infection of the hour, dissolving in its blue depths the golden clouds of day.

The night was far from cold, and, selecting the most tempting and sunny spot, we sat down upon a rock close beside the sea, watching the gentle wavelets playing on the sand, and the changing light as the sun rolled on, glistening upon the hills and upon the icebergs, which, in countless numbers, lay upon the watery plain before us, like great monoliths of Parian marble, waiting but for the sculptor's chisel to stand forth in fluted pillar and solid architrave,—floating Parthenons and Pantheons and Temples of the Sun.

The scene was favorable to the conversation which had been broken off when we left the study, and the Doctor came back to it of his own accord. I was much absorbed with the grandeur of this midnight scene, and had remained

for some time quiet. My companion, breaking in abruptly, said: "I think I promised to prove to you that I am the most sensible fellow alive. Now let me tell you, to begin with, that I would not exchange this view for any other I have ever seen. It is one of which I am very fond; for at this hour the repose which you here see is frequently repeated; and, to compare big things with little, it might be likened to some huge lion sleeping over his prey, which he is not yet prepared to eat, quick to catch the first sound of movement. There is something truly terrible in this untamed nature. Man's struggle here gives him something to rejoice in; and I would not barter it for the effeminate life to which I should be destined at home, on any account whatever. Perhaps, if I should there be compelled absolutely to earn my daily bread, the case might be different, for enforced occupation is quite too sober an affair to give time for much reflection; but I should most likely lead an idle sort of life there, and should simply live without—so far as I can see—a motive. I should encounter few perils, have few sorrows, fewer disappointments, and want for nothing,—nothing, indeed, but temptation to exert myself, or prove my own manhood in its strength, or enjoy the luxury of risking the precious breath of life, which is so little worth, and which is so easily knocked away. You have seen one side of me,—how I live. Well, I enjoy life and make the most of it, after my own fashion, as everybody should do. If it is a luxurious fashion, as you are pleased to say, it but gives me a keener relish for the opposite; and that it does not unfit me for encountering the hardships of the field is proved by the reputation for endurance which I have among the natives. If I sleep between well-aired sheets one night, I can coil myself up among my dogs on the ice-fields the next, and sleep there as well,—I care not if it's as cold as the frigid circle of Lucifer. If I have a *penchant* for Burgundy, and like to drink it out of French glass, I can drink train-oil out of a tin cup when I am cold

and hungry, and never murmur. I like well-fitting clothes, but rough furs suit me just as well in season. Why, it would make you laugh fit to kill yourself to see these Danish workingmen, — the laborers, you know, with whom I sometimes travel, — fellows that can't read nor write, poor mechanics, rough sailors, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' generally for this poor settlement, — who never tasted Burgundy in all their lives, and would rather have one keg of corn brandy than a tun of it, and who never took their frugal fare off anything more tempting than tin. Do you think that these people can, under any circumstances, be induced to strengthen their limbs with eating blubber or drinking train-oil? Not a bit of it. Do you think they can be induced to sleep outside of their own not overly elegant lodgings, without groaning, and everlastingly desiring to get back again? Not they."

I could not help asking the Doctor what impelled him to exposure, of which he had grown so fond.

"The motives are various. I have done a good deal of exploring, have reached many of the glaciers, have dabbled in natural history, meteorology, magnetism, &c., &c., besides making many photographs and geographical surveys, and have sent home to various societies and museums many curiosities and much information. My name, as you know, stands well enough among the dons of science. But apart from this, my duties require me to travel about at all times and all seasons. You must know that everybody in this country lives upon the shore, and therefore the settlements are reached only by the sea. In the winter I travel over the ice with my dog sledge, and in the summer, when the ice has broken up, I go from place to place in that little five-ton yacht which you saw lying in the harbor. Sometimes I go from choice, stopping at the villages, and exhibiting my professional abilities upon Dane or native, as the case may be. Often I am sent for. The Greenlanders don't like to die any better than other people,

and they all have an impression that, if Dr. Molke only looks upon them, they are safe. So if an old woman but gets the belly-ache, away goes her son or husband for the Doctor. Perhaps it is in summer, and the distance may be a hundred miles or more. No matter, he gets into his kayak and paddles through all sorts of weather, and, at the rate of seven knots an hour, comes for me. Glad of the excuse for a change, to say nothing (and the less perhaps any of us say on that score the better) of the claims of humanity, I send Sophy after Adam (a converted native), and directly along comes Adam with his son Carl; and my medicine and instrument cases, my gun and rifle, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, a tent, and some fur bedding, a lamp, and other camp fixtures, and a little simple food, are put into the boat, and off we go. Perhaps a gale springs up, and we are forced to make a harbor in some little island; or perhaps it falls calm, and we crawl into one, under oars. It is sure to be alive with ducks and geese and snipe. The shooting is superb. Happen what may, come storm or calm or fine weather, though often wet and cold, and frequently in danger, yet I have a grand time of it. I may be back in a day, two days, a week, or I may be gone a month. Then the winter comes back, and I have again to answer another summons. The same traps are put on the sledge, to which are harnessed the twelve finest dogs in the town, — my own team, — and, at the wildest pace with which this wolfish herd can rush along, Adam guides me to my destination. Perhaps it may be early in the winter, and the ice is in places thin. We very likely break through, and get wet, and are in danger of freezing. Perhaps we reach a crack which we cannot pass, and have to hold on, possibly in a hut of snow, waiting for the frost to build a bridge for us to pass. This is the wildest and most dangerous of my experiences, — this dog-sledging it from place to place in the early or late winter, — and I have had many wild adventures. In the middle of the winter,

when it is dark pretty much all the time, and the snow is hard and crisp, and the clear, cold bracing air makes the blood run freely through the veins, is the best time for travelling; for then we may start a bear, and be pretty sure of catching him before he gets on rotten ice or across a crack defying us in the pursuit."

By this time the sun had begun to climb above the hills, and the shadow of the cliffs had passed over the town, so we stole back again to the Doctor's house. The Doctor insisted that I should not sleep on board, so we returned to the study, where I was soon wrapt in a sound sleep on the Doctor's "shake-down," from which I never once awoke until there came a loud tapping on the door.

"Who's there?"

"Sophy."

"What's Sophy want?"

"Breakfast."

Breakfast indeed! It was hard to believe that I was to come back to the experiences of life under such a summons, for I had dreamed that I was on a visit to the Man in the Moon, and was enjoying a genuine surprise at finding him happy and well contented, seated in the centre of an extinct volcano, with all the riches of the great satellite gathered round him, hanging in tempting clusters on its horns.

But my eyes at length were opened wide enough to see, near by, the very terrestrial ruins of our evening's pastime; and if these had left any doubts upon my mind as to the reality of my present situation; those doubts would certainly have been removed by the cheerful voice of the Doctor; for a loud "Good

morning!" came from out the painted chamber, and from beneath the sky-blue canopy a graceful query of the night. "What of the night, sleeper? — what of the night?" Then I was quickly out upon the floor, and dressed, and in the cosy little room where the fruits and flowers were hanging on the wall, and where the bright face of Sophy, and aromatic coffee, and a charming little breakfast, were awaiting us with a kindly welcome.

Breakfast over, I left the Doctor to expend his skill and knowledge on a patient who had sent to claim his services, and strolled out over the rocks behind the town, — wondering all the while at the strangeness of the human fancy and its power on the will; and I reflected, too, and remembered that, in the explanation of the satisfying character of the life which my new-found friend was leading, there had been no clew given to the first great motive which had destined such a finely organized and altogether splendid man to such a career. Was he exempt from the lot of other mortals; or must he too own, like all the rest of us, when we own the truth, that every firm step we ever made in those days of our early lives when steps were critical, was made to please a woman, to win her slightest praise, to heal a wound or drown a sorrow of her making? I would have given much to have the question answered, for then a thing now mysterious would have become as plain as day; but there was no one there to heed the question, or to give the answer, and I could only wander on over the rough rocks, wondering more and more.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

ONE morning last April, as I was passing through Boston Common, which lies pleasantly between my residence and my office, I met a gentleman lounging along The Mall. I am generally preoccupied when walking, and often thrid my way through crowded streets without distinctly observing a single soul. But this man's face forced itself upon me, and a very singular face it was. His eyes were faded, and his hair, which he wore long, was flecked with gray. His hair and eyes, if I may say so, were seventy years old, the rest of him not thirty. The youthfulness of his figure, the elasticity of his gait, and the venerable appearance of his head, were incongruities that drew more than one pair of curious eyes towards him. He was evidently an American, — the New England cut of countenance is unmistakable, — evidently a man who had seen something of the world; but strangely old and young.

Before reaching the Park Street gate, I had taken up the thread of thought which he had unconsciously broken; yet throughout the day this old young man, with his unwrinkled brow and silvered locks, glided in like a phantom between me and my duties.

The next morning I again encountered him on The Mall. He was resting lazily on the green rails, watching two little sloops in distress, which two ragged ship-owners had consigned to the mimic perils of the Pond. The vessels lay becalmed in the middle of the ocean, displaying a tantalizing lack of sympathy with the frantic helplessness of the owners on shore. As the gentleman observed their dilemma, a light came into his faded eyes, then died out, leaving them drearier than before. I wondered if he, too, in his time, had sent out ships that drifted and drifted and never came to port; and if these poor toys were to him types of his own losses.

"I would like to know that man's story," I said, half aloud, halting in one of those winding paths which branch off from the quietness of the Pond, and end in the rush and tumult of Tremont Street.

"Would you?" replied a voice at my side. I turned and faced Mr. H——, a neighbor of mine, who laughed heartily at finding me talking to myself. "Well," he added, reflectingly, "I can tell you this man's story; and if you will match the narrative with anything as curious, I shall be glad to hear it."

"You know him then?"

"Yes and no. I happened to be in Paris when he was buried."

"Buried!"

"Well, strictly speaking, not buried; but something quite like it. If you've a spare half-hour," continued my interlocutor, "we'll sit on this bench, and I will tell you all I know of an affair that made some noise in Paris a couple of years ago. The gentleman himself, standing yonder, will serve as a sort of frontispiece to the romance, — a full-page illustration, as it were."

The following pages contain the story that Mr. H—— related to me. While he was telling it, a gentle wind arose; the miniature sloops drifted feebly about the ocean; the wretched owners flew from point to point, as the deceptive breeze promised to waft the barks to either shore; the early robins trilled now and then from the newly fringed elms; and the old young man leaned on the rail in the sunshine, wearily, little dreaming that two gossips were discussing his affairs within twenty yards of him.

Three people were sitting in a chamber whose one large window overlooked the Place Vendôme. M. Dorine, with his back half turned on the other two occupants of the apartment, was reading the *Moniteur*, pausing from

time to time to wipe his glasses, and taking scrupulous pains not to glance towards the lounge at his right, on which were seated Mademoiselle Dorine and a young American gentleman, whose handsome face rather frankly told his position in the family. There was not a happier man in Paris that afternoon than Philip Wentworth. Life had become so delicious to him that he shrunk from looking beyond to-day. What could the future add to his full heart? what might it not take away? In certain natures the deepest joy has always something of melancholy in it, a presentiment, a fleeting sadness, a feeling without a name. Wentworth was conscious of this subtle shadow, that night, when he rose from the lounge, and thoughtfully held Julie's hand to his lip for a moment before parting. A careless observer would not have thought him, as he was, the happiest man in Paris.

M. Dorine laid down his paper and came forward. "If the house," he said, "is such as M. Martin describes it, I advise you to close with him at once. I would accompany you, Philip, but the truth is, I am too sad at losing this little bird to assist you in selecting a cage for her. Remember, the last train for town leaves at five. Be sure not to miss it; for we have seats for M. Sardou's new comedy to-morrow night. By to-morrow night," he added laughingly, "little Julie here will be an old lady, — 't is such an age from now until then."

The next morning the train bore Philip to one of the loveliest spots within thirty miles of Paris. An hour's walk through green lanes brought him to M. Martin's estate. In a kind of dream the young man wandered from room to room, inspected the conservatory, the stables, the lawns, the strip of woodland through which a merry brook sang to itself continually; and, after dining with M. Martin, completed the purchase, and turned his steps towards the station, just in time to catch the express train.

As Paris stretched out before him,

with its million lights twinkling in the early dusk, and its sharp spires here and there pricking the sky, it seemed to Philip as if years had elapsed since he left the city. On reaching Paris he drove to his hotel, where he found several letters lying on the table. He did not trouble himself even to glance at their superscriptions as he threw aside his travelling surtout for a more appropriate dress.

If, in his impatience to see Mademoiselle Dorine, the cars had appeared to walk, the fiacre which he had secured at the station appeared to creep. At last it turned into the Place Vendôme, and drew up before M. Dorine's residence. The door opened as Philip's foot touched the first step. The servant silently took his cloak and hat, with a special deference, Philip thought; but was he not now one of the family?

"M. Dorine," said the servant slowly, "is unable to see Monsieur at present. He wishes Monsieur to be shown up to the *salon*."

"Is Mademoiselle —"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Alone?"

"Alone, Monsieur," repeated the man, looking curiously at Philip, who could scarcely repress an exclamation of pleasure.

It was the first time that such a privilege had been accorded him. His interviews with Julie had always taken place in the presence of M. Dorine, or some member of the household. A well-bred Parisian girl has but a formal acquaintance with her lover.

Philip did not linger on the staircase; his heart sang in his bosom as he flew up the steps, two at a time. Ah! this wine of air which one drinks at twenty, and seldom after! He hastened through the softly lighted hall, in which he detected the faint scent of her favorite flowers, and stealthily opened the door of the *salon*.

The room was darkened. Underneath the chandelier stood a slim black casket on trestles. A lighted candle, a crucifix, and some white flowers were

on a table near by. Julie Dorine was dead.

When M. Dorine heard the indescribable cry that rang through the silent house, he hurried from the library, and found Philip standing like a ghost in the middle of the chamber.

It was not until long afterwards that Wentworth learned the details of the calamity that had befallen him. On the previous night Mademoiselle Dorine had retired to her room in seemingly perfect health. She dismissed her maid with a request to be awakened early the next morning. At the appointed hour the girl entered the chamber. Mademoiselle Dorine was sitting in an arm-chair, apparently asleep. The candle had burnt down to the socket; a book lay half open on the carpet at her feet. The girl started when she saw that the bed had not been occupied, and that her mistress still wore an evening dress. She rushed to Mademoiselle Dorine's side. It was not slumber. It was death.

Two messages were at once despatched to Philip, one to the station at G—, the other to his hotel. The first missed him on the road, the second he had neglected to open. On his arrival at M. Dorine's house, the servant, under the supposition that Wentworth had been advised of Mademoiselle Dorine's death, broke the intelligence with awkward cruelty, by showing him directly to the *salon*.

Mademoiselle Dorine's wealth, her beauty, the suddenness of her death, and the romance that had in some way attached itself to her love for the young American, drew crowds to witness the funeral ceremonies which took place in the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. The body was to be laid in M. Dorine's tomb, in the cemetery of Montmartre.

This tomb requires a few words of description. First there was a grating of filigraued iron; through this you looked into a small vestibule or hall, at the end of which was a massive door of oak opening upon a short flight of stone steps descending into the tomb. The vault was fifteen or twenty feet

square, ingeniously ventilated from the ceiling, but unlighted. It contained two sarcophagi: the first held the remains of Madame Dorine, long since dead; the other was new, and bore on one side the letters J. D., in monogram, interwoven with fleurs-de-lis.

The funeral train stopped at the gate of the small garden that enclosed the place of burial, only the immediate relatives following the bearers into the tomb. A slender wax candle, such as is used in Catholic churches, burnt at the foot of the uncovered sarcophagus, casting a dim glow over the centre of the apartment, and deepening the shadows which seemed to huddle together in the corners. By this flickering light the coffin was placed in its granite shell, the heavy slab laid over it reverently, and the oaken door revolved on its rusty hinges, shutting out the uncertain ray of sunshine that had ventured to peep in on the darkness.

M. Dorine, muffled in his cloak, threw himself on the back seat of the carriage, too abstracted in his grief to observe that he was the only occupant of the vehicle. There was a sound of wheels grating on the gravelled avenue, and then all was silence again in the cemetery of Montmartre. At the main entrance the carriages parted company, dashing off into various streets at a pace that seemed to express a sense of relief. The band plays a dead march going to the grave, but *Fra Diavolo* coming from it.

It is not with the retreating carriages that our interest lies. Nor yet wholly with the dead in her mysterious dream; but with Philip Wentworth.

The rattle of wheels had died out of the air when Philip opened his eyes, bewildered, like a man abruptly roused from slumber. He raised himself on one arm and stared into the surrounding blackness. Where was he? In a second the truth flashed upon him. He had been left in the tomb! While kneeling on the farther side of the stone box, perhaps he had fainted, and in the last solemn rites his absence had been unnoticed.

His first emotion was one of natural terror. But this passed as quickly as it came. Life had ceased to be so very precious to him; and if it were his fate to die at Julie's side, was not that the fulfilment of the desire which he had expressed to himself a hundred times that morning? What did it matter, a few years sooner or later? He must lay down the burden at last. Why not then? A pang of self-reproach followed the thought. Could he so lightly throw aside the love that had bent over his cradle. The sacred name of mother rose involuntarily to his lips. Was it not cowardly to yield up without a struggle the life which he should guard for her sake? Was it not his duty to the living and the dead to face the difficulties of his position, and overcome them if it were within human power?

With an organization as delicate as a woman's, he had that spirit which, however sluggish in repose, can leap with a kind of exultation to measure its strength with disaster. The vague fear of the supernatural, that would affect most men in a similar situation, found no room in his heart. He was simply shut in a chamber from which it was necessary that he should obtain release within a given period. That this chamber contained the body of the woman he loved, so far from adding to the terror of the case, was a circumstance from which he drew consolation. She was a beautiful white statue now. Her soul was far hence; and if that pure spirit could return, would it not be to shield him with her love? It was impossible that the place should not engender some thought of the kind. He did not put the thought entirely from him as he rose to his feet and stretched out his hands in the darkness; but his mind was too healthy and practical to indulge long in such speculations.

Philip chanced to have in his pocket a box of wax-tapers which smokers use. After several ineffectual attempts, he succeeded in igniting one against the dank wall, and by its momentary glare perceived that the candle

had been left in the tomb. This would serve him in examining the fastenings of the vault. If he could force the inner door by any means, and reach the grating, of which he had an indistinct recollection, he might hope to make himself heard. But the oaken door was immovable, as solid as the wall itself, into which it fitted air-tight. Even if he had had the requisite tools, there were no fastenings to be removed: the hinges were set on the outside.

Having ascertained this, he replaced the candle on the floor, and leaned against the wall thoughtfully, watching the blue fan of flame that wavered to and fro, threatening to detach itself from the wick. "At all events," he thought, "the place is ventilated." Suddenly Philip sprang forward and extinguished the light. His existence depended on that candle!

He had read somewhere, in some account of shipwreck, how the survivors had lived for days upon a few candles which one of the passengers had insanely thrown into the long-boat. And here he had been burning away his very life.

By the transient illumination of one of the tapers, he looked at his watch. It had stopped at eleven, — but at eleven that day, or the preceding night? The funeral, he knew, had left the church at ten. How many hours had passed since then? Of what duration had been his swoon? Alas! it was no longer possible for him to measure those hours which crawl like snails by the wretched, and fly like swallows over the happy.

He picked up the candle, and seated himself on the stone steps. He was a sanguine man, this Wentworth, but, as he weighed the chances of escape, the prospect did not seem encouraging. Of course he would be missed. His disappearance under the circumstances would surely alarm his friends; they would instigate a search for him; but who would think of searching for a live man in the cemetery of Montmartre? The Prefect of Police would set a hundred intelligences at work to find

him; the Seine might be dragged, *les misérables* turned over at the dead-house; a minute description of him would be in every detective's pocket; and he—in M. Dorine's family tomb!

Yet, on the other hand, it was here he was last seen; from this point a keen detective would naturally work up the case. Then might not the undertaker return for the candlestick, probably not left by design? Or, again, might not M. Dorine send fresh wreaths of flowers, to take the place of those which now diffused a pungent, aromatic odor throughout the chamber? Ah! what unlikely chances! But if one of these things did not happen speedily, it had better never happen. How long could he keep life in himself?

With unaccelerated pulse, he quietly cut the half-burned candle into four equal parts. "To-night," he meditated, "I will eat the first of these pieces; to-morrow, the second; to-morrow evening, the third; the next day, the fourth; and then—then I'll wait!"

He had taken no breakfast that morning, unless a cup of coffee can be called a breakfast. He had never been very hungry before. He was ravenously hungry now. But he postponed the meal as long as practicable. It must have been near midnight, according to his calculation, when he determined to try the first of his four singular repasts. The bit of white-wax was tasteless; but it served its purpose.

His appetite for the time appeased, he found a new discomfort. The humidity of the walls, and the wind that crept through the unseen ventilator, chilled him to the bone. To keep walking was his only resource. A sort of drowsiness, too, occasionally came over him. It took all his will to fight it off. To sleep, he felt, was to die; and he had made up his mind to live.

Very strange fancies flitted through his head as he groped up and down the stone floor of the dungeon, feeling his way along the wall to avoid the sepulchres. Voices that had long been silent spoke words that had long been

forgotten; faces he had known in childhood grew palpable against the dark. His whole life in detail was unrolled before him like a panorama; the changes of a year, with its burden of love and death, its sweets and its bitternesses, were epitomized in a single second. The desire to sleep had left him. But the keen hunger came again.

It must be near morning now, he mused; perhaps the sun is just gilding the pinnacles and domes of the city; or, may be, a dull, drizzling rain is beating on Paris, sobbing on these mounds above me. Paris! it seems like a dream. Did I ever walk in its gay streets in the golden air? O the delight and pain and passion of that sweet human life!

Philip became conscious that the gloom, the silence, and the cold were gradually conquering him. The feverish activity of his brain brought on a reaction. He grew lethargic, he sunk down on the steps, and thought of nothing. His hand fell by chance on one of the pieces of candle; he grasped it and devoured it mechanically. This revived him. "How strange," he thought, "that I am not thirsty. Is it possible that the dampness of the walls, which I must inhale with every breath, has supplied the need of water? Not a drop has passed my lips for two days, and still I experience no thirst. That drowsiness, thank Heaven, has gone. I think I was never wide awake until this hour. It would be an anodyne like poison that could weigh down my eyelids. No doubt the dread of sleep has something to do with this."

The minutes were like hours. Now he walked as briskly as he dared up and down the tomb; now he rested against the door. More than once he was tempted to throw himself upon the stone coffin that held Julie, and make no further struggle for his life.

Only one piece of candle remained. He had eaten the third portion, not to satisfy hunger, but from a precautionary motive. He had taken it as a man takes some disagreeable drug upon the

result of which hangs safety. The time was rapidly approaching when even this poor substitute for nourishment would be exhausted. He delayed that moment. He gave himself a long fast this time. The half-inch of candle which he held in his hand was a sacred thing to him. It was his last defence against death.

At length, with such a sinking* at heart as he had not known before, he raised it to his lips. Then he paused, then he hurled the fragment across the tomb, then the oaken door was flung open, and Philip, with dazzled eyes, saw M. Dorine's form sharply defined against the blue sky.

When they led him out, half blinded, into the broad daylight, M. Dorine noticed that Philip's hair, which a short time since was as black as a crow's wing, had actually turned gray in places. The man's eyes, too, had faded; the darkness had spoiled their lustre.

"And how long was he really confined in the tomb?" I asked, as Mr. H—— concluded the story.

"*Just one hour and twenty minutes!*" replied Mr. H——, smiling blandly.

As he spoke, the little sloops, with their sails all blown out like white roses, came floating bravely into port, and Philip Wentworth lounged by us, wearily, in the pleasant April sunshine.

Mr. H——'s narrative made a deep impression on me. Here was a man who had undergone a strange ordeal. Here was a man whose sufferings were unique. His was no threadbare experience. Eighty minutes had seemed like two days to him! If he had really been immured two days in the tomb, the story, from my point of view, would have lost its tragic element.

After this it was but natural I should

regard Mr. Wentworth with deepened interest. As I met him from day to day, passing through the Common with that same abstracted air, there was something in his loneliness which touched me. I wondered that I had not before read in his pale meditative face some such sad history as Mr. H—— had confided to me. I formed the resolution of speaking to him, though with what purpose was not very clear to my mind. One May morning we met at the intersection of two paths. He courteously halted to allow me the precedence.

"Mr. Wentworth," I began, "I —"

He interrupted me.

"My name, sir," he said, in an off-hand manner, "is Jones."

"Jo-Jo-Jones!" I gasped.

"Not Jo Jones," he returned coldly, "Frederick."

Mr. Jones, or whatever his name is, will never know, unless he reads these pages, why a man accosted him one morning as "Mr. Wentworth," and then abruptly rushed down the nearest path, and disappeared in the crowd.

The fact is, I had been duped by Mr. H——. Mr. H—— occasionally contributes a story to the magazines. He had actually tried the effect of one of his romances on me!

My hero, as I subsequently learned, is no hero at all, but a commonplace young man who has some connection with the building of that pretty granite bridge which will shortly span the crooked little lake in the Public Garden.

When I think of the cool ingenuity and readiness with which Mr. H—— built up his airy fabric on my credulity, I am half inclined to laugh; though I feel not slightly irritated at having been the unresisting victim of his Black Art.

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
 In blue Brazilian skies ;
 And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
 From sunset to sunrise,
 From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
 Thy joy's long anthem pour.
 Yet a few days (God make them less !) and slaves
 Shall shame thy pride no more.
 No fettered feet thy shaded margins press ;
 But all men shall walk free
 Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
 Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
 The word of God is said,
 Once more, "Let there be light !" — Son of the South,
 Lift up thy honored head,
 Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
 More than by birth thy own,
 Careless of watch and ward ; thou art begirt
 By grateful hearts alone.
 The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,
 But safe shall justice prove ;
 Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
 The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
 Thy future is secure ;
 Who frees a people makes his statue's place
 In Time's Valhalla sure.
 Lo ! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
 Stretches to thee his hand
 Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,
 Wrote freedom on his land.
 And he whose grave is holy by our calm
 And prairied Sangamon,
 From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
 To greet thee with "Well done !"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
 And let thy wail be stilled,
 To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
 Her promise half fulfilled.
 The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,
 No sound thereof hath died ;
 Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
 Shall yet be satisfied.
 The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
 And far the end may be ;
 But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
 Go out and leave thee free.

MY VISIT TO SYBARIS.

IT is a great while since I first took an interest in Sybaris. Sybarites have a bad name. But before I had heard of them anywhere else, I had painfully looked out the words in the three or four precious anecdotes about Sybaris in the old Greek Reader; and I had made up my boy's mind about the Sybarites. When I came to know the name they had got elsewhere, I could not but say that the world had been very unjust to them!

O dear! I can see it now, — the old Latin school-room, where we used to sit, and hammer over that Greek, after the small boys had gone. They went at eleven; we—because we were twelve years old—stayed till twelve. From eleven to twelve we sat, with only those small boys who had been “kept” for their sins, and Mr. Dillaway. The room was long and narrow; how long and how narrow, you may see, if you will go and examine M. Duchesne's model of “Boston as it was,” and pay twenty-five cents to the Richmond schools. For all this is of the past; and in the same spot in space where once a month the Examiner Club now meets at Parker's, and discusses the difference between religion and superstition, the folly of copyright, and the origin of things, the boys who did not then belong to the Examiner Club, say Fox and Clarke and Furness and Waldo Emerson, thumbed their Greek Readers in “Boston as it was,” and learned the truth about Sybaris! A long, narrow room, I say, whose walls, when I knew them first, were of that tawny orange wash which is appropriated to kitchens. But by a master stroke of Mr. Dillaway's these walls were made lilac or purple one summer vacation. We sat, to recite, on long settees, peagreen in color, which would teeter slightly on the well-worn floor. There, for an hour daily, while brighter boys than I recited, I sat an hour musing, looking at the immense Jacobs's Greek Read-

er, and waiting my turn to come. If you did not look off your book much, no harm came to you. So, in the hour, you got fifty-three minutes and a few odd seconds of day-dream, for six minutes and two thirds of reciting, unless, which was unusual, some fellow above you broke down, and a question passed along of a sudden recalled you to modern life. I have been sitting on that old green settee, and at the same time riding on horseback in Virginia, through an open wooded country, with one of Lord Fairfax's grandsons and two pretty cousins of his, and a fallow deer has just appeared in the distance, when, by the failure of Hutchinson or Wheeler, just above me, poor Mr. Dillaway has had to ask me, “Ingham, what verbs omit the reduplication?” Talk of war! Where is versatility, otherwise called presence of mind, so needed as in recitation at a public school?

Well, there, I say, I made acquaintance with Sybaris. Nay, strictly speaking, my first visits to Sybaris were made there and then. What the Greek Reader tells of Sybaris is in three or four anecdotes, woven into that strange, incoherent patchwork of “Geography.” In that place are patched together a statement of Strabo and one of Athenæus about two things in Sybaris which may have belonged some eight hundred years apart. But what of that to a school-boy! Will your descendants, dear reader, in the year 3579 A. D., be much troubled, if, in the English Reader of their day, Queen Victoria shall be made to drink Spartan black broth with William the Conqueror out of a conch-shell in New Zealand?

With regard to Sybaris, then, the old Jacobs's Greek Reader tells the following stories: “The Sybarites were distinguished for luxury. They did not permit the trades which made a loud noise, such as those of brass-workers, carpenters, and the like, to be carried

on in the heart of the city, so that their sleep might be wholly undisturbed by noise. . . . And a Sybarite who had gone to Lacedæmon, and had been invited to the public meal, after he had sat on their wooden benches and partaken of their fare, said that he had been astonished at the fearlessness of the Lacedæmonians when he knew it only by report; but now that he had seen them, he thought that they did not excel other men, for he thought that any brave man had much rather die than be obliged to live such a life as they did." Then there is another story, among the "miscellaneous anecdotes," of a Sybarite who was asked if he had slept well. He said, No, that he believed he had a crumpled rose-leaf under him in the night. And there is yet another, of one of them who said that it made his back ache to see another man digging.

I have asked Polly, as I write, to look in Mark Lemon's Jest-Book for these stories. They are not in the index there. But I dare say they are in Cotton Mather and Jeremy Taylor. Any way, they are bits of very cheap Greek. Now it is on these stories that the reputation of the Sybarites in modern times appears to depend.

Now look at them. This Sybarite at Sparta said, that in war death was often easier than the hardships of life. Well, is not that true? Have not thousands of brave men said it? When the English and French got themselves established on the wrong side of Sebastopol, what did that engineer officer of the French say to somebody who came to inspect his works? He was talking of St. Arnaud, their first commander. "Cunning dog," said he, "he went and died." Death was easier than life. But nobody ever said he was a coward or effeminate because he said this. Why, if Mr. Fields would permit an excursus in twelve numbers here, on this theme, we would defer Sybaris to the 1st of April, 1868, while we illustrated the Sybarite's manly epigram, which these stupid Spartans could only gape at, but could not understand.

Then take the rose-leaf story. Suppose by good luck you were breakfasting with General Grant, or Pelissier, or the Duke of Wellington. Suppose you said, "I hope you slept well," and the great soldier said, "No, I did not; I think a rose-leaf must have stood up edgewise under me." Would you go off and say in your book of travels that the Americans, or the French, or the English are all effeminate pleasure-seekers, because one of them made this nice little joke? Would you like to have the name "American" go down to all time, defined as Webster* defines Sybarite?

A-MÉR'I-CAN, *n.* [Fr. *Américain*, Lat. *Americanus*, from Lat. *America*, a continent noted for the effeminacy and voluptuousness of its inhabitants.] A person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

Should you think that was quite fair for your great-grandson's grandson's descendant in the twenty-seventh remove to read, who is going to be instructed about Queen Victoria and William the Conqueror?

Worst of all, and most frequently quoted, is the story of the copper-smiths. The Sybarites, it is said, ordered that the coppersmiths and brass-founders should all reside in one part of the city, and bang their respective metals where the neighbors had voluntarily chosen to listen to banging. What if they did? Does not every manufacturing city practically do the same thing? What did Nicholas Tillinghast use to say to the boys and girls at Bridgewater? "The tendency of cities is to resolve themselves into order."

Is not Wall Street at this hour a street of bankers? Is not the Boston Pearl Street a street of leather men? Is not the bridge at Florence given over to jewellers? Was not my valise, there, bought in Rome at the street of trunk-makers? Do not all booksellers like to huddle together as long as they can? And when Ticknor and Fields move a few inches from Washington

* I am writing in Westerly's snuggery, and in Providence they believe in Webster. I dare say it is worse in Worcester. A good many things are.

Street to Tremont Street, do not Russell and Bates, and Childs and Jenks, and De Vries and Ibarra, follow them as soon as the shops can be got ready?

"But it is the motive," pipes up the old gray ghost of propriety, who started this abuse of the Sybarites in some stupid Spartan black-broth shop (English that for *café*), two thousand two hundred and twenty-two years ago, — which ghost I am now belaboring, — "it is the motive. The Sybarites moved the brass-founders, because they wanted to sleep after the brass-founders got up in the morning." What if they did, you old rat in the arras? Is there any law, human or divine, which says that at one and the same hour all men shall rise from bed in this world? My excellent milkman, Mr. Whit, rises from bed daily at two o'clock. If he does not, my family, including Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Acts, will not have their fresh milk at 7.37, at which time we breakfast or pretend to. But because he rises at two, must we all rise at two, and sit wretchedly whining on our respective camp-stools, waiting for Mr. Whit to arrive with the grateful beverage? Many is the time, when I have been watching with a sick child at five in a summer morning, when the little fellow had just dropped into a grateful morning doze, that I have listened and waited, dreading the arrival of the Providence morning express. Because I knew that, a mile and a half out of Boston, the engine would begin to blow its shrill whistle, for the purpose, I believe, of calling the Boston station-men to their duty. Three or four minutes of that *skre-e-e-e* must there be, as that train swept by our end of the town. And hoping and wishing never did any good; the train would come, and the child would wake. Is not that a magnificent power for one engine-man to have over the morning rest of thirty thousand sleeping people, because you, old Spartan croaker, who can't sleep easy underground it seems, want to have everybody waked up at the same hour in the morning. When I hear

that whistle, and the fifty other whistles of the factories that have since followed its wayward and unlicensed example, I have wished more than once that we had in Boston a little more of the firm government of Sybaris.

For if, as it would appear from these instances, Sybaris were a city which grew to wealth and strength by the recognition of the personal rights of each individual in the state, — if Sybaris were a republic, where the individual was respected, had his rights, and was not left to the average chances of the majority of men, — then Sybaris had found out something which no modern city has found out, and which it is a pity we have all forgotten.

I do not say that I went through all this speculation at the Latin school. I got no further there than to see that the Sybarites had got a very bad name, and that the causes did not appear in the Greek Reader. I supposed there were causes somewhere, which it was not proper to put into the Greek Reader. Perhaps there were. But if there were, I have never found them, — not being indeed very well acquainted with the lines of reading in which those who wanted to find them should look for them.

WHAT I did find of Sybaris, when I could read Greek rather more easily, and could get access to some decent atlases, was briefly this.

Well forward in the hollow of the arched foot of the boot of Italy, two little rivers run into the Gulf of Tarantum. One was named Crathis, one was named Sybaris. Here stood the ancient city of Sybaris, founded, about the time of Romulus or Numa Pompilius, by a colony from Greece. For two hundred years and more, — almost as long, dear Atlantic, as your beloved Boston has subsisted, — Sybaris flourished, and was the Rome of that region, ruling it from sea to sea.

It was the capital of four states, — a sort of New England, if you will observe, — and could send three hundred thousand armed men into the field.

The walls of the city were six miles in circumference, while the suburbs covered the banks of the Crathis for a space of seven miles. At last the neighboring state of Crotona, under the lead of Milon the Athlete (he of the calf and ox and split log), the Heenan or John Morrissey of his day, vanquished the more refined Sybarites, turned the waters of the Crathis upon their prosperous city, and destroyed it. But the Sybarites had had that thing happen too often to be discouraged. Five times, say the historians, had Sybaris been destroyed, and five times they built it up again. This time the Athenians sent ten vessels, with men to help them, under Lampon and Xenocritus. And they, with those who stood by the wreck, gave their new city the name of Thurii. Among the new colonists were Herodotus, and Lysias the orator, who was then a boy. The spirit that had given Sybaris its comfort and its immense population appeared in the legislation of the new state. It received its laws from CHARONDAS, one of the noblest legislators of the world. Study these laws and you will see that in the young Sybaris the individual had his rights, which the public preserved for him, though he were wholly in a minority. There is an evident determination that a man shall live while he lives, and that, too, in no sensual interpretation of the words.

Of the laws made by Charondas for the new Sybaris a few are preserved.

1. A calumniator was marched round the city in disgrace, crowned with tamarisk. "In consequence," says the Scholiast, "they all left the city." O for such a result, from whatever legislation, in our modern Peddlings, great or little!

2. All persons were forbidden to associate with the bad.

3. "He made another law, better than these, and neglected by the older legislators. For he enacted that all the sons of the citizens should be instructed in letters, the city paying the salaries of the teachers. For he held that the poor, not being able to pay their teach-

ers from their own property, would be deprived of the most valuable discipline." There is FREE EDUCATION for you, two thousand and seventy-six years before the date of your first Massachusetts free school; and the theory of free education completely stated.

4. Deserters or cowards in battle had to sit in women's dresses in the Forum three days.

5. With regard to the amendment of laws, any man or woman who moved one did it with a noose round his neck, and was hanged if the people refused it. Only three laws were ever amended, therefore, all which are recorded in the history. Observe that the women might move amendments, — and think of the simplicity of legislation!

6. The law provided for cash payments, and the government gave no protection for those who sold on credit.

7. Their communication with other nations was perfectly free.

I might give more instances. I should like to tell some of the curious stories which illustrate this simple legislation. Poor Charondas himself fell a victim to it. One of the laws provided that no man should wear a sword into the public assembly. No Cromwells there! Unfortunately, by accident, Charondas wore his own there one day. Brave fellow! when the fault was pointed out, he killed himself with it.

Now do you wonder that a city where there were no calumniators, no long credit, no bills at the grocers, no fighting at town meetings, no amendments to the laws, no intentional and open association with profligates, and where everybody was educated by the state to letters, proved a comfortable place to live in? It is of the old Sybaris that the coppersmith and the rose-leaf stories are told; and it was the new Sybaris that made the laws. But do you not see that there is one spirit in the whole? Here was a nation which believed that the highest work of a nation was to train its people. It did not believe in fight, like Milon or Heenan or the old Spartans; it did not believe in legislation, like Massachusetts and New York;

it did not believe in commerce, like Carthage and England. It believed in men and women. It respected men and women. It educated men and women. It gave their rights to men and women. And so the Spartans called them effeminate. And the Greek Reader made fun of them. But perhaps the people who lived there were indifferent to the opinions of the Spartans and of the Greek Reader. Herodotus lived there till he died; wrote his history there, among other things. Lysias, the orator, took part in the administration. It is not from them, you may be sure, that you get the anecdotes which ridicule the old city of Sybaris!

You and I would probably be satisfied with such company as that of Herodotus and Charondas and Lysias. So we hunt the history down to see if there may be lodgings to let there this summer, but only to find that it all pales out in the ignorance of our modern days. The name gets changed into Lupiæ; but there it turns out that Pausanias made "a strange mistake," and should have written Copia,—which was perhaps Cossa, or sometimes Cosa. Pyrrhus appears, and Hadrian rebuilds something, and the "Oltromontani," whoever they may have been, ravage it, and finally the Saracens fire and sack it; and so, in the latest Italian itinerary you can find, there is no post-road goes near it, only a *strada rotabile* (wheel-track) upon the hills; and, alas! even the *rotabile* gives way at last, and all the map will own to is a *strada pedonale*, or foot-path. But the map is of the less consequence, when you find that the man who edited it had no later dates than the beginning of the last century, when the family of Serra had transferred the title to Sybaris to a Genoese family without a name, who received from it forty thousand ducats yearly, and would have received more, if their agents had been more faithful. There the place fades out of history, and you find in your Swinburne, "that the locality has *never* been thoroughly examined"; in your Smith's Diction-

ary, that "the whole subject is very obscure, and a careful examination still much needed"; in the Cyclopædia, that the site of Sybaris is lost. Craven saw the rivers Crathis and Sybaris. He seems not to have seen the wall of Sybaris, which he supposed to be under water. He does say of Cassano, the nearest town he came to, that "no other spot can boast of such advantages." In short, no man living who has written any book about it dares say that anybody has looked upon the certain site of Sybaris for more than a hundred years.* If a man wanted to write a mythical story, where could he find a better scene?

Now is not this a very remarkable thing? Here was a city, which, under its two names of Sybaris or of Thurium, was for centuries the regnant city of all that part of the world. It could call into the field three hundred thousand men,—an army enough larger than Athens ever furnished, or Sparta. It was a far more populous and powerful state than ever Athens was, or Sparta, or the whole of Hellas. It invented and carried into effect free popular education, —a gift to the administration of free government larger than ever Rome rendered. It received and honored Charondas, the great practical legislator, from whose laws no man shall say how much has trickled down into the Code Napoleon or the Revised Statutes of New York, through the humble

* The reader who cares to follow the detail is referred to Diodorus Siculus, XII.; Strabo, VI.; Ælian, V. H. 9, c. 24; Athenæus, XII. 518; Plutarch in Pelopidas; Herodotus, V. and VI. Compare Laurent's Geographical Notes, and Wheeler and Gaisford; Pliny, III. 15, VII. 22, XVI. 33, VIII. 64, XXXI. 9; Aristotle, Polit. IV. 12, V. 3; Heyne's Opuscula, II. 74; Bentley's Phalaris, 367; Solinus, 2, § 10, "luxuries grossly exaggerated"; Scymnus, 337-360; Aristophanes, Vesp. 1427, 1436; Lycophron, Alex. 1079; Polybius, Gen. Hist. II. 3, on the confederation of Sybaris, Kroton, and Caulonia, — "a perplexing statement," says Grote, "showing that he must have conceived the history of Sybaris in a very different form from that in which it is commonly represented"; third volume of De Non, who disagrees with Magnan as to the site of Sybaris, and says the sea-shore is uninhabitable! Tuccagni Orlandini, Vol. XI., Supplement, p. 294; besides the dictionaries and books of travels, including Murray. I have availed myself, without other reference, of most of these authorities.

studies of the Roman jurists. It maintained in peace, prosperity, happiness, and, as its maligners say, in comfort, an immense population. If they had not been as comfortable as they were, — if a tenth part of them had received alms every year, and a tenth part were flogged in the public schools every year, — if one in forty had been sent to prison every year, as in the happy city which publishes the “Atlantic Monthly,” — then Sybaris, perhaps, would never have got its bad name for luxury. Such a city lived, flourished, ruled, for hundreds of years. Of such a city all that you know now with certainty is, that its coin is “the most beautifully finished in the cabinets of ancient coinage”; and that no traveller even pretends to be sure that he has been to the site of it for more than a hundred years. That speaks well for your nineteenth century.

Now the reader who has come thus far will understand that I, having come thus far, in twenty-odd years since those days of teetering on the pea-green settee, had always kept Sybaris in the background of my head, as a problem to be solved, and an inquiry to be followed to its completion. There could hardly have been a man in the world better satisfied than I to be the hero of the adventure which I am now about to describe.

If the reader remembers anything about Garibaldi's triumphal entry into Porto Cavallo in Sicily in the spring of 1859, he will remember that, between the months of March and April in that year, the great chieftain made, in that wretched little fishing haven, a long pause, which was not at the time understood by the journals or by their military critics, and which, indeed, to this hour has never been publicly explained. I suppose I know as much about it as any man now living. But I am not writing Garibaldi's memoirs, nor, indeed, my own, excepting so far as they relate to Sybaris; and it is strictly nobody's business to inquire as to that detention, unless it interest the ex-king of Na-

ples, who may write to me, if he chooses, addressing Frederic Ingham, Esq., Waterville, N. H. Nor is it anybody's business how long I had then been on Garibaldi's staff. From the number of his staff-officers who have since visited me in America, very much in want of a pair of pantaloons, or a ticket to New York, or something with which they might buy a glass of whiskey, I should think that his staff alone must have made up a much more considerable army than Naples, or even Sybaris, ever brought into the field. But where these men were when I was with him, I do not know. I only know that there was but a handful of us then, hard-worked fellows, good-natured, and not above our work. Of its military details we knew wretchedly little. But as we had no artillery, ignorance was less dangerous in the chief of artillery; as we had no maps to draw, poor draughtsmanship did not much embarrass the engineer in chief. For me, I was nothing but an aid, and I was glad to do anything that fell to me as well as I knew how. And, as usual in human life, I found that a cool head, a steady resolve, a concentrated purpose, and an unselfish readiness to obey, carried me a great way. I listened instead of talking, and thus got a reputation for knowing a great deal. When the time to act came, I acted without waiting for the wave to recede; and thus I sprang into many a boat dry-shod, while people who believed in what is popularly called prudence missed their chance, and either lost the boat or fell into the water.

This is by the way. It was under these circumstances that I received my orders, wholly secret and unexpected, to take a boat at once, pass the straits, and cross the Bay of Tarentum, to communicate at Gallipoli with — no matter whom. Perhaps I was going to the “Castle of Otranto.” A hundred years hence anybody who chooses will know. Meanwhile, if there should be a reaction in Otranto, I do not choose to shorten anybody's neck for him.

Well, it was five in the afternoon, —

near sundown at that season. I went to dear old Frank Chaney, — the jolliest of jolly Englishmen, who was acting quartermaster-general, — and told him I must have transportation. I can see him and hear him now, — as he sat on his barrel head, smoked his vile Tunisian tobacco in his beloved short meerschau, which was left to him ever since he was at Bonn, as he pretended, a student with Prince Albert. He did not swear, — I don't think he ever did. But he looked perplexed enough to swear. And very droll was the twinkle of his eye. The truth was, that every sort of a thing that would sail, and every wretch of a fisherman that could sail her, had been, as he knew, and as I knew, sent off that very morning to rendezvous at Carrara, for the contingent which we were hoping had slipped through Cavour's pretended neutrality. And here was an order for him to furnish me "transportation" in exactly the opposite direction.

"Do you know of anything, yourself, Fred?" said he.

"Not a coffin," said I.

"Did the chief suggest anything?"

"Not a nutshell," said I.

"Could not you go by telegraph?" said Frank, pointing up to the dumb old semaphore in whose tower he had established himself. "Or has not the chief got a wishing carpet? Or can't you ride to Gallipoli? Here are some excellent white-tailed mules, good enough for Pindar, whom Colvocoresses has just brought in from the monastery. 'Transportation for one!' Is there anything to be brought back? Nitre, powder, lead, junk, hard-tack, mules, horses, pigs, *polenta*, or *olla podrida*, or other of the stores of war?"

No; there was nothing to bring back except myself. Lucky enough if I came back to tell my own story. And so we walked up on the tower deck to take a look.

Blessed St. Lazarus, chief of Naples and of beggars! a little felucca was just rounding the Horse Head and coming into the bay, wing-wing. The fishermen in her had no thought that they

were ever going to get into the Atlantic. May be they had never heard of the Ocean or of the Monthly. Can that be possible? Frank nodded, and I. He filled up with more Tunisian, beckoned to an orderly, and we walked down to the landing-jetty to meet them.

"*Viva Italia!*" shouted Frank, as they drew near enough to hear.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" cried the skipper, as he let his sheet fly and rounded to the well-worn stones. A good voyage had they made of it, he and his two brown, ragged boys. Large fish and small, pink fish, blue, yellow, orange, striped fish and mottled, wriggled together, and flapped their tails in the well of the little boat. There were even too many to lie there and wriggle. The bottom of the boat was well covered with them, and, if she had not shipped waves enough to keep them cool, the boy Battista had bailed a plenty on them. Father and son hurried on shore, and Battista on board began to fling the scaly fellows out to them.

A very small craft it was to double all those capes in, run the straits, and stretch across the bay. If it had been mine "to make reply," I should undoubtedly have made this, that I would see the quartermaster hanged, and his superiors, before I risked myself in any such rattletrap. But as, unfortunately, it was mine to go where I was sent, I merely set the orderly to throwing out fish with the boys, and began to talk with the father.

Queer enough, just at that moment, there came over me the feeling that, as a graduate of the University, it was my duty to put up those red, white, and blue scaly fellows, who were flopping about there so briskly, and send them in alcohol to Agassiz. But there are so many duties of that kind which one neglects in a hard-worked world! As a graduate, it is my duty to send annually to the College Librarian a list of all the graduates who have died in the town I live in, with their fathers' and mothers' names, and the motives that led them to College, with anecdotes of their career, and the date of their death. There

are two thousand three hundred and forty-five of them I believe, and I have never sent one half-anecdote about one! Such failure in duty made me grimly smile as I omitted to stop and put up these fish in alcohol, and as I plied the unconscious skipper with inquiries about his boat. "Had she ever been outside?" "O signor, she had been outside this very day. You cannot catch *tonno* till you have passed both capes, — least of all such fine fish as that is," — and he kicked the poor wretch. Can it be true, as C—— says, that those dying flaps of theirs are exquisite luxury to them, because for the first time they have their fill of oxygen? "Had he ever been beyond Peloro?" "O yes, signor; my wife, Caterina, was herself from Messina," — and on great saints' days they had gone there often. Poor fellow, his great saint's day sealed his fate. I nodded to Frank, — Frank nodded to me, — and Frank blandly informed him that, by order of General Garibaldi, he would take the gentleman at once on board, pass the strait with him, "and then go where he tells you."

The Southern Italian has the reputation, derived from Tom Moore, of being a coward. When I used to speak at school,

"Ay, down to the dust with them, — slaves as they are!" —

stamping my foot at "dust," I certainly thought they were a very mean crew. But I dare say that Neapolitan school-boys have some similar school piece about the risings of Tom Moore's countrymen, which certainly have not been much more successful than the poor little Neapolitan revolution which he was pleased to satirize. Somehow or other, Victor Emanuel is, at this hour, king of Naples. Coward or not, this fine fellow of a fisherman did not flinch. It is my private opinion that he was not nearly as much afraid of the enterprise as I was. I made this observation at the moment with some satisfaction, sent Frank's man up to my lodgings with a note ordering my own traps sent down, and in an hour

we were stretching out, under the twilight, across the little bay.

No! I spare you the voyage. Sybaris is what we are after, all this time, if we can only get there. Very easy it would be for me to give you cheap scholarship from the *Æneid*, about Palinurus and Scylla and Charybdis. Neither Scylla nor Charybdis bothered me, — as we passed wing-wing between them before a smart north wind. I had a little Hunter's Virgil with me, and read the whole voyage, — and confused Battista utterly by trying to make him remember something about Palinuro, of whom he had never heard. It was much as I afterwards asked my negro waiter at Fort Monroe about General Washington at Yorktown. "Never heard of him, sir, — was he in the Regular army?" So Battista thought Palinuro must have fished in the Italian fleet, with which the Sicilian boatmen were not well acquainted. Messina made no objections to us. Perhaps, if the sloop of war which lay there had known who was lying in the boat under her guns, I might not be writing these words to-day. Battista went ashore, got lemons, macaroni, hard bread, polenta, for themselves, the *Giornale di Messina* for me, and more Tunisian; and, not to lose that splendid breeze, we cracked on all day, passed Reggio, hugged the shore bravely, though it was rough, ran close under those cliffs which are the very end of the Apennines, — will it shock the modest reader if I say the very toe-nails of the Italian foot? — hauled more and more eastward, made Spartivento blue in the distance, made it purple, made it brown, made it green, still running admirably, — ten knots an hour we must have got between four and five that afternoon, — and by the time the lighthouse at Spartivento was well ablaze we were abreast of it, and might begin to haul more northward, so that, though we had a long course before us, we should at last be sailing almost directly towards our voyage's end, Gallipoli.

At that moment — as in any sea often

happens, if you come out from the more land-locked channel into the larger body of water — the wind appeared to change. Really, I suppose, we came into the steady southwest wind which had probably been drawing all day up toward the Adriatic. In two hours more we made the lighthouse of Stilo, and I was then tired enough to crawl down into the fearfully smelling little cuddy, and, wrapping Battista's heavy storm-jacket round my feet, I caught some sort of sleep.

But not for very long. I struck my watch at three in the morning. And the air was so unworthy of that name, — it was such a thick paste, seeming to me more like a mixture of tar and oil and fresh fish and decayed fish and bilge-water than air itself, — that I voted three morning, and crawled up into the clear starlight, — how wonderful it was, and the fresh wet breeze that washed my face so cheerily! — and I bade Battista take his turn below, while I would lie there and mind the helm. If — if he had done what I proposed, I suppose I should not be writing these lines; but his father, good fellow, said: "No, signor, not yet. We leave the shore now for the broad bay, you see; and if the wind haul southward, we may need to go on the other tack. We will all stay here, till we see what the deep-sea wind may be." So we lay there, humming, singing, and telling stories, still this rampant southwest wind behind, as if all the powers of the Mediterranean meant to favor my mission to Gallipoli. The boat was now running straight before it. We stretched out bravely into the gulf; but, before the wind, it was astonishing how easily the lugger ran. He said to me at last, however, that on that course we were running to leeward of our object; but that it was the best point for his boat, and if the wind held, he would keep on so an hour longer, and trust to the land breeze in the morning to run down the opposite shore of the bay.

"If" again. The wind did not keep on. Either the pole-star, and the dipper, and all the rest of them,

had rebelled and were drifting westward, — and so it seemed; or this steady southwest gale was giving out; or, as I said before, we had come into the sweep of a current even stronger, pouring from the Levantine shores of the Mediterranean full up the Gulf of Tarentum. Not ten minutes after the skipper spoke, it was clear enough to both of us that the boat must go about, whether we wanted to or not, and we waked the other boy, to send him forward, before we accepted the necessity. Half asleep, he got up, courteously declined my effort to help him by me as he crossed the boat, stepped round on the gunwale behind me as I sat, and then, either in a lurch or in some misstep, caught his foot in the tiller as his father held it firm, and pitched down directly behind Battista himself, and, as I thought, into the sea. I sprang to leeward to throw something after him, and found him in the sea indeed, but hanging by both hands to the gunwale, safe enough, and in a minute, with Battista's help and mine, on board again. I remember how pleased I was that his father did not swear at him, but only laughed prettily, and bade him be quick, and step forward; and then, turning to the helm, which he had left free for the moment, he did not swear indeed, but he did cry "Santa Madre!" when he found there was no tiller there. The boy's foot had fairly wrenched it, not only from his father's hand, but from the rudder-head, — and it was gone!

We held the old fellow firmly by his feet and legs, as he lay over the stern of the boat, head down, examining the condition of the rudder-head. The report was not favorable. I renewed the investigation myself in the same uncomfortable attitude. The phosphorescence of the sea was but an unsteady light, but light enough there was to reveal what daylight made hardly more certain, — that the wrench which had been given to the rotten old fixtures, shaky enough at best, had split the head of the rudder, so that the pintle

hung but loosely in its bed, and that there was nothing available for us to rig a jury-tiller on. This discovery, as it became more and more clear to each of us four in succession, abated successively the volleys of advice which we were offering, and sent us back to our more quiet "Santa Madres" or to meditations on "what was next to best."

Meanwhile the boat was flying, under the sail she had before, straight before the wind, up the Gulf of Tarentum.

If you cannot have what you like, it is best, in a finite world, to like what you have. And while the old man brought up from the cuddy his wretched and worthless stock of staves, rope-ends, and bits of iron, and contemplated them ruefully, as if asking them which would like to assume the shape of a rudder-head and tiller, if his fairy godmother would appear on the top of the mast for a moment, I was plying the boys with questions, — what would happen to us if we held on at this tearing rate, and rushed up the bay to the head thereof. The boys knew no more than they knew of Palinuro. Far enough, indeed, were we from their parish. The old man at last laid down the bit of brass which he had saved from some old waif, and listened to me as I pointed out to them on my map the course we were making, and, without answering me a word, fell on his knees and broke into most voluble prayer, — only interrupted by sobs of undisguised agony. The boys were almost as much surprised as I was. And as he prayed and sobbed, the boat rushed on!

Santa Madre, San Giovanni, and Sant' Antonio, — we needed all their help, if it were only to keep him quiet; and when at last he rose from his knees, and came to himself enough to tend the sheets a little, I asked, as modestly as I could, what put this keen edge on his grief or his devotions. Then came such stories of hobgoblins, witches, devils, giants, elves, and fairies, at this head of the bay! — no man ever returned who landed there; his father and his father's father had charged

him, and his brothers and his cousins, never to be lured to make a voyage there, and never to run for those coves, though schools of golden fish should lead the way. It was not till this moment, that, trying to make him look upon the map, I read myself there the words, at the mouth of the Crathis River, "Sybaris Ruine."

Surely enough, this howling Euroclydon — for Euroclydon it now was — was bearing me and mine directly to Sybaris!

And here was this devout old fisherman confirming the words of Smith's Dictionary, when it said that nobody had been there and returned, for generation upon generation.

At a dozen knots an hour, as things were, I was going to Sybaris! Nor was I many hours from it. For at that moment we cannot have been more than five-and-thirty miles from the beach, where, in less than four hours, Euroclydon flung us on shore.

The memory of the old green settees, and of Hutchinson and Wheeler and the other Latin-school boys, sustained me beneath the calamity which impended. Nor do I think at heart the boys felt so bad as their father about the djins and the devils, the powers of the earth and the powers of the air. Is there, perhaps, in the youthful mind, rather a passion for "seeing the folly" of life a little in that direction? None the less did we join him in rigging out the longest sweep we had aft, lashing it tight under the little rail which we had been leaning on, and trying gentle experiments, how far this extemporized rudder might bring the boat round to the wind. Nonsense the whole. By that time Euroclydon was on us, so that I would never have tried to put her about if we had had the best gear I ever handled, and our experiments only succeeded far enough to show that we were as utterly powerless as men could be. Meanwhile day was just beginning to break. I soothed the old man with such devout expressions as heretic might venture. I tried to turn him from the coming evil to the present

necessity. I counselled with him whether it might not be safer to take in sail and drift along. But from this he dissented. Time enough to take in sail when we knew what shore we were coming to. He had no kedge or grapple or cord, indeed, that would pretend to hold this boat against this gale. We would beach her, if it pleased the Virgin; and if we could not, — shaking his head, — why, that would please the Virgin, too.

And so Euroclydon hurried us on to Sybaris.

The sun rose, O how magnificently! Is there anywhere to see sunrise like the Mediterranean? And if one may not be on the top of Katahdin, is there any place for sunrise like the very level of the sea? Already the Calabrian mountains of our western horizon were gray against the sky. One or another of us was forward all the time, trying to make out by what slopes the hills descended to the sea. Was it cliff of basalt, or was it reedy swamp, that was to receive us. I insisted at last on his reducing sail. For I felt sure that he was driving on under a sort of fatality which made him dare the worst. I was wholly right, for the boat now rose easier on the water, and was much more dry.

Perhaps the wind flagged a little as the sun rose. At all events, he took courage, which I had never lost. I made his boy find us some oranges. I made them laugh by eating their cold polenta with them. I even made him confess, when I called him aft and sent Battista forward, that the shore we were nearing looked low. For we were near enough now to see stone pines and chestnut-trees. Did anybody see the towers of Sybaris?

Not a tower! But, on the other hand, not a gnome, witch, Norna's Head, or other intimation of the underworld. The shore looked like many other Italian shores. It looked not very unlike what we Yankees call salt-marsh. At all events, we should not break our heads against a wall! Nor will I draw out the story of our anxie-

ties, varying as the waves did on which we rose and fell so easily. As she forged on, it was clear at last that to some wanderers, at least, Sybaris had some hospitality. A long, low spit made out into the sea, with never a house on it, but brown with storm-worn shrubs, above the line of which were the stone-pines and chestnuts which had first given character to the shore. Hard for us, if we had been flung on the outside of this spit. But we were not. Else I had not been writing here to-day. We passed it by fifty fathom clear. Of course under its lee was our harbor. Battista let go the halyards in a moment, and the wet sails came rattling down. The old man, the boy, Battista, and I seized the best sweeps he had left. Two of us at each, working on the same side, we brought her head round as fast as she would bear it in that fearful sea. Inch by inch we wrought along to the smoother water, and breathed free at last, as we came under the partial protection of the friendly shore.

Battista and his brother then hauled up the sail enough to give such headway to the boat as we thought our sweeps would control. And we crept along the shore for an hour, seeing nothing but reeds, and now and then a distant buffalo, when at last a very hard knock on a rock the boy ahead had not seen under water started the planks so that we knew that was dangerous play; and, without more solicitation, the old man beached the boat in a little cove where the reeds gave place for a trickling stream. I told them they might land or not, as they pleased. I would go ashore and get assistance or information. The old man clearly thought I was going to ask my assistance from the father of lies himself. But he was resigned to my will, — said he would wait for my return. I stripped, and waded ashore with my clothes upon my head, dressed as quickly as I could, and pushed up from the beach to the low upland.

Clearly enough I was in a civilized country. Not that there was a gallows,

as the old joke says ; but there were tracks in the shingle of the beach showing where wheels had been, and these led me to a cart-track between high growths of that Mediterranean reed which grows all along in those low flats. There is one of the reeds on the hooks above my gun in the hall as you came in. I followed up the track, but without seeing barn, house, horse, or man, for a quarter of a mile, perhaps, when behold, —

Not the footprint of a man ! as to Robinson Crusoe ; —

Not a gallows and man hanging ! as in the sailor story above named ; —

But a railroad track ! Evidently a horse-railroad.

“A horse-railroad in Italy !” said I, aloud. “A horse-railroad in Sybaris ! It must have changed since the days of the coppersmiths !” And I flung myself on a heap of reeds which lay there, and waited.

In two minutes I heard the fast step of horses, as I supposed ; in a minute more four mules rounded the corner, and a “horse-car” came dashing along the road. I stepped forward and waved my hand, but the driver bowed respectfully, pointed back, and then to a board on top of his car, and I read, as he dashed by me, the word

Πλήρον,

displayed full above him ; as one may read *Complet* on a Paris omnibus.

Now Πλήρον is the Greek for full. “In Sybaris they do not let the horse-railroads grind the faces of the passengers,” said I. “Not so wholly changed since the coppersmiths.” And, within the minute, more quadrupedantal noises, more mules, and another car, which stopped at my signal. I entered, and found a dozen or more passengers, sitting back to back on a seat which ran up the middle of the car, as you might ride in an Irish jaunting-car. In this way it was impossible for the conductor to smuggle in a standing passenger, impossible for a passenger to catch cold from a cracked window, and possible for a passenger to see

the scenery from the window. “Can it be possible,” said I, “that the traditions of Sybaris really linger here ?”

I sat quite in the front of the car, so that I could see the fate of my first friend Πλήρον, — the full car. In a very few minutes it switched off from our track, leaving us still to pick up our complement, and then I saw that it dropped its mules, and was attached, on a side track, to an endless chain, which took it along at a much greater rapidity, so that it was soon out of sight. I addressed my next neighbor on the subject, in Greek which would have made my fortune in those old days of the pea-green settees. But he did not seem to make much of that, but in sufficiently good Italian told me, that, as soon as we were full, we should be attached in the same way to the chain, which was driven by stationary engines five or six stadia apart, and so indeed it proved. We picked up one or two market-women, a young artist or two, and a little boy. When the child got in, there was a nod and smile on people’s faces ; my next neighbor said to me, Πλήρον, as if with an air of relief ; and sure enough, in a minute more, we were flying along at a 2.20 pace, with neither mule nor engine in sight, stopping about once a mile to drop passengers, if there was need, and evidently approaching Sybaris.

All along now were houses, each with its pretty garden of perhaps an acre, no fences, because no cattle at large. I wonder if the Vineland people know they caught that idea from Sybaris ! All the houses were of one story, — stretching out as you remember Pliny’s villa did, if Ware and Van Brunt ever showed you the plans, — or as Erastus Bigelow builds factories at Clinton. I learned afterwards that stair-builders and slaveholders are forbidden to live in Sybaris by the same article in the fundamental law. This accounts, with other things, for the vigorous health of their women. I supposed that this was a mere suburban habit, and, though the houses came nearer and nearer, yet, as no two houses touched in a block,

I did not know we had come into the city till all the passengers left the car, and the conductor courteously told me we were at our journey's end.

When this happens to you in Boston, and you leave your car, you find yourself huddled on a steep sloping sidewalk, under the rain or snow, with a hundred or more other passengers, all eager, all wondering, all unprovided for. But I found in Sybaris a large glass-roofed station, from which the other lines of neighborhood cars radiated, in which women and even little children were passing from route to route, under the guidance of civil and intelligent persons, who, strange enough, made it their business to conduct these people to and fro, and did not consider it their duty to insult the traveller. For a moment my mind reverted to the contrast at home; but not long. As I stood admiring and amused at once, a bright, brisk little fellow stepped up to me, and asked what my purpose was, and which way I would go. He spoke in Greek first, but, seeing I did not catch his meaning, relapsed into very passable Italian, quite as good as mine.

I told him that I was shipwrecked, and had come into town for assistance. He expressed sympathy, but wasted not a moment, led me to his chief at an office on one side, who gave me a card with the address of an officer whose duty it was to see to strangers, and said that he would in turn introduce me to the chief of the boat-builders; and then said, as if in apology for his promptness,

"Χρὴ ζῆνον παρένonta φιλεῖν, ἰθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν."

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

He called to me a conductor of the red line, said *Ξένος*, which we translate guest, but which I found in this case means "dead-head," or "free," bowed, and I saw him no more.

"Strange country have I come to, indeed," said I, as I thought of the passengers of Civita Vecchia, of the indifference of Scollay's Buildings, and of the surliness of Springfield. "And this is Sybaris!"

WE sent down a tug to the cove which I indicated on their topographical map, and to the terror of the old fisherman and his sons, to whom I had sent a note, which they could not read, our boat was towed up to the city quay, and was put under repairs. That last thump on the hidden rock was her worst injury, and it was a week before I could get away. It was in this time that I got the information I am now to give, partly from my own observations, partly from what George the Proxenus or his brother Philip told me,—more from what I got from a very pleasing person, the wife of another brother, at whose house I used to visit freely, and whose boys, fine fellows, were very fond of talking about America with me. They spoke English very funnily, and like little school-books. The ship-carpenter, a man named Alexander, was a very intelligent person; and, indeed, the whole social arrangement of the place was so simple, that it seemed to me that I got on very fast, and knew a great deal of them in a very short time.

I told George one day, that I was surprised that he had so much time to give to me. He laughed, and said he could well believe that, as I had said that I was brought up in Boston. "When I was there," said he, "I could see that your people were all hospitable enough, but that the people who were good for anything were made to do all the work of the *vauriens*, and really had no time for friendship or hospitality. I remember an historian of yours, who crossed with me, said that there should be a motto stretched across Boston Bay, from one fort to another, with the words, "No admittance, except on business."

I did not more than half like this chaffing of Boston, and asked how they managed things in Sybaris.

"Why, you see," said he, "we hold pretty stiffly to the old Charondian laws, of which perhaps you know something; here's a copy of the code, if you would like to look over it," and he took one out of his pocket. "We are still

very chary about amendments to statutes, so that very little time is spent in legislation; we have no bills at shops, and but little debt, and that is all on honor, so that there is not much account-keeping or litigation; you know what happens to gossips, — gossip takes a good deal of time elsewhere, — and somehow everybody does his share of work, so that all of us do have a good deal of what you call 'leisure.' Whether," he added pensively, "in a world God put us into that we might love each other, and learn to love, — whether the time we spend in society, or the time we spend caged behind our office desks, is the time which should be called devoted to the 'business of life,' that remains to be seen."

"How came you to Boston," said I, "and when?"

"O, we all have to travel," said George, "if we mean to go into the administration. And I liked administration. I observe that you appoint a foreign ambassador because he can make a good stump speech in Kentucky. But since Charondas's time, training has been at the bottom of our system. And no man could offer himself here to serve on the school committee, unless he knew how other nations managed their schools."

"Not if he had himself made school-books?" said I.

"No!" laughed George, "for he might introduce them. With us no professor may teach from a text-book he has made himself, unless the highest council of education order it; and on the same principle we should never choose a bookseller on the school committee. And so, to go back," he said, "when my father found that administration was my passion, he sent me the grand tour. I learned a great deal in America, and am very fond of the Americans. But I never saw one here before."

I did not ask what he learned in America, for I was more anxious to learn myself how they administered government in Sybaris.

THE INNS at Sybaris are not very

large, not extending much beyond the compass of a large private house. Mine was kept by a woman. As we sat there, smoking on the piazza, the first evening I was there, I asked George about this horse-railroad management, and the methods they took to secure such personal comfort.

He said that my question cut pretty low down, for that the answer really involved the study of their whole system. "I have thought of it a good deal," said he, "when I have been in St. Petersburg, and in England and America; and as far as I can find out, our peculiarity in everything is, that we respect — I have sometimes thought we almost worshipped — the rights, even the notions or whims, of the individual citizen. With us the first object of the state, as an organization, is to care for the individual citizen, be he man, woman, or child. We consider the state to be made for the better and higher training of men, much as your divines say that the Church is. Instead of our lumping our citizens, therefore, and treating Jenny Lind and Tom Heenan to the same dose of public schooling, — instead of saying that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, — we try to see that each individual is protected in the enjoyment, not of what the majority likes, but of what he chooses, so long as his choice injures no other man."

I thought, in one whiff, of Stuart Mill, and of the coppersmiths.

"Our horse-railroad system grew out of this theory," continued he. "As long ago as Herodotus, people lived here in houses one story high, with these gardens between. But some generations ago, a young fellow named Apollidorus, who had been to Edinburgh, pulled down his father's house and built a block of what you call houses on the site of it. They were five stories high, had basements, and so on, with windows fore and aft, and, of course, none on the sides. The old fogies looked aghast. But he found plenty of fools to hire them. But the tenants had not been in a week, when the Kategoros, district

attorney, had him up 'for taking away from a citizen what he could not restore.' This, you must know, is one of the severest charges in our criminal code.

"Of course, it was easy enough to show that the tenants went willingly; he showed dumb-waiters, and I know not what infernal contrivances of convenience within. But he could not show that the tenants had north windows and south windows, because they did not. The government, on their side, showed that men were made to breathe fresh air, and that he could not ventilate his houses as if they were open on all sides; they showed that women were not made to climb up and down ladders, and to live on stages at the tops of them; and he tried in vain to persuade the jury that this climbing was good for little children. He had lured these citizens into places dangerous for health, growth, strength, and comfort. And so he was compelled to erect a statue typical of strength, and a small hospital for infants, as his penalty. That spirited Hercules, which stands in front of the market, was a part of his fine.

"Of course, after a decision like this, concentration of inhabitants was out of the question. Every pulpit in Sybaris blazed with sermons on the text, 'Every man shall sit under his vine and under his fig-tree.' Everybody saw that a house without its own garden was an abomination, and easy communication with the suburbs was a necessity.

"It was, indeed, easy enough to show, as the city engineer did, that the power wasted in lifting people up, and, for that matter, down stairs, in a five-story house, in one day, would carry all those people I do not know how many miles on a level railroad track in less time. What you call horse-railroads, therefore, became a necessity."

I said they made a great row with us.

"Yes," said he, "I saw they did. With us the government owns and repairs the track, as you do the track of any common road. We never have any difficulty.

"You see," he added after a pause,

"with us, if a conductor sprains the ankle of a citizen, it is a matter the state looks after. With you, the citizen must himself be the prosecutor, and virtually never is. Did you notice a pretty winged Mercury outside the station-house you came to?"

I had noticed it.

"That was put up, I don't know how long ago, in the infancy of these things. They took a car off one night, without public notice beforehand. One old man was coming in on it, to his daughter's wedding. He missed his connection out at Little Krastis, and lost half an hour. Down came the Kategoros. The company had taken from a citizen what they could not restore, namely, half an hour."

George lighted another cigar, and laughed very heartily. "That's a great case in our reports," he said. "The company ventured to go to trial on it. They hoped they might overturn the old decisions, which were so old that nobody knows when they were made, — as old as the dancing horses," said he, laughing. "They said *time* was not a thing, — it was a relation of ideas; that it did not exist in heaven; that they could not be made to suffer because they did not deliver back what no man ever saw, or touched, or tasted. What was half an hour? But the jury was pitiless. A lot of business men, you know, — they knew the value of time. What did they care for the metaphysics? And the company was bidden to put up an appropriate statue worth ten talents in front of their station-house, as a reminder to all their people that a citizen's time was worth something."

This was George's first visit to me; and it was the first time, therefore, that I observed a queer thing. Just at this point he rose rather suddenly and bade me good evening. I begged him to stay, but had to repeat my invitation twice. His hand was on the handle of the door before he turned back. Then he sat down, and we went on talking; but before long he did the same thing again, and then again.

At last I was provoked, and said: "What is the custom of your country? Do you have to take a walk every eleven minutes and a quarter?"

George laughed again, and indeed blushed. "Do you know what a bore is?" said he.

"Alas! I do," said I.

"Well," said he, "the universal custom here is, that an uninvited guest, who calls on another man on his own business, rises at the end of eleven minutes, and offers to go. And the courts have ruled, very firmly, that there must be a *bona fide* effort. We get into such a habit of it, that, with you, I really did it unawares. The custom is as old as Cleisthenes and his wedding. But some of the decisions are not more than two or three centuries old, and they are very funny.

"On the whole," he added, "I think it works well. Of course, between friends, it is absurd, but it is a great protection against a class of people who think their own concerns are the only things of value. You see you have only to say, when a man comes in, that you thank him for coming, that you wish he would stay, or to take his hat or his stick,—you have only to make him an invited guest,—and then the rule does not hold."

"Ah!" said I; "then I invite you to spend every evening with me while I am here."

"Take care," said he; "the Government Almanac is printed and distributed gratuitously from the fines on bores. Their funds are getting very low up at the department, and they will be very sharp on your friends. So you need not be profuse in your invitations."

THIS conversation was a clew to a good many things which I saw while I was in the city. I never was in a place where there were so many tasteful, pretty little conveniences for everybody. At the quadrants, where the streets cross, there was always a pretty little sheltered seat for four or five people,—shaded,

stuffed, dry, and always the morning and evening papers, and an advertisement of the times of boats and trains, for any one who might be waiting for a car or for a friend. Sometimes these were votive offerings, where public spirit had spoken in gratitude. More often they had been ordered at the cost of some one who had taken from a citizen what he could not repay. The private citizen might often hesitate about prosecuting a bore, or a nuisance, or a conceited company officer. But the Kategoroi made no bones about it. They called the citizen as a witness, and gave the criminal a reminder which posterity held in awe. Their point, as they always explained it to me, is, that the citizen's health and strength are essential to the state. The state cannot afford to have him maimed, any more than it can afford to have him drunk or ignorant. The individual, of course, cannot be following up his separate grievances with people who abridge his rights. But the public accuser can and does.

With us, public servants, who know they are public servants, are always obliging and civil. I would not ask better treatment in my own home than I am sure of in Capitol, State-house, or city hall. It is only when you get to some miserable sub-bureau, where the servant of the servant of a creature of the state can bully you, that you come to grief. For instance the State of Massachusetts just now forbids corporations to work children more than ten hours a day. The *corporations* obey. But the overseers in the rooms, whom the corporations employ, work children eleven hours, or as many as they choose. They would not stand that in Sybaris.

I WAS walking one day with one of the bright boys of whom I spoke, and I asked him, as I had his father, if I was not keeping him away from his regular occupation. Ought he not be at school?

"No," said he; "this is my off-term."

"Pray, what is that?"

"Don't you know? We only go to school three months in winter and three in summer. I thought you did so in America. I know Mr. Webster did. I read it in his *Life*."

I was on the point of saying that we knew now how to train more powerful men than Mr. Webster, but the words stuck in my throat, and the boy rattled on.

"The teachers have to be there all the time, except when they go in retreat. They take turns about retreat. But we are in two choroï; I am choros-boy now, James is anti-choros. Choros have school in January, February, March, July, August, September. Next year I shall be anti-choros."

"Which do you like best, — off-term or school?" said I.

"O, both is as good as one. When either begins, we like it. We get rather sick of either before the three months are over."

"What do you do in your off-terms?" said I, — "go fishing?"

"No, of course not," said he, "except Strep, and Hipp, and Chal, and those boys, because their fathers are fishermen. No, we have to be in our fathers' offices, we big boys; the little fellows, they let them stay at home. If I was here without you now, that truant-officer we passed just now would have had me at home before this time. Well, you see they think we learn about business, and I guess we do. I know I do," said he, "and sometimes I think I should like to be a Proxenus when I am grown up, but I do not know."

I asked George about this, the same evening. He said the boy was pretty nearly right about it. They had come round to the determination that the employment of children, merely because their wages were lower than men's, was very dangerous economy. The chances were that the children were overworked, and that their constitution was fatally impaired. "We do not want any Manchester-trained children here." Then they had found that steady brain-work on girls, at the

growing age, was pretty nearly slow murder in the long run. They did not let girls go to school with any persistency after they were twelve or fourteen. After they were twenty, they might study what they chose.

"But the main difference between our schools and yours," said he, "is that your teacher is only expected to hear the lesson recited. Our teacher is expected to teach it also. You have in America, therefore, sixty scholars to one teacher. We do not pretend to have more than twenty to one teacher. We do this the easier because we let no child go to school more than half the time; nor, even with the strongest, more than four hours a day.

"Why," said he, "I was at a college in America once, where, with splendid mathematicians, they had had but one man teach any mathematics for thirty years. And he was travelling in Europe when I was there. The others only heard recitations of those who could learn without being taught."

"I was once there," said I.

THE boat's repairs still lingered, and on Sunday little Phil. came round with a note from his mother, to ask if I would go to church with them. If I had rather go to the cathedral or elsewhere, Phil. would show me the way. I preferred to go with him and her together. It was a pretty little church, — quite open and airy it would seem to us, — excellent chance to see dancing vines, or flying birds, or falling rains, or other "meteors outside," if the preacher proved dull or the hymns undevout. But I found my attention was well held within. Not that the preaching was anything to be repeated. The sermon was short, unpretending, but alive and devout. It was a sonnet, all on one theme; that theme pressed, and pressed, and pressed again, and, of a sudden, the preacher was done. "You say you know God loves you," he said. "I hope you do, but I am going to tell you once more that he loves you, and once more and once more." What pleased me in it all

was a certain unity of service, from the beginning to the end. The congregation's singing seemed to suggest the prayer; the prayer seemed to continue in the symphony of the organ; and, while I was in reverie, the organ ceased; but as it was ordered, the sermon took up the theme of my reverie, and so that one theme ran through the whole. The service was not ten things, like the ten parts of a concert, it was one act of communion or worship. Part of this was due, I guess, to this, that we were in a small church, sitting or kneeling near each other, close enough to get the feeling of communion,—not parted, indeed, in any way. We had been talking together, as we stood in the churchyard before the service began, and when we assembled in the church the sense of sympathy continued. I told Kleone that I liked the home feeling of the church, and she was pleased. She said she was afraid I should have preferred the cathedral. There were four large cathedrals, open, as the churches were, to all the town; and all the clergy, of whatever order, took turns in conducting the service in them. There were seven successive services in each of them that Sunday. But each clergyman had his own special charge beside,—I should think of not more than a hundred families. And these families, generally neighbors in the town, indeed, seemed, naturally enough, to grow into very familiar personal relations with each other.

I ASKED Philip one day how long his brother George would hold his office of host, or Proxenus. Philip turned a little sharply on me, and asked if I had any complaints to make, being, in fact, rather a quick-tempered person. I soothed him by explaining that all that I asked about was the tenure of office in their system, and he apologized.

"He will be in as long as he chooses, probably. In theory, he remains in until a majority of the voters, which is to say the adult men and women, join in a petition for his removal. Then

he will be removed at once. The government will appoint a temporary substitute, and order an election of his successor."

"Do you mean there is no fixed election-day?"

"None at all," said Philip. "We are always voting. When we stopped just now I went in to vote for an alderman of our ward, in place of a man who has resigned. I wish I had taken you in with me, though there was nothing to see. Only three or four great books, each headed with the name of a candidate. I wrote my name in Andrew Second's book. He is, on the whole, the best man. The books will be open three months. No one, of course, can vote more than once, and at the end of that time there will be a count, and a proclamation will be made. Then about removal; any one who is dissatisfied with a public officer puts his name up at the head of a book in the election office. Of course there are dozens of books all the time. But unless there is real incapacity, nobody cares. Sometimes, when one man wants another's place, he gets up a great breeze, the newspapers get hold of it, and everybody is canvassed who can be got to the spot. But it is very hard to turn out a competent officer. If in three months, however, at all the registries, a majority of the voters express a wish for a man's removal, he has to go out. Practically, I look in once a week at that office to see what is going on. It is something as you vote at your clubs."

"Did you say women as well as men?" said I.

"O, yes," said Philip, "unless a woman or a man has formally withdrawn from the roll. You see, the roll is the list, not only of voters, but of soldiers. For a man to withdraw, is to say he is a coward and dares not take his chance in war. Sometimes a woman does not like military service, and if she takes her name off I do not think the public feeling about it is quite the same as with a man. She may have things to do at home."

"But do you mean that most of the women serve in the army?" said I.

"Of course they do," said he. "They wanted to vote, so we put them on the roll. You do not see them much. Most of the women's regiments are heavy artillery, in the forts, which can be worked just as well by persons of less as of more muscle if you have enough of them. Each regiment in our service is on duty a month, and in reserve six. You know we have no distant posts."

"We have a great many near-sighted men in America," said I, "who cannot serve in the army."

"We make our near-sighted men work heavy guns, serve in light artillery, or, in very bad cases, we detail them to the police work of the camps," said he. The deaf and dumb men we detail to serve the military telegraphs. They keep secrets well. The blind men serve in the bands. And the men without legs ride in barouches in state processions. Everybody serves somewhere."

"That is the reason," said I, with a sigh, "why everybody has so much time in Sybaris!"

BUT the reader has more than enough of this. Else I would print my journal of "A Week in Sybaris." By Thursday the boat was mended. I hunted up the old fisherman and his boys. He was willing to go where my Excellency bade, but he said his boys wanted to stay. They would like to live here.

"Among the devils?" said I.

The old man confessed that the place for poor men was the best place he ever saw; the markets were cheap, the work was light, the inns were neat, the people were civil, the music was good, the churches were free, and the priests did not lie. He believed the reason that nobody ever came back from Sybaris was, that nobody wanted to.

The Proxenus nodded, well pleased.

"So Battista and his brother would like to stay a few months; and he found he might bring Caterina too, when my Excellency had returned from Gallipoli; or did my Excellency think that, when Garibaldi had driven out the Bourbons, all the world would be like Sybaris?"

My Excellency hoped so; but did not dare promise.

"You see now," said George, "why you hear so little of Sybaris. Enough people come to us. But you are the only man I ever saw leave Sybaris who did not mean to return."

"And I," said I,—"do you think I am never coming here again?"

"You found it a hard harbor to make," said the Proxenus. "We have published no sailing directions since St. Paul touched here, and those which he wrote—he sent them to the Corinthians yonder—neither they nor any one else have seemed to understand."

"Good by."

"God bless you! Good by." And I sailed for Gallipoli.

THE PIANO IN THE UNITED STATES.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand pianos were made in the United States last year!

This is the estimate of the persons who know most of this branch of manufacture, but it is only an approximation to the truth; for, besides the sixty makers in New York, the thirty in Boston, the twenty in Philadelphia, the fifteen in Baltimore, the ten in Albany, and the less number in Cincinnati, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, there are small makers in many country towns, and even in villages, who buy the parts of a piano in the nearest city, put them together, and sell the instrument in the neighborhood. The returns of the houses which supply the ivory keys of the piano to all the makers in the country are confirmatory of this estimate; which, we may add, is that of Messrs. Steinway of New York, who have made it a point to collect both the literature and the statistics of the instrument, of which they are among the largest manufacturers in the world.

The makers' prices of pianos now range from two hundred and ninety dollars to one thousand; and the prices to the public, from four hundred and fifty dollars to fifteen hundred. We may conclude, therefore, that the people of the United States during the year 1866 expended fifteen millions of dollars in the purchase of new pianos. It is not true that we export many pianos to foreign countries, as the public are led to suppose from the advertisements of imaginative manufacturers. American citizens—all but the few consummately able kings of business—allow a free play to their imagination in advertising the products of their skill. Canada buys a small number of our pianos; Cuba, a few; Mexico, a few; South America, a few; and now and then one is sent to Europe, or taken thither by a Thalberg or a Gottschalk; but an inflated currency and a war tariff make it impossible for Americans

to compete with European makers in anything but excellence. In price, they cannot compete. Every disinterested and competent judge with whom we have conversed on this subject gives it as his deliberate opinion that the best American piano is the best of all pianos, and the one longest capable of resisting the effects of a trying climate; yet we cannot sell them, at present, in any considerable numbers, in any market but our own. Protectionists are requested to note this fact, which is not an isolated fact. America possesses such an astonishing genius for inventing and combining labor-saving machinery, that we could now supply the world with many of its choicest products, in the teeth of native competition, but for the tariff, the taxes, and the inflation, which double the cost of producing. The time may come, however, when we shall sell pianos at Paris, and watches in London, as we already do sewing-machines everywhere.

Twenty-five thousand pianos a year, at a cost of fifteen millions of dollars! Presented in this manner, the figures produce an effect upon the mind, and we wonder that an imperfectly reconstructed country could absorb in a single year, and that year an unprosperous one, so large a number of costly musical instruments. But, upon performing a sum in long division, we discover that these startling figures merely mean, that every working-day in this country one hundred and twelve persons buy a new piano. When we consider, that every hotel, steamboat, and public school above a certain very moderate grade, must have from one to four pianos, and that young ladies' seminaries jingle with them from basement to garret, (one school in New York has thirty Chickering's,) and that almost every couple that sets up housekeeping on a respectable scale considers a piano only less indispensable than a kitchen range, we are rather inclined to

wonder at the smallness than at the largeness of the number.

The trade in new pianos, however, is nothing to the countless transactions in old. Here figures are impossible; but probably ten second-hand pianos are sold to one new one. The business of letting pianos is also one of great extent. It is computed by the well-informed, that the number of these instruments now "out," in the city of New York, is three thousand. There is one firm in Boston that usually has a thousand let. As the rent of a piano ranges from six dollars to twelve dollars a month, — cartage both ways paid by the hirer, — it may be inferred that this business, when conducted on a large scale, and with the requisite vigilance, is not unprofitable. In fact, the income of a piano-letting business has approached eighty thousand dollars per annum, of which one third was profit. It has, however, its risks and drawbacks. From June to September, the owner of the instruments must find storage for the greater part of his stock, and must do without most of his monthly returns. Many of those who hire pianos, too, are persons "hanging on the verge" of society, who have little respect for the property of others, and vanish to parts unknown, leaving a damaged piano behind them.

England alone surpasses the United States in the number of pianos annually manufactured. In 1852, the one hundred and eighty English makers produced twenty-three thousand pianos, — fifteen hundred grands, fifteen hundred squares, and twenty thousand uprights. As England has enjoyed fifteen years of prosperity since, it is probable that the annual number now exceeds that of the United States. The English people, however, pay much less money for the thirty thousand pianos which they probably buy every year, than we do for our twenty-five thousand. In London, the retail price of the best Broadwood grand, in plain mahogany case, is one hundred and thirty-five guineas; which is a little more than half the price of the correspond-

ing American instrument. The best London square piano, in plain case, is sixty guineas, — almost exactly half the American price. Two thirds of all the pianos made in England are low-priced uprights, — averaging thirty-five guineas, — which would not stand in our climate for a year. England, therefore, supplies herself and the British empire with pianos at an annual expenditure of about eight millions of our present dollars. American makers, we may add, have recently taken a hint from their English brethren with regard to the upright instrument. Space is getting to be the dearest of all luxuries in our cities, and it has become highly desirable to have pianos that occupy less of it than the square instrument which we usually see. Successful attempts have been recently made to apply the new methods of construction to the upright piano, with a view to make it as durable as those of the usual forms. Such a brisk demand has sprung up for the improved uprights, that the leading makers are producing them in considerable numbers, and the Messrs. Steinway are erecting a new building for the sole purpose of manufacturing them. The American uprights, however, cannot be cheap. Such is the nature of the American climate, that a piano, to be tolerable, must be excellent; and while parts of the upright cost more than the corresponding parts of the square, no part of it costs less. Six hundred dollars is the price of the upright in plain rosewood case, — fifty dollars more than a plain rosewood square.

Paris pianos are renowned, the world over, and consequently three tenths of all the pianos made in Paris are exported to foreign countries. France, too, owing to the cheapness of labor, can make a better cheap piano than any other country. In 1852, there were ten thousand pianos made in Paris, at an average cost of one thousand francs each; and, we are informed, a very good new upright piano can now be bought in France for one hundred dollars. But in France the average

wages of piano-makers are five francs per day; in London, ten shillings; in New York, four dollars and thirty-three cents. The cream of the business, in Paris, is divided among three makers, — Erard, Hertz, and Pleyel, — each of whom has a concert-hall of his own, to give *éclat* to his establishment. We presume Messrs. Steinway added "Steinway Hall" to the attractions of New York from the example of their Paris friends, and soon the metropolis will boast a "Chickering Hall" as well. This is an exceedingly expensive form of advertisement. Steinway Hall cost two hundred thousand dollars, and has not yet paid the cost of warming, cleaning, and lighting it. This, however, is partly owing to the good-nature of the proprietors, who find it hard to exact the rent from a poor artist after a losing concert, and who have a constitutional difficulty about saying *No*, when the use of the hall is asked for a charitable object.

In Germany there are no manufactories of pianos on the scale of England, France, and the United States. A business of five pianos a week excites astonishment in a German state, and it is not uncommon there for one man to construct every part of a piano, — a work of three or four months. Mr. Steinway the elder has frequently done this in his native place, and could now do it. A great number of excellent instruments are made in Germany in the slow, patient, thorough manner of the Germans; but in the fashionable houses of Berlin and Vienna no German name is so much valued as those of the celebrated makers of Paris. In the London exhibition of 1851, Russian pianos competed for the medals, some of which attracted much attention from the excellence of their construction. Messrs. Chickering assert, that the Russians were the first to employ successfully the device of "overstringing," as it is called, by which the bass strings are stretched over the others.

The piano, then, one hundred and fifty-seven years after its invention, in spite of its great cost, has become the

leading musical instrument of Christendom. England produces thirty thousand every year; the United States, twenty-five thousand; France, fifteen thousand; Germany, perhaps ten thousand; and all other countries, ten thousand; making a total of ninety thousand, or four hundred and twenty-two for every working-day. It is computed, that an average piano is the result of one hundred and twenty days' work; and, consequently, there must be at least fifty thousand men employed in the business. And it is only within a few years that the making of these noble instruments has been done on anything like the present scale. Messrs. Broadwood, of London, who have made in all one hundred and twenty-nine thousand pianos, only begin to count at the year 1780; and in the United States there were scarcely fifty pianos a year made fifty years ago.

We need scarcely say that the production of music for the piano has kept pace with the advance of the instrument. Dr. Burney mentions, in his *History of Music* (Vol. IV. p. 664), that when he came to London in 1744, "Handel's Harpsichord Lessons and Organ Concertos, and the two First Books of Scarlatti's Lessons, were all the good music for keyed instruments at that time in the nation." We have at this moment before us the catalogue of music sold by one house in Boston, Oliver Ditson & Co. It is a closely printed volume of three hundred and sixty pages, and contains the titles of about thirty-three thousand pieces of music, designed to be performed, wholly or partly, on the piano. By far the greater number are piano music pure and simple. It is not a very rare occurrence for a new piece to have a sale of one hundred thousand copies in the United States. A composer who can produce the kind of music that pleases the greatest number, may derive a revenue from his art ten times greater than Mozart or Beethoven enjoyed in their most prosperous time. There are trifling waltzes and songs upon the list of Messrs. Ditson, which

have yielded more profit than Mozart received for "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute" together. We learn from the catalogue just mentioned, that the composers of music have an advantage over the authors of books, in being always able to secure a publisher for their productions. Messrs. Ditson announce that they are ready and willing to publish any piece of music by any composer on the following easy conditions: "Three dollars per page for engraving; two dollars and a half per hundred sheets of paper; and one dollar and a quarter per hundred pages for printing." At the same time they frankly notify ambitious teachers, that "not one piece in ten pays the cost of getting up, and not one in fifty proves a success."

The piano, though its recent development has been so rapid, is the growth of ages, and we can, for three thousand years or more, dimly and imperfectly trace its growth. The instrument, indeed, has found an historian, — Dr. Rimbault of London, — who has gathered the scattered notices of its progress into a handsome quarto, now accessible in some of our public libraries. It is far from our desire to make a display of cheap erudition; yet perhaps ladies who love their piano may care to spend a minute or two in learning how it came to be the splendid triumph of human ingenuity, the precious addition to the happiness of existence, which they now find it to be. "I have had my share of trouble," we heard a lady say the other day, "but my piano has kept me happy." All ladies who have had the virtue to subdue this noble instrument to their will, can say something similar of the solace and joy they daily derive from it. The Greek legend that the twang of Diana's bow suggested to Apollo the invention of the lyre, was not a mere fancy; for the first stringed instrument of which we have any trace in ancient sculpture differed from an ordinary bow only in having more than one string. A two-stringed bow was, perhaps, the first step towards the grand piano of to-

day. Additional strings involved the strengthening of the bow that held them; and, accordingly, we find the Egyptian harps, discovered in the catacombs by Wilkinson, very thick and massive in the lower part of the frame, which terminated sometimes in a large and solid female head. From the two-stringed bow to these huge twelve-stringed Egyptian harps, six feet high and beautifully finished with veneer, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, no one can say how many centuries elapsed. The catgut strings of the harps of three thousand years ago are still capable of giving a musical sound. The best workmen of the present time, we are assured, could not finish a harp more exquisitely than these are finished; yet they have no mechanism for tightening or loosening the strings, and no strings except such as were furnished by the harmless, necessary cat. The Egyptian harp, with all its splendor of decoration, was a rude and barbaric instrument.

It has not been shown that Greece or Rome added one essential improvement to the stringed instruments which they derived from older nations. The Chickerings, Steinways, Erards, and Broadwoods of our day cannot lay a finger upon any part of a piano, and say that they owe it to the Greeks or to the Romans.

The Cithara of the Middle Ages was a poor thing enough, in the form of a large P, with ten strings in the oval part; but it had *movable pegs*, and could be easily tuned. It was, therefore, a step toward the piano of the French Exposition of 1867.

But the Psaltery was a great stride forward. This instrument was an arrangement of *strings on a box*. Here we have the principle of the sounding-board, — a thing of vital moment to the piano, and one upon which the utmost care is bestowed by all the great makers. Whoever first thought of stretching strings on a box may also be said to have half invented the guitar and the violin. No single subsequent thought has been so fruitful of consequences as

this in the improvement of stringed instruments. The reader, of course, will not confound the psaltery of the Middle Ages with the psaltery of the Hebrews, respecting which nothing is known. The translators of the Old Testament assigned the names with which they were familiar to the musical instruments of the Jews.

About the year 1200 we arrive at the Dulcimer, which was an immense psaltery, with improvements. Upon a harp-shaped box, eighteen to thirty-six feet long, fifty strings were stretched, which the player struck with a stick or a long-handled hammer. This instrument was a signal advance toward the grand piano. It *was* a piano, without its machinery.

The next thing, obviously, must have been to contrive a method of striking the strings with certainty and evenness; and, accordingly, we find indications of a keyed instrument after the year 1300, called the Clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. The invention of keys permitted the strings to be covered over, and therefore the strings of the clavicytherium were enclosed *in* a box, instead of being stretched *on* a box. The first keys were merely long levers with a nub at the end of them, mounted on a pivot, which the player canted up at the strings on the see-saw principle. It has required four hundred years to bring the mechanism of the piano key to its present admirable perfection. The clavicytherium was usually a very small instrument,—an oblong box, three or four feet in length, that could be lifted by a girl of fourteen. The clavichord and manichord, which we read of in Mozart's letters, were only improved and better-made clavicytheria. How affecting the thought, that the divine Mozart had nothing better on which to try the ravishing airs of "The Magic Flute" than a wretched box of brass wires, twanged with pieces of quill! So it is always, and in all branches of art. Shakespeare's plays, Titian's pictures, the great cathedrals, Newton's discoveries, Mozart's and Handel's music, were executed while the implements of art and science were still very rude.

Queen Elizabeth's instrument, the Virginals, was a box of strings, with improved keys, and mounted on four legs. In other words, it was a small and very bad piano. The excellent Pepys, in his account of the great fire of London of 1666, says: "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in it, but there were a pair of virginalls in it." Why "a pair"? For the same reason that induces many persons to say "a pair of stairs," and "a pair of compasses," that is, no reason at all.

It is plain that the virginals, or virgin's clavichord, was very far from holding the rank among musical instruments which the piano now possesses. If any of our readers should ever come upon a thin folio entitled "Musick's Monument," (London, 1676,) we advise him to clutch it, retire from the haunts of men, and abandon himself to the delight of reading the Izaak Walton of music. It is a most quaint and curious treatise upon "the Noble Lute, the best of instruments," with a chapter upon "the generous Viol," by Thomas Mace, "one of the clerks of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge." Master Mace deigns not to mention keyed instruments, probably regarding keys as old sailors regard the lubber's hole,—fit only for greenhorns. The "Noble Lute," of which Thomas Mace discourses, was a large, heavy, pot-bellied guitar with many strings. We learn from this enthusiastic author, that the noble lute had been calumniated by some ignorant persons; and it is in refuting their calumnious imputations that he pours out a torrent of knowledge upon his beloved instrument, and upon the state of music in England in 1675. In reply to the charge, that the noble lute was a very hard instrument to play upon, he gives posterity a piece of history. That the lute *was* hard once, he confesses, but asserts that "it is now easie, and very familiar."

"The First and Chief Reason that it

was Hard in former Times, was, Because they had to their Lutes but Few Strings ; viz. to some 10, some 12, and some 14 Strings, which in the beginning of my Time were almost altogether in use ; (and is this present Year 1675. Fifty four years since I first began to undertake That Instrument). But soon after, they began to adde more Strings unto Their Lutes, so that we had Lutes of 16, 18, and 20 Strings ; which they finding to be so Great a Convenience, stayed not long till they added more, to the Number of 24, where we now rest satisfied ; only upon my Theorboes I put 26 Strings, for some Good Reasons I shall be able to give in due Time and Place."

Another aspersion upon the noble lute was, that it was "a Woman's Instrument." Master Mace gallantly observes, that if this were true, he cannot understand why it should suffer any disparagement on that account, "but rather that it should have the more Reputation and Honour."

There are passages in this ancient book which take us back so agreeably to the concert-rooms and parlors of two hundred years ago, and give us such an insight into the musical resources of our forefathers, that we shall venture to copy two or three of them. The following brief discourse upon Pegs is very amusing :—

"And you must know, that from the Badness of the Pegs, arise several Inconveniences ; The first I have named, viz. the Loss of Labour. The 2d. is, the Loss of Time ; for I have known some so extreme long in Tuning their Lutes and Viols, by reason only of Bad Pegs, that They have wearied out their Auditors before they began to Play. A 3d. Inconvenience is, that oftentimes, if a High-stretch'd small String happen to slip down, it is in great danger to break at the next winding up, especially in wet moist weather, and that It have been long slack. The 4th. is, that when a String hath been slipt back, it will not stand in Tune, under many Amendments ; for it is continually in stretching itself, till it come to

Its highest stretch. A 5th. is, that in the midst of a Consort, All the Company must leave off, because of some Eminent String slipping. A 6th. is, that sometimes ye shall have such a Rap upon the Knuckles, by a sharp-edg'd Peg, and a stiff strong String, that the very Skin will be taken off. And 7thly. It is oftentimes an occasion of the Thrusting off the Treble-Peg-Nut, and sometime of the Upper Long Head ; And I have seen the Neck of an Old Viol, thrust off into two pieces, by reason of the Badness of the Pegs, meerly with the Anger and hasty Choller of Him that has been Tuning. Now I say that These are very Great Inconveniences, and do adde much to the Trouble and Hardness of the Instrument. I shall therefore inform you how ye may Help All These with Ease ; viz. Thus. When you perceive any Peg to be troubled with the slippery Disease, assure your self he will never grow better of Himself, without some of Your Care ; Therefore take Him out, and examine the Cause."

He gives advice with regard to the preservation of the Lute in the moist English climate :—

"And that you may know how to shelter your Lute, in the worst of Ill weathers (which is moist) you shall do well, ever when you Lay it by in the day-time, to put It into a Bed, that is constantly used, between the Rug and Blanket ; but never between the Sheets, because they may be moist with Sweat, &c.

"This is the most absolute and best place to keep It in always, by which doing, you will find many Great Conveniences, which I shall here set down. . . .

"Therefore, a Bed will secure from all These Inconveniences, and keep your Glew so Hard as Glass, and All safe and sure ; only to be excepted, That no Person be so inconsiderate, as to Tumble down upon the Bed, whilst the Lute is There ; For I have known several Good Lutes spoil'd with such a Trick."

We may infer from Master Mace his work, that the trivial virginals were

gaining in popular estimation upon the nobler instrument which is the theme of his eulogy. He has no patience with those who object to his beloved lute that it is out of fashion. He remarks upon this subject in a truly delicious strain:—

"I cannot understand, how Arts and Sciences should be subject unto any such Phantastical, Giddy, or Inconsiderate Toyish Conceits, as ever to be said to be in Fashion, or out of Fashion. I remember there was a Fashion, not many years since, for Women in their Apparel to be so Pent up by the Straitness, and Stiffness of their Gown-Shoulder-Sleeves, that They could not so much as Scratch Their Heads, for the Necessary Remove of a Biting Louse; nor Elevate their Arms scarcely to feed themselves Handsomly; nor Carve a Dish of Meat at a Table, but their whole Body must needs Bend towards the Dish. This must needs be concluded by Reason, a most Vnreasonable, and Inconvenient Fashion; and They as Vnreasonably Inconsiderate, who would be so Abus'd, and Bound up. I Confess It was a very Good Fashion, for some such Viragoes, who were us'd to Scratch their Husbands Faces or Eyes, and to pull them down by the Coxcombes. And I am subject to think, It was a meer Rogery in the Combination, or Club-council of the Taylors, to Abuse the Women in That Fashion, in Revenge of some of the Curst Dames their Wives."

Some lute-makers, this author informs us, were so famous in Europe, that he had seen lutes of their making, "pittifull, old, batter'd, crack'd things," that were valued at a hundred pounds sterling each; and he had often seen lutes of three or four pounds' value "far more illustrious and taking to a Common eye." In refuting the "aspiration that one had as good keep a horse (for cost) as a Lute," he declares, that he never in his life "took more than five shillings the quarter to maintain a Lute with strings, only for the first stringing I ever took ten shillings." He says, however: "I do confess Those who will be Prodigal and Extraor-

dinary Curious, may spend as much as may maintain two or three Horses, and Men to ride upon them too, if they please. But 20s. per ann. is an Ordinary Charge; and much more they need not spend, to practise very hard."

Keyed instruments, despite the remonstrances of the lutists, continued to advance toward their present supremacy. As often as an important improvement was introduced, the instrument changed its name, just as in our day the melodeon was improved into the harmonium, then into the organ-harmonium, and finally into the cabinet organ. The virginals of 1600 became the spinet of 1700,—so called because the pieces of quill employed in twanging the strings resembled thorns, and *spina*, in Latin, means thorn. Any lady who will take the trouble to mount to the fourth story of the Messrs. Chickering's piano store in the city of New York, may see such a spinet as Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. Hamilton played upon when they were little girls. It is a small, harp-shaped instrument on legs, exceedingly coarse and clumsy in its construction,—the case rough and unpolished, the legs like those of a kitchen table, with wooden castors such as were formerly used in the construction of cheap bedsteads of the "trundle" variety. The keys, however, are much like those now in use, though they are fewer in number, and the ivory is yellow with age. If the reader would know the tone of this ancient instrument, he has but to stretch a brass wire across a box between two nails, and twang them with a short pointed piece of quill. And if the reader would know how much better the year 1867 is than the year 1700, he may first hear this spinet played upon in Messrs. Chickering's dusty garret, and then descend to one of the floors below, and listen to the round, full, brilliant singing of a Chickering grand, of the present illustrious year. By as much as that grand piano is better than that poor little spinet, by so much is the present time better than the days when Louis XIV. was king. If any

intelligent person doubts it, it is either because he does not know that age, or because he does not know this age.

The spinet expanded into the harpsichord, the leading instrument from 1700 to 1800. A harpsichord was nothing but a very large and powerful spinet. Some of them had two strings for each note; some had three; some had three kinds of strings, — catgut, brass, and steel; and some were painted and decorated in the most gorgeous style. Frederick the Great had one made for him in London, with silver hinges, silver pedals, inlaid case, and tortoise-shell front, at a cost of two hundred guineas. Every part of the construction of the spinet was improved, and many new minor devices were added; but the harpsichord, in its best estate, was nothing but a spinet, because its strings were always twanged by a piece of quill. How astonished would an audience be to hear a harpsichord of 1750, and to be informed that such an instrument Handel felt himself fortunate to possess!

Next, the piano, — invented at Florence in 1710, by Bartolommeo Cristofali.

The essential difference between a harpsichord and a piano is described by the first name given to the piano, which was *hammer-harpsichord*, i. e. a harpsichord the strings of which were struck by hammers, not twanged by quills. The next name given to it was *forte-piano*, which signified soft, with power; and this name became *piano-forte*, which it still retains. One hundred years were required to prove to the musical public the value of an invention without which no further development of stringed instruments had been possible. No improvement in the mere mechanism of the harpsichord could ever have overcome the trivial effect of the twanging of the strings by pieces of quill; but the moment the hammer principle was introduced, nothing was wanting but improved mechanism to make it universal. It required, however, a century to produce the improvements sufficient to give the piano equal standing with

the harpsichord. The first pianos gave forth a dull and feeble sound to ears accustomed to the clear and harp-like notes of the fashionable instrument.

In that same upper room of the Messrs. Chickering, near the spinet just mentioned, there is an instrument, made perhaps about the year 1800, which explains why the piano was so slow in making its way. It resembles in form and size a grand piano of the present time, though of coarsest finish and most primitive construction, with thin, square, kitchen-table legs, and wooden knobs for castors. This interesting instrument has two rows of keys, and is *both* a harpsichord and a piano, — one set of keys twanging the wires, and the other set striking them. The effect of the piano notes is so faint and dull, that we cannot wonder at the general preference for the harpsichord for so many years. It appears to have been a common thing in the last century to combine two or more instruments in one. Dr. Charles Burney, writing in 1770, mentions "a very curious keyed instrument" made under the direction of Frederick II. of Prussia. "It is in shape like a large clavichord, has several changes of stops, and is occasionally a harp, a harpsichord, a lute, or piano-forte; but the most curious property of this instrument is, that, by drawing out the keys, the hammers are transferred to different strings. By which means a composition may be transposed half a note, a whole note, or a flat third lower at pleasure, without the embarrassment of different notes or clefs, real or imaginary."

The same sprightly author tells us of "a fine Rucker harpsichord, which he has had painted inside and out with as much delicacy as the finest coach, or even snuff-box, I ever saw at Paris. On the outside is the birth of Venus; and on the inside of the cover, the story of Rameau's most famous opera, Castor and Pollux. Earth, Hell, and Elysium are there represented; in Elysium, sitting on a bank, with a lyre in his hand, is that celebrated composer himself."

This gay instrument was at Paris. In Italy, the native home of music, the keyed instruments, in 1770, Dr. Burney says, were exceedingly inferior to those of the North of Europe. "Throughout Italy, they have generally little octave spinets to accompany singing in private houses, sometimes in a triangular form, but more frequently in the shape of an old virginal; of which the keys are so noisy and the tone is so feeble, that more wood is heard than wire. I found three English harpsichords in the three principal cities of Italy, which are regarded by the Italians as so many phenomena."

To this day Italy depends upon foreign countries for her best musical instruments. Italy can as little make a grand piano as America can compose a grand opera.

The history of the piano from 1710 to 1867 is nothing but a history of the improved mechanism of the instrument. The moment the idea was conceived of striking the strings with hammers, unlimited improvement was possible; and though the piano of to-day is covered all over with ingenious devices, the great, essential improvements are few in number. The hammer, for example, may contain one hundred ingenuities, but they are all included in the device of covering the first wooden hammers with cloth; and the master-thought of making the whole frame of the piano of iron suggested the line of improvement which secures the supremacy of the piano over all other stringed instruments forever.

Sebastian Erard, the son of a Strasbourg upholsterer, went to Paris, a poor orphan of sixteen, in the year 1768, and, finding employment in the establishment of a harpsichord-maker, rose rapidly to the foremanship of the shop, and was soon in business for himself as a maker of harpsichords, harps, and pianos. To him, perhaps, more than to any other individual, the fine interior mechanism of the piano is indebted; and the house founded by Sebastian Erard still produces the pianos which enjoy the most extensive

reputation in the Old World. He may be said to have created the "action" of the piano, though his devices have been subsequently improved upon by others. He found the piano in 1768 feeble and unknown; he left it, at his death in 1831, the most powerful, pleasing, and popular stringed instrument in existence; and, besides gaining a colossal fortune for himself, he bequeathed to his nephew, Pierre Erard, the most celebrated manufactory of pianos in the world. Next to Erard ranks John Broadwood, a Scotchman, who came to London about the time of Erard's arrival in Paris, and, like him, procured employment with a harpsichord-maker, the most noted one in England. John Broadwood was a "good apprentice," married his master's daughter, inherited his business, and carried it on with such success, that, to-day, the house of Broadwood and Sons is the first of its line in England. John Broadwood was chiefly meritorious for a *general* improvement in the construction of the instrument. If he did not originate many important devices, he was eager to adopt those of others, and he made the whole instrument with British thoroughness. The strings, the action, the case, the pedals, and all the numberless details of mechanism received his thoughtful attention, and show to the present time traces of his honest and intelligent mind. It was in this John Broadwood's factory that a poor German boy named John Jacob Astor earned the few pounds that paid his passage to America, and bought the seven flutes which were the foundation of the great Astor estate. For several years, the sale of the Broadwood pianos in New York was an important part of Mr. Astor's business. He used to sell his furs in London, and invest part of the proceeds in pianos, for exportation to New York.

America began early to try her hand at improving the instrument. Mr. Jefferson, in the year 1800, in one of his letters to his daughter Martha, speaks of "a very ingenious, modest, and poor young man" in Philadelphia, who "has

invented one of the prettiest improvements in the forte-piano I have ever seen." Mr. Jefferson, who was himself a player upon the violin, and had some little skill upon the harpsichord, adds, "It has tempted me to engage one for Monticello." This instrument was an upright piano, and we have found no mention of an upright of an earlier date. "His strings," says Mr. Jefferson, "are perpendicular, and he contrives within that height" (not given in the published extract) "to give his strings the same length as in the grand forte-piano, and fixes his three unisons to the same screw, which screw is in the direction of the strings, and therefore never yields. It scarcely gets out of tune at all, and then, for the most part, the three unisons are tuned at once." This is an interesting passage; for, although the "forte-pianos" of this modest young man have left no trace upon the history of the instrument, it shows that America had no sooner cast an eye upon its mechanism than she set to work improving it. Can it be that the upright piano was an American invention? It may be. The Messrs. Broadwood, in the little book which lay upon their pianos in the Exhibition of 1851, say that the first vertical or cabinet pianos were constructed by William Southwell, of their house, in 1804, four years after the date of Mr. Jefferson's letter.

After 1800 there were a few pianos made every year in the United States, but none that could compare with the best Erards and Broadwoods, until the Chickering era, which began in 1823.

The two Americans to whom music is most indebted in the United States are Jonas Chickering, piano-maker, born in New Hampshire in 1798, and Lowell Mason, singing teacher and composer of church tunes, born in Massachusetts in 1792. While Lowell Mason was creating the taste for music, Jonas Chickering was improving the instrument by which musical taste is chiefly gratified; and both being established in Boston, each of them was instrumental in advancing the fortunes of the

other. Mr. Mason recommended the Chickering piano to his multitudinous classes and choirs, and thus powerfully aided to give that extent to Mr. Chickering's business which is necessary to the production of the best work. Both of them began their musical career, we may say, in childhood; for Jonas Chickering was only a cabinet-maker's apprentice when he astonished his native village by putting in excellent playing order a battered old piano, long before laid aside; and Lowell Mason, at sixteen, was already leading a large church choir, and drilling a brass band. The undertaking of this brass band by a boy was an amusing instance of Yankee audacity; for when the youth presented himself to the newly formed band to give them their first lesson, he found so many instruments in their hands which he had never seen nor heard of, that he could not proceed. "Gentlemen," said he, "I see that a good many of your instruments are out of order, and most of them need a little oil, or something of the kind. Our best plan will be to adjourn for a week. Leave all your instruments with me, and I will have them in perfect condition by the time we meet again." Before the band again came together, the young teacher, by working night and day, had gained a sufficient insight into the nature of the instruments to instruct those who knew nothing of them.

Jonas Chickering was essentially a mechanic,—a most skilful, patient, thoughtful, faithful mechanic,—and it was his excellence as a mechanic which enabled him to rear an establishment which, beginning with one or two pianos a month, was producing, at the death of the founder, in 1853, fifteen hundred pianos a year. It was he who introduced into the piano the full iron frame. It was he who first made American pianos that were equal to the best imported ones. He is universally recognized as the true founder of the manufacture of the piano in the United States. No man has, perhaps, so nobly illustrated the character of the Ameri-

can mechanic, or more honored the name of American citizen. He was the soul of benevolence, truth, and honor. When we have recovered a little more from the infatuation which invests "public men" with supreme importance, we shall better know how to value those heroes of the apron, who, by a life of conscientious toil, place a new source of happiness, or of force, within the reach of their fellow-citizens.

Henry Steinway, the founder of the great house of Steinway and Sons, has had a career not unlike that of Mr. Chickering. He also, in his native Brunswick, amused his boyhood by repairing old instruments of music, and making new ones. He made a cithara and a guitar for himself with only such tools as a boy can command. He also was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, and was drawn away, by natural bias, from the business he had learned, to the making of organs and pianos. For many years he was a German piano-maker, producing, in the slow, German manner, two or three excellent instruments a month; striving ever after higher excellence, and growing more and more dissatisfied with the limited sphere in which the inhabitant of a small German state necessarily works. In 1849, being then past fifty years of age, and the father of four intelligent and gifted sons, he looked to America for a wider range and a more promising home for his boys. With German prudence, he sent one of them to New York to see what prospect there might be there for another maker of pianos. Charles Steinway came, saw, approved, returned, reported; and in 1850 all the family reached New York, except the eldest son, Theodore, who succeeded to his father's business in Brunswick. Henry Steinway again showed himself wise in not immediately going into business. Depositing the capital he had brought with him in a safe place, he donned once more the journeyman's apron, and worked for three years in a New York piano factory to learn the ways of the trade in America; and his sons obtained similar employment,—

one of them, fortunately, becoming a tuner, which brought him into relations with many music-teachers. During these three years, their knowledge and their capital increased every day, for they lived as wise men in such circumstances do live who mean to control their destiny. In plain English, they kept their eyes open, and lived on half their income. In 1853, in a small back shop in Varick Street, with infinite pains, they made their first piano, and a number of teachers and amateurs were invited to listen to it. It was warmly approved and speedily sold. Ten men were employed, who produced for the next two years one piano a week. In 1855, the Messrs. Steinway, still unknown to the public, placed one of their best instruments in the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition. A member of the musical jury has recorded the scene which occurred when the jury came to this unknown competitor:—

"They were pursuing their rounds, and performing their duties with an ease and facility that promised a speedy termination to their labors, when suddenly they came upon an instrument that, from its external appearance,—solidly rich, yet free from the frippery that was then rather in fashion,—attracted their attention. One of the company opened the case, and carelessly struck a few chords. The others were doing the same with its neighbors, but somehow they ceased to chatter when the other instrument began to speak. One by one the jurors gathered round the strange polyphonist, and, without a word being spoken, every one knew that it was the best piano-forte in the Exhibition. The jurors were true to their duties. It is possible that some of them had predilections in favor of other makers; it is certain that one of them had,—the writer of the present notice. But when the time for the award came, there was no argument, no discussion, no bare presentment of minor claims; nothing, in fact, but a hearty indorsement of the singular merits of the strange instrument."

From that time the Steinways made

rapid progress. The tide of California gold was flowing in, and every day some one was getting rich enough to treat his family to a new piano. It was the Messrs. Steinway who chiefly supplied the new demand, without lessening by one instrument a month the business of older houses. Various improvements in the framing and mechanism of the piano have been invented and introduced by them; and, while some members of the family have superintended the manufacture, others have conducted the not less difficult business of selling. To this hour, the father of the family, in the dress of a workman, attends daily at the factory, as vigilant and active as ever, though now past seventy; and his surviving sons are as laboriously engaged in assisting him as they were in the infancy of the establishment.

Besides the Chickering and the Steinways, there are twenty manufacturers in the United States whose production exceeds one hundred pianos per annum. Messrs. Knabe & Co. of Baltimore, who supply large portions of the South and West, sold about a thousand pianos in the year 1866; W. P. Emerson of Boston, 935; Messrs. Haines Brothers of New York, 830; Messrs. Hallett and Davis of Boston, 462; Ernest Gabler of New York, 312; Messrs. E. C. Lighte & Co. of New York, 286; Messrs. Hazelton and Brothers of New York, 269; Albert Webber of New York, 266; Messrs. Decker Brothers of New York, 256; Messrs. George Steck and Co. of New York, 244; W. I. Bradbury of New York, 244; Messrs. Lindeman and Sons of New York, 223; the New York Piano-forte Company, 139. About one half of all the pianos made in the United States are made in the city of New York.

To visit one of our large manufacturing pianos is a lesson in the noble art of taking pains. Genius itself, says Carlyle, means, first of all, "a transcendent capacity for taking trouble." Everywhere in these vast and interesting establishments we find what we may call the perfection of painstaking.

The construction of an American piano is a continual act of defensive warfare against the future inroads of our climate,—a climate which is polar for a few days in January, tropical for a week or two in July, Nova-Scotian now and then in November, and at all times most trying to the finer woods, leathers, and fabrics. To make a piano is now not so difficult; but to make one that will stand in America,—that is very difficult. In the rear of the Messrs. Steinway's factory there is a yard for seasoning timber, which usually contains an amount of material equal to two hundred and fifty thousand ordinary boards, an inch thick and twelve feet long; and there it remains from four months to five years, according to its nature and magnitude. Most of the timber used in an American piano requires two years' seasoning at least. From this yard it is transferred to the steam-drying house, where it remains subjected to a high temperature for three months. The wood has then lost nearly all the warp there ever was in it, and the temperature may change fifty degrees in twelve hours (as it does sometimes in New York) without seriously affecting a fibre. Besides this, the timber is sawed in such a manner as to neutralize, in some degree, its tendency to warp, or, rather, so as to make it warp the right way. The reader would be surprised to hear the great makers converse on this subject of the warping of timber. They have studied the laws which govern warping; they know why wood warps, how each variety warps, how long a time each kind continues to warp, and how to fit one warp against another, so as to neutralize both. If two or more pieces of wood are to be glued together, it is never done at random; but they are so adjusted that one will tend to warp one way, and another another. Even the thin veneers upon the case act as a restraining force upon the baser wood which they cover, and in some parts of the instrument the veneer is double for the purpose of keeping both in order. An astonishing amount of thought and experiment has

been expended upon this matter of warping,—so much, that now not a piece of wood is employed in a piano, the grain of which does not run in the precise direction which experience has shown to be the best.

The forests of the whole earth have been searched for woods adapted to the different parts of the instrument. Dr. Rimbault, in his learned "History of the Piano-forte," published recently in London, gives a catalogue of the various woods, metals, skins, and fabrics used in the construction of a piano, which forcibly illustrates the delicacy of the modern instrument and the infinite care taken in its manufacture. We copy the list, though some of the materials differ from those used by American manufacturers.

MATERIALS.		WHERE USED.
<i>Woods.</i>	<i>From</i>	
Oak	Riga	Framing, various parts.
Deal	Norway	Wood-bracing, &c.
Fir	Switzerland	Sounding-board.
Pine	America	Parts of framing, key-bed or bottom.
Mahogany	Honduras	Solid wood of top, and various parts of the framing and the action.
Beech	England	Wrest-plank, bridge or sound-board, centre of legs.
Beef-wood	Brazils	Tongues in the beam, forming the divisions between the hammers.
Birch	Canada	Belly-rail, a part of the framing.
Cedar	S. America	Round shanks of hammers.
Lime-tree	England	Keys.
Pear-tree	—	Heads of dampers.
Sycamore	—	Hoppers or levers, veneers on wrest-plank.
Ebony	Ceylon	Black keys.
Spanish Mahogany	Cuba	} For decoration.
Rosewood	Rio Janeiro	
Satinwood	East Indies	
White Holly	England	
Zebra-wood	Brazils	
Other fancy woods	—	

Woollen Fabrics.

Baize; green, blue, and brown	Upper surface of key-frame, cushions for hammers to fall on, to damp dead part of strings, &c.
Cloth, various qualities	For various parts of the action and in other places, to prevent jarring; also for dampers.
Felt	External covering for hammers.

MATERIALS.

WHERE USED.

Leather.

Buffalo	Under-covering of hammers-bass.
Saddle	" " tenor and treble.
Basil	} Various parts of action.
Calf	
Doeskin	
Seal	
Sheepskin	
Morocco	"
Sole	Rings for pedal wires.

Metal.

Iron	} Metallic bracing, and in various small screws, springs, centres, pins, &c., &c., throughout the instrument.
Steel	
Brass	
Gun metal	Strings.
Steel wire	Lapped strings.
Steel spun wire	" " lowest notes.
Covered copper wire	" " "

Various.

Ivory	White keys.
Black lead	To smooth the rubbing surfaces of cloth or leather in the action.
Glue (of a particular quality, made expressly for this trade)	} Woodwork throughout.
Beeswax, emery paper, glass paper, French polish, oil, putty powder, spirits of wine, &c., &c.	
	Cleaning and finishing.

Such are the materials used. The processes to which they are subjected are far more numerous. So numerous are they and so complicated, that the Steinways, who employ five hundred and twelve men, and labor-saving machinery which does the work of five hundred men more, aided by three steam-engines of a hundred and twenty-five, fifty, and twenty-five horse-power, can only produce from forty-five to fifty-five pianos a week. The average number is about fifty,—six grand, four upright, and forty square. The reader has seen, doubtless, a piano with the top taken off; but perhaps it has never occurred to him what a tremendous *pull* those fifty to sixty strings are keeping up, day and night, from one year's end to another. The shortest and thinnest string of all pulls two hundred and sixty-two pounds,—about as much as we should care to lift; and the entire pull of the strings of a grand piano is sixty pounds less than twenty tons,—a load for twenty cart-horses. The fundamental diffi-

culty in the construction of a piano has always been to support this continuous strain. When we look into a piano we see the "iron frame" so much vaunted in the advertisements, and so splendid with bronze and gilding; but it is not this thin plate of cast-iron that resists the strain of twenty tons. If the wires were to pull upon the iron for one second, it would fly into atoms. The iron plate is screwed to what is called the "bottom" of the piano, which is a mass of timber four inches thick, composed of three layers of plank glued together, and so arranged that the pull of the wires shall be in a line with the grain of the wood. The iron plate itself is subjected to a long course of treatment. The rough casting is brought from the foundry, placed under the drilling-machine, which bores many scores of holes of various sizes with marvellous rapidity. Then it is smoothed and finished with the file; next, it is japanned; after which it is baked in an oven for forty-eight hours. It is then ready for the bronzer and gilder, who covers the greater part of the surface with a light-yellow bronzing, and brightens it here and there with gilding. All this long process is necessary in order to make the plate *retain* its brilliancy of color.

Upon this solid foundation of timber and iron the delicate instrument is built, and it is enclosed in a case constructed with still greater care. To make so large a box, and one so thin, as the case of a piano stand our summer heats and our furnace heats (still more trying), is a work of extreme difficulty. The seasoned boards are covered with a double veneer, designed to counteract all the tendencies to warp; and the surface is most laboriously polished. It takes three months to varnish and polish the case of a piano. In such a factory as the Steinways' or the Chickering's, there will be always six or seven hundred cases undergoing this expensive process. When the surface of the wood has been made as smooth as sand-paper can make it, the first coat of varnish is

applied, and this requires eight days to harden. Then all the varnish is scraped off, except that which has sunk into the pores of the wood. The second coat is then put on; which, after eight days' drying, is also scraped away, until the surface of the veneer is laid bare again. After this four or five coats of varnish are added, at intervals of eight days, and, finally, the last polish is produced by the hand of the workman. The object of all this is not merely to produce a splendid and enduring gloss, but to make the case stand for a hundred years in a room which is heated by a furnace to seventy degrees by day, and in which water will freeze at night. During the war, when good varnish cost as much as the best champagne, the varnish bills of the leading makers were formidable indeed.

The labor, however, is the chief item of expense. The average wages of the five hundred and twelve men employed by the Messrs. Steinway is twenty-six dollars a week. This force, aided by one hundred and two labor-saving machines, driven by steam-power equivalent to two hundred horses, produces a piano in one hour and fifteen minutes. A man with the ordinary tools can make a piano in about four months, but it could not possibly be as good a one as those produced in the large establishments. Nor, indeed, is such a feat ever attempted in the United States. The small makers, who manufacture from one to five instruments a week, generally, as already mentioned, buy the different parts from persons who make only parts. It is a business to make the hammers of a piano; it is another business to make the "action"; another, to make the keys; another, the legs; another, the cases; another, the pedals. The manufacture of the hardware used in a piano is a very important branch, and it is a separate business to sell it. The London Directory enumerates forty-two different trades and businesses related to the piano, and we presume there are not fewer in New York. Consequently,

any man who knows enough of a piano to put one together, and can command capital enough to buy the parts of one instrument, may boldly fling his sign to the breeze, and announce himself to an inattentive public as a "piano-forte-maker." The only difficulty is to sell the piano when it is put together. At present it costs rather more money to sell a piano than it does to make one.

When the case is finished, all except the final hand-polish, it is taken to the sounding-board room. The sounding-board—a thin, clear sheet of spruce under the strings—is the piano's soul, wanting which, it were a dead thing. Almost every resonant substance in nature has been tried for sounding-boards, but nothing has been found equal to spruce. Countless experiments have been made with a view to ascertain precisely the best way of shaping, arranging, and fixing the sounding-board, the best thickness, the best number and direction of the supporting ribs; and every great maker is happy in the conviction that he is a little better in sounding-boards than any of his rivals. Next, the strings are inserted; next, the action and the keys. Every one will pause to admire the hammers of the piano, so light, yet so capable of giving a telling blow, which evoke all the music of the strings, but mingle with that music no click, nor thud, nor thump, of their own. The felt employed varies in thickness from one sixteenth of an inch to an inch and an eighth, and costs \$ 5.75 in gold per pound. Only Paris, it seems, can make it good enough for the purpose. Many of the keys have a double felting, compressed from an inch and a half to three quarters of an inch, and others again have an outer covering of leather to keep the strings from cutting the felt. Simple as the finished hammer looks, there are a hundred and fifty years of thought and experiment in it. It required half a century to exhaust the different kinds of wood, bone, and cork; and when, about 1760, the idea was conceived of covering the hammers with something soft, another century was to elapse be-

fore all the leathers and fabrics had been tried, and felt found to be the *ne plus ultra*. With regard to the action, or the mechanism by which the hammers are made to strike the strings, we must refer the inquisitive reader to the piano itself.

When all the parts have been placed in the case, the instrument falls into the hands of the "regulator," who inspects, rectifies, tunes, harmonizes, perfects the whole. Nothing then remains but to convey it to the store, give it its final polish and its last tuning.

The next thing is to sell it. Six hundred and fifty dollars seems a high price for a square piano, such as we used to buy for three hundred, and the "natural cost" of which does not much exceed two hundred dollars. Fifteen hundred dollars for a grand piano is also rather startling. But how much tax, does the reader suppose, is paid upon a fifteen-hundred-dollar grand? It is difficult to compute it; but it does not fall much below two hundred dollars. The five per cent manufacturer's tax, which is paid upon the price of the finished instrument, has also to be paid upon various parts, such as the wire; and upon the imported articles there is a high tariff. It is computed that the taxes upon very complicated articles, in which a great variety of materials are employed, such as carriages, pianos, organs, and fine furniture, amount to about one eighth of the price. The piano, too, is an expensive creature to keep, in these times of high rents, and its fare upon a railroad is higher than that of its owner. We saw, however, a magnificent piano, the other day, at the establishment of Messrs. Chickering, in Broadway, for which passage had been secured all the way to Oregon for thirty-five dollars,—only five dollars more than it would cost to transport it to Chicago. Happily for us, to whom fifteen hundred dollars—nay, six hundred and fifty dollars—is an enormous sum of money, a very good second-hand piano is always attainable for less than half the original price.

For, reader, you must know that the ostentation of the rich is always putting costly pleasures within the reach of the refined not-rich. A piano in its time plays many parts, and figures in a variety of scenes. Like the more delicate and sympathetic kinds of human beings, it is naught unless it is valued; but, being valued, it is a treasure beyond price. Cold, glittering, and dumb, it stands among the tasteless splendors with which the wealthy ignorant cumber their dreary abodes,—a thing of ostentation merely,—as uninteresting as the women who surround it, gorgeously apparelled, but without conversation, conscious of defective parts of speech. “There is much music, excellent voice, in that little organ,” but there is no one there who can “make it speak.” They may “fret” the noble instrument; they “cannot play upon it.”

But a fool and his nine-hundred-dollar piano are soon parted. The red flag of the auctioneer announces its transfer to a drawing-room frequented by persons capable of enjoying the refined pleasures. Bright and joyous is the scene, about half past nine in the evening, when, by turns, the ladies try over their newest pieces, or else listen with intelligent pleasure to the performance of a master. Pleasant are the informal family concerts in such a house, when one sister breaks down under the difficulties of Thalberg, and yields the piano-stool to the musical genius of the family, who takes up the note, and, dashing gayly into the midst of “Egitto,” forces a path through the wilderness, takes the Red Sea like a heroine, bursts at length into the triumphal prayer, and retires from the instrument as calm as a summer morning. On occasions of ceremony, too, the piano has a part to perform, though a humble one. Awkward pauses will occur in all but the best-regulated parties, and people will get together, in the best houses, who quench and neutralize one another. It is the piano that fills those pauses, and gives a welcome respite to the toil of forcing conversation. How could “society” go on without the occasional

interposition of the piano? One hundred and sixty years ago, in those days beloved and vaunted by Thackeray, when Louis XIV. was king of France, and Anne queen of England, society danced, tattled, and gambled. Cards have receded as the piano has advanced in importance.

From such a drawing-room as this, after a stay of some years, the piano may pass into a boarding-school, and thence into the sitting-room of a family who have pinched for two years to buy it. “It must have been,” says Henry Ward Beecher, “about the year 1820, in old Litchfield, Connecticut, upon waking one fine morning, that we heard music in the parlor, and, hastening down, beheld an upright piano, the first we ever saw or heard of! Nothing can describe the amazement of silence that filled us. It rose almost to superstitious reverence, and all that day was a dream and marvel.” It is such pianos that are appreciated. It is in such parlors that the instrument best answers the end of its creation. There is many a piano in the back room of a little store, or in the uncarpeted sitting-room of a farm-house, that yields a larger revenue of delight than the splendid grand of a splendid drawing-room. In these humble abodes of refined intelligence, the piano is a dear and honored member of the family.

The piano now has a rival in the United States in that fine instrument before mentioned, which has grown from the melodeon into the cabinet organ. We do not hesitate to say, that the cabinet organs of Messrs. Mason and Hamlin only need to be as generally known as the piano in order to share the favor of the public equally with it. It seems to us peculiarly the instrument for *men*. We trust the time is at hand when it will be seen that it is not less desirable for boys to learn to play upon an instrument than girls; and how much more a little skill in performing may do for a man than for a woman! A boy can hardly be a perfect savage, nor a man a money-maker or a pietist, who has acquired sufficient

command of an instrument to play upon it with pleasure. How often, when we have been listening to the swelling music of the cabinet organs at the warehouses of Messrs. Mason and Hamlin in Broadway, have we desired to put one of those instruments in every clerk's boarding-house room, and tell him to take all the ennui, and half the peril, out of his life by learning to play upon it! No business man who works as intensely as we do can keep alive the celestial harmonies within him,—no, nor the early wrinkles from his face,—without some such pleasant mingling of bodily rest and mental exercise as playing upon an instrument.

The simplicity of the means by which music is produced from the cabinet organ is truly remarkable. It is called a "reed" instrument; which leads many to suppose that the canebreak is despoiled to procure its sound-giving apparatus. Not so. The reed employed is nothing but a thin strip of brass with a tongue slit in it, the vibration of which causes the musical sound. One of the reeds, though it produces a volume of sound only surpassed by the pipes of an organ, weighs about an ounce, and can be carried in a vest-pocket. In fact, a cabinet organ is simply an accordeon of immense power and improved mechanism. Twenty years ago, one of our melodeon-makers chanced to observe that the accordeon produced a better tone when it was drawn out than when it was pushed in; and this fact suggested the first great improvement in the melodeon. Before that time, the wind from the bellows, in all melodeons, was forced through the reeds. Melodeons on the improved principle were constructed so that the wind was drawn through the reeds. The credit of introducing this improvement is due to the well-known firm of Carhart, Needham, & Co., and it was as decided an improvement in the melodeon as the introduction of the hammer in the harpsichord.

At this point of development, the

instrument was taken up by Messrs. Mason and Hamlin, who have covered it with improvements, and rendered it one of the most pleasing musical instruments in the possession of mankind. When we remarked above, that the American piano was the best in the world, we only expressed the opinion of others; but now that we assert the superiority of the American cabinet organ over similar instruments made in London and Paris, we are communicating knowledge of our own. Indeed, the superiority is so marked that it is apparent to the merest tyro in music. During the year 1866, the number of these instruments produced in the United States by the twenty-five manufacturers was about fifteen thousand, which were sold for one million six hundred thousand dollars, or a little more than one hundred dollars each. Messrs. Mason and Hamlin, who manufacture one fourth of the whole number, produce thirty-five kinds, varying in power, compass, and decoration, and in price from seventy-five dollars to twelve hundred. In the new towns of the great West, the cabinet organ is usually the first instrument of music to arrive, and, of late years, it takes its place with the piano in the fashionable drawing-rooms of the Atlantic States.

Few Americans, we presume, expected that the department of the Paris Exposition in which the United States should most surpass other nations would be that appropriated to musical instruments. Even our cornets and bugles are highly commended in Paris. The cabinet organs, according to several correspondents, are much admired. We can hardly credit the assertion of an intelligent correspondent of the Tribune, that the superiority of the American pianos is not "questioned" by Erard, Pleyel, and Hertz, but we can well believe that it is acknowledged by the great players congregated at Paris. The aged Rossini is reported to have said, after listening to an American piano, "It is like a nightingale cooing in a thunder-storm."

AN EMBER-PICTURE.

HOW strange are the freaks of memory !
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set, —

Set by some mordant of fancy,
And, despite the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together ;
Our talk was of matters of course ;
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy, natural way, —
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
Men take such pains to discuss ;
The thunderous rumors of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
The candle she held in the door,
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more, —

Flashed fainter and wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood ;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me,
Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty ? Well, not what they call so :
You may find a thousand as fair,
And yet there's her face in my memory,
With no special right to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
 And call back to life in the coils
 Old faces and hopes and fancies
 Long buried, — good rest to their souls! —

Her face shines out of the embers;
 I see her holding the light,
 And hear the crunch of the gravel
 And the sweep of the rain that night.

'T is a face that can never grow older,
 That never can part with its gleam;
 'T is a gracious possession forever,
 For what is it all but a dream?

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

WHEN I reached Kenmure's house, one August evening, it was rather a disappointment to find that he and his charming Laura had absented themselves for twenty-four hours. I had not seen them since their marriage; my admiration for his varied genius and her unvarying grace was at its height, and I was really annoyed at the delay. My fair cousin, with her usual exact housekeeping, had prepared everything for her guest, and then bequeathed me, as she wrote, to Janet and baby Marian. It was a pleasant arrangement, for between baby Marian and me there existed a species of passion, I might almost say of betrothal, ever since that little three-year-old sunbeam had blessed my mother's house by lingering awhile in it, six months before. Still I went to bed disappointed, though the delightful windows of the chamber looked out upon the glimmering bay, and the swinging lanterns at the yard-arms of the frigates shone like some softer constellation beneath the brilliant sky. The house was so close upon the water that the cool waves seemed to splash deliciously against its very basement; and it was a comfort to think that, if there were no adequate

human greetings that night, there would be plenty in the morning, since Marian would inevitably be pulling my eyelids apart before sunrise.

It seemed scarcely dawn when I was roused by a little arm round my neck, and waked to think I had one of Raphael's cherubs by my side. Fingers of waxen softness were ruthlessly at work upon my eyes, and the little form that met my touch felt lithe and elastic, like a kitten's limbs. There was just light enough to see the child, perched on the edge of the bed, her soft blue dressing-gown trailing over the white night-dress, while her black and long-fringed eyes shone through the dimness of morning. She yielded gladly to my grasp, and I could fondle again the silken hair, the velvety brunette cheek, the plump, childish shoulders. Yet sleep still half held me, and when my cherub appeared to hold it a cherubic practice to begin the day with a demand for lively anecdote, I was fain drowsily to suggest that she might first tell some stories to her doll. With the sunny readiness that was a part of her nature, she straightway turned to that young lady, — plain Susan Halliday, with both cheeks patched, and eyes of different

colors, — and soon discoursed both her and me into repose.

When I waked again, it was to find the child conversing with the morning star, which still shone through the window, scarcely so lucent as her eyes, and bidding it go home to its mother, the sun. Another lapse into dreams, and then a more vivid awakening, and she had my ear at last, and won story after story, requiting them with legends of her own youth, "almost a year ago," — how she was perilously lost, for instance, in the small front yard, with a little playmate, early in the afternoon, and how they came and peeped into the window, and thought all the world had forgotten them. Then the sweet voice, distinct in its articulation as Laura's, went straying off into wilder fancies, a chaos of autobiography and conjecture, like the letters of a war correspondent. You would have thought her little life had yielded more pangs and fears than might have sufficed for the discovery of the North Pole; but breakfast-time drew near at last, and Janet's honest voice was heard outside the door. I rather envied the good Scotchwoman the pleasant task of polishing the smooth cheeks, and combing the dishevelled silk; but when, a little later, the small maiden was riding down stairs in my arms, I envied no one.

At sight of the bread and milk, my cherub was transformed into a hungry human child, chiefly anxious to reach the bottom of her porringer. I was with her a great deal that day. She gave no manner of trouble: it was like having the charge of a floating butterfly, endowed with warm arms to clasp, and a silvery voice to prattle. I sent Janet out to sail, with the other servants, by way of holiday, and Marian's perfect temperament was shown in the way she watched the departing.

"There they go," she said, as she stood and danced at the window. "Now they are out of sight."

"What!" I said, "are you pleased to have your friends go?"

"Yes," she answered; "but I shall be pleased-er to see them come back."

Life to her was no alternation of joy and grief, but only of joy and more joyous.

Twilight brought us to an improvised concert. Climbing the piano-stool, she went over the notes with her little taper fingers, touching the keys in a light, knowing way, that proved her a musician's child. Then I must play for her, and let the dance begin. This was a wondrous performance on her part, and consisted at first in hopping up and down on one spot, with no change of motion, but in her hands. She resembled a minute and irrepressible Shaker, or a live and beautiful *marionnette*. Then she placed Janet in the middle of the floor, and performed the dance round her, after the manner of Vivien and Merlin. Then came her supper, which, like its predecessors, was a solid and absorbing meal; then one more fairy story, to magnetize her off, and she danced and sang herself up stairs. And if she first came to me in the morning with a halo round her head, she seemed still to retain it when I at last watched her kneeling in the little bed — perfectly motionless, with her hands placed together, and her long lashes sweeping her cheeks — to repeat two verses of a hymn which Janet had taught her. My nerves quivered a little when I saw that Susan Halliday had also been duly prepared for the night, and had been put in the same attitude, so far as her jointless anatomy permitted. This being ended, the doll and her mistress reposed together, and only an occasional toss of the vigorous limbs, or a stifled baby murmur, would thenceforth prove, through the darkened hours, that the one figure had in it more of life than the other.

On the next morning Kenmure and Laura came back to us, and I walked down to receive them at the boat. I had forgotten how striking was their appearance, as they stood together. His broad, strong, Saxon look, his noble bearing and clear blue eyes, enhanced the fascination of her darker beauty.

America is full of the short-lived bloom and freshness of girlhood; but

grace is a rarer gift, and indeed it is only a few times in life that one sees anywhere a beauty that really controls us with a permanent charm. One should remember such personal loveliness, as one recalls some particular moonlight or sunset, with a special and concentrated joy, which the multiplicity of fainter impressions cannot disturb. When in those days we used to read, in Petrarch's one hundred and twenty-third sonnet, that he had once beheld on earth angelic manners and celestial charms, whose very remembrance was a delight and an affliction, since all else that he beheld seemed dream and shadow, we could easily fancy that nature had certain permanent attributes which accompanied the name of Laura.

Our Laura had that rich brunette beauty before which the mere snow and roses of the blonde must always seem wan and unimpassioned. In the superb suffusions of her cheek there seemed to flow a tide of passions and powers, which might have been tumultuous in a meaner woman, but over which, in her, the clear and brilliant eyes, and the sweet, proud mouth, presided in unbroken calm. These superb tints implied resources only, not a struggle. With this torrent from the tropics in her veins, she was the most equable person I ever saw; and had a supreme and delicate good-sense, which, if not supplying the place of genius, at least comprehended its work. Not intellectually gifted herself, perhaps, she seemed the cause of gifts in others, and furnished the atmosphere in which all showed their best. With the steady and thoughtful enthusiasm of her Puritan ancestors, she combined that grace which is so rare among their descendants, — a grace which fascinated the humblest, while it would have been just the same in the society of kings. And her person had the equipoise and symmetry of her mind. While abounding in separate points of beauty, each a source of distinct and peculiar pleasure, — as the outline of her temples, the white line that parted her night-black

hair, the bend of her wrists, the moulding of her finger-tips, — yet these details were lost in the overwhelming gracefulness of her presence, and the atmosphere of charm which she diffused over all human life.

A few days passed rapidly by us. We walked and rode and boated and read. Little Marian came and went, a living sunbeam, a self-sufficing thing. It was soon obvious that she was far less demonstrative towards her parents than towards me; while her mother, gracious to her as to all, yet rarely carressed her, and Kenmure, though habitually kind, seemed rather to ignore her existence, and could scarcely tolerate that she should for one instant preoccupy his wife. For Laura he lived, and she must live for him. He had a studio, which I rarely entered and Marian never, while Laura was constantly there; and after the first cordiality was past, I observed that their daily expeditions were always arranged for two. The weather was beautiful, and they led the wildest outdoor life, cruising all day or all night among the islands, regardless of hours, and, as it sometimes seemed to me, of health. No matter: Kenmure liked it, and what he liked she loved. When at home, they were chiefly in the studio, he painting, modelling, poetizing perhaps, and she inseparably united with him in all. It was very beautiful, this unworldly and passionate love, and I could have borne to be omitted in their daily plans, since little Marian was left to me, save that it seemed so strange to omit her also. Besides, there grew to be something a little oppressive in this peculiar atmosphere; it was like living in a greenhouse.

Yet they always spoke in the simplest way of this absorbing passion, as of something about which no reticence was needed; it was too sacred *not* to be mentioned; it would be wrong not to utter freely to all the world what was doubtless the best thing the world possessed. Thus Kenmure made Laura his model in all his art; not to coin her into wealth or fame, — he would have scorned it; he would have valued fame

and wealth only as instruments for proclaiming her. Looking simply at these two lovers, then, it seemed as if no human union could be more noble or stainless. Yet so far as others were concerned, it sometimes seemed to me a kind of duplex selfishness, so profound and so undisguised as to make one shudder. "Is it," I asked myself at such moments, "a great consecration, or a great crime?" But something must be allowed, perhaps, for my own private dissatisfactions in Marian's behalf.

I had easily persuaded Janet to let me have a peep every night at my darling, as she slept; and once I was surprised to find Laura sitting by the small white bed. Graceful and beautiful as she always was, she never before had seemed to me so lovely, for she never had seemed quite like a mother. But I could not demand a sweeter look of tenderness than that with which she now gazed upon her child.

Little Marian lay with one brown, plump hand visible from its full white sleeve, while the other nestled half hid beneath the sheet, grasping a pair of blue morocco shoes, the last acquisition of her favorite doll. Drooping from beneath the pillow hung a handful of scarlet poppies, which the child had wished to place under her head, in the very superfluous project of putting herself to sleep thereby. Her soft brown hair was scattered on the sheet, her black lashes lay motionless upon the olive cheeks. Laura wished to move her, that I might see her the better.

"You will wake her," exclaimed I, in alarm.

"Wake this little dormouse?" Laura lightly answered. "Impossible."

And, twining her arms about her, the young mother lifted the child from the bed, three or four times, dropping her again heavily each time, while the healthy little creature remained utterly undisturbed, breathing the same quiet breath. I watched Laura with amazement; she seemed transformed.

She gayly returned my eager look, and then, seeming suddenly to pene-

trate its meaning, cast down her radiant eyes, while the color mounted into her cheeks. "You thought," she said, almost sternly, "that I did not love my child."

"No," I said, half untruthfully.

"I can hardly wonder," she continued, more sadly, "for it is only what I have said to myself a thousand times. Sometimes I think that I have lived in a dream, and one that few share with me. I have questioned others, and never yet found a woman who did not admit that her child was more to her, in her secret soul, than her husband. What can they mean? Such a thought is foreign to my nature."

"Why separate the two?" I asked.

"I *must* separate them," she answered, with the air of one driven to bay by her own self-reproaching. "I had, like other young girls, my dream of love and marriage. Unlike all the rest, I believe, my visions were fulfilled. The reality was more than the imagination; and I thought it would be so with my love for my child. The first cry of that baby told the difference to my ear. I knew it all from that moment; the bliss which had been mine as a wife would never be mine as a mother. If I had not known what it was to love my husband, I might have been content with my love for Marian. But look at that exquisite creature as she lies there asleep, and then think that I, her mother, should desert her if she were dying, for aught I know, at one word from him!"

"Your feeling is morbid," I said, hardly knowing what to answer.

"What good does it serve to know that?" she said, defiantly. "I say it to myself every day. Once when she was ill, and was given back to me in all the precious helplessness of babyhood, there was such a strange sweetness in it, I thought the charm might remain; but it vanished when she could run about once more. And she is such a healthy, self-reliant little thing," added Laura, glancing toward the bed with a momentary look of motherly pride that seemed strangely out of place amid these self-denunciations.

"I wish her to be so," she added. "The best service I can do for her is to teach her to stand alone. And at some day," continued the beautiful woman, her whole face lighting up with happiness, "she may love as I have loved."

"And your husband," I said, after a pause,—"does your feeling represent his?"

"My husband," she said, "lives for his genius, as he should. You that know him, why do you ask?"

"And his heart?" I said, half frightened at my own temerity.

"Heart?" she answered. "He loves *me*."

Her color mounted higher yet; she had a look of pride, almost of haughtiness. All else seemed forgotten; she had turned away from the child's little bed, as if it had no existence. It flashed upon me that something of the poison of her artificial atmosphere was reaching her already.

Kenmure's step was heard in the hall, and, with fire in her eyes, she hastened to meet him. I seemed actually to breathe freer after the departure of that enchanting woman, in danger of perishing inwardly, I said to myself, in an air too lavishly perfumed. Bending over Marian, I wondered if it were indeed possible that a perfectly healthy life had sprung from that union too intense and too absorbed. Yet I had often noticed that the child seemed to wear the temperaments of both her parents as a kind of playful disguise, and to peep at you, now out of the one, now from the other, showing that she had her own individual life behind.

As if by some infantine instinct, the darling turned in her sleep, and came unconsciously nearer me. With a half-feeling of self-reproach, I drew around my neck, inch by inch, the little arms that tightened with a delicious thrill; and so I half reclined there till I myself dozed, and the watchful Janet, looking in, warned me away. Crossing the entry to my own chamber, I heard Kenmure and Laura down stairs, but I knew that I should be superfluous, and felt that I was sleepy.

I had now, indeed, become always superfluous when they were together, though never when they were apart. Even they must be separated sometimes, and then each sought me, in order to discourse about the other. Kenmure showed me every sketch he had ever made of Laura. There she was, in all the wonderful range of her beauty,—in clay, in cameo, in pencil, in water-color, in oils. He showed me also his poems, and, at last, a longer one, for which pencil and graver had alike been laid aside. All these he kept in a great cabinet she had brought with her to their housekeeping; and it seemed to me that he also treasured every flower she had dropped, every slender glove she had worn, every ribbon from her hair. I could not wonder. Who would not thrill at the touch of some such memorial of Mary of Scotland, or of Heloise? and what was all the regal beauty of the past to him? Every room always seemed adorned when she was in it, empty when she had gone,—save that the trace of her still seemed left on everything, and all appeared but as a garment she had worn. It seemed that even her great mirror must retain, film over film, each reflection of her least movement, the turning of her head, the ungloving of her hand. Strange! that, with all this intoxicating presence, she yet led a life so free from self, so simple, so absorbed, that all trace of consciousness was excluded, and she seemed unsophisticated as her own child.

As we were once thus employed in the studio, I asked Kenmure, abruptly, if he never shrank from the publicity he was thus giving Laura. "Madame Récamier was not quite pleased," I said, "that Canova had modelled her bust, even from imagination. Do you never shrink from permitting irreverent eyes to look on Laura's beauty? Think of men as you know them. Would you give each of them her miniature, perhaps to go with them into scenes of riot and shame?"

"Would to Heaven I could!" said he, passionately. "What else could save them, if that did not? God lets

his sun shine on the evil and on the good, but the evil need it most."

There was a pause; and then I ventured to ask him a question that had been many times upon my lips unspoken:

"Does it never occur to you," I said, "that Laura cannot live on earth forever?"

"You cannot disturb me about that," he answered, not sadly, but with a set, stern look, as if fencing for the hundredth time against an antagonist who was foredoomed to be his master in the end. "Laura will outlive me; she must outlive me. I am so sure of it, that, every time I come near her, I pray that I may not be paralyzed, and die outside her arms. Yet, in any event, what can I do but what I am doing,—devote my whole soul to the perpetuation of her beauty, through art? It is my only dream. What else is worth doing? It is for this I have tried, through sculpture, through painting, through verse, to depict her as she is. Thus far I have failed. Why have I failed? Is it because I have not lived a life sufficiently absorbed in her? or is it that there is no permitted way by which, after God has reclaimed her, the tradition of her perfect loveliness may be retained on earth?"

The blinds of the piazza doorway opened, the sweet sea-air came in, the low and level rays of yellow sunset entered as softly as if the breeze were their chariot; and softer and stiller and sweeter than light or air, little Marian stood on the threshold. She had been in the fields with Janet, who had woven for her breeze-blown hair a wreath of the wild gerardia blossoms, whose purple beauty had reminded the good Scotch-woman of her own native heather. In her arms the child bore, like a little gleaner, a great sheaf of graceful golden-rod, as large as her grasp could bear. In all the artist's visions he had seen nothing so aerial, so lovely; in all his passionate portraiture of his idol, he had delineated nothing so like her. Marian's cheeks mantled with rich and wine-like tints, her hair took a halo

from the sunbeams, her lips parted over the little milk-white teeth; she looked at us with her mother's eyes. I turned to Kenmure to see if he could resist the influence.

He scarcely gave her a glance. "Go, Marian," he said, — not impatiently, for he was too thoroughly courteous ever to be ungracious, even to a child, — but with a steady indifference that cut me with more pain than if he had struck her.

The sun dropped behind the horizon, the halo faded from the shining hair, and every ray of light from the childish face. There came in its place that deep, wondering sadness which is more pathetic than any maturer sorrow, — just as a child's illness touches our hearts more than that of man or woman, it seems so premature and so plaintive. She turned away; it was the very first time I had ever seen the little face drawn down, or the tears gathering in the eyes. By some kind providence, the mother met Marian on the piazza, herself flushed and beautiful with walking, and caught the little thing in her arms with unwonted tenderness. It was enough for the elastic child. After one moment of such bliss she could go to Janet, go anywhere; and when the same graceful presence came in to us in the studio, we also could ask no more.

We had music and moonlight, and were happy. The atmosphere seemed more human, less unreal. Going up stairs at last, I looked in at the nursery, and found my pet seeming rather flushed, and I fancied that she stirred uneasily. It passed, whatever it was; for next morning she came in to wake me, looking, as usual, as if a new heaven and earth had been coined purposely for her since she went to sleep. We had our usual long and important discourse, — this time tending to protracted narrative, of the Mother-Goose description, — until, if it had been possible for any human being to be late for breakfast in that house, we should have been the offenders. But she ultimately went down stairs on my shoulder, and, as Kenmure and Laura were out rowing, the

baby put me in her own place, sat in her mother's chair, and ruled me with a rod of iron. How wonderful was the instinct by which this little creature, who so seldom heard one word of parental severity or parental fondness, yet knew so thoroughly the language of both! Had I been the most depraved of children, or the most angelic, I could not have been more sternly excluded from the sugar-bowl, or more overwhelmed with compensating kisses.

Later on that day, while little Marian was taking the very profoundest nap that ever a baby was blessed with, (she had a pretty way of dropping asleep in unexpected corners of the house, like a kitten,) I somehow strayed into a confidential talk with Janet about her mistress. I was rather troubled to find that all her loyalty was for Laura, with nothing left for Kenmure, whom indeed she seemed to regard as a sort of objectionable altar, on which her darlings were being sacrificed. When she came to particulars, certain stray fears of my own were confirmed. It seemed that Laura's constitution was not fit, Janet averred, to bear these irregular hours, early and late; and she plaintively dwelt on the untasted oatmeal in the morning, the insufficient luncheon, the precarious dinner, the excessive walking, the evening damps. There was coming to be a look about her such as her mother had, who died at thirty. As for Marian—but here the complaint suddenly stopped; it would have required far stronger provocation to extract from the faithful soul one word that might seem to reflect on Laura.

Another year, and her forebodings had come true. It is needless to dwell on the interval. Since then I have sometimes felt a regret almost insatiable, in the thought that I should have been absent while all that gracious beauty seemed fading and dissolving like a cloud; and yet at other times it has appeared a relief to think that Laura would ever remain to me in the fulness of her beauty, not a tint faded, not a lineament changed. With all my

efforts, I arrived only in time to accompany Kenmure home at night, after the funeral service. We paused at the door of the empty house,—how empty! I hesitated, but Kenmure motioned to me to follow him in.

We passed through the hall and went up stairs. Janet met us at the head of the stairway, and asked me if I would go in to look at little Marian, who was sleeping. I begged Kenmure to go also, but he refused, almost savagely, and went on with heavy step into Laura's deserted room.

Almost the moment I entered the child's chamber, she waked up suddenly, looked at me, and said, "I know you, you are my friend." She never would call me her cousin, I was always her friend. Then she sat up in bed, with her eyes wide open, and said, as if stating a problem which had been put by for my solution, "I should like to see my mother."

How our hearts are rent by the unquestioning faith of children, when they come to test the love which has so often worked what seemed to them miracles,—and ask of it miracles indeed! I tried to explain to her the continued existence of her beautiful mother, and she listened to it as if her eyes drank in all that I could say, and more. But the apparent distance between earth and heaven baffled her baby mind, as it so often and so sadly baffles the thoughts of us elders. I wondered what precise change seemed to her to have taken place. This all-fascinating Laura, whom she adored, and who had yet never been to her what other women are to their darlings,—did heaven seem to put her farther off, or bring her more near? I could never know. The healthy child had no morbid questionings; and as she had come into the world to be a sunbeam, she must not fail of that mission. She was kicking about the bed, by this time, in her nightgown, and holding her pink little toes in all sorts of difficult attitudes, when she suddenly said, looking me full in the face: "If my mother was so high up that she had her feet upon

a star, do you think that I could see her?"

This astronomical apotheosis startled me for a moment, but I said unhesitatingly, "Yes," feeling sure that the lustrous eyes that looked in mine could certainly see as far as Dante's, when Beatrice was transferred from his side to the highest realm of Paradise. I put my head beside hers upon the pillow, and stayed till I thought she was asleep.

I then followed Kenmure into Laura's chamber. It was dusk, but the after-sunset glow still bathed the room with imperfect light, and he lay upon the bed, his hands clenched over his eyes.

There was a deep bow-window where Laura used to sit and watch us, sometimes, when we put off in the boat. Her æolian harp was in the casement, breaking its heart in music. A delicate handkerchief was lodged between the cushions of the window-seat,—the very handkerchief she used to wave, in summer days long gone. The white boats went sailing beneath the evening light, children shouted and splashed in the water, a song came from a yacht, a steam-whistle shrilled from the receding steamer; but she for whom alone those little signs of life had been dear and precious would henceforth be as invisible to our eyes as if time and space had never held her; and the young moon and the evening star seemed but empty things, unless they could pilot us to some world where the splendor of her loveliness could match their own.

Twilight faded, evening darkened, and still Kenmure lay motionless, until his strong form grew in my moody fancy to be like some carving of Michel Angelo, more than like a living man. And when he at last startled me by speaking, it was with a voice so far off and so strange, it might almost have come wandering down from the century when Michel Angelo lived.

"You are right," he said. "I have been living in a dream. It has all vanished. I have kept no memorial

of her presence, nothing to perpetuate the most beautiful of lives."

Before I could answer, the door came softly open, and there stood in the doorway a small white figure, holding aloft a lighted taper of pure alabaster. It was Marian in her little night-dress, with the loose, blue wrapper trailing behind her, let go in the effort to hold carefully the doll, Susan Halliday, robed also for the night.

"May I come in?" said the child.

Kenmure was motionless at first, then, looking over his shoulder, said merely, "What?"

"Janet said," continued Marian, in her clear and methodical way, "that my mother was up in heaven, and would help God hear my prayers at any rate; but if I pleased, I could come and say them by you."

A shudder passed over Kenmure; then he turned away, and put his hands over his eyes. She waited for no answer, but, putting down the candlestick, in her wonted careful manner, upon a chair, she began to climb upon the bed, lifting laboriously one little rosy foot, then another, still dragging after her, with great effort, the doll. Nestling at her father's breast, I saw her kneel.

"Once my mother put her arm round me, when I said my prayers." She made this remark, under her breath, less as a suggestion, it seemed, than as the simple statement of a fact.

Instantly I saw Kenmure's arm move, and grasp her with that strong and gentle touch of his that I had so often noticed in the studio,—a touch that seemed quiet as the approach of fate, and as resistless. I knew him well enough to understand that iron adoption.

He drew her toward him, her soft hair was on his breast, she looked fearlessly in his eyes, and I could hear the little prayer proceeding, yet in so low a whisper that I could not catch one word. She was infinitely solemn at such times, the darling; and there was always something in her low, clear tone, through all her prayings and phi-

losophizings, which was strangely like her mother's voice. Sometimes she seemed to stop and ask a question, and at every answer I could see her father's arm tighten, and the iron girdle grow more close.

The moments passed, the voices grew lower yet, the doll slid to the ground. Marian had drifted away upon a vaster ocean than that whose music lulled her from without,—upon that sea whose waves are dreams. The night was wearing on, the lights gleamed from the anchored vessels, the bay rippled serenely against the low sea-wall, the breeze blew gently

in. Marian's baby breathing grew deeper and more tranquil; and as all the sorrows of the weary earth might be imagined to exhale themselves in spring through the breath of violets, so it seemed as if it might be with Kenmure's burdened heart. By degrees the strong man's deeper respirations mingled with those of the child, and their two separate beings seemed merged and solved into identity, as they slumbered, breast to breast, beneath the golden and quiet stars. I passed by without awaking them; I knew that the artist had attained his dream.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

I.

I HAVE of late frequently been asked by my English friends why it is that I decline to return to my country, and to associate my own efforts for the moral and political advancement of Italy with those of her governing classes. "The amnesty has opened up a path for the *legal* dissemination of your ideas," they tell me. "By taking the place already repeatedly offered you among the representatives of the people, you would secure to those who hold the helm of the state the support of the whole Republican party. Do you not, by throwing the weight of your name and influence on the side of the malcontents, increase the difficulties of the government, and prolong the fatal want of moral and political unity, without which the mere material fact of union is barren, and unproductive of benefit to the people?"

The question is asked by serious men, who wish my country well, and is therefore deserving of a serious answer.

Before treating the personal matter, however, let me say that, since 1859,

the Republican party has done precisely what my English friends required it to do. The Italian Republicans have actually assisted and upheld the government with an abnegation worthy of all praise,—sacrificing even their right of Apostolate to the great idea of Italian unity. Perceiving that the nation was determined to give monarchy the benefit of a trial, they have—in that reverence for the national will which is the first duty of Republicans—patiently awaited its results, and endured every form of misgovernment rather than afford a pretext to those in power for the non-fulfilment of their declared intention of initiating a war to regain our own territory and true frontier,—a war without which, as they well knew, the permanent security and dignity of Italy were impossible, and which, had it been conducted from a truly national point of view, would have wrought the moral redemption of our people.

The monarchy, however, which, as I pointed out in my article on "The Republican Alliance," had had five years to prepare, and was in a position to take the field with thirty-five thousand regu-

lar troops, one hundred thousand mobilized National Guards, thirty thousand volunteers under Garibaldi, and the whole of Italy ready to act as reserve, and make any sacrifices in blood or money, abruptly broke off the war after the unqualifiable disasters of Custoza and Lissa, at a signal from France, — basely abandoning our true frontier, the heroic Trentino, — and accepted Venice as an alms scornfully flung to us by the man of the 2d of December.

I may be told that a people of twenty-four millions who tamely submit to dishonor deserve it.

I admit it; but it must not be forgotten that our masses are uneducated, and that it is the natural tendency of the uneducated to accept their rulers as their guides, and to govern their own conduct by the example of their *soi-disant* superiors; and I assert that, if our people have no consciousness of their great destiny, nor sense of their true power and mission, — if, while twenty-four millions of Italians are at the present day grouped around, I will not say the *conception* of unity, but the mere unstable *fact* of union, the great soul of Italy still lies prostrate in the tomb dug for her three centuries ago by the Papacy and the Empire, — the cause is to be found in the immorality and corruption of our rulers.

The true life of a people must be sought in the ruling idea or conception by which it is governed and directed.

The true idea of a nation implies the consciousness of a common *aim*, and the fraternal association and concentration of all the vital forces of the country towards the realization of that aim.

The national aim is indicated by the past tradition, and confirmed by the present conscience, of the country.

The national aim once ascertained, it becomes the basis of the sovereign power, and the criterion of judgment with regard to the acts of the citizens.

Every act tending to promote the national aim is good; every act tending to a departure from that aim is evil.

The moral law is supreme. The re-

ligion of duty forms the link between the nation and humanity; the source of its *right*, and the sign of its place and value in humanity.

Such are the essential characteristics of what we term a nation at the present day. Where these are wanting, there exists but an aggregate of families, temporarily united for the purpose of diminishing the ills of life, and loosely bound together by past habits or interests, which are destined, sooner or later, to clash. All intellectual or economic development among them, — unregulated by a great conception supreme over every selfish interest, — instead of being equally diffused over the various members of the national family, leads to the gradual formation of educated or financial *castes*, but obtains for the nation itself neither recognized function, position, dignity, nor glory among foreign peoples.

These things, which are true of all peoples, are still more markedly so of a people emerging from a prolonged and deathlike stupor into new life. Other nations earnestly watch its every step. If its advance is illumined by the signs of a high mission, and its first manifestations sanctified by the baptism of a great *principle*, other nations will surround the new collective being with affection and hope, and be ready to follow it upon the path assigned to it by God. If they discover in it no signs of any noble inspiration, ruling moral conception, or potent future, they will learn to despise it, and to regard its territory as a new field for a predatory policy, and direct or indirect domination.

Tradition has marked out and defined the characteristics of a high mission more distinctly in Italy than elsewhere. We alone, among the nations that have expired in the past, have twice arisen in resurrection and given new life to Europe. The innate tendency of the Italian mind always to harmonize *thought* and *action* confirms the prophecy of history, and points out the *rôle* of Italy in the world to be a work of

moral unification, — the utterance of the synthetic word of civilization.

Italy is a religion.

And if we look only to the *immediate* national aim, and the inevitable consequences that must follow the complete constitution of Italy as a nation, we see that to no people in Europe has been assigned a higher office in the fulfilment of the educational design, to the evolution of which Providence guides humanity from epoch to epoch. Our unity will be of itself a potent *initiative* in the world. The mere fact of our existence as a nation will carry with it an important modification of the external and internal life of Europe.

Had we regained Venice through a war directed as justice and the exigencies of the case required, instead of basely submitting to the humiliation of receiving it from the hands of a foreign despot, we should have dissolved two empires, and called into existence a Slavo - Magyaro - Teutonic federation along the Danube, and a Slavo-Hellenic-Rouman federation in the east of Europe.

We shall not regain Rome without dissolving the Papacy, and proclaiming, for the benefit of all humanity, that inviolability of conscience which Protestantism achieved for a fraction of Europe only, and confined within Biblical limits.

Great ideas make great peoples, and the sense of the enormous power which is an inseparable condition of the existence of our Italy as a nation should have sufficed to make us great. That sense, however, — God alone knows the grief with which I write it, — that sense with us is wanting.

And now a word as to the amnesty.

Were it my nature to allow any personal considerations to interfere where the welfare of my country is concerned, I might answer that none who know me would expect me to give the lie to the whole of my past life, and sully the few years left to me by accepting an offer of *oblivion* and *pardon* for having loved Italy above all earthly things, and preached and striven for her unity when all others regarded it as a dream.

But my purpose in the present writing is far other than self-defence; and the sequel will show that, even were the sacrifice of the dignity of my last years possible, it would be useless.

My past, present, and future labors towards the moral and political regeneration of my country have been, are, and will be governed by a religious idea.

The past, present, and future of our rulers have been, are, and will be led astray by materialism.

Now the religious question sums up and dominates every other. Political questions are necessarily secondary and derivative.

They who earnestly believe in the supremacy of the moral law as the sole legitimate source of all authority — in a religion of duty, of which politics should be the application — *cannot*, through any amount of personal abnegation, act in concert with a government based upon the worship of temporary and material interest.

Our rulers have no great ruling conception, — no belief in the supremacy of the moral law, — no just notion of life, nor of the human unity, — no belief in a divinely appointed goal which it is the *duty* of mankind to reach through labor and sacrifice. They are materialists, and the logical consequence of their want of all faith in God and his law are the substitution of the idea of *interest* for the idea of *duty*, — of a paltry notion of *tactics*, for the fearless affirmation of the truth, — of opportunity, for principle.

It is for this that they protest against, without resisting, wrong, — for this that they have abandoned the straight road to wander in tortuous by-paths, fascinated by the thought of displaying *state-craft*, and forgetting that it was through such paths we first descended into slavery. It is for this that our government has reduced Italy to the condition of a French prefecture, and that our parliamentary opposition copies the wretched tactics of the *Left* in the French Chamber, which prepared the way, during the Restoration, for the

present corruption, degradation, and enslavement of their country.

These things, I repeat, are *consequences*, not causes. We may change as we will the individuals at the head of the government; the system itself being based upon a false *principle*, the fatal idea will govern them. They *cannot* righteously direct the new life of the Italian people, and redeem them from a profound unconscious immorality of ancient date.

The present duty of the democratic party in Italy, then,—since they cannot serve God and Mammon,—is to educate the people; and, remembering that the basis of all education is truth, to endeavor to prove to them that the actual political impotence and corruption of Italy are derived from two causes which may be summed up in one,—we have no religion, and we have set up a negation in its place.

II.

ON the one side we have—as our only form and semblance of religion—the Papacy.

I remember to have written, more than thirty years ago, when none other dared openly to venture on the problem,—when the boldest contented themselves with whispering of reforms in Church discipline, and those writers who, like Gioberti, set themselves up as philosophers, thought proper, as a matter of tactics, to caress the Utopia of an Italian primacy, intrusted to I know not what impossible revival of Catholicism,—I remember to have written then that both the Papacy and Catholicism were things extinct, and that their death was a consequence of *quite another death*.

I spoke of the dogma which was the foundation of both.

Years have confirmed what I then declared. The Papacy is now a corpse beyond all power of galvanization. It is the lying mockery of a religion,—a source of perennial corruption and immorality among the nations, and most fatally such to our own, upon whose very soul weighs the incubus and ex-

ample of that lie. But at the present day we either know or ought to know the cause of this.

All contact with the Papacy is contact with death, carrying the taint of its corruption over rising Italy, and educating her masses in falsehood,—not because cardinals, bishops, and monks traded in indulgences three centuries ago,—not because this or that Pope trafficked in cowardly concessions to princes, or in the matrimony of his own bastards with the bastards of dukes, petty tyrants, or kings, in order to obtain some patch of territory or temporal dominion,—not because they have governed and persecuted men according to their arbitrary will; but because they *cannot* do other, even if they would.

These evils and these sins are not *causes*, but *consequences*.

Even admitting the impossible hypothesis that the guilty individuals should be converted;—that the Jansenists, or other Reformers, should recall the misguided Popes to the charity and humility of their ancient way of life,—they could only cause the Papacy to die with greater dignity;—it can never again be what once it was, the ruler and director of the conscience of the peoples.

The mission of the Papacy—a great and holy mission, whatever the fanatics of rebellion at the present day, falsifying history and calumniating the soul and mind of humanity in the past, may say to the contrary—is fulfilled. It was fulfilled six centuries ago; and no power of genius, no miracle of will, can avail to revive it. Innocent III. was the last true Pope. He was the last who endeavored to make the supremacy of the moral law of the epoch over the brute force of the temporal governments—of the spirit over matter, of God over Cæsar—an organic social *fact*.

And such was in truth the mission of the Papacy,—the secret of its power, and of the willing adherence and submission yielded to it by humanity for eight hundred years. That mission was incarnated in one of the greatest of Italians in genius, virtue, and iron

strength of will, — Gregory VII., — and yet he failed to prolong it. One hundred and fifty years afterwards, the gigantic attempt had become but the dim record of a past never to return. With the successors of Innocent III. began the decline of the Papacy; it ceased to infuse life into humanity. A hundred years later, and the Church had become scandalously corrupt in the higher spheres of its hierarchy, persecuting and superstitious in the lower. A hundred years later it was the ally, and in one hundred more the servant of Cæsar, and had lost one half of Europe.

From that time forward it has unceasingly declined, until it has sunk to the thing we now behold it; — disinherited of all power of inspiration over civilization; the impotent negation of all movement, of all liberty, of all development of science or life; destitute of all sense of duty, power of sacrifice, or faith in its own destiny; held up by foreign bayonets; trembling before the face of the peoples, and forsaken by humanity, which is seeking the path of progress elsewhere.

The Papacy has lost all moral basis, aim, sanction, and source of action at the present day. Its source of action in the past was derived from a conception of heaven since changed, — from a notion of life since proved imperfect, — from a conception of the moral law inferior to that of the new epoch in course of initiation, — from a solution of the eternal problem of the relation between man and God since rejected by the human heart, intellect, conscience, and tradition.

The dogma itself which the Church once represented is exhausted and consumed. It no longer inspires faith, no longer has power to unite or direct the human race.

The time of a new dogma is approaching, which will re-link earth with heaven in a vaster synthesis, fruitful of new and harmonious life.

It is for this that the Papacy expires. And it is our duty to declare this, without hypocritical reticence, or formulæ of speech, which, feigning to attack and

venerate at one and the same time, do but parcel out, not solve the problem; because the future cannot be fully revealed until the past is entombed, and by weakly prolonging the delay we run the risk of introducing gangrene into the wound.

The formula of life and of the law of life from which the Papacy derived its existence and its mission was that of the *fall* of man and his redemption. The logical and inevitable consequences of this formula were: —

The doctrine of the necessity of *mediation* between man and God;

The belief in a *direct, immediate, and immutable* revelation, and hence in a privileged class, — naturally destined to centralize in one individual, — the office of which was to preserve that revelation inviolate;

The inefficacy of man's own efforts to achieve his own redemption, and the consequent substitution of unlimited *faith* in the *Mediator*, for works, — hence *grace* and *predestination* more or less explicitly substituted for *free-will*;

The separation of the human race into the *elect* and the *non-elect*;

The *salvation* of the one, and the eternal *damnation* of the other; and, above all,

The duality between earth and heaven, between the *ideal* and the *real*, between the *aim* set before man and a world condemned to anathema by the *fall*, and incapable, through the imperfection of its finite elements, of affording him the means of realizing that aim.

In fact, the religious synthesis which succeeded Polytheism did not contemplate, nor did the historical succession of the epochs allow it to contemplate, any conception of life embracing more than the *individual*; it offered the individual a means of salvation *in despite of* the egotism, tyranny, and corruption by which he is surrounded on earth, and which no individual effort could hope to overcome; it came to declare to him, *The world is adverse to thee; renounce the world and put thy faith in Christ; this will lead thee to heaven.*

The new formula of life and its law — unknown at that day, but revealed to us in our own day by our knowledge of the tradition of humanity, confirmed by the voice of individual conscience, by the intuition of genius and the grand results of scientific research — may be summed up in the single word *Progress*,* which we now know to be, by Divine decree, the inherent tendency of human nature, — whether manifested in the individual or the collective being, — and destined, more or less speedily, but inevitably, to be evolved in time and space.

The logical consequences of the new formula are : —

The substitution of the idea of a *law* for the idea of a *Mediator*; — the idea of a *continuous* educational revelation for that of an *immediate* arbitrary revelation ;

The apostolate of genius and virtue, and of the great collective intuitions of the peoples, when roused to enthusiastic action in the service of a truth, substituted for the *privilege* of a priestly class ;

The sanctity of tradition, as the depository of the progress already achieved ; and the sanctity of individual conscience, alike the pledge and the means of all future progress ;

Works, sanctified by faith, substituted for mere faith alone, as the criterion of merit and means of salvation.

The new formula of life cancels the dogma of *grace*, which is the negation of that capacity of perfectibility granted to *all* men ; as well as that of *predestination*, which is the negation of *free-will*, and that of eternity of punishment, which is the negation of the divine element existing in every human soul.

The new formula substitutes the

conception of the slow, continuous progress of the human *Ego* throughout an indefinite series of existences, for the idea of an impossible perfection to be achieved in the course of one brief existence ; it presents an absolutely new view of the mission of man upon earth, and puts an end to the antagonism between earth and heaven, by teaching us that this world is an abode given to man *wherein* he is bound to merit salvation by his own works, and hence enforces the necessity of endeavoring, by thought, by action, and by sacrifice, to transform the world, — the duty of realizing our ideal here below, as far as in us lies, for the benefit of future generations, and of reducing to an earthly *fact* as much as may be of the *kingdom* — the conception — of God.

The religious synthesis which is slowly but infallibly taking the place of the synthesis of the past comprehends a new term, — the continuous *collective* life of humanity ; and this alone is sufficient to change the *aim*, the *method*, and the moral *law* of our existence.

All links with heaven broken, and useless to the earth, which is ready to hail the proclamation of a new dogma, the Papacy has no longer any *raison d'être*. Once useful and holy, it is now a lie, a source only of corruption and immorality.

Once useful and holy, I say, because, had it not been for the unity of moral life in which we were held for more than eight centuries by the Papacy, we should not now have been prepared to realize the new unity to come ; had it not been for the dogma of human equality in heaven, we should not now have been prepared to proclaim the dogma of human equality on earth. And I declare it a lie and a source of immorality at the present day, because every great institution becomes such if it seeks to perpetuate its authority after its mission is fulfilled. The substitution of the enslavement for the slaughter of the conquered foe was a step towards progress, as was the sub-

* This sacred word, which sums up the dogma of the future, has been uttered by every school, but misunderstood by the majority. Materialists have usurped the use of it, to express man's ever-increasing power over the productive forces of the earth ; and men of science, to indicate that accumulation of *facts* discovered and submitted to analysis which has led us to a better knowledge of secondary causes. Few understand it as the expression of a providential conception or design, inseparable from our human life and foundation of our moral law.

stitution of servitude for slavery. The formation of the *Bourgeoise* class was a progress from servitude. But he who at the present day should attempt to recede towards slavery and servitude, and presumptuously endeavor to perpetuate the exclusion of the proletariat from the rights and benefits of the social organization, would prove himself the enemy of all civilization, past and future, and a teacher of immorality.

It is therefore the duty of all those amongst us who have it at heart to win *the city of the future* and the triumph of truth, to make war, not only upon the temporal power, — who should dare deny that to the admitted representative of God on earth? — but upon the Papacy itself. It is therefore our duty to go back to the dogma upon which the institution is founded, and to show that that dogma has become insufficient and unequal to the moral wants, aspirations, and dawning faith of humanity.

They who at the present day attack the *Prince* of Rome, and yet profess to venerate the *Pope*, and to be sincere Catholics, are either guilty of flagrant contradiction, or are hypocrites.

They who profess to reduce the problem to the realization of a *free Church in a free State* are either influenced by a fatal timidity, or destitute of every spark of moral conviction.

The separation of Church and State is good as a weapon of defence against the corruptions of a Church no longer worthy the name. It is — like all the programmes of mere liberty — an implicit declaration that the institution against which we are compelled to invoke either our individual or collective rights is corrupt, and destined to perish.

Individual or collective rights may be justly invoked against the authority of a religious institution as a remedial measure in a period of transition; just as it may occasionally be necessary to isolate a special locality for a given time, in order to protect others from infection. But the cause must be explicitly declared. By declaring it, you educate the country to look beyond the

temporary measure, — to look forward to a return to a normal state of things, and to study the positive organic *principle* destined to govern that normal state. By keeping silence, you accuse the mass to disjoin the *moral* from the political, theory from practice, the ideal from the real, heaven from earth.

When once all belief in the past synthesis shall be extinct, and faith in the new synthesis established, the State itself will be elected into a Church; it will incarnate in itself a religious principle, and become the representative of the moral law in the various manifestations of life.

So long as it is separate from the State, the Church will always conspire to reconquer power over it in the interest of the past dogma. If separated from all collective and avowed faith by a negative policy, such as that adopted by the atheistic and indifferent French Parliament, the State will fall a prey to the anarchical doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, and the worship of interest; it will sink into egotism and the adoration of the *accomplished fact*, and hence, inevitably, into despotism, as a remedy for the evils of anarchy.

For an example of this among modern nations, we have only to look at France.

III.

ON the other hand, in opposition to the Papacy, but itself a source of no less corruption, stands *materialism*.

Materialism, the philosophy of all expiring epochs and peoples in decay, is, historically speaking, an old phenomenon, inseparable from the death of a religious dogma. It is the reaction of those superficial intellects which, incapable of taking a comprehensive view of the life of humanity, and tracing and deducing its essential characteristics from tradition, deny the religious ideal itself, instead of simply affirming the death of one of its incarnations.

Luther compared the human mind to

a drunken peasant, who, falling from one side of his horse, and set straight on his seat by one desirous of helping him, instantly falls again on the other side. The simile — if limited to periods of transition — is most just. The youth of Italy, suddenly emancipated from the servile education of more than three centuries, and intoxicated with their moral liberty, find themselves in the presence of a Church destitute of all mission, virtue, love for the people, or adoration of truth or progress, — destitute even of faith in itself. They see that the existing dogma is in flagrant contradiction of the ruling idea that governs all the aspirations of the epoch, and that its conception of divinity is inferior to that revealed by science, human conscience, philosophy, and the improved conception of life acquired by the study of the tradition of humanity, unknown to man previously to the discovery of his Eastern origin. Therefore, in order — as they believe — to establish their moral freedom radically and forever, they reject alike all idea of a church, a dogma, and a God.

Philosophically speaking, the unreflecting exaggerations of men who have just risen up in rebellion do not portend any serious damage to human progress. These errors are a mere repetition of what has always taken place at the decay and death of every dogma, and will — as they always have done — sooner or later wear away. The day will come when our Italian youth will discover that, just as reasonably as they, not content with denying the Christian dogma, proceed to deny the existence of a God, and the religious life of humanity, their ancestors might have proceeded, from their denial and rejection of the feudal system, to the rejection of every form of social organization, or have declared art extinct forever during the transition period when the Greek form of art had ceased to correspond to those aspirations of the human mind which prepared the way for the cathedrals of the Middle Ages and the Christian school of art.

Art, society, religion, — all these are faculties inseparable from human life itself, progressive as life itself, and eternal as life itself. Every epoch of humanity has had and will have its own social, artistic, and religious *expression*. In every epoch man will ask of tradition and of conscience whence he came, and to what goal he is bound; he will ask through what paths that goal is to be reached, and seek to solve the problem suggested by the existence within him of a conception of the Infinite, and of an ideal impossible of realization in the finite conditions of his earthly existence. He will, from time to time, adopt a different solution, in proportion as the horizon of tradition is progressively enlarged, and the human conscience enlightened; but assuredly it will never be a mere negation.

Philosophically speaking, materialism is based upon a singular but constant confusion of two things radically distinct; — life, and its successive modes of manifestation; the *Ego*, and the organs by which it is revealed in a visible form to the external world, the non-*Ego*. The men who, having succeeded in analyzing the *instruments* by means of which life is made manifest in a series of successive finite phenomena, imagine that they have acquired a proof of the *materiality* of life itself, resemble the poor fool, who, having chemically analyzed the ink with which a poem was written, imagines he has penetrated the secret of the genius that composed it.

Life, — thought, — the initiative power of motion, — the conception of the Infinite, of the Eternal, of God, which is inborn in the human mind, — the aspiration towards an ideal impossible of realization in the brief stage of our earthly existence, — the instinct of free will, — all that constitutes the mysterious link within us to a world beyond the visible, — defy all analysis by a philosophy exclusively experimental, and impotent to overpass the sphere of the secondary laws of being.

If materialists choose to reject the teachings of tradition, the voice of hu-

man conscience and intuition, to limit themselves to the mechanism of analytical observation, and substitute their narrow, undirected physiology for biology and psychology,—if then, finding themselves unable by that imperfect method to comprehend the primary laws and origin of things, they childishly deny the existence of such laws, and declare all humanity before their time to have been deluded and incapable,—so be it. Nor should I, had Italy been a nation for half a century, have regarded their doctrines as fraught with any real danger. Humanity will not abandon its appointed path for them; and to hear them—in an age in which the discoveries of all great thinkers combine to demonstrate the existence of an intelligent preordained law of unity and progress—spouting materialism in the name of science, because they have skimmed a volume of Vogt, or attended a lecture by Mole-schott, might rather move one to amusement than anger.

But Italy is not a nation; she is only in the way to become one. And the present is therefore a moment of grave importance; for, even as the first examples set before infancy, so the first lessons taught to a people emerging from a long past of error and corruption, and hesitating as to the choice of its future, may be of serious import. The doctrines of federalism, which, if preached in France at the present day, would be but an innocent Utopia, threatened the dissolution of the country during the first years of the Revolution. They laid bare the path for foreign conquest, and roused the *Mountain* to bloody and terrible means of repression.

Such for us are the wretched doctrines of which I speak. Fate has set before us a great and holy mission, which, if we fail to accomplish it now, may be postponed for half a century. Every delay, every error, may be fatal. And the people through whom we have to work are uneducated, liable to accept any error which wears a semblance of war against the past, and in danger,

from their long habit of slavery, of relapsing into egotism.

Now the tendency of the doctrines of materialism is to lead the mass to egotism through the path of interest. Therefore it grieves me to hear them preached by many worthy but inconsiderate young men amongst us; and I conjure them, by all they hold most sacred, to meditate deeply the moral consequences of the doctrines they preach, and especially to study their effect in the case of a neighboring nation, which carried negation to the extreme during the past century, and which we behold at the present day utterly corrupted by the worship of temporary and material interest, disinherited of all noble activity, and sunk in the degradation and infamy of slavery.

Every error is a crime in those whose duty it is to watch over the cradle of a nation.

Either we must admit the idea of a God,—of the moral law, which is an emanation from him,—and the idea of human duty, freely accepted by mankind, as the practical consequence of that law,—or we must admit the idea of a ruling force of things, and its practical consequence, the worship of individual force or success, the omnipotence of *fate*. From this dilemma there is no escape.

Either we must accept the sovereignty of an *aim* prescribed by conscience, in which all the individuals composing a nation are bound to unite, and the pursuit of which constitutes the *nationality* of a given people among the many of which humanity is composed,—an aim recognized by them all, and superior to them all, and therefore *religious*; or we must accept the sovereignty of the *right*, arbitrarily defined, of each nation, and its practical consequences,—the pursuit by each individual of his own interest and his own *well-being*, the satisfaction of his own desires,—and the impossibility of any sovereign *duty*, to which all the citizens, from those who govern down to the humblest of the governed, owe obedience and sacrifice.

Which of these doctrines will be most potent to lead our nation to high things? Let us not forget that, although the educated, intellectual, and virtuous may be willing to admit that the *well-being* of the individual should be founded — even at the cost of sacrifice — upon the *well-being* of the many, the majority will, as they always have done, understand their *well-being* to mean their positive satisfaction or enjoyment; they will reject the notion of sacrifice as painful, and endeavor to realize their own happiness, even to the injury of others. They will seek it one day from liberty, the next from the deceitful promises of a despot; but the practical result of encouraging them to strive for the realization of their own happiness as a right, will inevitably be to lead them to the mere gratification of their own individual egotism.

If you reject all supreme law, all Providential guidance, all aim, all obligation imposed by the belief in a mission towards humanity, you have no right to prescribe *your* conception of *well-being* to others, as worthier or better. You have no certain basis, no principle upon which to found a system of education; you have nothing left but force, if you are strong enough to impose it. Such was the method adopted by the French Revolutionists, and they, in their turn, succumbed to the force of others, without knowing in the name of what to protest. And you would have to do the same. Without God, you must either accept anarchy as the normal condition of things, — and this is impossible, — or you must seek your authority in the *force* of this or that individual, and thus open the way to despotism and tyranny.

But what then becomes of the idea of progress? — what of the conception we have lately gained from historic science of the gradual but infallible education of humanity, — of the link of *solidary* ascending life which unites succeeding generations, — of the duty of sacrificing, if need be, the present generation to the elevation and morality of the generations of the future, — of the pre-

eminence of the fatherland over individuals, and the certainty that their devotion and martyrdom will, in the fulness of time, advance the honor, greatness, or virtue of their nation?

There are *materialists*, illogical and carried away by the impulses of a heart superior to their doctrines, who do both feel and act upon this worship of the ideal; but *materialism* denies it. Materialism, as a doctrine, only recognizes in the universe a finite and determinate quantity of matter, gifted with a definite number of properties, and susceptible of modification, but not of progress; in which certain productive forces act by the fortuitous agglomeration of circumstances not to be predicated or foreseen, or through the necessary succession of causes and effects, — of events inevitable and independent of all human action.

Materialism admits neither the intervention of any creative intelligence, Divine initiative, nor human free-will; by denying the law-giving Intellect, it denies all intelligent Providential law; and the philosophy of the squirrel in its cage, which men term *Pantheism* at the present day, by confounding the *subject* and the *object* in one, cancels alike the *Ego* and non-*Ego*, good and evil, God and man, and, consequently, all individual mission or free-will. The wretched doctrine, recognizing no higher historic formula than the necessary alternation of vicissitudes, condemns humanity to tread eternally the same circle, being incapable of comprehending the conception of the spiral path of indefinite progress upon which humanity traces its gradual ascent towards an ideal beyond.

Strange contradiction! Men whose aim it is to combat the practice of egotism instilled into the Italian people by tyranny, to inspire them with a sacred devotion to the fatherland, and make of them a great nation, the artificer of the progress of humanity, present as the first intellectual food of this people now awakening to new life, whose whole strength lies in their good instincts and virginity of intellect, a theory the ultimate consequences of which

are to establish egotism upon a basis of right!

They call upon their people worthily to carry on the grand traditions of their past, when all around them—popes, princes, military leaders, *literati*, and the servile herd—have either insolently trampled liberty under foot, or deserted its cause in cowardly indifference; and they preach to them a doctrine which deprives them of every pledge of future progress, every stimulus to affection, every noble aspiration towards sacrifice,—they take from them the faith that inspires confidence in victory, and renders even the defeat of to-day fruitful of triumph on the morrow. The same men who urge upon them the duty of shedding their blood for an idea begin by declaring to them: *There is no hope of any future for you. Faith in immortality—the lesson transmitted to you by all past humanity—is a falsehood; a breath of air, or trifling want of equilibrium in the animal functions, destroys you wholly and forever. There is even no certainty that the results of your labors will endure; there is no Providential law or design, consequently no possible theory of the future; you are but building up to-day what any unforeseen fact, blind force, or fortuitous circumstance may overthrow to-morrow.*

They teach these brothers of theirs, whom they desire to elevate and ennoble, that they are but dust,—a necessary, unconscious secretion of I know not what material substance; that the *thought* of a Kepler or Dante is *dust*, or rather *phosphorus*; that genius, from Prometheus to Jesus, brought down no divine spark from heaven; that the *moral law*, free-will, merit, and the consequent progress of the *Ego*, are illusions; that events are successively our masters,—inexorable, irresponsible, and insuperable to human will.

And they see not that they thus confirm that servile submission to the *accomplished fact*, that doctrine of *opportunity*, that bastard Machiavellism, that worship of temporary interests, and that indifference to every great

idea, which find expression in our country at the present day in the betrayal of national duty by our higher classes, and in the stupid resignation of our masses.

IV.

I INVOKE the rising—and I should die consoled, even in exile, could I see the first signs of its advent, but this I dare not hope—I invoke the rising of a truly Italian school;—a school which, comprehending the causes of the downfall of the Papacy, and the impotence of the merely negative doctrine which our Italian youth have borrowed from superficial French materialists and the German copyists, should elevate itself above both, and come forward to announce the approaching and inevitable religious transformation which will put an end to the existing divorce between thought and action, and to the crisis of egotism and immorality through which Europe is passing.

I invoke the rising of a school destined to prepare the way for the *initiative* of Italy;—which shall, on the one side, undertake the examination of the dogma upon which Catholicism was founded, and prove it to be worn out, exhausted, and in contradiction to our new conception of life and its laws; and, on the other hand, the refutation of materialism under whatsoever form it may present itself, and prove that it also is in contradiction of that new conception,—that it is a stupid, fatal negation of all moral law, of human free-will, of our every sacred hope, and of the calm and constant virtue of sacrifice.

I invoke a school which shall philosophically develop all the consequences, the germ of which—neglected or ignored by superficial intellects—is contained in the word Progress considered as a new *term* in the great historical synthesis, the expression of the ascending advance of humanity from epoch to epoch, from religion to religion, towards a vaster conception of its own *aim* and its own law.

I invoke the rising of a school des-

tinged to demonstrate to the youth of Italy that *rationalism* is but an *instrument*, — the instrument adopted in all periods of transition by the human intellect to aid its progress from a worn-out form of religion to one new and superior, — and science only an accumulation of materials to be arranged and organized in fruitful synthesis by a new moral conception; — a school that will recall philosophy from this puerile confusion of the *means* with the *aim*, to bring it back to its sole true basis, the knowledge of life and comprehension of its law.

I invoke a school which will seek the truth of the epoch, not in mere analysis, — always barren and certain to mislead, if undirected by a ruling principle, — but in an earnest study of universal tradition, which is the manifestation of the collective life of humanity; and of conscience, which is the manifestation of the life of the individual.

I invoke a school which shall redeem from the neglect cast upon it by theories deduced from one of our human faculties alone that *intuition* which is the concentration of all the faculties upon a given subject; — a school which, even while declaring it exhausted, will respect the *past*, without which the *future* would be impossible, — which will protest against those intellectual barbarians for whom every religion is falsehood, every form of civilization now extinct a folly, every great pope, king, or warrior now in the course of things surpassed a criminal or a hypocrite, and revoke the condemnation, thus uttered by presumption in the present, of the past labors and intellect of entire humanity; — a school which may condemn, but will not defame, — will judge, but never, through frenzy of rebellion, falsify history; — a school which will declare the death that *is*, without denying the life that *was*, — which will call upon Italy to emancipate herself for the achievement of new glories, but strip not a single leaf from her wreath of glories past.

Such a school would regain for Italy her European initiative, her primacy.

Italy — as I have said — is a religion.

Some have affirmed this of France. They were mistaken. France — if we except the single moment when the Revolution and Napoleon summed up the achievements of the epoch of *individuality* — has never had any external mission, other than, occasionally, as an arm of the Church, the *instrument* of an idea emanating from Papal Rome.

But the mission of Italy in the world was at all times religious, and the essential character of Italian genius was at all times religious.

The essence of every religion lies in a power, unknown to mere science, of compelling man to reduce thought to action, and harmonize his practical life with his moral conception. The genius of our nation, whenever it has been spontaneously revealed, and exercised independently of all foreign inspiration, has always evinced the religious character, the unifying power to which I allude. Every conception of the Italian mind sought its incarnation in action, — strove to assume a form in the political sphere. The ideal and the real, elsewhere divided, have always tended to be united in our land. Sabines and Etruscans alike derived their civil organization and way of life from their conception of Heaven. The Pythagoreans founded their philosophy, religious associations, and political institutions at one and the same time. The source of the vitality and power of Rome lay in a religious sense of a collective mission, of an *aim* to be achieved, in the contemplation of which the individual was submerged. Our democratic republics were all religious. Our early philosophical thinkers were all tormented by the idea of translating their ideal conceptions into practical rules of government.

And as to our external mission.

We alone have twice given *moral* unity to Europe, to the known world. The voice that issued from Rome in the past was addressed to and revered by humanity, — “*Urbs Orbi.*”

Italy is a religion. And when, in my

earliest years, I believed that the *initiative* of the third life of Europe would spring from the heart, the action, the enthusiasm and sacrifice of our people, I heard within me the grand voice of Rome sounding once again, hailed and accepted with loving reverence by the peoples, and telling of moral unity and fraternity in a faith common to all humanity. It was not the unity of the past,—which, though sacred and conducive to civilization for many centuries, did but emancipate *individual* man, and reveal to him an ideal of liberty and equality only to be realized in Heaven: it was a new unity, emancipating *collective* humanity, and revealing the formula of Association, through which liberty and equality are destined to be realized here on earth; sanctifying the earth and rendering it what God wills it should be,—a stage upon the path of perfection, a means given to man wherewith to deserve a higher and nobler existence hereafter.

And I saw Rome, in the name of God and Republican Italy, substituting a declaration of PRINCIPLES for the barren declaration of rights,—principles the logical consequences of the parent idea, PROGRESS,—and revealing to the nations a common aim, and the basis of a new religion. And I saw Europe,

weary of scepticism, egotism, and moral anarchy, receive the new faith with acclamations. I saw a new pact founded upon that faith,—a pact of united action in the work of human perfectibility, involving none of the evils or dangers of the former pact, because among the first consequences of a faith founded upon the dogma of progress would be the justification of *heresy*, as either a promise or endeavor after progress in the future.

The vision which brightened my first dream of country has vanished, so far as concerns my own life. Even if that vision be ever fulfilled,—as I believe it will be,—I shall be in the tomb. May the young, as yet uncorrupted by scepticism, prepare the way for its realization; and may they, in the name of our national tradition and the future, unceasingly protest against all who seek to immobilize human life in the name of a dogma extinct, or to degrade it by diverting it from the eternal worship of the Ideal.

The religious question is pre-eminent over every other at the present day, and the moral question is indissolubly linked with it. We are bound either to solve these, or renounce all idea of an Italian mission in the world.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. DE FORREST. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE light, strong way in which our author goes forward in this story from the first, and does not leave difficulty to his readers, is pleasing to those accustomed to find an American novel a good deal like the now extinct American stage-coach, whose passengers not only walked over bad pieces of road, but carried fence-rails on their shoulders to pry the vehicle out of the sloughs and miry places. It was partly the fault of the im-

perfect roads, no doubt, and it may be that our social ways have only just now settled into such a state as makes smooth going for the novelist; nevertheless, the old stage-coach was hard to travel in, and what with drafts upon one's good nature for assistance, it must be confessed that our novelists have been rather trying to their readers. It is well enough with us all while the road is good,—a study of individual character, a bit of landscape, a stretch of well-worn plot, gentle slopes of incident; but somewhere on the way the passengers are pretty sure to be asked to step out,—the ladies to walk

on ahead, and the gentlemen to fetch fence-rails.

Our author imagines a Southern loyalist and his daughter sojourning in New Boston, Barataria, during the first months of the war. Dr. Ravenel has escaped from New Orleans just before the Rebellion began, and has brought away with him the most sarcastic and humorous contempt and abhorrence of his late fellow-citizens, while his daughter, an ardent and charming little blonde Rebel, remembers Louisiana with longing and blind admiration. The Doctor, born in South Carolina, and living all his days among slaveholders and slavery, has not learned to love either; but Lillie differs from him so widely as to scream with joy when she hears of Bull Run. Naturally she cannot fall in love with Mr. Colburne, the young New Boston lawyer, who goes into the war conscientiously for his country's sake, and resolved for his own to make himself worthy and lovable in Lillie's blue eyes by destroying and desolating all that she holds dear. It requires her marriage with Colonel Carter—a Virginia gentleman, a good-natured drunkard and *roué* and soldier of fortune on our side—to make her see Colburne's worth, as it requires some comparative study of New Orleans and New Boston, on her return to her own city, to make her love the North. Bereft of her husband by his own wicked weakness, and then widowed, she can at last wisely love and marry Colburne; and, cured of Secession by experiencing on her father's account the treatment received by Unionists in New Orleans, her conversion to loyalty is a question of time duly settled before the story ends.

We sketch the plot without compunction, for these people of Mr. De Forrest's are so unlike characters in novels as to be like people in life, and none will wish the less to see them because he knows the outline of their history. Not only is the plot good and very well managed, but there is scarcely a feebly painted character or scene in the book. As to the style, it is so praiseworthy that we will not specifically censure occasional defects,—for the most part, slight turgidities notable chiefly from their contrast to the prevailing simplicity of the narrative.

Our war has not only left us the burden of a tremendous national debt, but has laid upon our literature a charge under which it has hitherto staggered very lamely. Every author who deals in fiction feels it to be

his duty to contribute towards the payment of the accumulated interest in the events of the war, by relating his work to them; and the heroes of young-lady writers in the magazines have been everywhere fighting the late campaigns over again, as young ladies would have fought them. We do not say that this is not well, but we suspect that Mr. De Forrest is the first to treat the war really and artistically. His campaigns do not try the reader's constitution, his battles are not bores. His soldiers are the soldiers we actually know,—the green wood of the volunteers, the warped stuff of men torn from civilization and cast suddenly into the barbarism of camps, the hard, dry, tough, true fibre of the veterans that came out of the struggle. There could hardly be a better type of the conscientious and patriotic soldier than Captain Colburne; and if Colonel Carter must not stand as type of the officers of the old army, he must be acknowledged as true to the semi-civilization of the South. On the whole he is more entertaining than Colburne, as immoral people are apt to be to those who suffer nothing from them. "His contrasts of slanginess and gentility, his mingled audacity and *insouciance* of character, and all the picturesque ins and outs of his moral architecture, so different from the severe plainness of the spiritual temples common in New Boston," do take the eye of peace-bred Northerners, though never their sympathy. Throughout, we admire, as the author intends, Carter's thorough and enthusiastic soldiery, and we perceive the ruins of a generous nature in his aristocratic Virginian pride, his Virginian profusion, his imperfect Virginian sense of honor. When he comes to be shot, fighting bravely at the head of his column, after having swindled his government, and half unwillingly done his worst to break his wife's heart, we feel that our side has lost a good soldier, but that the world is on the whole something better for our loss. The reader must go to the novel itself for a perfect conception of this character, and preferably to those dialogues in which Colonel Carter so freely takes part; for in his development of Carter, at least, Mr. De Forrest is mainly dramatic. Indeed, all the talk in the book is free and natural, and, even without the hard swearing which distinguishes the speech of some, it would be difficult to mistake one speaker for another, as often happens in novels.

The character of Dr. Ravenel, though so simple, is treated in a manner invariably

delightful and engaging. His native purity, amiability, and generosity, which a life-long contact with slavery could not taint; his cordial scorn of Southern ideas; his fine and flawless instinct of honor; his warm-hearted courtesy and gentleness, and his gayety and wit; his love of his daughter and of mineralogy; his courage, modesty, and humanity, — these are the traits which recur in the differing situations with constant pleasure to the reader.

Miss Lillie Ravenel is as charming as her adored papa, and is never less nor more than a bright, lovable, good, constant, inconsequent woman. It is to her that the book owes its few scenes of tenderness and sentiment; but she is by no means the most prominent character in the novel, as the infelicitous title would imply, and she serves chiefly to bring into stronger relief the traits of Colonel Carter and Doctor Ravenel. The author seems not even to make so much study of her as of Mrs. Larue, a lady whose peculiar character is skilfully drawn, and who will be quite probable and explicable to any who have studied the traits of the noble Latin race, and a little puzzling to those acquainted only with people of Northern civilization. Yet in Mrs. Larue the author comes near making his failure. There is a little too much of her, — it is as if the wily enchantress had cast her glamour upon the author himself, — and there is too much anxiety that the nature of her intrigue with Carter shall not be misunderstood. Nevertheless, she bears that stamp of verity which marks all Mr. De Forrest's creations, and which commends to our forbearance rather more of the highly colored and strongly-flavored parlance of the camps than could otherwise have demanded reproduction in literature. The bold strokes with which such an amusing and heroic reprobate as Van Zandt and such a pitiful poltroon as Gazaway are painted, are no less admirable than the nice touches which portray the Governor of Baratania, and some phases of the aristocratic, conscientious, truthful, angular, professorial society of New Boston, with its young college beaux and old college belles, and its life pure, colorless, and cold to the eye as celery, yet full of rich and wholesome juices. It is the goodness of New Boston, and of New England, which, however unbeautiful, has elevated and saved our whole national character; and in his book there is sufficient evidence of our author's appreciation of this fact, as well as of

sympathy only and always with what is brave and true in life.

A Journey to Ashango-Land: and further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SOMEWHERE in the heart of the African continent, Mr. Du Chaillu, laying his head upon a rock, after a day of uncommon hardship, finds reason to lament the ungratefulness of the traveller's fate, which brings him, through perilous adventure and great suffering, to the incredulity and coldness of a public unable to receive his story with perfect faith. It is such a meditation as ought to reproach very keenly the sceptics who doubted Mr. Du Chaillu's first book; it certainly renews in the reader of the present work the satisfaction felt in the comparative reasonableness of the things narrated, and his consequent ability to put an un murmuring trust in the author. Here, indeed, is very little of the gorilla whom we formerly knew: his ferocity is greatly abated; he only once beats his breast and roars; he does not twist gun-barrels; his domestic habits are much simplified; his appearance here is relatively as unimportant as Mr. Pendennis's in the "Newcomes"; he is a deposed hero; and Mr. Du Chaillu pushes on to Ashango-Land without him. Otherwise, moreover, the narrative is quite credible, and, so far, unattractive, though there is still enough of incident to hold the idle, and enough of information in the appendices concerning the characteristics of the African skulls collected by Du Chaillu, the geographical and astronomical observations made *en route*, and the linguistic peculiarities noted, to interest the scientific. The book is perhaps not a fortunate one for those who occupy a place between these classes of readers, and who are tempted to ask of Mr. Du Chaillu, Have you really four hundred and thirty-seven royal octavo pages of news to tell us of Equatorial Africa?

Our traveller landed in West Africa in the autumn of 1863, and, after a short excursion in the coast country in search of the gorilla, he ascended the Fernand Vaz in a steamer seventy miles, to Goumbi, whence he proceeded by canoe to Obindji. Here, provided with a retinue of one hundred men of the Commi nation, his over-

land journey began, and led him through the hilly country of the Bakalai southeasterly to the village of Olenda. From this point, before continuing his route, he visited the falls of the Samba Nagoshi, some fifty miles to the northward, and Adingo Village, twenty miles below Olenda. Starting anew after these excursions, he penetrated the continent, on a line deflecting a little south of east, as far as Mouaou Kombo, which is something more than two hundred miles from the sea.

In first landing from his ship, Mr. Du Chaillu lost his astronomical instruments, and was obliged to wait in the coast country until a new supply could be obtained from England. Midway on his journey to Mouaou Kombo, his photographic apparatus was stolen, and the chemicals were, as he supposes, swallowed by the robbers, to some of whom their dishonest experiments in photography proved fatal. The traveller's means of usefulness were limited to observation of the general character of the country, some investigation of its vegetable and animal life, and study of the customs of its human inhabitants,—in none of which does he develop much variety or novelty.

Nearly the whole route lay through hilly or mountainous country, for the most part thickly wooded and sparsely peopled. There was a very notable absence of all the larger African animals, and those encountered seemed to be as peaceful in their characters as their neighbors, the tribes of wild men. The nations through which Du Chaillu passed after leaving the Commi were the Ashira, the Ishogo, the Apono, and the Ashango, and none appears to have differed greatly from the others except in name. In habits they are all extremely alike, uniting a primitive simplicity of costume and architecture to highly sophisticated traits of lying and stealing. They are not warlike, and not very cruel, except in cases of witchcraft, which are extremely dealt with,—as, indeed, they used to be in New England. Fetichism is the only religion of these tribes, and they seem to believe firmly in no superior powers but those of evil. They are docile, however, and susceptible of control. Du Chaillu had the misfortune to spread the small-pox among them from some infected members of his train; and although all their superstitious fears were excited against him, the people were held in check by their principal men; and Du Chaillu met with no serious molestation until he reached Mouaou Kombo. Here

he found the inhabitants comparatively hostile and distrustful, and in firing off a salute,—with the double purpose of intimidating them and restoring them to confidence,—one of his retinue accidentally shot two of the villagers. All hopes of friendly intercourse and of further progress were now at an end, and Du Chaillu began a rapid retreat, his men casting away in their flight his photographs, journals, and note-books, and hopelessly impairing the value of the possible narrative which he might survive to write.

Such narrative as he has actually written, we have briefly sketched. Its fault is want of condensation and of graphic power, so that, although you must follow the traveller through his difficulties and dangers, it is quite as much by effort of sympathy as by reason of interest that you do so. For the paucity of result from all the labor and hardship undergone, the author—considering the losses of material he sustained—cannot be justly criticised; but certainly the bulk of his volume makes its meagre substance somewhat too apparent.

Liffith Lank, or Lunacy. By C. H. WEBB. New York: Carleton.

St. Twel'mo, or the Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga. By C. H. WEBB. New York: C. H. Webb.

IN the first of these clever and successful burlesques, Mr. Webb has travestied rather the ideas than the manner of Mr. Reade; and one who turned to "Liffith Lank" from the wonderful parodies in "Punch's Prize Novelists," or those exquisitely finished pieces of mimicry, the "Condensed Novelists" of the Californian Harte, would feel its want of fidelity to the method and style of the author burlesqued. Yet the essential absurdities of "Griffith Gaunt" are most amusingly brought out in "Liffith Lank"; and as the little work makes the reader laugh at the great one, he has no right, perhaps, to ask more of it, or to complain that it trusts too much to the facile pun for its effects, which are oftener broad than poignant.

Nevertheless, in spite of our logical content with "Liffith Lank," we are very glad to find "St. Twel'mo" much better, and we only doubt whether the game is worth the candle; but as the candle is Mr. Webb's, he can burn it, we suppose, upon whatever occasion he likes. He has here made a

closer parody than in his first effort, and has lost nothing of the peculiar power with which he there satirized ideas. That quality of the Brontë sisters, of which Miss Evans of *Mobile* is one of the many American dilutions,—that quality by which any sort of masculine wickedness and brutality short of refusing ladies seats in horse-cars is made lovely and attractive to the well-read and well-bred of the sex,—is very pleasantly derided, while the tropical luxuriance of general information characteristic of "St. Elmo" is unsparingly ridiculed, with the help of frequent extracts from the novel itself.

Mr. Webb appears in "St. Twel'mo" as both publisher and author, and, with a good feeling significant of very great changes in the literary world since a poet toasted Napoleon because he hanged a bookseller, dedicates his little work "To his best friend and nearest relative, the publisher."

The Literary Life of James K. Paulding.

Compiled by his Son, WILLIAM I. PAULDING. New York: Charles Scribner and Company.

JAMES K. PAULDING was born in 1778 at Great-Nine Partners, in Dutchess County, New York, and nineteen years later came to the city of New York to fill a clerkship in a public office. His family was related to that of Washington Irving by marriage; he was himself united to Irving by literary sympathy and ambition, and the two young men now formed a friendship which endured through life. They published the Salmagundi papers together, and they always corresponded; but with Irving literature became all in all, and with Paulding a favorite relaxation from political life and a merely collateral pursuit. He wrote partisan satires and philippics, waxing ever more bitter against the party to which Irving belonged, and against England, where Irving was tasting the sweets of appreciation and success. He came to be Navy Agent at New York in 1823, and in 1838 President Van Buren made him his Secretary of the Navy. Three years later he retired from public life, and spent his remaining days in the tranquil and uneventful indulgence of his literary tastes.

Dying in 1859, he had survived nearly all his readers, and the present memoir was required to remind many, and to inform more, of the existence of such works as "The

Backwoodsman," a poem; the Salmagundi papers in a second series; "Koningsmarke, the Long Finne, a story of the New World," in two volumes; "The Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham," satirizing Owen's theories of society, law, and science; "The New Mirror for Travellers, and Guide to the Springs," a satire of fashionable life in the days before ladies with seventy-five trunks were born; "Tales of the Good Woman," a collection of short stories; "A Life of Washington"; "American Comedies"; "The Old Continental," and "The Puritan and his Daughter," historical novels; and innumerable political papers of a serious or a satirical sort. As it has been the purpose of the author of this memoir to let Paulding's life in great part develop itself from his letters, so it has also been his plan to spare comment on his father's literary labors, and to allow their character to be estimated by extracts from his poems, romances, and satires. From these we gather the idea of greater quantity than quality; of a poetical taste rather than poetic faculty; of a whimsical rather than a humorous or witty man. There is a very marked resemblance to Washington Irving's manner in the prose, which is inevitably, of course, less polished than that of the more purely literary man, and which is apt to be insipid and strained in greater degree in the same direction. It would not be just to say that Paulding's style was formed upon that of Irving; but both had given their days and nights to the virtuous poverty of the essayists of the last century; and while one grew into something fresher and more original by dint of long and constant literary effort, the other, writing only occasionally, remained an old-fashioned mannerist to the last. When he died, he passed out of a world in which Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hawthorne had never lived. The last delicacy of touch is wanting in all his work, whether verse or prose; yet the reader, though unsatisfied, does not turn from it without respect. If it is second-rate, it is not tricky; its dulness is not antic, but decorous and quiet; its dignity, while it bores, enforces a sort of reverence which we do not pay to the infelicitous fire-works of our own more pyrotechnic literary time.

Of Paulding himself one thinks, after reading the present memoir, with much regard and some regret. He was a sturdy patriot and cordial democrat, but he seems not to have thought human slavery so very

bad a thing. He is perceptibly opinionated, and would have carried things with a high hand, whether as one of the government or one of the governed. He was not swift to adopt new ideas, but he was thoroughly honest in his opposition to them. His somewhat exaggerated estimate of his own importance in the world of letters and of politics was one of those venial errors which time readily repairs.

History and General Description of New France. By the Rev. P. F. X. DE CHARLEVOIX, S. J. Translated, with Notes, by JOHN GILMARY SHEA. New York: J. G. Shea. Vol. I.

CHARLEVOIX's "History of New France" is very well known to all who study American history in its sources. It is a well-written, scholarlike, and readable book, treating of a subject which the author perfectly understood, and of which he may be said to have been a part. Tried by the measure of his times, his research was thorough and tolerably exact. The work, in short, has always been justly regarded as a "standard," and very few later writers have thought it necessary to go beyond or behind it. Appended to it is a journal of the author's travels in America, in the form of a series of letters to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, full of interest, and a storehouse of trustworthy information.

Charlevoix had been largely quoted and extensively read. Not to know him, indeed, was to be ignorant of some of the most memorable passages in the history of this continent; but, what is certainly remarkable, he had never found an English translator. At the time of the Old French War, when the public curiosity was strongly interested in everything relating to America, the journal appended to the history was "done into English" and eagerly read; but the history itself had remained to this time in the language in which it was originally written. This is not to be regretted, if it has been the occasion of giving us the truly admirable work which is the subject of this notice.

The spirit and the manner in which Mr. Shea has entered upon his task are above all praise. It is with him a "labor of love." In these days of literary "jobs," when bad translating and careless editing are palmed off upon the amateurs of choice books in all the finery of broad margins and faultless

typography, it is refreshing to meet with a book of which the mechanical excellence is fully equalled by the substantial value of its contents, and by the thorough, conscientious, and scholarlike character of the literary execution. The labor and the knowledge bestowed on this translation would have sufficed to produce an original history of high merit. Charlevoix rarely gives his authorities. Mr. Shea has more than supplied this deficiency. Not only has he traced out the sources of his author's statements and exhibited them in notes, but he has had recourse to sources of which Charlevoix knew nothing. He is thus enabled to substantiate, correct, or amplify the original narrative. He translates it, indeed, with literal precision, but in his copious notes he sheds such a flood of new light upon it that this translation is of far more value to the student than the original work. Since Charlevoix's time, many documents, unknown to him, though bearing on his subject, have been discovered, and Mr. Shea has diligently availed himself of them. The tastes and studies of many years have made him familiar with this field of research, and prepared him to accomplish an undertaking which would otherwise have been impracticable.

The first volume is illustrated by facsimiles of Charlevoix's maps, together with his portrait and those of Cartier and Menendez. It forms a large octavo of about three hundred pages, and as a specimen of the typographical art is scarcely to be surpassed. We learn that the second volume is about to appear.

The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula. By CARL RITTER. Translated and adapted to the use of Biblical Students by WILLIAM L. GAGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 4 vols.

AMERICAN critics have found fault with Mr. Gage, as it seems to us somewhat too strongly, for certain features of this work. He has been blamed for adapting it "to the use of Biblical students," as though thereby he must necessarily tamper with scientific accuracy of statement, — for too much condensation, and for too little, — for omitting Ritter's maps, — and for certain incongruities of figures and measurement. It has also been said, that the book itself, being fifteen years old, is already antiquated,

and that many recent works, not mentioned by Ritter, or at least not adequately used, have modified our knowledge of Palestine since his day. But, after all, these critics have ended by saying that the work is a good and useful one, and by awarding credit to Mr. Gage for his fidelity, industry, and accuracy in his part of the work. So that, perhaps, the fault-finding was thrown in only as a necessary part of the duty of the reviewer; for fault-finding is, *ex officio*, his expected function. A judge ought always to be seated above the criminal, and every author before his reviewer is only a culprit. The author may have given years to the study of the subject to which his reviewer has only given hours. But what of that? The position of the reviewer is to look down, and his tone must always be *de haut en bas*.

We do not, ourselves, profess to know as much of the geography of Palestine as Professor Ritter, probably not as much as Mr. Gage. Were it not for the sharp-eyed critics, we should have wholly missed the important verification of the surface-level of Lake Huleh. We have in past years studied our "Palästina," by Von Raumer, and followed the careful Dr. Robinson with gratitude through his laborious researches. But we must confess that we are grateful for these volumes, even though they have no maps, and cannot but think it honorable in Mr. Gage to prefer to publish the book with none, rather than with poor ones. We see no harm in adapting the work to the use of Biblical students, by abridging or omitting the topics which have no bearing on the Bible history. No one else is obliged to purchase it, and the warning is given beforehand.

These four volumes contain a vast amount of interesting and important matter concerning Sinai and Palestine. The journals of travellers of all times are laid under contribution, and you are allowed often to form your own judgments from the primitive narratives. You are like one sitting in a court and hearing a host of witnesses examined and cross-examined by able counsel, and then listening to the summing up of a learned judge. It is easy to see how much more vivid such descriptions must be than a dry *résumé* without these accompanying *pièces justificatifs*.

The first of the four volumes concerns the peninsula of Mount Sinai. It gives the history of all the travels in that region, and the chief works concerning it from the ear-

liest time; the routes to Mount Sinai; the voyages of Hiram and Solomon through the Red Sea to India; an interesting discussion of the name Ophir; the different groups of mountains in this region; the Bedouin tribes of the peninsula, and of Arabia Petraea; and a full account of Petra, the monolithic city of Edom.

The second volume begins with a comparative view of Syria, and a review of the authorities on the geography of Palestine. Then follows an account of the Land of Canaan and its inhabitants before the conquest by the Israelites, and of the tribes outside of Palestine who remained hostile to the Israelites. We next have an account of the great depression of the Jordan Valley, the river and its basin. Chapters on the sources of the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, the caravan road to Damascus, and the river to the Dead Sea, and an account of the travellers who have surveyed the region, follow, — with an Appendix, in which is contained a discussion of the site of Capernaum, and Tobler's full list of works on Palestine.

Vol. III. contains chapters on the Mouth of the Jordan; the Dead Sea; the Division among the Ten Tribes; an account of Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee; the routes through the Land; and several scientific essays.

Vol. IV. gives a full account of Jerusalem, ancient, mediæval, and modern; a discussion of the holy places; an account of the inhabitants; the region around Jerusalem; the roads to and from the city; Samaria; and Galilee; — concluding with an index of subjects, and another of texts.

On the whole, we must express our gratitude to Mr. Gage for his labor of love, in thus giving us the results of the studies of his friend and master on this important theme. Students of the Bible and of Syrian geography can nowhere else find the matters treated so fully and conscientiously and exhaustively discussed as here.

As the principal objection made to the translation of Mr. Gage is that it omits Ritter's maps, it is proper to state that Professor Kiepert declared them to be worthless; that the publisher declined an offer to sell five hundred sets, lying on his hands, to the Clarks of Edinburgh, because he could not conscientiously recommend them. Inasmuch as good Bible maps of Palestine are to be had everywhere, and as Robinson's are sold by themselves in a little vol-

ume, the student does not seem to have much reason to complain.

The past quarter of a century has not added much to our knowledge of Palestine. Stanley, Bonor, Stewart, Lynch, Tobler, Barclay, De Saulcy, Sepp, Tristram, Porter, Wetzstein, the Duc de Luynes, and others, have travelled and written, but the mysteries remain mysteries still.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier. Translated from the French and edited by ISAPHENE M. LUYSTER. Fourth Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IN an article contributed a year or two since to these pages, Miss Luyster sketched the career of the beautiful and good woman whose history is minutely recounted in the volume before us. It is a fascinating history, for Madame Récamier was altogether as anomalous as any creation of French fiction. Her marriage was such only in name; she lived pure, and with unblemished repute, in the most vicious and scandalous times; she inspired friendship by coquetry; her heart was never touched, though full of womanly tenderness; a leader of society and of fashion, she never ceased to be timid and diffident; she ruled witty and intellectual circles by the charm of the most unepigrammatic sweetness, the merest good-heartedness.

The correspondence of Madame Récamier consists almost entirely of letters written to her; for this adored friend of literary men wrote seldom herself, and at her death even caused to be destroyed the greater part of the few notes she had made toward an autobiography. In the present *Memoirs* Madame Lenormant chiefly relies upon her own personal knowledge of Madame Récamier's life, and upon contemporary hearsay. It is a very interesting book, as we have it, though at times provokingly unsatisfactory, and at times inflated and silly in style. It is not only a history of Madame Récamier, but a sketch of French society, politics, and literature during very long and interesting periods.

Miss Luyster has faithfully performed the ever-thankless task of translation; and, in preparing Madame Lenormant's work for the American public, has somewhat restrained the author's tendency to confusion and diffusion. Here and there, as editor, she has added slight but useful

notes, and has accompanied the *Memoirs* with a very pleasantly written introduction, giving a skilful and independent analysis of Madame Récamier's character.

Old England: its Scenery, Art, and People.

By JAMES M. HOPPIN, Professor in Yale College. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

"THE 'Pavilion,' with its puerile domes and minarets, recalls the false and flimsy epoch of that semi-Oriental monarch, George IV. His statue by Chantrey stands upon a promenade called the 'Old Steine.' The house of Mrs. Thrale, where Doctor Johnson visited, is still standing. The atmosphere of Brighton is considered to be favorable for invalids in the winter-time, as well as the summer."

In this haphazard way many of the various objects of interest in Old England are introduced to his reader by a New England writer, who possibly mistakes the disorder of a note-book for literary ease, or who possibly has little of the method of picturesqueness in him. In either case his reader returns from Old England with the impression that his travelling-companion is a sensible, honest observer, who, in forming a book out of very good material, has often builded, not better, but worse, than he knew. There is no want of graphic touches; there is enough of fine and poetic feeling; but there is no perspective, no atmosphere: much of Old England through this book affects one somewhat as a faithful Chinese drawing of the moon night.

At other times Mr. Hoppin's treatment of his subject is sufficiently artistic, and he has seen some places and persons not worn quite threadbare by travel. He did not pay the national visit to Mr. Tennyson, although he had a letter of introduction; and of those people whose hospitality he did enjoy, he writes with great discretion and good taste. His sketch of the High Church clergyman at Land's End is a case in point, and it has an interest to Americans for the light it throws upon the present conflict of religious thought in England.

Mr. Hoppin writes best of the less frequented parts of England, — of Land's End, and of Cornwall and Penzance; but he writes no more particularly of them than of the suburbs of London. The chapter on London art and the London pulpit is a curious *mélange* of shrewd, original thoughts

about pictures and of acceptations of critical authority, of sectarian belief and of worldly toleration, together with a certain immaturity of literary judgment and a characteristic tendency to incoherence. "Turner," he says, "did a great work, if it were only to have been the occasion of Ruskin's marvellous eloquence"; and of Dr. Cumming he writes, as if transcribing literally from his note-book: "His voice is rich and mellow without being powerful. He is a tall man, with high, white forehead and white hair. It was difficult to find a seat, even upon the pulpit stairs. Dr. Cumming, as a graceful, yet not effeminate preacher, has good claims to his celebrity."

It remains for us to praise the author's conscientious effort at all times to convey information, and his success in this effort. He has doubtless seen everything that is worth seeing in the country he has passed over; and if we cannot accept the whole of his book as literature, we have still the impression that we should find it one of the best and thoroughest of hand-books for travel in Old England.

Hymns. By HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company.

RELIGIOUS emotion has asked very little of literary art; and if we are to let hymnology witness, it has received as little as it has asked in times past. To call upon Christ's name, to bless God for goodness and mercy, suffice it; and no form of words

enabling it to do this seems to be found too feeble, or affected, or grotesque. For anything more, the inarticulate tones of music are as adequate to devotion as the sublimest formula that Milton or Dante could have shaped. It is only since religion has been so much philosophized, and has in so great degree ceased to be a passion, that we have begun to find the hymns which our forefathers sang with rapturous unconsciousness rather rubbishy literature. How blank, and void of all inspiration, they seem for the most part to be! Good men wrote them, but evidently in seasons of great mental depression. How commonplace is the language, how strained are the fancies, how weak the thoughts! Yet through these stops of lead and wood, the music of charity, love, repentance, aspiration, has poured from millions of humble hearts in sweetness that blessed and praised.

With no thought probably of affecting the standard hymnology were the hymns written in the little book before us. They are characterized by poetic purity of diction as well as tenderness of sentiment. They express, without freshness of intuition, the emotions and desires of a devoutly religious nature; and they commend themselves, like some of the best and earliest Christian hymns, by their realization of the Divine essence as something to be directly approached with filial and personal affection. Here is no burst of fervid devotion, but rather a quiet love, breathing contrition, faith, and praise in poems of gentle earnestness, which even the reader not imbued with the element of their inspiration may find graceful and pleasing.

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CHAPTER XXI.

MADNESS ?

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY returned to the city and his usual labors in a state of strange mental agitation. He had received an impression for which he was unprepared. He had seen for the second time a young girl whom, for the peace of his own mind, and for the happiness of others, he should never again have looked upon until Time had taught their young hearts the lesson which all hearts must learn, sooner or later.

What shall the unfortunate person do who has met with one of those disappointments, or been betrayed into one of those positions, which do violence to all the tenderest feelings, blighting the happiness of youth, and the prospects of after years ?

If the person is a young man, he has various resources. He can take to the philosophic meerschauum, and nicotine himself at brief intervals into a kind of buzzing and blurry insensibility, until he begins to "color" at last like the bowl of his own pipe, and even his mind gets the tobacco flavor. Or he

can have recourse to the more suggestive stimulants, which will dress his future up for him in shining possibilities that glitter like Masonic regalia, until the morning light and the waking headache reveal his illusion. Some kind of spiritual anæsthetic he must have, if he holds his grief fast tied to his heart-strings. But as grief must be fed with thought, or starve to death, it is the best plan to keep the mind so busy in other ways that it has no time to attend to the wants of that ravening passion. To sit down and passively endure it, is apt to end in putting all the mental machinery into disorder.

Clement Lindsay had thought that his battle of life was already fought, and that he had conquered. He believed that he had subdued himself completely, and that he was ready, without betraying a shadow of disappointment, to take the insufficient nature which destiny had assigned him in his companion, and share with it all of his own larger being it was capable, not of comprehending, but of apprehending.

He had deceived himself. The battle was not fought and won. There

had been a struggle, and what seemed to be a victory, but the enemy—intrrenched in the very citadel of life—had rallied, and would make another desperate attempt to retrieve his defeat.

The haste with which the young man had quitted the village was only a proof that he felt his danger. He believed that, if he came into the presence of Myrtle Hazard for the third time, he should be no longer master of his feelings. Some explanation must take place between them, and how was it possible that it should be without emotion? and in what do all emotions shared by a young man with such a young girl as this tend to find their last expression?

Clement determined to stun his sensibilities by work. He would give himself no leisure to indulge in idle dreams of what might have been. His plans were never so carefully finished, and his studies were never so continuous as now. But the passion still wrought within him, and, if he drove it from his waking thoughts, haunted his sleep until he could endure it no longer, and must give it some manifestation. He had covered up the bust of Liberty so closely, that not an outline betrayed itself through the heavy folds of drapery in which it was wrapped. His thoughts recurred to his unfinished marble, as offering the one mode in which he could find a silent outlet to the feelings and thoughts which it was torture to keep imprisoned in his soul. The cold stone would tell them, but without passion; and having got the image which possessed him out of himself into a lifeless form, it seemed as if he might be delivered from a presence which, lovely as it was, stood between him and all that made him seem honorable and worthy to himself.

He uncovered the bust which he had but half shaped, and struck the first flake from the glittering marble. The toil, once begun, fascinated him strangely, and after the day's work was done, and at every interval he could snatch from his duties, he wrought at his secret task.

"Clement is graver than ever," the young men said at the office. "What's the matter, do you suppose? Turned off by the girl they say he means to marry by and by? How pale he looks too! Must have something worrying him: he used to look as fresh as a clove pink."

The master with whom he studied saw that he was losing color, and looking very much worn, and determined to find out, if he could, whether he was not overworking himself. He soon discovered that his light was seen burning late into the night, that he was neglecting his natural rest, and always busy with some unknown task, not called for in his routine of duty or legitimate study.

"Something is wearing on you, Clement," he said. "You are killing yourself with undertaking too much. Will you let me know what keeps you so busy when you ought to be asleep, or taking your ease and comfort in some way or other?"

Nobody but himself had ever seen his marble or its model. He had now almost finished it, laboring at it with such sleepless devotion, and he was willing to let his master have a sight of his first effort of the kind,—for he was not a sculptor, it must be remembered, though he had modelled in clay, not without some success, from time to time.

"Come with me," he said.

The master climbed the stairs with him up to his modest chamber. A closely shrouded bust stood on its pedestal in the light of the solitary window.

"That is my ideal personage," Clement said. "Wait one moment, and you shall see how far I have caught the character of our uncrowned queen."

The master expected, very naturally, to see the conventional young woman with classical wreath or feather head-dress, whom we have placed upon our smallest coin, so that our children may all grow up loving Liberty.

As Clement withdrew the drapery that covered his work, the master

stared at it in amazement. He looked at it long and earnestly, and at length turned his eyes, a little moistened by some feeling which thus betrayed itself, upon his pupil.

"This is no ideal, Clement. It is the portrait of a very young but very beautiful woman. No common feeling could have guided your hand in shaping such a portrait from memory. This must be that friend of yours of whom I have often heard as an amiable young person. Pardon me, for you know that nobody cares more for you than I do, — I hope that you are happy in all your relations with this young friend of yours. How could one be otherwise?"

It was hard to bear, very hard. He forced a smile. "You are partly right," he said. "There is a resemblance, I trust, to a living person, for I had one in my mind."

"Did n't you tell me once, Clement, that you were attempting a bust of Innocence? I do not see any block in your room but this. Is that done?"

"Done *with*!" Clement answered; and as he said it, the thought stung through him that this was the very stone which was to have worn the pleasant blandness of pretty Susan's guileless countenance. How the new features had effaced the recollection of the others!

In a few days more Clement had finished his bust. His hours were again vacant to his thick-coming fancies. While he had been busy with his marble, his hands had required his attention, and he must think closely of every detail upon which he was at work. But at length his task was done, and he could contemplate what he had made of it. It was a triumph for one so little exercised in sculpture. The master had told him so, and his own eye could not deceive him. He might never succeed in any repetition of his effort, but this once he most certainly had succeeded. He could not disguise from himself the source of this extraordinary good fortune in so doubtful and difficult an attempt. Nor could he resist the desire of contemplating the

portrait bust, which — it was foolish to talk about ideals — was not Liberty, but Myrtle Hazard.

It was too nearly like the story of the ancient sculptor: his own work was an over-match for its artist. Clement had made a mistake in supposing that by giving his dream a material form he should drive it from the possession of his mind. The image in which he had fixed his recollection of its original served only to keep her living presence before him. He thought of her as she clasped her arms around him, and they were swallowed up in the rushing waters, coming so near to passing into the unknown world together. He thought of her as he stretched her lifeless form upon the bank, and looked for one brief moment on her unsunned loveliness, — "a sight to dream of, not to tell." He thought of her as his last fleeting glimpse had shown her, beautiful, not with the blossomy prettiness that passes away with the spring sunshine, but with a rich vitality of which noble outlines and winning expression were only the natural accidents. And that singular impression which the sight of him had produced upon her, — how strange! How could she but have listened to him, — to him, who was, as it were, a second creator to her, for he had brought her back from the gates of the unseen realm, — if he had recalled to her the dread moments they had passed in each other's arms, with death, not love, in all their thoughts. And if then he had told her how her image had remained with him, how it had colored all his visions, and mingled with all his conceptions, would not those dark eyes have melted as they were turned upon him? Nay, how could he keep the thought away, that she would not have been insensible to his passion, if he could have suffered its flame to kindle in his heart? Did it not seem as if Death had spared them for Love, and that Love should lead them together through life's long journey to the gates of Death?

Never! never! never! Their fates were fixed. For him, poor insect as he

was, a solitary flight by day, and a return at evening to his wingless mate! For her—he thought he saw her doom.

Could he give her up to the cold embraces of that passionless egotist, who, as he perceived plainly enough, was casting his shining net all around her? Clement read Murray Bradshaw correctly. He could not perhaps have spread his character out in set words, as we must do for him, for it takes a long apprenticeship to learn to describe analytically what we know as soon as we see it; but he felt in his inner consciousness all that we must tell for him. Fascinating, agreeable, artful, knowing, capable of winning a woman infinitely above himself, incapable of understanding her,—O, if he could but touch him with the angel's spear, and bid him take his true shape before her whom he was gradually enveloping in the silken meshes of his subtle web! He would make a place for her in the world,—O yes, doubtless. He would be proud of her in company, would dress her handsomely, and show her off in the best lights. But from the very hour that he felt his power over her firmly established, he would begin to remodel her after his own worldly pattern. He would dismantle her of her womanly ideals, and give her in their place his table of market-values. He would teach her to submit her sensibilities to her selfish interest, and her tastes to the fashion of the moment, no matter what world or half-world it came from. "As the husband is, the wife is,"—he would subdue her to what he worked in.

All this Clement saw, as in apocalyptic vision, stored up for the wife of Murray Bradshaw, if he read him rightly, as he felt sure he did, from the few times he had seen him. He would be rich by and by, very probably. He looked like one of those young men who are sharp and hard enough to come to fortune. Then she would have to take her place in the great social exhibition where the gilded cages are daily opened that the animals may

be seen, feeding on the sight of stereotyped toilets and the sound of impoverished tattle. O misery of semi-provincial fashionable life, where wealth is at its wit's end to avoid being tired of an existence which has all the labor of keeping up appearances, without the piquant profligacy which saves it at least from being utterly vapid! How many fashionable women at the end of a long season would be ready to welcome heaven itself as a relief from the desperate monotony of dressing, dawdling, and driving!

This could not go on so forever. Clement had placed a red curtain so as to throw a rose-bloom on his marble, and give it an aspect which his fancy turned to the semblance of life. He would sit and look at the features his own hand had so faithfully wrought, until it seemed as if the lips moved, sometimes as if they were smiling, sometimes as if they were ready to speak to him. His companions began to whisper strange things of him in the studio,—that his eye was getting an unnatural light,—that he talked as if to imaginary listeners,—in short, that there was a look as if something were going wrong with his brain, which it might be feared would spoil his fine intelligence. It was the undecided battle, and the enemy, as in his noblest moments he had considered the growing passion, was getting the better of him.

He was sitting one afternoon before the fatal bust which had smiled and whispered away his peace, when the postman brought him a letter. It was from the simple girl to whom he had given his promise. We know how she used to prattle in her harmless way about her innocent feelings, and the trifling matters that were going on in her little village world. But now she wrote in sadness. Something, she did not too clearly explain what, had grieved her, and she gave free expression to her feelings. "I have no one that loves me but you," she said; "and if you leave me I must droop and die.

Are you true to me, dearest Clement, — true as when we promised each other that we would love while life lasted? Or have you forgotten one who will never cease to remember that she was once your own Susan?"

Clement dropped the letter from his hand, and sat a long hour looking at the exquisitely wrought features of her who had come between him and honor and his plighted word.

At length he arose, and, lifting the bust tenderly from its pedestal, laid it upon the cloth with which it had been covered. He wrapped it closely, fold upon fold, as the mother whom man condemns and God pities wraps the child she loves before she lifts her hand against its life. Then he took a heavy hammer and shattered his lovely idol into shapeless fragments. The strife was over.

CHAPTER XXII.

[A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

MR. WILLIAM MURRAY BRADSHAW was in pretty intimate relations with Miss Cynthia Badlam. It was well understood between them that it might be of very great advantage to both of them if he should in due time become the accepted lover of Myrtle Hazard. So long as he could be reasonably secure against interference, he did not wish to hurry her in making her decision. Two things he did wish to be sure of, if possible, before asking her the great question; — first, that she would answer it in the affirmative; and secondly, that certain contingencies, the turning of which was not as yet absolutely capable of being predicted, should happen as he expected. Cynthia had the power of furthering his wishes in many direct and indirect ways, and he felt sure of her co-operation. She had some reason to fear his enmity if she displeased him, and he had taken good care to make her understand that her interests would be greatly promoted by the success of the plan which he had formed, and which was confided to her alone.

He kept the most careful eye on every possible source of disturbance to this quietly maturing plan. He had no objection to have Gifted Hopkins about Myrtle as much as she would endure to have him. The youthful bard entertained her very innocently with his bursts of poetry, but she was in no danger from a young person so intimately associated with the yard-stick, the blunt scissors, and the brown-paper parcel. There was Cyprian too, about whom he did not feel any very particular solicitude. Myrtle had evidently found out that she was handsome and stylish and all that, and it was not very likely she would take up with such a bashful, humble, country youth as this. He could expect nothing beyond a possible rectorate in the remote distance, with one of those little shingle chapels to preach in, which, if it were set up on a stout pole, would pass for a good-sized martin-house. Cyprian might do to practise on, but there was no danger of her looking at him in a serious way. As for that youth, Clement Lindsay, if he had not taken himself off as he did, Murray Bradshaw confessed to himself that he should have felt uneasy. He was too good-looking, and too clever a young fellow to have knocking about among fragile susceptibilities. But on reflection he saw there could be no danger.

"All up with him, — poor diavolo! Can't understand it — such a little sixpenny miss — pretty enough boiled parsnip blonde, if one likes that sort of thing — pleases some of the old boys, apparently. Look out, Mr. L. — remember Susanna and the Elders. Good!

"Safe enough if something new does n't turn up. Youngish. Sixteen's a little early. Seventeen will do. Marry a girl while she's in the gristle, and you can shape her bones for her. Splendid creature — without her trimmings. Wants training. Must learn to dance, and sing something besides psalm-tunes."

Mr. Bradshaw began humming the hymn, "When I can read my title

clear," adding some variations of his own. "That's the solo for my *prima donna*!"

In the mean time Myrtle seemed to be showing some new developments. One would have said that the instincts of the coquette, or at least of the city belle, were coming uppermost in her nature. Her little nervous attack passed away, and she gained strength and beauty every day. She was becoming conscious of her gifts of fascination, and seemed to please herself with the homage of her rustic admirers. Why was it that no one of them had the look and bearing of that young man she had seen but a moment the other evening? To think that he should have taken up with such a weakling as Susan Posey! She sighed, and not so much thought as felt how kind it would have been in Heaven to have made her such a man. But the image of the delicate blonde stood between her and all serious thought of Clement Lindsay. She saw the wedding in the distance, and very foolishly thought to herself that she could not and would not go to it.

But Clement Lindsay was gone, and she must content herself with such worshippers as the village afforded. Murray Bradshaw was surprised and confounded at the easy way in which she received his compliments, and played with his advances, after the fashion of the trained ball-room belles, who know how to be almost caressing in manner, and yet are really as far off from the deluded victim of their suavities as the topmost statue of the Milan cathedral from the peasant that kneels on its floor. He admired her all the more for this, and yet he saw that she would be a harder prize to win than he had once thought. If he made up his mind that he would have her, he must go armed with all implements, from the red hackle to the harpoon.

The change which surprised Murray Bradshaw could not fail to be noticed by all those about her. Miss Silence had long ago come to pantomime, — rolling up of eyes, clasping of hands,

making of sad mouths, and the rest, — but left her to her own way, as already the property of that great firm of World & Co. which drives such sharp bargains for young souls with the better angels. Cynthia studied her for her own purposes, but had never gained her confidence. The Irish servant saw that some change had come over her, and thought of the great ladies she had sometimes looked upon in the old country. They all had a kind of superstitious feeling about Myrtle's bracelet, of which she had told them the story, but which Kitty half believed was put in the drawer by the fairies, who brought her ribbons and partridge-feathers, and other simple adornments with which she contrived to set off her simple costume, so as to produce those effects which an eye for color and cunning fingers can bring out of almost nothing.

Gifted Hopkins was now in a sad, vacillating condition, between the two great attractions to which he was exposed. Myrtle looked so immensely handsome one Sunday when he saw her going to church, — not to meeting, for she would not go, except when she knew Father Pemberton was going to be the preacher, — that the young poet was on the point of going down on his knees to her, and telling her that his heart was hers and hers alone. But he suddenly remembered that he had on his best pantaloons; and the idea of carrying the marks of his devotion in the shape of two dusty impressions on his most valued article of apparel turned the scale against the demonstration. It happened the next morning, that Susan Posey wore the most becoming ribbon she had displayed for a long time, and Gifted was so taken with her pretty looks that he might very probably have made the same speech to her that he had been on the point of making to Myrtle the day before, but that he remembered her plighted affections, and thought what he should have to say for himself when Clement Lindsay, in a frenzy of rage and jealousy, stood before him, probably armed with as

many deadly instruments as a lawyer mentions by name in an indictment for murder.

Cyprian Eveleth looked very differently on the new manifestations Myrtle was making of her tastes and inclinations. He had always felt dazzled, as well as attracted, by her; but now there was something in her expression and manner which made him feel still more strongly that they were intended for different spheres of life. He could not but own that she was born for a brilliant destiny,—that no ball-room would throw a light from its chandeliers too strong for her,—that no circle would be too brilliant for her to illuminate by her presence. Love does not thrive without hope, and Cyprian was beginning to see that it was idle in him to think of folding these wide wings of Myrtle's so that they would be shut up in any cage he could ever offer her. He began to doubt whether, after all, he might not find a meeker and humbler nature better adapted to his own. And so it happened that one evening after the three girls, Olive, Myrtle, and Bathsheba, had been together at the Parsonage, and Cyprian, availing himself of a brother's privilege, had joined them, he found he had been talking most of the evening with the gentle girl whose voice had grown so soft and sweet, during her long ministry in the sick-chamber, that it seemed to him more like music than speech. It would not be fair to say that Myrtle was piqued to see that Cyprian was devoting himself to Bathsheba. Her ambition was already reaching beyond her little village circle, and she had an inward sense that Cyprian found a form of sympathy in the minister's simple-minded daughter which he could not ask from a young woman of her own aspirations.

Such was the state of affairs when Master Byles Gridley was one morning surprised by an early call from Myrtle. He had a volume of Walton's Polyglot open before him, and was reading Job in the original, when she entered.

"Why, bless me, is that my young

friend Miss Myrtle Hazard?" he exclaimed. "I might call you *Keren-Happuch*, which is Hebrew for Child of Beauty, and not be very far out of the way, — Job's youngest daughter, my dear. And what brings my young friend out in such good season this morning? Nothing going wrong up at our ancient mansion, The Poplars, I trust?"

"I want to talk with you, dear Master Gridley," she answered. She looked as if she did not know just how to begin.

"Anything that interests you, Myrtle, interests me. I think you have some project in that young head of yours, my child. Let us have it, in all its dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. I think I can guess, Myrtle, that we have a little plan of some kind or other. We don't visit Papa Job quite so early as this without some special cause, — do we, Miss Keren-Happuch?"

"I want to go to the city—to school," Myrtle said, with the directness which belonged to her nature.

"That is precisely what I want you to do myself, Miss Myrtle Hazard. I don't like to lose you from the village, but I think we must spare you for a while."

"You're the best and dearest man that ever lived. What could have made you think of such a thing for me, Mr. Gridley?"

"Because you are ignorant, my child, — partly. I want to see you fitted to take a look at the world without feeling like a little country miss. Has your Aunt Silence promised to bear your expenses while you are in the city? It will cost a good deal of money."

"I have not said a word to her about it. I am sure I don't know what she would say. But I have some money, Mr. Gridley."

She showed him a purse with gold, telling him how she came by it. "There is some silver besides. Will it be enough?"

"No, no, my child, we must not meddle with that. Your aunt will let me put it

in the bank for you, I think, where it will be safe. But that shall not make any difference. I have got a little money lying idle, which you may just as well have the use of as not. You can pay it back perhaps some time or other; if you did not, it would not make much difference. I am pretty much alone in the world, and except a book now and then — *Aut liberos aut libros*, as our valiant heretic has it, — you ought to know a little Latin, Myrtle, but never mind — I have not much occasion for money. You shall go to the best school that any of our cities can offer, Myrtle, and you shall stay there until we agree that you are fitted to come back to us an ornament to Oxbow Village, and to larger places than this if you are called there. We have had some talk about it, your Aunt Silence and I, and it is all settled. Your aunt does not feel very rich just now, or perhaps she would do more for you. She has many pious and poor friends, and it keeps her funds low. Never mind, my child, we will have it all arranged for you, and you shall begin the year 1860 in Madam Delacoste's institution for young ladies. Too many rich girls and fashionable ones there, I fear, but you must see some of all kinds, and there are very good instructors in the school, — I know one, — he was a college boy with me, — and you will find pleasant and good companions there, so he tells me; only don't be in a hurry to choose your friends, for the least desirable young persons are very apt to cluster about a new-comer."

Myrtle was bewildered with the suddenness of the prospect thus held out to her. It is a wonder that she did not bestow an embrace upon the worthy old master. Perhaps she had too much tact. It is a pretty way enough of telling one that he belongs to a past generation, but it does tell him that not over-pleasing fact. Like the title of Emeritus Professor, it is a tribute to be accepted, hardly to be longed for.

When the curtain rises again, it will show Miss Hazard in a new character, and surrounded by a new world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MYRTLE HAZARD AT THE CITY SCHOOL.

MR. BRADSHAW was obliged to leave town for a week or two on business connected with the great land-claim. On his return, feeling in pretty good spirits, as the prospects looked favorable, he went to make a call at The Poplars. He asked first for Miss Hazard.

"Bliss your soul, Mr. Bradshaw," answered Mistress Kitty Fagan, "she's been gahn nigh a wake. It's to the city, to the big school, they've sint her."

This announcement seemed to make a deep impression on Murray Bradshaw, for his feelings found utterance in one of the most energetic forms of language to which ears polite or impolite are accustomed. He next asked for Miss Silence, who soon presented herself. Mr. Bradshaw asked, in a rather excited way, "Is it possible, Miss Withers, that your niece has quitted you to go to a city school?"

Miss Silence answered, with her chief-mourner expression, and her death-chamber tone: "Yes, she has left us for a season. I trust it may not be her destruction. I had hoped in former years that she would become a missionary, but I have given up all expectation of that now. Two whole years, from the age of four to that of six, I had prevailed upon her to give up sugar, — the money so saved to go to a graduate of our institution — who was afterwards — he labored among the cannibal-islanders. I thought she seemed to take pleasure in this small act of self-denial, but I have since suspected that Kitty gave her secret lumps. It was by Mr. Gridley's advice that she went, and by his pecuniary assistance. What could I do? She was bent on going, and I was afraid she would have fits, or do something dreadful, if I did not let her have her way. I am afraid she will come back to us spoiled. She has seemed so fond of dress lately, and

once she spoke of learning — yes, Mr. Bradshaw, of learning to — dance ! I wept when I heard of it. Yes, I wept."

That was such a tremendous thing to think of, and especially to speak of in Mr. Bradshaw's presence, — for the most pathetic image in the world to many women is that of themselves in tears, — that it brought a return of the same overflow, which served as a substitute for conversation until Miss Badlam entered the apartment.

Miss Cynthia followed the same general course of remark. They could not help Myrtle's going if they tried. She had always maintained that, if they had only once broke her will when she was little, they would have kept the upper hand of her ; but her will never *was* broke. They came pretty near it once, but the child would n't give in.

Miss Cynthia went to the door with Mr. Bradshaw, and the conversation immediately became short and informal.

"Demonish pretty business ! All up for a year or more, — hey?"

"Don't blame me, — I could n't stop her."

"Give me her address, — I 'll write to her. Any young men teach in the school?"

"Can't tell you. She 'll write to Olive and Bathsheba, and I 'll find out all about it."

Murray Bradshaw went home and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place, containing many interesting remarks and inquiries, some of the latter relating to Madam Delacoste's institution for the education of young ladies.

While this was going on at Oxbow Village, Myrtle was establishing herself at the rather fashionable school to which Mr. Gridley had recommended her. Mrs. or Madam Delacoste's boarding-school had a name which on the whole it deserved pretty well. She had some very good instructors for girls who wished to get up useful knowledge in case they might marry

professors or ministers. They had a chance to learn music, dancing, drawing, and the way of behaving in company. There was a chance, too, to pick up available acquaintances, for many rich people sent their daughters to the school, and it was something to have been bred in their company.

There was the usual division of the scholars into a first and second set, according to the social position, mainly depending upon the fortune, of the families to which they belonged. The wholesale dealer's daughter very naturally considered herself as belonging to a different order from the retail dealer's daughter. The keeper of a great hotel and the editor of a widely circulated newspaper were considered as ranking with the wholesale dealers, and their daughters belonged also to the untitled nobility which has the dollar for its armorial bearing. The second set had most of the good scholars, and some of the prettiest girls ; but nobody knew anything about their families, who lived off the great streets and avenues, or vegetated in country towns.

Myrtle Hazard's advent made something like a sensation. They did not know exactly what to make of her. Hazard? Hazard? No great firm of that name. No leading hotel kept by any Hazard, was there? No newspaper of note edited by anybody called Hazard, was there? Came from where? Oxbow Village. O, rural district. Yes. — Still they could not help owning that she was handsome, — a concession which of course had to be made with reservations.

"Don't you think she's vurry good-lookin'?" said a Boston girl to a New York girl. "I think she's real pooty."

"I dew, indeed. I did n't think she was haaf so handsome the féeest time I saw her," answered the New York girl.

"What a pity she had n't been bawn in Bawston!"

"Yes, and moved very young to Ne Yock!"

"And married a sarsaparilla man,

and lived in Fiff Avenoo, and moved in the fust society."

"Better dew that than be strong-mainded, and dew your own cook'n, and live in your own kitch'n."

"Don't forgit to send your card when you are Mrs. Old Dr. Jacob!"

"Indeed I shaän't. What's the name of the alley, and which bell?" The New York girl took out a memorandum-book as if to put it down.

"Had n't you better let me write it for you, dear?" said the Boston girl. "It is as well to have it legible, you know."

"Take it," said the New York girl. "There's tew York shill'ns in it when I hand it to you."

"Your whole quarter's allowance, I bullieve, — ain't it?" said the Boston girl.

"Elegant manners, correct deportment, and propriety of language will be strictly attended to in this institution. The most correct standards of pronunciation will be inculcated by precept and example. It will be the special aim of the teachers to educate their pupils out of all provincialisms, so that they may be recognized as well-bred English scholars wherever the language is spoken in its purity." — *Extract from the Prospectus of Madam Delacoste's Boarding-School.*

Myrtle Hazard was a puzzle to all the girls. Striking, they all agreed, but then the criticisms began. Many of the girls chattered a little broken French, and one of them, Miss Euphrosyne De Lacy, had been half educated in Paris, so that she had all the phrases which are to social operators what his cutting instruments are to the surgeon. Her face she allowed was handsome; but her style, according to this oracle, was a little *bourgeoise*, and her air not exactly *comme il faut*. More specifically, she was guilty of *contours fortement prononcés*, — *corsage de paysanne*, — *quelque chose de sauvage*, etc., etc. This girl prided herself on her figure.

Miss Bella Pool, (*La Belle Poule* as the demi-Parisian girl had christened

her,) the beauty of the school, did not think so much of Myrtle's face, but considered her figure as better than the De Lacy girl's.

The two sets, first and second, fought over her as the Greeks and Trojans over a dead hero, or the Yale College societies over a live freshman. She was nobody by her connections, it is true, so far as they could find out, but then, on the other hand, she had the walk of a queen, and she looked as if a few stylish dresses and a season or two would make her a belle of the first water. She had that air of indifference to their little looks and whispered comments which is surest to disarm all the critics of a small tattling community. On the other hand, she came to this school to learn, and not to play; and the modest and more plainly dressed girls, whose fathers did not sell by the cargo, or keep victualling establishments for some hundreds of people, considered her as rather in sympathy with them than with the daughters of the rough-and-tumble millionnaires who were grappling and rolling over each other in the golden dust of the great city markets.

She did not mean to belong exclusively to either of their sets. She came with that sense of manifold deficiencies, and eager ambition to supply them, which carries any learner upward, as if on wings, over the heads of the mechanical plodders and the indifferent routinists. She learned, therefore, in a way to surprise the experienced instructors. Her somewhat rude sketching soon began to show something of the artist's touch. Her voice, which had only been taught to warble the simplest melodies, after a little training began to show its force and sweetness and flexibility in the airs that enchant drawing-room audiences. She caught with great readiness the manner of the easiest girls, unconsciously, for she inherited old social instincts which became nature with the briefest exercise. Not much license of dress was allowed in the educational establishment of Madam Delacoste,

but every girl had an opportunity to show her taste within the conventional limits prescribed. And Myrtle soon began to challenge remark by a certain air she contrived to give her dresses, and the skill with which she blended their colors.

"Tell you what, girls," said Miss Berengaria Topping, female representative of the great dynasty that ruled over the world-famous Planet Hotel, "she's got style, lots of it. I call her perfectly splendid, when she's got up in her swell clothes. That oriole's wing she wears in her bonnet makes her look gorgeous, — she'll be a stunning Pocahontas for the next *tableau*."

Miss Rose Bugbee, whose family opulence grew out of the only merchantable article a Hebrew is never known to seek profit from, thought she could be made presentable in the first circles if taken in hand in good season. So it came about that, before many weeks had passed over her as a scholar in the great educational establishment, she might be considered as on the whole the most popular girl in the whole bevy of them. The studious ones admired her for her facility of learning, and her extraordinary appetite for every form of instruction, and the showy girls, who were only enduring school as the purgatory that opened into the celestial world of society, recognized in her a very handsome young person, who would be like to make a sensation sooner or later.

There were, however, it must be confessed, a few who considered themselves the thickest of the cream of the school-girls, who submitted her to a more trying ordeal than any she had yet passed.

"How many horses does your papa keep?" asked Miss Florence Smythe. "We keep nine and a pony for Edgar."

Myrtle had to explain that she had no papa, and that they did not keep any horses. Thereupon Miss Florence Smythe lost her desire to form an acquaintance, and wrote home to her mother (who was an ex-bonnet-maker)

that the school was getting common, she was afraid, — they were letting in persons one knew nothing about.

Miss Clara Browne had a similar curiosity about the amount of plate used in the household from which Myrtle came. Her father had just bought a complete silver service. Myrtle had to own that they used a good deal of china at her own home, — old china, which had been a hundred years in the family, some of it.

"A hundred years old!" exclaimed Miss Clara Browne. "What queer-looking stuff it must be! Why, everything in our house is just as new and bright! Papa had all our pictures painted on purpose for us. Have you got any handsome pictures in your house?"

"We have a good many portraits of members of the family," she said, "some of them older than the china."

"How very very odd! What do the dear old things look like?"

"One was a great beauty in her time."

"How jolly!"

"Another was a young woman who was put to death for her religion, — burned to ashes at the stake in Queen Mary's time."

"How very very wicked! It was n't nice a bit, was it? Ain't you telling me stories? Was that a hundred years ago? — But you've got some new pictures and things, have n't you? Who furnished your parlors?"

"My great-grandfather, or his father, I believe."

"Stuff and nonsense. I don't believe it. What color are your carriage-horses?"

"Our woman, Kitty Fagan, told somebody once we did n't keep any horse but a cow."

"Not keep any horses! Do for pity's sake let me look at your feet."

Myrtle put out as neat a little foot as a shoemaker ever fitted with a pair of number two. What she would have been tempted to do with it, if she had been a boy, we will not stop to guess. After all, the questions amused her

quite as much as the answers instructed Miss Clara Browne. Of that young lady's ancestral claims to distinction there is no need of discoursing. Her "papaä" commonly said *sir* in talking with a gentleman, and her "mammaä" would once in a while forget, and go down the area steps instead of entering at the proper door; but they lived in a brown-stone front, which veneers everybody's antecedents with a facing of respectability.

Miss Clara Browne wrote home to *her* mother in the same terms as Miss Florence Smythe,—that the school was getting dreadful common, and they were letting in very queer folks.

Still another trial awaited Myrtle, and one which not one girl in a thousand would have been so unprepared to meet. She knew absolutely nothing of certain things with which the vast majority of young persons were quite familiar.

There were literary young ladies, who had read everything of Dickens and Thackeray, and something at least of Sir Walter, and occasionally, perhaps, a French novel, which they had better have left alone. One of the talking young ladies of this set began upon Myrtle one day.

"O, is n't Pickwick nice?" she asked.

"I don't know," Myrtle replied; "I never tasted any."

The girl stared at her as if she were a crazy creature. "Tasted any! Why, I mean the Pickwick Papers, Dickens's story. Don't you think they're nice?"

Poor Myrtle had to confess that she had never read them, and did n't know anything about them.

"What! did you never read any novels?" said the young lady.

"O, to be sure I have," said Myrtle, blushing as she thought of the great trunk and its contents. "I have read Caleb Williams, and Evelina, and Tristram Shandy" (naughty girl!), "and the Castle of Otranto, and the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Vicar of Wakefield, and Don Quixote—"

The young lady burst out laughing. "Stop! stop! for mercy's sake," she cried. "You must be somebody that's been dead and buried and come back to life again. Why you're Rip Van Winkle in a petticoat! You ought to powder your hair and wear patches."

"We've got the oddest girl here," this young lady wrote home. "She has n't read any book that is n't a thousand years old. One of the girls says she wears a trilobite for a breastpin; some horrid old stone, I believe that is, that was a bug ever so long ago. Her name, she says, is Myrtle Hazard, but I call her Rip Van Myrtle."

Notwithstanding the quiet life which these young girls were compelled to lead, they did once in a while have their gatherings, at which a few young gentlemen were admitted. One of these took place about a month after Myrtle had joined the school. The girls were all in their best, and by and by they were to have a *tableau*. Myrtle came out in all her force. She dressed herself as nearly as she dared like the handsome woman of the past generation whom she resembled. The very spirit of the dead beauty seemed to animate every feature and every movement of the young girl, whose position in the school was assured from that moment. She had a good solid foundation to build upon in the jealousy of two or three of the leading girls of the style of pretensions illustrated by some of their talk which has been given. There is no possible success without some opposition as a fulcrum: force is always aggressive, and crowds something or other, if it does not hit or trample on it.

The cruellest cut of all was the remark attributed to Mr. Livingston Jenkins, who was what the opposition girls just referred to called the great "swell" among the privileged young gentlemen who were present at the gathering.

"Rip Van Myrtle, you call that handsome girl, do you, Miss Clara? By Jove, she's the stylishest of the whole lot, to say nothing of being a first-class beauty. Of course you know I except

one, Miss Clara. If a girl can go to sleep and wake up after twenty years looking like that, I know a good many who had better begin their nap without waiting. If I were Florence Smythe, I'd try it, and begin now, — eh, Clara?"

Miss Browne felt the praise of Myrtle to be slightly alleviated by the depreciation of Miss Smythe, who had long been a rival of her own. A little later in the evening Miss Smythe enjoyed almost precisely the same sensation, produced in a very economical way by Mr. Livingston Jenkins's repeating pretty nearly the same sentiments to her, only with a change in two of the proper names. The two young ladies were left feeling comparatively comfortable with regard to each other, each intending to repeat Mr. Livingston Jenkins's remark about her friend to such of her other friends as enjoyed clever sayings, but not at all comfortable with reference to Myrtle Hazard, who was evidently considered by the leading "swell" of their circle as the most noticeable personage of the assembly. The individual exception in each case did very well as a matter of politeness, but they knew well enough what he meant.

It seemed to Myrtle Hazard, that evening, that she felt the bracelet on her wrist glow with a strange, unaccustomed warmth. It was as if it had just been unclasped from the arm of a young woman full of red blood and tingling all over with swift nerve-currents. Life had never looked to her as it did that evening. It was the swan's first breasting the water, — bred on the desert sand, with vague dreams of lake and river, and strange longings as the mirage came and dissolved, and at length afloat upon the sparkling wave. She felt as if she had for the first time found her destiny. It was to please, and so to command, — to rule with gentle sway in virtue of the royal gift of beauty, — to enchant with the commonest exercise of speech, through the rare quality of a voice which could not help being always gracious and winning, of a manner which came to her as an in-

heritance of which she had just found the title. She read in the eyes of all that she was more than any other the centre of admiration. Blame her who may, the world was a very splendid vision as it opened before her eyes in its long vista of pleasures and of triumphs. How different the light of these bright saloons from the glimmer of the dim chamber at The Poplars! Silence Withers was at that very moment looking at the portraits of Anne Holyoake and of Judith Pride. "The old picture seems to me to be fading faster than ever," she was thinking. But when she held her lamp before the other, it seemed to her that the picture never was so fresh before, and that the proud smile upon its lips was more full of conscious triumph than she remembered it. A reflex, doubtless, of her own thoughts, for she believed that the martyr was weeping even in heaven over her lost descendant, and that the beauty, changed to the nature of the malignant spiritual company with which she had long consorted in the under-world, was pleasing herself with the thought that Myrtle was in due time to bring her news from the Satanic province overhead, where she herself had so long indulged in the profligacy of *embonpoint* and loveliness.

The evening at the school-party was to terminate with some *tableaux*. The girl who had suggested that Myrtle would look "stunning" or "gorgeous" or "jolly," or whatever the expression was, as Pocahontas, was not far out of the way, and it was so evident to the managing heads that she would make a fine appearance in that character, that the "Rescue of Captain John Smith" was specially got up to show her off.

Myrtle had sufficient reason to believe that there was a hint of Indian blood in her veins. It was one of those family legends which some of the members are a little proud of, and others are willing to leave uninvestigated. But with Myrtle it was a fixed belief that she felt perfectly distinct currents of her ancestral blood at intervals, and she had sometimes thought there were instincts

and vague recollections which must have come from the old warriors and hunters and their dusky brides. The Indians who visited the neighborhood recognized something of their own race in her dark eyes, as the reader may remember they told the persons who were searching after her. It had almost frightened her sometimes to find how like a wild creature she felt when alone in the woods. Her senses had much of that delicacy for which the red people are noted, and she often thought she could follow the trail of an enemy, if she wished to track one through the forest, as unerringly as if she were a Pequot or a Mohegan.

It was a strange feeling that came over Myrtle, as they dressed her for the part she was to take. Had she never worn that painted robe before? Was it the first time that these strings of wampum had ever rattled upon her neck and arms? And could it be that the plume of eagle's feathers with which they crowned her dark, fast-lengthening locks had never shadowed her forehead until now? She felt herself carried back into the dim ages when the wilderness was yet untrodden save by the feet of its native lords. Think of her wild fancy as we may, she felt as if that dusky woman of her midnight vision on the river were breathing for one hour through her lips. If this belief had lasted, it is plain enough where it would have carried her. But it came into her imagination and vivifying consciousness with the putting on of her unwonted costume, and might well leave her when she put it off. It is not for us, who tell only what happened, to solve these mysteries of the seeming admission of unhouse souls into the fleshly tenements belonging to air-breathing personalities. A very little more, and from that evening forward the question would have been treated in full in all the works on medical jurisprudence published throughout the limits of Christendom. The story must be told, or we should not be honest with the reader.

TABLEAU I. Captain John Smith

(Miss Euphrosyne de Lacy) was to be represented prostrate and bound, ready for execution; Powhatan (Miss Florence Smythe) sitting upon a log; savages with clubs (Misses Clara Browne, A. Van Boodle, E. Van Boodle, Heister, Booster, etc., etc.) standing around; Pocahontas holding the knife in her hand, ready to cut the cords with which Captain John Smith is bound. — Curtain.

TABLEAU 2. Captain John Smith released and kneeling before Pocahontas, whose hand is extended in the act of raising him and presenting him to her father. Savages in various attitudes of surprise. Clubs fallen from their hands. Strontian flame to be kindled. — Curtain.

This was a portion of the programme for the evening, as arranged behind the scenes. The first part went off with wonderful *éclat*, and at its close there were loud cries for Pocahontas. She appeared for a moment. Bouquets were flung to her; and a wreath, which one of the young ladies had expected for herself in another part, was tossed upon the stage, and laid at her feet. The curtain fell.

"Put the wreath on her for the next *tableau*," some of them whispered, just as the curtain was going to rise, and one of the girls hastened to place it upon her head.

The disappointed young lady could not endure it, and, in a spasm of jealous passion, sprang at Myrtle, snatched it from her head, and trampled it under her feet at the very instant the curtain was rising. With a cry which some said had the blood-chilling tone of an Indian's battle-shriek, Myrtle caught the knife up, and raised her arm against the girl who had thus rudely assailed her. The girl sank to the ground, covering her eyes in her terror. Myrtle, with her arm still lifted, and the blade glistening in her hand, stood over her, rigid as if she had been suddenly changed to stone. Many of those looking on thought all this was a part of the show, and were thrilled with the wonderful acting. Before those immediately around her had had time to

recover from the palsy of their fright, Myrtle had flung the knife away from her, and was kneeling, her head bowed and her hands crossed upon her breast. The audience went into a rapture of applause as the curtain came suddenly down; but Myrtle had forgotten all but the dread peril she had just passed, and was thanking God that his angel — her own protecting spirit, as it seemed to her — had stayed the arm which a passion such as her nature had never known, such as she believed was alien to her truest self, had lifted with deadliest purpose. She alone knew how extreme the danger had been. "She meant to scare her, — that's all," they said. But Myrtle tore the eagle's feathers from her hair, and stripped off her colored beads, and threw off her painted robe. The metempsychosis was far too real for her to let her wear the semblance of the savage from whom, as she believed, had come the lawless impulse at the thought of which her soul recoiled in horror.

"Pocahontas has got a horrid headache," the managing young ladies gave it out, "and can't come to time for the last *tableau*." So this all passed over, not only without loss of credit to Myrtle, but with no small addition to her local fame, — for it must have been acting; and "was n't it stunning to see her with that knife, looking as if she was going to stab Bella, or to scalp her, or something?"

As Master Gridley had predicted, and as is the case commonly with newcomers at colleges and schools, Myrtle came first in contact with those who were least agreeable to meet. The low-bred youth who amuse themselves with scurvy tricks on freshmen, and the vulgar girls who try to show off their gentility to those whom they think less important than themselves, are exceptions in every institution; but they make themselves odiously prominent before the quiet and modest young people have had time to gain the new scholar's confidence. Myrtle found friends

in due time, some of them daughters of rich people, some poor girls, who came with the same sincerity of purpose as herself. But not one was her match in the facility of acquiring knowledge. Not one promised to make such a mark in society, if she found an opening into its loftier circles. She was by no means ignorant of her natural gifts, and she cultivated them with the ambition which would not let her rest.

During the year she spent in the great school, she made but one visit to Oxbow Village. She did not try to startle the good people with her accomplishments, but they were surprised at the change which had taken place in her. Her dress was hardly more showy, for she was but a school-girl, but it fitted her more gracefully. She had gained a softness of expression, and an ease in conversation, which produced their effect on all with whom she came in contact. Her aunt's voice lost something of its plaintiveness in talking with her. Miss Cynthia listened with involuntary interest to her stories of school and schoolmates. Master Byles Gridley accepted her as the great success of his life, and determined to make her his sole heiress, if there was any occasion for so doing. Cyprian told Bathsheba that Myrtle must come to be a great lady. Gifted Hopkins confessed to Susan Posey that he was afraid of her, since she had been to the great city school. She knew too much, and looked too much like a queen, for a village boy to talk with.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw tried all his fascinations upon her, but she parried compliments so well, and put off all his nearer advances so dexterously, that he could not advance beyond the region of florid courtesy, and never got a chance, if so disposed, to risk a question which he would not ask rashly, believing that, if Myrtle once said *No*, there would be little chance of her ever saying *Yes*.

HOSPITAL MEMORIES

I.

WHEN the first wave of patriotism rolled over the land at the outbreak of the late Rebellion, fathers and mothers were proudly willing to send forth sons and daughters to take their part in the struggle. The young men were speedily marshalled and marched to the scene of action; but the young women were not so fortunate in getting off to places in the hospitals before the first ardor of excitement had cooled. Indeed, all hospital organization was in such an imperfect state that no definite plan could be made for ladies desiring to enter upon the good work.

Then came grave doubts from sage heads as to the propriety and expediency of young women's going at all. One said that they would always be standing in the way of the doctors; another, that they would run at the first glimpse of a wounded man, or certainly faint at sight of a surgical instrument; others still, that no woman's strength could endure for a week the demands of hospital life. In fact, it was looked upon as the most fanatical folly, and suggestions were made that at least a slight experiment of hospital horrors ought to be made before starting on such a mad career. Accordingly, in Boston, a few who cherished the project most earnestly began a series of daily visits to the Massachusetts General Hospital. To the courtesy and kindness of Dr. B. S. Shaw and the attending surgeons, — especially Dr. J. Mason Warren, — these novices were indebted for the privilege of witnessing operations and being taught the art of dressing wounds. The omission of fainting on the part of the new pupils rather disappointed general expectation; and though the knowledge gained in a few weeks was superficial, yet for practical purposes the nurses were not deemed totally incompetent.

After receiving a certificate of fitness for the work from medical authority, it was discouraging at last to be denied the consent of parents. However, some favored ones went forth, and, returning home in a few months, brought back such accounts of satisfaction in finding themselves of use, and of their enjoyment in ministering to our suffering soldiers, that at length the prejudices which withheld consent were overcome, and one of the last of those who went was allowed to take part in the most interesting duties to which the war called women.

I have often thought that one day of hospital employment, with its constant work and opportunities, was worth a year of ordinary life at home, and I remember with thankfulness how many times I was permitted to take the place of absent mothers and sisters in caring for their sons and brothers. It seemed to me that we women in the hospitals received our reward a hundred-fold in daily sights of patient heroism, and expressions of warm gratitude, and that we did not deserve mention or remembrance in comparison with the thousands at home whose zeal never wearied in labors indirect and unexciting, until the day of victory ended their work.

No place in the country could have been better adapted to the uses of a hospital than the grounds and buildings belonging to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, enclosed on two sides, as they are, by an arm of the Chesapeake Bay and the river Severn, and blessed with a varied view, and fresh, invigorating breezes. At the opening of the war General Butler landed troops at this point, thus communicating with Washington without passing through Baltimore. The Naval School was immediately removed to Newport, where it remained until after the close of our

national troubles. The places of the young students preparing for the naval service were soon filled by the sick and wounded of the volunteer armies.

The city of Annapolis is old and quaint. Unlike most of our American capitals, it gives a stranger the impression of having been finished for centuries, and one would imagine that the inhabitants are quite too contented to have any idea of progress or improvement. The Episcopal church, destroyed by fire a few years since, has been rebuilt; but even that is crowned with the ancient wooden tower rescued from the flames, and preserved in grateful memory of Queen Anne, who bestowed valuable gifts on this church of her namesake city.

Within easy access of all the conveniences of a city, and with excellent railroad facilities, the hospital grounds were perfectly secluded by surrounding walls. As one entered through the high gates, an indescribable repose was felt, enhanced by the charm with which Nature has endowed the spot, in the abundant shade, evergreen, and fruit trees, and rose-bushes, holly, and other shrubbery. The classical naval monument, formerly at the Capitol in Washington, has within a few years been removed, and with two others — one of which perpetuates the memory of the adventurous Herndon — stands here. The wharf built for the embarkation of the Burnside Expedition in 1861 is also here. About sixty brick buildings, comprising the chapel, post-office, dispensary, and laundry, with long rows of tents stretched across the grassy spaces, afforded accommodation for patients varying from five hundred to twenty-two hundred in number.

In the summer of 1863, Dr. B. A. Vanderkeift was appointed surgeon in charge of the U. S. General Hospital, Division I., at Annapolis, more frequently called the Naval School Hospital. Dr. Vanderkeift, from his uncommon energy of character, his large experience, and rare executive ability, was admirably fitted for his position. By day and night he never spared him-

self in the most watchful superintendence of all departments of the hospital; no details were too minute for his care, no plan too generous which could tend to the comfort of the suffering. Absolute system and punctuality were expected to be observed by all who came under his military rule. The reveille bugle broke the silence of early dawn. Its clear notes, repeated at intervals during the day, announced to the surgeons the time for visits and reports, and to the men on duty — such as the guards, police, nurses, and cooks — the time for their meals. One of the most original of the Doctor's plans was the establishment of a stretcher corps. At one time there was daily to be seen upon the green in front of head-quarters a company of men, ward-masters, nurses, and cooks, performing the most surprising evolutions, playing alternately the parts of patients and nurses, studying by experiment, under the eye and direction of skilful surgeons, the most comfortable method of conveying the helpless. In this way the stretcher corps acquired an amount of skill and tenderness which was brought into good use when the long roll on the drum summoned them to meet an approaching transport, bringing either the wounded from the last battle-field, or the emaciated victims who had been held as prisoners of war at the South.

Shortly after Dr. Vanderkeift came to the hospital, he invited "Sister Tyler" to take the head of the ladies' department. She will always be remembered as identified with the war from the very beginning. She was the only woman in Baltimore who came forward on the 19th of April, 1861, when the men of our Massachusetts Sixth were massacred in passing through that city. She insisted upon being permitted to see the wounded, and with dauntless devotion, in the face of peril, had some of them removed to her own home, where she gave them the most faithful care for many weeks. These men were but the first few of thousands who can never forget the kindness received from her hands, the words of cheer which

came from her lips. Until within ten months of the closing events of the war, she was constantly engaged in hospital service, and then only left for Europe because too much exhausted to continue longer in the work. "Sister Tyler" had supervision of the hospital, and of the fourteen ladies who had a subdivision of responsibility resting upon each of them. Their duties consisted in the special care of the wards assigned them, and particular attention to the diet and stimulants; they supplied the thousand nameless little wants which occurred every day, furnished books and amusements, wrote for and read to the men,—did everything, in fact, which a thoughtful tact could suggest without interfering with surgeons or stewards.

Dr. Vanderkeift wisely considered nourishing diet of more importance than medicine. There were three departments for the preparation of low and special diet, over each of which a lady presided. The cooks and nurses, throughout the hospital, were furnished from the number of convalescent patients not fit to go to the front. They made excellent workers in these positions, learning with a ready intelligence their new duties, and performing them with cheerful compliance; but they often regained their strength too rapidly, and the whole order and convenience of kitchens and wards would be thrown into wild confusion by a stern mandate from Washington, that every able-bodied man was to go to his regiment. No matter what the exigency of the case might be, these men were despatched in haste. Then came a new training of men, some on crutches, some with one hand, and all far from strong. When the ladies remonstrated at having such men put on duty, they were told that feebleness must be made good by numbers, and it was no uncommon thing for four or five crippled men to be employed in the work of one strong one. These changes made wild confusion for a few days, but gradually we began to consider them a part of the fortunes of war, and to find that a sto-

ical tranquillity was the best way in which to meet them. Though exceedingly inconvenient, there was rarely any serious result attending them. Occasionally a lady would be fortunate enough to evade the loss of a valuable man by sending him into the city on an errand, or by keeping him out of sight while an inspection was going on. In this way my chief of staff, as I used to call a certain German youth, was kept a year in the hospital. His efficiency and constant interest in the patients made him a valuable auxiliary in my little department; and I know that his services were appreciated by others than myself, for one of the chief surgeons advised me to keep him by all means, even if hiding him in the ice-chest were necessary.

The regular supplies from the commissary were comparatively plentiful, but fell short of the demand, both as to quantity and variety. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions met this want in great measure, providing good stimulants, dried fruits, butter, and various other luxuries. But with the utmost delight were received boxes packed by generous hands at home. I shall ever feel indebted to many Boston friends for their laborious care and munificent contributions. One of them, Mrs. James Reed, has now entered upon the full reward of a life rich in noble impulses and kindly deeds. Her cordial sympathy for those languishing in distant hospital wards was manifested in sending gifts of the choicest and most expensive home luxuries.

A gentleman well known in England, as well as our own country, for his friendly patronage of art, was never forgetful of our warriors in their dreary days of suffering. Many a cheery message did he send in letters, and never without liberal "contents." His name was gratefully associated by the men with bountiful draughts of punch and milk, fruits, ice-cream, and many other satisfying good things. His request was never to allow a man to want for anything that money could buy; and though "peanuts and oranges"—of

which he desired the men should have plenty—were not always the most judicious articles of diet, the spirit of his command was strictly obeyed.

Mrs. Alexander Randall, who lived near the hospital at Annapolis, was exceedingly kind in sending in timely delicacies for the men. Fruits and flowers from her own garden in lavish profusion were the constant expressions of her thoughtful interest. I remember especially one morning when a poor boy who was very low could not be persuaded to take any food; many tempting things had been suggested, but with feeble voice he said that some grapes were all that he cared for. It was early in the season, and they could not be bought. But just at this moment Mrs. Randall opportunely sent in some beautiful clusters. The countenance of the dying boy brightened with delight as he saw them. They made his last moments happy, for within half an hour he turned his head on the pillow, and with one short sigh was gone.

The large basketfuls of rosy apples from this lady were hailed with the utmost delight by those allowed to eat them. "I have wanted an apple more than anything," was often the eager reply, as they were offered to those who had recently come from a long captivity; and as they were distributed through the wards, not the least gratifying circumstance was the invariable refusal of the ward-masters and nurses to take any. Their diet was not sumptuous, and apples were a great luxury to all; but they would say, "No, thank you, let the men who have just come have them all."

On the 17th of November, 1863, the steamer *New York* came in, bringing one hundred and eighty men from Libby Prison and Belle Isle. Most of these were the soldiers who had fought at Gettysburg. Never was there an army in the world whose health and strength were better looked after than our own; the weak and sick were always sent to the general hospitals; and the idea that our men were ever in other

than the most sound and robust condition at the time of their becoming prisoners has no foundation. Language fails to describe them on their return from the most cruel of captivities. Ignominious insults, bitter and galling threats, exposure to scorching heat by day and to frosty cold at night, torturing pangs of hunger,—these were the methods by which stalwart men had been transformed into ghastly beings with sunken eyes and sepulchral voices. They were clothed in uncleanly rags, many without caps, and most without shoes. Their hair and beards were overgrown and matted. The condition of their teeth was the only appearance of neatness about them: and these were as white as ivory, from eating bread made of corn and cobs ground up together. A piece of such bread four inches square daily, with a morsel of meat once a week and a spoonful of beans three times a week, had been their food for several months. Some were too far gone to bear the strain of removal from the steamer; nine died on the day of arrival, and one third of the whole number soon followed them. Roses, which had lingered through the mellow autumn, were wreathed with laurel and laid upon their coffins as they were carried into the beautiful little chapel for the funeral services, before they were laid in the government cemetery, about a mile from the hospital. It is a lovely place, with many trees surrounding its gentle slopes; and here thousands sleep, with their name, rank, company, and regiment inscribed upon wooden slabs. But "Unknown" is the only sad record on many a headboard. These were men who died either on transports, or who when brought to us were too much impaired in mind to remember anything,—for the loss or derangement of mental faculties was no uncommon occurrence. When the first cases of starvation were brought under treatment, the doctors prescribed the lightest diet, mostly rice, soup, and tea. By experiment it was proved that just as many died in proportion under this

care as when an intense desire for any particular article of food was allowed in a measure to be satisfied. Almost every man on his arrival would have his mind concentrated on some one thing: with many, pickles were the coveted luxury; with others, milk. Often, as I passed through the wards, one or another would call out, "Lady, do you think there is such a thing as a piece of Bologna sausage here?" or, "Lady, is there a lemon in this place? I have been longing for one for months." The first thing that one man asked for was a cigar. He was very low, but said, "I would like one sweet smoke before I die." He finished his cigar only a few moments before he breathed his last.

The gratification of an insane craving for food cost many a poor fellow his life. One morning a man who had just come received some money from a friendly comrade; going in to the sutler's, he bought a quart of dried apples. After eating them he became quite thirsty, and drank an alarming quantity of cold water. It is needless to say that he died the next day. At another time a boy received a box from home; his fond mother, with more kindness than good judgment, sent, with other things, a mince-pie, which delighted him, and he was greatly disappointed in not being allowed to taste it. Though warned of the danger, when the nurse left him for a few moments to bring him some beef-tea, he got at the pie, ate half of it, and when the nurse returned was lying dead. Perhaps his death was not caused, but only hastened, by this. It was impossible always to guard against such imprudences.

One of the most interesting of the patients, who lived a few weeks after coming, was Hiram Campbell, of the Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. An imprisonment of one hundred and thirty-eight days had reduced him to a point beyond recovery. Day by day he grew weaker, yet clung to life for the sake of going home to see his friends once more. A few

weeks before, Dr. Vanderkeift had allowed a man in similar condition to start for home, and he had died on the way; so that the Doctor had made a rule that no man should leave the hospital unless able to walk to headquarters to ask for his own papers. An exception to this rule could not be granted, and the only chance was to try to build up Campbell's little remaining strength for the journey, to relieve his sufferings by comforts, and to keep hope alive in his mind by interesting him in stories and books. He was delighted to have "Evangeline" read to him, and the faint smile which passed over his haggard features as he listened told of a romance in his own life, begun, but destined too soon to be broken off by death. When too low to write, as a lady was answering a letter from his sister for him, he asked to have it read over to him. In her letter the sister had requested him to name her infant daughter. When the lady came to this request, he stopped her by asking what she thought a pretty name. Edith was suggested, but he did not seem satisfied with that; at last he said shyly, "How do you spell your name? I think I would like to have her named for you." The lady felt rather embarrassed in writing this, and persuaded him to let her mention several names, so that at least the sister might have a choice. This was only a few days before his death. His father was sent for, because it was evident that there could no longer be any hope of returning strength for him. The poor old man was heart-broken when he saw his son in such an emaciated condition. They had heard at home of his severe sufferings, but said he, "How could I ever expect to see him the like of this?" With patient resignation to God's will, the sufferer waited, and his life ebbed slowly away.

The sorrow-stricken father took to his home in the interior of Pennsylvania the body of his son, that he might rest in the village graveyard by the side of his mother. By his grassy grave a little child often hears from

her mother's lips how her uncle fought and died for the country, and with questioning wonder asks, "And am I named for the lady who was kind to Uncle Hiram?" Such are the strange links in life.

At this time there was in the wards an elderly man, who for months had been vainly trying to recruit his strength. He had not been a prisoner, but had been sent to the rear on account of feebleness. Now John Bump thought it a great waste of time to be staying here in the hospital, where he was doing no good to the nation, while, if he were at home, he might be acquiring quite a fortune from his "profession," for he was a chair-maker. His descriptive list not having been sent from the regiment, he could draw no pay. One day he received the following important queries from his anxious wife, who with eight small children at home did seem to be in a precarious condition: "The man who owns the house says I must move out if I cannot pay the rent: what shall I do? I have nothing for the children to eat: what shall I do? There is nothing to feed the hens with: what shall I do? The pigs are starving: what shall I do?" An application was made, which resulted in John Bump's being sent to his regiment, from which he no doubt soon received his discharge papers.

Around the post-office at noon might always be seen an eager group awaiting the distribution of the mail. A letter from friends was the most cheering hope of the day, often proving more effectual than anything else toward the restoration of health, by bringing vividly to minds languid with disease all the little interests and charms of home.

Gathered about the fire on a wintry day, the men would recount the experiences of their captivity, from the moment when they first found themselves with dismay in the power of the enemy, and, relieved of muskets, were marched without food to Richmond. There whatever they chanced to have of money or of value was taken into the care of a Rebel officer, with the assurance that

it would be returned on their release. The promise was never fulfilled, and the men were hurried off to the sandy plains of Belle Isle. The death of companions was the principal change in their dreary, monotonous life, varied also by the addition from time to time of others doomed to share their fate. Efforts to escape were not always unsuccessful. At one time eight men burned spots on their faces and hands with hot wire, and then sprinkled the spots with black pepper. When the doctor came round, they feigned illness, and he ordered these cases of small-pox to be taken to the pestilence-house beyond the guards. In the night the men started for their homes in the West, and were not caught.

Tracy Rogers, with his bright, sunny face, and sweet voice, whose merry music resounded through the wards, was one of the first to regain strength and spirits. His patriotic zeal had only been reanimated by his sufferings, and he was in haste to be in his place at the front again. A brother had been killed in the same battle in which he was taken prisoner, and another had died in a Philadelphia hospital. He was sure that he should yet die for his country, and talked of death as soon to come to him. With earnest thoughtfulness, he recalled the teachings of a Christian mother in his far-off Connecticut home. As the tears filled his manly blue eyes one day, he asked if the hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,"

could be found in the hospital. He said that it had been sung at his mother's funeral, on his fourteenth birthday; that he had never seen it since, but that lately he had thought much about it. The hymn was brought, and he committed it to memory. We were sorry to part with him, when, after serving as ward-master, he was strong enough to go to his regiment. Not long after he left, a letter came, saying that he had been badly wounded, and wished himself back among his Annapolis friends once more. We never

heard of him again, and fear that his wounds must have proved fatal.

Those were quiet, solemn hours passed in the hospital in the intervals between past and coming dangers. At the close of the day, the men would gather into one ward for prayers. Many a stern voice was uplifted that never prayed before. After petitions for pardon and guidance had arisen to the Giver of all good things, the men would sit and sing, for hours sometimes, each one wishing for his favorite hymn to be sung, and saying that this time was more homelike than any other of the day.

The inspection on Sunday forenoon made it the busiest morning of the week. In the chapel at two o'clock, and again at seven, short services were held, conducted either by the chaplain, or by the Rev. Mr. Sloan, the devoted agent of the Christian Commission at this post. After a while the second service was changed into a Sunday school, very interesting to our grown-up scholars. The ladies found themselves fully occupied as teachers in answering the various difficult questions crowded into a short space of time. Sometimes the officers who were patients would take classes too, which was far less embarrassing than having them ask permission to take the part of scholars, as they sometimes did. Before we had Sunday school, the men in my own wards would ask to have psalms and passages selected for them to learn on Sundays. On Monday mornings each one would have his little book ready to recite his lesson.

For a week before Christmas, active preparations were made for its celebration. The men were allowed to go into the woods across the river, and bring boughs of hemlock, pine, and laurel, and of holly laden with bright berries. Every evening was occupied in twisting and tying evergreen in the chapel. Many a reminiscence of home was told, as we sat in clusters, wreathing garlands of rejoicing so strangely contrasting with the sights and sounds of life and death around us. Late on

Christmas eve, some of the men from Section V., a tent department, came to ask as a great favor that I would assist them in decorating the tent of Miss H——. They said that she had been "fixing up" the wards all day, and they wanted to have her own tent adorned as a surprise when she came down in the morning.

On going over to the tent, I found that they had already cut out of red and blue flannel the letters for "A Merry Christmas to Miss H——." These were soon sewed upon white cotton, which, being surrounded with evergreen, was hung in the most conspicuous place. Then there were crosses, stars, and various other designs to go up, among them a Goddess of Liberty of remarkable proportions, considered the masterpiece of the whole. There were only a few men present, not more than a dozen; each had been seriously wounded, and nearly every one had lost either a leg or an arm. It was a weird sight as they eagerly worked, by the light of dimly burning candles, on this cold, full-mooned midnight, cheerfully telling where they were a year ago, lying in rifle-pits or on picket duty, and wishing themselves only able to be there again.

Christmas morning came at last. As the sun shone brightly on the frosty windows, each one showed its wreath, and the wards were gayly festooned. In some of the larger ones there were appropriate mottoes made of evergreen letters; as, "Welcome home,"—"He bringeth the prisoners out of captivity." Friends in Philadelphia had requested to provide the dinner, which was most lavish and luxurious. The tables were loaded with turkeys, pies of various kinds, fruits, and candies. This was a feast indeed to the thousand heroes gathered around the board, and to those too ill to leave the wards a portion of all was taken, that at least they might see the good things which the others were enjoying. The thoughts of many of the sick had centred on this Christmas dinner, and they had named the favorite morsels that they wished for.

An Episcopal service was held in the chapel in the evening, by the Rev. Mr. Davenport of Annapolis. A crowded congregation gathered within the walls, which were hung with scrolls bearing the names of our battle-fields, and richly adorned with evergreen, while the national flag gracefully draped the large window. Carols were merrily sung, and the shattered, scarred, and emaciated soldiers in the most righteous cause that ever brought warfare to a nation joined in heralding the advent of the Prince of Peace.

The Christmas had been rendered still happier by the reception of a telegram, that another exchange of paroled prisoners had been made, and we were hourly expecting their arrival. In the cold, gray dawn of the 29th of December, the shrill whistle of the "New York" coming up the bay was heard. Every one was soon astir in preparation for a warm welcome. Large quantities of coffee, chocolate, and gruels were to be made, clothes were to be in readiness, and the stretcher corps to be mustered.

As the sun arose, a great crowd assembled, and when the New York neared the wharf, shouts and cheers greeted her. The decks were covered with men, whose skeleton forms and vacant countenances told of starvation, the languid glimmer that at moments overspread their faces feebly betokening the gratitude in their hearts at their escape from "Dixie."

This time the Rebel authorities had allowed only "well men," as they called them, to come, because so much had been said at the North about "the last lot," who came in November. Those able to walk were landed first, the barefooted receiving shoes. Many were able to crawl as far as Parole Camp, a little beyond the city. The more feeble were received into the hospital, where hot baths awaited them; and when they had been passed under scissors and razor, and were laid in comfortable beds, — only too soft after the hard ground they had lain on for months, with as much earth as they could scrape to-

gether for a pillow, — they expressed the change in their whole condition as like coming from the lower regions of misery into heaven itself.

Handkerchiefs and combs, writing-materials and stamps, were among the first requisites of the new-comers. A few were able to write; and for the others, the ladies were but too happy to apprise the friends at home of their arrival, even if recovery were doubtful. In taking the names of the men, I came to a white-headed patriarch, and expressed surprise at finding him in the army. His name was R. B. Darling; and as I wrote it down, he said: "You might as well put 'Reverend' before it, for I am a Methodist minister. I lived in Greenville, Green County, Tennessee, and when this Rebellion came on, I preached and preached, until it did not seem to do any good; so I took up the musket to try what fighting would do." He had left a wife and six children at home, from whom he had heard only once, and then through a friend taken prisoner six months after himself. He had been down with "those fiends," as he called them, twenty-one months, and had been in nine different prisons. He had worked for the Rebels — only at the point of the bayonet — while his strength lasted, in digging wells. He had passed three months in the iron cage at Atlanta, and three months in Castle Thunder under threat of being tried for his life for some disrespectful speech about Rebeldom; finally, after all the perils of Libby Prison and Belle Isle, he was free once more. "These are tears of gratitude," he said, in answer to the welcome given him, as they rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "it is the first word of kindness that I have heard for so long." On soiled scraps of paper he had the names of many of his fellow-prisoners. He had promised, should he ever escape, to let their friends at home know when and where they had died. Letters were at once written, carrying the painful certainty of loss to anxious hearts. To his own family it was useless to write, for the Rebels surrounded his home,

cutting off postal communication. He brought with him six little copies of the Gospels, one for each child at home; they had been given to him at the South, having been sent over by the British and Foreign Bible Society for distribution. Surely no men ever more needed the promises of divine consolation than the captives whom these volumes reached.

It was difficult to restrict the diet of this old hero. After eating an enormous meal of soup, meat, vegetables, pudding, and bread, his appetite would not be in the least satisfied; he would very coolly remark that he had had a very nice dinner; there was only one trouble about it, there was not enough. On being told that we would gladly give him more, were it considered safe, he would persist in saying that he felt "right peart," and begged me to remember that it was twenty-one months since he had had any dinners. As he gained strength enough to walk about, he became acquainted with the system of the hospital and made a discovery one day; namely, that he was on low diet, and that there was such a thing as full diet for the well men. "If my present fare is low, what may not the full be?" he reasoned, as visions of illimitable bounty floated through his insatiable mind. So he asked the doctor one morning to transfer his name to the full-diet list; and when the bugle sounded, he joined the procession as it moved to the dining-hall. Salt-fish, bread, and molasses chanced to be all that presented themselves to the famished, disappointed old man; his countenance was forlorn indeed, as he came to the window of the low-diet serving-room to ask for something to eat. "I shall get the doctor to put my name back on to this list, for I like this cook-shop the best, if it is called low diet."

Father Darling, as he used to be called, soon became a favorite all over the hospital. He delighted to perform any act of kindness for his fellow-sufferers. On Sunday mornings he might be seen wandering through the grounds, carrying books and newspapers into the

wards, with a bright smile and cheery word for each man. His eloquence reached its highest pitch, when, talking of the Southern Confederacy, he declared that he did not believe in showing mercy to traitors, but that God intended them to be "clean exterminated" from the face of the earth, like the heathen nations the Israelites were commanded to destroy ages ago. He had but too good reason for wishing justice to be done. After he returned to his home in Tennessee, he wrote: "There is but one tale in the whole country: every comfort of life is purloined, clothes all in rags, a great many men and boys murdered, and, worst of all, Christianity seems to have gone up from the earth, and plunder and rapine to have filled its place. Surely war was instituted by Beelzebub. The guerrillas are yet prowling about, seeking what they may devour. In these troublesome times, all who can lift a hoe or cut a weed are trying to make support, but unless we get help from the North many must suffer extremely. The Rebs have not left my family anything. They went so far as to smash up the furniture, take my horse, all my cattle, and carry off and destroy my library. They smashed up the clock and cut up the bedsteads; and, in fact, ruin stares us in the face, and doleful complaint stuns the ear. Even sick ladies have been dragged out of bed by the hair of the head, so that the fiends of Davis could search for hid treasure. All who have labored for the government are destitute. Since the winter broke, I have been fighting the thieving, murdering Rebels, and now their number is diminished from two hundred to nine, and I can ride boldly forth where for the last three years it would have been certain death. O, how are the mighty fallen!"

On New Year's evening the ladies held a reception. Huge logs burned brightly in the large old-fashioned fireplace of their dining-room, and a "Happy New Year to all," in evergreen letters, stood out from the whitewashed wall. Surgeons and stewards, officers, extra-duty men, and patients, mingled

in groups to exchange friendly good-wishes. Conversation and singing, with a simple repast of apples, cake, and lemonade, proved allurements to a long stay. Those who had gained admission were reluctant to depart to make room for the hundreds awaiting entrance outside. For days afterwards this evening was talked over with delight by the men: it was the only party they had attended since the war began, and it formed the greatest gayety of hospital experience.

Some of the vessels of the Russian fleet, then cruising in our waters, wintered at Annapolis. A severe sickness breaking out among the sailors, their accommodations on shipboard were not found adequate, and, by invitation of our government, they were received into the hospital. Their inability to speak one word of English made their sojourn rather a melancholy affair. Their symptoms were often more successfully guessed from signs and gestures, than from their attempts to express some particular wish in words. They all returned to their floating homes in a little while quite recovered, except one, who met with an accidental death, and was buried from our chapel with the full ceremonies of the Greek Church. With his face uncovered, he was carried by his comrades to the cemetery, and laid by the side of our soldiers. A Greek cross of black iron, among the white slabs, designates this stranger's grave.

The Vanderkeift Literary Association held a meeting every Tuesday evening in the chapel, which was always crowded. Some of the citizens of Annapolis, with their families, did not disdain a constant attendance. An animated discussion of some popular topic was held by the debating club; and the intelligence often shown did credit to the attainments of the men who filled the ranks of our army. Ballads were sung by the Kelsey Minstrels,—so named from their leader, a clerk at headquarters. "The Knapsack," a paper edited by the ladies, was read. Into it was gathered whatever of local interest or amusement there was going on at the

time. Contributions in prose or verse, stories, and conundrums filled the little sheet.

The short Southern winter wore quickly away, with little of unusual excitement in the constantly changing scenes of war. Our prisoners pined in dreary captivity, and the clash of arms was stilled for a season.

So many strange ideas are entertained about a woman's life in hospital service that I am tempted to transcribe a page from my own experience, in order that a glimpse may be had of its reality. Imagine me, then, in a small attic room, carpeted with a government blanket, and furnished with bed, bureau, table, two chairs, and, best of all, a little stove, for the morning is cold, and the lustrous stars still keep their quiet watch in the blue heavens. A glow of warmth and comfort spreads from gas-light and fire,—an encouraging roar in the chimney having crowned with success the third attempt at putting paper, wood, and coal together in exact proportions. After all, the difficulty has been chiefly in the want of a sufficient amount of air, for there could be no draught through the dead embers, and these could be disturbed only noiselessly, for the lady in the next room has the small-pox, and it will not do to awake her from her morning slumbers.

A glance at the wonderful beauty in which day is breaking is sufficient compensation for such early rising, as with hurried step I go to the wards, about seven rods off. The kind-hearted steward stands at the door: "Talbot died at two o'clock; he was just the same till the last." I am not surprised, for when I left him I knew that his feeble frame could not much longer endure the violence of delirium. He was by no means among the most hopeless of the last prisoners who came, but an unaccountable change had passed suddenly over him within the last few days. And now tidings of his death must carry a sad revulsion to hearts at home, made happy, but a short time since, by news of his safety.

The patients rouse themselves from

the drowsiness of a sleepless night, expecting a morning greeting as I pass through the wards, giving to each his early stimulant of whiskey or cherry-brandy. The men in the ward where poor Talbot died seem in especial need of it; for, as they glance at the vacant corner, they say, "He screamed so badly, we did n't get much sleep."

At the call of the bugle a general stampede takes place for breakfast, and I must repair to the serving-room to oversee the last preparations for low and special diet; for on his return each of the male nurses will appear at the window with a large tray to be filled for his hungry men. Beef essence, jellies, and puddings for the day's requirement claim a little personal attention. Such things are not always left to servants at home; and how could our "boys in blue" be expected to handle the spoon with the same dexterity as the musket? They are not, however, deficient in culinary skill, as the savory hash, well-turned beefsteaks, nicely dropped eggs, and good coffee will testify.

After the procession of heavily laden breakfast-bearers has moved off, supplies from the commissary need a little arranging; and one must plan how they may be made the most of, and what additions for the next three meals are to be furnished from private resources. The result of which consideration is usually the despatch of Henry, the chief cook, into the city to purchase chickens, oysters, and milk in as great quantity as can be bought.

At eight o'clock the ladies meet for their morning meal. Good cold water, bread and molasses, with the occasional luxury of a salt-fish cake, suffice to keep soul and body together. The coffee is said to be good by those in the habit of taking it, and some, too, enjoy the butter.

The preparation of lemonade in large quantities, and drinks of various degrees of sweetness and acidity, is next to be superintended. As rapidly as possible the little pitchers are filled, and I follow them to the wards.

Wondering what can be the matter, and cooling his parched lips and bathing his burning brow, I stand over Allen as the doctor enters. Doubt is soon dispelled, for he pronounces it a violent case of small-pox. It is becoming very prevalent, but this is my first introduction to it. The doctor orders the immediate removal of the patient to Horn Point, the small-pox quarters, about two miles across the bay. It is too bleak for the open-boat conveyance, and so he must be jolted six miles round in an ambulance. On his bed, buried in blankets and stupefied with fever, he starts for his new abode, not without a plentiful supply of oranges, lemons, and bay-water.

The plaintive, whining tones of William Cutlep, a boy of sixteen, who is a picture of utter woe, with mind enough only left to know that he is in "awful pain," detain me too long; and when I must leave him, it is with the promise of coming up soon again, for he says he always did like to see "women folks around." His home is in Southern Virginia, whence he escaped to join the Union army; and he will never hear from his home again, for thirty-six ounces of brandy daily will not keep him alive much longer. He has already taken a ring from his finger, to be sent home with a dying message after the war is over.

The lower ward is not reached too soon, for the manly, gentle Mason is near his end. He faintly presses my hand, begging me not to leave him again, for it will soon be all over. An attack of pneumonia has proved too much for his reduced system to resist, and, meekly submitting to its ravages, he lies at last upon his death-bed. A saintly fortitude sustains him, as in broken accents these sentences come from his lips: "It is a country worth dying for." "Others will enjoy in coming years what I have fought for." "I can trust my Saviour. He is lighting me through the valley of death." "All is well." Low words of prayer commend the departing soul to the God who made it, and the sweet hymn,

"O sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,"

breaks the stillness of the ward.

"It is growing dark, — I can't see you any more," — he whispers; and then, as the bugle notes strike his ear, "Before that sound is heard again, I shall be far away." His heavy breathing grows thicker and shorter, until that radiance which comes but once to any mortal face, streaming through the open portal of eternity, tells of the glory upon which his soul is entering, as his eyelids are quietly closed on earth. The men in the beds around mutely gaze upon him, wishing that they may die like him when their last summons comes. The tender-hearted McNally, the faithful nurse, tearfully laments the loss of the first patient who has died since he took charge of the ward, and is sure that he could not have done more for him had he been his own brother. Nor could he.

I go back to the upper wards. Little Cutlep moans deeply in restless sleep. But there are others to be cheered, and many a promise to be fulfilled from the heterogeneous contents of a small basket, a constant and most valuable companion. Comfort-bags, braces, knives, come forth at requirement. Books, too, are always in demand. After they have been read, they are sent to many a distant fireside by mail; some of the boys have several treasured up to take with them when they go home, for such books are rare where they live, and their little brothers and sisters will greatly prize them. One boy still keeps under his pillow, clinging to it until the last, the little book, "Come to Jesus," which he requests shall be sent to his mother after his death, with the message that it has been the saving of his soul.

New wants arise to be remembered, and special desires for additions to the next meal are expressed. On the whole, the men seem comfortable and happy to-day, as they rest on their elbows partly sitting up in bed, playing backgammon, or scanning the last pictorial newspaper, or working over

puzzles, for which last they are indebted to Rev. Mr. Ware, who made a visit to our hospital a few weeks since, and on his return sent from Boston a goodly assortment of amusements.

By this time the stimulants are to be given out again, and preparations made for dinner. For it will hardly be welcome, unless the promised mug of milk or ale, fried onions or sour-kROUT, fruit or jelly, shall come with it. Each tray receives its burden of hearty nourishment, and by one o'clock the ladies may be seen returning to their quarters for rations of beef and bread. It is well that we are blessed with elastic spirits, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." All sadness for the dead must be concealed for the sake of the living. As we cheerfully meet at dinner-time, an occasional letter in the following strain is not without a salutary and amusing effect: —

"DEAR MISS T —: — I set down to tell you that I've arrove hum, an wish I was sum whar else. I've got 3 Bully boys an they are helpin me about gettin the garden sass into the groun; but they haint got no mother, an ive got a hous and a kow an I thort youd be kinder handy to take care of um, if youd stoop so much. I've thort of you ever sense I com from the hospittle, and how kinder jimmy you used to walk up and down them wards. You had the best gate I ever see, an my 1st wife stepped of jis so, an she pade her way I tell you. I like to work, and the boys likes to work, an I kno you do, so ide like to jine if youv no objecshuns; an now ive maid so bold to rite sich, but I was kinder pussued on by my feelins an so I hope youl excuse it and rite soon. I shant be mad if you say no, but its no hurt to ask an the boys names are Zebalon, Shadrac and peter, they want to see you as does your respectful frend wich oes his present helth to you

"I — G —."

A few letters for the men are to be given for the afternoon mail. Twin-

ing a wreath of immortelles and laurel, is the last that can be done for brave Tenny, who died yesterday, and will be buried with military honors to-day. The little procession, with reversed arms, winds slowly through the grounds, and at the sound of the bugle four patriots, each wrapped in the flag he has died for, are borne into the chapel. Inspired passages are read, "There is rest for the weary" is sung by the ladies, and prayers are offered for bereaved relatives at a distance. The chaplain precedes the short train to the cemetery, where the final portion of the church burial-service is said, and over the newly made graves resound three sharp volleys of musketry.

There is not much time to-day to read to the group around the fire, but with evident pride and pleasure they listen to "The Blue Coat of the Soldier," and "The Empty Sleeve," a touching poem, inscribed to the noble General Howard. I would gladly tarry longer at the request of the little audience, but the other wards must be looked after. An awkward man stands in the first one I enter, and begins a protest against being put on duty. He says he "listed to fight," and knows nothing about "nussing." He hands over the materials for a mustard plaster, as he professes profound ignorance on the subject, saying that he fears the men left to his charge will not get very good care. This is the only instance I remember of a man who did not cheerfully try to do his best for his sick comrades. Fortunately, he was soon sent to his regiment.

Preparation of stimulants and supper keep me busily occupied until, in the shadowy twilight, the men from the fifteen wards gather into one, where the patients are not too ill to listen to a few texts from the Holy Book, which come with a diviner meaning of consolation than ever before, in the hush of closing day, with death so familiar a thought to each. Sergeant Murphy leads in prayer with true Methodist fervor, and the hymn,

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,"

concludes the short service.

After their tea, the ladies meet in the chapel, to teach in the evening school held for an hour four times a week. It serves to interest the men in useful study. A large library in one corner of the chapel furnishes, too, stores of knowledge and amusement in works of history, travel, and fiction.

On going back again to the wards, I am glad to find that Carney's wife has come in the evening train. She was startled by the last news from him. It is well that she is here: if anything can save his life, it will be her presence. The poor woman is worn out by anxiety and a two days' journey. The chaplain must be found to write a permit for her entrance into the "Home" provided by the Sanitary Commission for the accommodation of those coming to see their friends in the hospital. The good-natured orderly, Frank Hall, conducts her out to the comfortable house.

The lurid gas flickers in the chilly breeze, for never are the windows allowed to be closed by day or night, in sunshine or storm. It does sometimes seem as if a circulation of air a little less like a hurricane from an iceberg might conduce more to the health and comfort of the inmates; but then this is one of Dr. Vanderkeift's pet points of practice, and woe betide any one who dares to shut out a breath of the exhilarating element. Most of the men are stilled in merciful slumbers, more or less peaceful or unquiet. One shout from a sleeper of "We 'll whip them yet, boys!" tells that Colby is fighting over in a dream his last battle, while from others come groans only audible in hours of unconsciousness. In wakeful uneasiness, others sigh for sleep, and are at length lulled to rest by soothing words or rhymes, not unfrequently by the childish melodies of Mother Goose. And so the day's privilege of duty ends with gratitude, and a healthful weariness that vanishes before the next morning.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

SLOW, slow! toll it low,
 As the sea-waves break and flow;
 With the same dull, slumberous motion
 As his ancient mother, Ocean,
 Rocked him on, through storm and calm,
 From the iceberg to the palm:
 So his drowsy ears may deem
 That the sound which breaks his dream
 Is the ever-moaning tide
 Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,
 Swing his coffin to and fro;
 As of old the lusty billow
 Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
 So that he may fancy still,
 Climbing up the watery hill,
 Plunging in the watery vale,
 With her wide-distended sail,
 His good ship securely stands
 Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow! — heave-a-ho! —
 Lower him to the mould below;
 With the well-known sailor ballad,
 Lest he grow more cold and pallid
 At the thought that Ocean's child,
 From his mother's arms beguiled,
 Must repose for countless years,
 Reft of all her briny tears,
 All the rights he owned by birth,
 In the dusty lap of earth.

UP THE EDISTO.

IN reading military history, one finds the main interest to lie, undoubtedly, in the great campaigns, where a man, a regiment, a brigade, is but a pawn in the game. But there is a charm also in the more free and adventurous life of partisan warfare, where, if the total sphere be humbler, yet the individual has more relative importance, and the

sense of action is more personal and keen. This is the reason given by the eccentric Revolutionary biographer, Weems, for writing the Life of Washington first, and then that of Marion. And there were, certainly, in the early adventures of the colored troops in the Department of the South, some of the same elements of picturesqueness that

belonged to Marion's band, with the added feature that the blacks were fighting for their personal liberties, of which Marion had helped to deprive them.

It is stated by Major-General Gillmore, in his "Siege of Charleston," as one of the three points in his preliminary strategy, that an expedition was sent up the Edisto River to destroy a bridge on the Charleston and Savannah Railway. As one of the early raids of the colored troops, this expedition may deserve narration, though it was, in a strategic point of view, a disappointment. It has already been told, briefly and on the whole with truth, by Greeley and others, but I will venture on a more complete account.

The project dated back earlier than General Gillmore's siege, and had originally no connection with that movement. It had been formed by Captain Trowbridge and myself in camp, and was based on facts learned from the men. General Saxton and Colonel W. W. H. Davis, the successive post-commanders, had both favored it. It had been also approved by General Hunter, before his sudden removal, though he regarded the bridge as a secondary affair, because there was another railway communication between the two cities. But as my main object was to obtain permission to go, I tried to make the most of all results which might follow, while it was very clear that the raid would harass and confuse the enemy, and be the means of bringing away many of the slaves. General Hunter had, therefore, accepted the project mainly as a stroke for freedom and black recruits; and General Gillmore, because anything that looked toward action found favor in his eyes, and because it would be convenient to him at that time to effect a diversion, if nothing more.

It must be remembered, that, after the first capture of Port Royal, the outlying plantations along the whole Southern coast were abandoned, and the slaves withdrawn into the interior. It was necessary to ascend some river for

thirty miles in order to reach the black population at all. This ascent could only be made by night, as it was a slow process, and the smoke of a steamboat could be seen for a great distance. The streams were usually shallow, winding, and muddy, and the difficulties of navigation were such as to require a full moon and a flood tide. It was really no easy matter to bring everything to bear; especially as every projected raid must be kept a secret so far as possible. However, we were now somewhat familiar with such undertakings, half military, half naval, and the thing to be done on the Edisto was precisely what we had proved to be practicable on the St. Mary's and the St. John's, — to drop anchor before the enemy's door some morning at day-break, without his having dreamed of our approach.

Since a raid made by Colonel Montgomery up the Combahee, two months before, the vigilance of the Rebels had increased. But we had information that upon the South Edisto or Pon-Pon River the rice plantations were still being actively worked by a large number of negroes, in reliance on obstructions placed at the mouth of that narrow stream, where it joins the main river, some twenty miles from the coast. This point was known to be further protected by a battery of unknown strength, at Wiltown Bluff, a commanding and defensible situation. The obstructions consisted of a row of strong wooden piles across the river; but we convinced ourselves that these must now be much decayed, and that Captain Trowbridge, an excellent engineer officer, could remove them by the proper apparatus. Our proposition was to man the "John Adams," an armed ferry-boat, which had before done us much service, — and which has now reverted to the pursuits of peace, it is said, on the East Boston line, — to ascend in this to Wiltown Bluff, silence the battery, and clear a passage through the obstructions. Leaving the "John Adams" to protect this point, we could then ascend the smaller stream

with two light-draft boats, and perhaps burn the bridge, which was ten miles higher, before the enemy could bring sufficient force to make our position at Wiltown Bluff untenable.

The expedition was organized essentially upon this plan. The smaller boats were the "Enoch Dean,"—a river steamboat, which carried a ten-pound Parrott gun, and a small howitzer,—and a little mosquito of a tug, the "Governor Milton," upon which, with the greatest difficulty, we found room for two twelve-pound Armstrong guns, with their gunners, forming a section of the First Connecticut Battery, under Lieutenant Clinton, aided by a squad from my own regiment, under Captain James. The "John Adams" carried, if I remember rightly, two Parrott guns (of twenty and ten pounds caliber) and a howitzer or two. The whole force of men did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

We left Beaufort, S. C., on the afternoon of July 9th, 1863. In former narrations I have sufficiently described the charm of a moonlight ascent into a hostile country, upon an unknown stream, the dark and silent banks, the rippling water, the wail of the reed-birds, the anxious watch, the breathless listening, the veiled lights, the whispered orders. To this was now to be added the vexation of an insufficient pilotage, for our negro guide knew only the upper river, and, as it finally proved, not even that, while, to take us over the bar which obstructed the main stream, we must borrow a pilot from Captain Dutch, whose gunboat blockaded that point. This active naval officer, however, whose boat expeditions had penetrated all the lower branches of those rivers, could supply our want, and we borrowed from him not only a pilot, but a surgeon, to replace our own, who had been prevented by an accident from coming with us. Thus accompanied, we steamed over the bar in safety, had a peaceful ascent, passed the island of Jehossee,—the fine estate of Governor Aiken, then left undisturbed by both sides,—and fired our first shell into the

camp at Wiltown Bluff at four o'clock in the morning.

The battery—whether fixed or movable we knew not—met us with a promptness that proved very short-lived. After three shots it was silent; but we could not tell why. The bluff was wooded and we could see but little. The only course was to land, under cover of the guns. As the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away, I looked across the rice-fields which lay beneath the bluff. The first sunbeams glowed upon their emerald levels, and on the blossoming hedges along the rectangular dikes. What were those black dots which everywhere appeared? Those moist meadows had become alive with human heads, and along each narrow path came a straggling file of men and women, all on a run for the river-side. I went ashore with a boat-load of troops at once. The landing was difficult and marshy. The astonished negroes tugged us up the bank, and gazed on us as if we had been Cortez and Columbus. They kept arriving by land much faster than we could come by water; every moment increased the crowd, the jostling, the mutual clinging, on that miry foothold. What a scene it was! With the wild faces, eager figures, strange garments, it seemed, as one of the poor things reverently suggested, "like notin' but de judgment day." Presently they began to come from the houses also, with their little bundles on their heads; then with larger bundles. Old women, trotting on the narrow paths, would kneel to pray a little prayer, still balancing the bundle; and then would suddenly spring up, urged by the accumulating procession behind, and would move on till irresistibly compelled by thankfulness to dip down for another invocation. Reaching us, every human being must grasp our hands, amid exclamations of "Bress you, mas'r," and "Bress de Lord," at the rate of four of the latter ascriptions to one of the former. Women brought children on their shoulders; small black boys carried on their backs little brothers equally inky, and,

gravely depositing them, shook hands. Never had I seen human beings so clad, or rather so unclad, in such amazing squalidness and destitution of garments. I recall one small urchin without a rag of clothing save the basque waist of a lady's dress, bristling with whalebones, and worn wrong side before, beneath which his smooth ebony legs emerged like those of an ostrich from its plumage. How weak is imagination, how cold is memory, that I ever cease, for a day of my life, to see before me the picture of that astounding scene!

Yet at the time we were perforce a little impatient of all this piety, protestation, and hand-pressing; for the vital thing was to ascertain what force had been stationed at the bluff, and whether it was yet withdrawn. The slaves, on the other hand, were too much absorbed in their prospective freedom to aid us in taking any further steps to secure it. Captain Trowbridge, who had by this time landed at a different point, got quite into despair over the seeming deafness of the people to all questions. "How many soldiers are there on the bluff?" he asked of the first-comer.

"Mas'r," said the man, stuttering terribly, "I c-c-c—"

"Tell me how many soldiers there are!" roared Trowbridge, in his mighty voice, and all but shaking the poor old thing, in his thirst for information.

"O mas'r," recommenced in terror the incapacitated witness, "I c-c-car-penter!" holding up eagerly a little stump of a hatchet, his sole treasure, as if his profession ought to excuse him from all military opinions.

I wish that it were possible to present all this scene from the point of view of the slaves themselves. It can be most nearly done, perhaps, by quoting the description given of a similar scene on the Combahee River, by a very aged man, who had been brought down on the previous raid, already mentioned. I wrote it down in my tent, long after, while the old man recited the tale, with much gesticulation, at the door; and it

is by far the best glimpse I have ever had, through a negro's eyes, at these wonderful birthdays of freedom.

"De people was all a hoein', mas'r," said the old man. "Dey was a hoein' in de rice-field, when de gunboats come. Den ebry man drap dem hoe, and leff de rice. De mas'r he stand and call, 'Run to de wood for hide! Yankee come, sell you to Cuba! run for hide!' Ebry man he run, and, my God! run all toder way!

"Mas'r stand in de wood, peep, peep, faid for truss [afraid to trust]. He say, 'Run to de wood!' and ebry man run by him, straight to de boat.

"De brack sojer so presumptious, dey come right ashore, hold up dere head. Fus' ting I know, dere was a barn, ten tousand bushel rough rice, all in a blaze, den mas'r's great house, all cracklin' up de roof. Did n't I keer for see 'em blaze? Lor, mas'r, did n't care notin' at all, *I quas gwine to de boat.*"

Doré's Don Quixote could not surpass the sublime absorption in which the gaunt old man, with arm uplifted, described this stage of affairs, till he ended in a shrewd chuckle, worthy of Sancho Panza. Then he resumed.

"De brack sojers so presumptious!" This he repeated three times, slowly shaking his head in an ecstasy of admiration. It flashed upon me that the apparition of a black soldier must amaze those still in bondage, much as a butterfly just from the chrysalis might astound his fellow-grubs. I inwardly vowed that my soldiers, at least, should be as "presumptious" as I could make them. Then he went on.

"Ole woman and I go down to de boat; den dey say behind us, 'Rebels comin'! Rebels comin'!' Ole woman say, 'Come ahead, come plenty ahead!' I hab notin' on but my shirt and pantaloons; ole woman one single frock he hab on, and one handkerchief on he head; I leff all-two my blanket and run, for de Rebel come, and den dey did n't come, did n't truss for come.

"Ise eighty-eight year old, mas'r. My ole Mas'r Lowndes keep all de ages in a big book, and when we come to

age ob sense we mark em down ebry year, so I know. Too ole for come? Mas'r joking. Neber too ole for leave de land o' bondage. I old, but great good for chil'en, gib tousand tank ebry day. Young people can go through, *force* [forcibly], mas'r, but de ole folk mus' go slow."

Such emotions as these, no doubt, were inspired by our arrival, but we could only hear their hasty utterance in passing; our duty being, with the small force already landed, to take possession of the bluff. Ascending, with proper precautions, the wooded hill, we soon found ourselves in the deserted camp of a light battery, amid scattered equipments and suggestions of a very unattractive breakfast. As soon as possible, skirmishers were thrown out through the woods to the farther edge of the bluff, while a party searched the houses, finding the usual large supply of furniture and pictures, — brought up for safety from below, — but no soldiers. Captain Trowbridge then got the "John Adams" beside the row of piles, and went to work for their removal.

Again I had the exciting sensation of being within the hostile lines, — the eager explorations, the doubts, the watchfulness, the listening for every sound of coming hoofs. Presently a horse's tread was heard in earnest, but it was a squad of our own men bringing in two captured cavalry soldiers. One of these, a sturdy fellow, submitted quietly to his lot, only begging that, whenever we should evacuate the bluff, a note should be left behind, stating that he was a prisoner. The other, a very young man, and a member of the "Rebel Troop," a sort of Cadet corps among the Charleston youths, came to me in great wrath, complaining that the corporal of our squad had kicked him after he had surrendered. His air of offended pride was very rueful, and it did indeed seem a pathetic reversal of fortunes for the two races. To be sure, the youth was a scion of one of the foremost families of South Carolina, and when I considered the wrongs which the black race had encountered from those of his

blood, first and last, it seemed as if the most scrupulous Recording Angel might tolerate one final kick, to square the account. But I reproved the corporal, who respectfully disclaimed the charge, and said the kick was an incident of the scuffle. It certainly was not their habit to show such poor malice: they thought too well of themselves.

I recall with delight my conversation with this captured boy, he was such a naïve specimen of the true Southern arrogance. For instance: —

"Colonel," said he, respectfully, "are there any gentlemen on board the steam-boat where I am to be placed?"

I told him that such a question sounded strangely from a captured private soldier.

"Perhaps it does," said he wistfully, "and I know my position too well to offend an enemy. I only wished to know" — and here he paused, evidently trying to find some form of expression which could not possibly disturb the keenest sensibilities — "if there is likely to be any one on board with whom I can associate."

This was carrying the joke rather too far. I told him that he would find United States officers on board, and United States soldiers, and that it was to be hoped he would like their society, as he probably would have no other for some time to come. But the characteristic feature of the thing is, that I do not believe he meant to commit any impertinence whatever, but that the youth rather aimed to compliment me by assuming that I appreciated the feelings of a man made of porcelain, and would choose for him only the most choice and fastidious companionship. But I must say that he seemed to me in no way superior, but rather quite inferior, to my own black soldiers, who equalled him in courage and in manners, and far surpassed him in loyalty, modesty, and common sense.

His demeanor seemed less lofty, but rather piteous, when he implored me not to put him on board any vessel which was to ascend the upper stream, and hinted, by awful implications, the

danger of such ascent. This meant torpedoes, a peril which we treated, in those days, with rather mistaken contempt. But we found none on the Edisto, and it may be that it was only a foolish attempt to alarm us.

Meanwhile, Trowbridge was toiling away at the row of piles, which proved easier to draw out than to saw asunder, either work being hard enough. It took far longer than we had hoped, and we saw noon approach and the tide rapidly fall, taking with it, inch by inch, our hopes of effecting a surprise at the bridge. During this time, and indeed all day, the detachments on shore, under Captains Whitney and Sampson, were having occasional skirmishes with the enemy, while the colored people were swarming to the shore, or running to and fro like ants, with the poor treasures of their houses. Our busy Quartermaster, Mr. Bingham, — who died afterwards from the overwork of that sultry day, — was transporting the refugees on board the steamer, or hunting up bales of cotton, or directing the burning of rice-houses, in accordance with our orders. No dwelling-houses were destroyed or plundered by our men, — Sherman's "bummers" not having yet arrived, — though I asked no questions as to what the plantation negroes might bring in their great bundles. One piece of property, I must admit, seemed a lawful capture, — a United States dress-sword, of the old pattern, which had belonged to the Rebel general who afterwards gave the order to bury Colonel Shaw "with his niggers." That I have retained, not without some satisfaction, to this day.

A passage having been cleared at last, and the tide having turned by noon, we lost no time in attempting the ascent, leaving the bluff to be held by the "John Adams" and by the small force on shore. We were scarcely above the obstructions, however, when the little tug went aground, and the "Enoch Dean," ascending a mile farther, had an encounter with a battery on the right, — perhaps our old enemy, — and drove it back. Soon after, she

also ran aground, a misfortune of which our opponent strangely took no advantage; and, on getting off, I thought it best to drop down to the bluff again, as the tide was still hopelessly low. None can tell, save those who have tried them, the vexations of those muddy Southern streams, navigable only during a few hours of flood-tide.

After waiting an hour, the two small vessels again tried the ascent. The enemy on the right had disappeared; but we could now see, far off on our left, another light battery moving parallel with the river, apparently to meet us at some upper bend. But for the present we were safe, with the low rice-fields on each side of us; and the scene was so peaceful, it seemed as if all danger were done. For the first time, we saw in South Carolina blossoming riverbanks and low emerald meadows, that seemed like New England. Everywhere there were the same rectangular fields, smooth canals, and bushy dikes. A few negroes stole out to us in dug-outs, and breathlessly told us how others had been hurried away by the overseers. We glided safely on, mile after mile. The day was unutterably hot, but all else seemed propitious. The men had their combustibles all ready to fire the bridge, and our hopes were unbounded.

But by degrees the channel grew more tortuous and difficult, and while the little "Milton" glided smoothly over everything, the "Enoch Dean," my own boat, repeatedly grounded. On every occasion of especial need, too, something went wrong in her machinery, — her engine being constructed on some wholly new patent, of which, I should hope, this trial would prove entirely sufficient. The black pilot, who was not a soldier, grew more and more bewildered, and declared that it was the channel, not his brain, which had gone wrong; the captain, a little elderly man, sat wringing his hands in the pilot-box; and the engineer appeared to be mingling his groans with those of the diseased engine. Meanwhile I, in equal ignorance of machinery and channel, had to give orders only justified by

minute acquaintance with both. So I navigated on general principles, until they grounded us on a mud-bank, just below a wooded point, and some two miles from the bridge of our destination. It was with a pang that I waved to Major Strong, who was on the other side of the channel in a tug, not to risk approaching us, but to steam on and finish the work, if he could.

Short was his triumph. Gliding round the point, he found himself instantly engaged with a light battery of four or six guns, doubtless the same we had seen in the distance. The "Milton" was within two hundred and fifty yards. The Connecticut men fought their guns well, aided by the blacks, and it was exasperating for us to hear the shots, while we could see nothing and do nothing. The scanty ammunition of our bow gun was exhausted, and the gun in the stern was useless, from the position in which we lay. In vain we moved the men from side to side, rocking the vessel, to dislodge it. The heat was terrific that August afternoon; I remember I found myself constantly changing places, on the scorched deck, to keep my feet from being blistered. At last the officer in charge of the gun, a hardy lumberman from Maine, got the stern of the vessel so far round that he obtained the range of the battery through the cabin windows, "but it would be necessary," he coolly added, on reporting to me this fact, "to shoot away the corner of the cabin." I knew that this apartment was newly painted and gilded, and the idol of the poor captain's heart; but it was plain that even the thought of his own upholstery could not make the poor soul more wretched than he was. So I bade Captain Dolly blaze away, and thus we took our hand in the little game, though at a sacrifice.

It was of no use. Down drifted our little consort round the point, her engine disabled and her engineer killed, as we afterwards found, though then we could only look and wonder. Still pluckily firing, she floated by upon

the tide, which had now just turned; and when, with a last desperate effort, we got off, our engine had one of its impracticable fits, and we could only follow her. The day was waning, and all its range of possibility had lain within the limits of that one tide.

All our previous expeditions had been so successful, it now seemed hard to turn back; the river-banks and rice-fields, so beautiful before, seemed only a vexation now. But the swift current bore us on, and after our Parthian shots had died away, a new discharge of artillery opened upon us, from our first antagonist of the morning, which still kept the other side of the stream. It had taken up a strong position on another bluff, almost out of range of the "John Adams," but within easy range of us. The sharpest contest of the day was before us. Happily the engine and engineer were now behaving well, and we were steering in a channel already traversed, and of which the dangerous points were known. But we had a long, straight reach of river before us, heading directly toward the battery, which, having once got our range, had only to keep it, while we could do nothing in return. The Rebels certainly served their guns well. For the first time I discovered that there were certain compensating advantages in a slightly-built craft, as compared with one more substantial: the missiles never lodged in the vessel, but crashed through some thin partition as if it were paper, to explode beyond us, or fall harmless in the water. Splintering, the chief source of wounds and death in wooden ships, was thus entirely avoided; the danger was, that our machinery might be disabled, or that shots might strike below the water-line, and sink us.

This, however, did not happen. Fifteen projectiles, as we afterwards computed, passed through the vessel or cut the rigging. Yet few casualties occurred, and those instantly fatal. As my orderly stood leaning on a comrade's shoulder, the head of the latter was shot off. At last I myself felt a

sudden blow in the side, as if from some prize-fighter, doubling me up for a moment, while I sank upon a seat. It proved afterwards to have been produced by the grazing of a ball, which, without tearing a garment, had yet made a large part of my side black and blue, leaving a sensation of paralysis which made it difficult to stand. Supporting myself on Captain Rogers, I tried to comprehend what had happened, and I remember being impressed by an odd feeling that I had now got my share, and should henceforth be a great deal safer than any of the rest. I am told that this often follows one's first experience of a wound.

But this immediate contest, sharp as it was, proved brief; a turn in the river enabled us to use our stern gun, and we soon glided into the comparative shelter of Wiltown Bluff. There, however, we were to encounter the danger of shipwreck, superadded to that of fight. When the passage through the piles was first cleared, it had been marked by stakes, lest the rising tide should cover the remaining piles and make it difficult to run the passage. But when we again reached it, the stakes had somehow been knocked away, the piles were just covered by the swift current, and the little tug-boat was aground upon them. She came off easily, however, with our aid, and, when we in turn essayed the passage, we grounded also, but more firmly. We getting off at last, and making the passage, the tug again became lodged, when nearly past danger, and all our efforts proved powerless to pull her through. I therefore dropped down below, and sent the "John Adams" to her aid, while I superintended the final recall of the pickets, and the embarkation of the remaining refugees.

While thus engaged, I felt little solicitude about the boats above. It was certain that the "John Adams" could safely go close to the piles on the lower side, that she was very strong, and that the other was very light. Still, it was natural to cast some anxious glances up the river, and it was with surprise

that I presently saw a canoe descending, which contained Major Strong. Coming on board, he told me with some excitement that the tug could not possibly be got off, and he wished for orders.

It was no time to consider whether it was not his place to have given orders, instead of going half a mile to seek them. I was by this time so far exhausted that everything seemed to pass by me as by one in a dream; but I got into a boat, pushed up stream, met presently the "John Adams" returning, and was informed by the officer in charge of the Connecticut battery that he had abandoned the tug, and—worse news yet—that his guns had been thrown overboard. It seemed to me then, and has always seemed, that this sacrifice was utterly needless, because, although the captain of the "John Adams" had refused to risk his vessel by going near enough to receive the guns, he should have been compelled to do so. Though the thing was done without my knowledge, and beyond my reach, yet, as commander of the expedition, I was technically responsible. It was hard to blame a lieutenant when his senior had shrunk from a decision, and left him alone; nor was it easy to blame Major Strong, whom I knew to be a man of personal courage, though without much decision of character. He was subsequently tried by court-martial and acquitted, after which he resigned, and was lost at sea on his way home.

The tug, being thus abandoned, must of course be burned to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Major Strong went with prompt fearlessness to do this, at my order; after which he remained on the "Enoch Dean," and I went on board the "John Adams," being compelled to succumb at last, and transfer all remaining responsibility to Captain Trowbridge. Exhausted as I was, I could still observe, in a vague way, the scene around me. Every available corner of the boat seemed like some vast auction-room of second-hand goods. Great piles of bedding and

bundles lay on every side, with black heads emerging and black forms reclining in every stage of squalidness. Some seemed ill, or wounded, or asleep, others were chattering eagerly among themselves, singing, praying, or soliloquizing on joys to come. "Bress de Lord," I heard one woman say, "I spec' I get salt victual now, — notin' but fresh victual dese six months, but Ise get salt victual now," — thus reversing, under pressure of the salt-embargo, the usual anticipations of voyagers.

Trowbridge told me, long after, that, on seeking a fan for my benefit, he could find but one on board. That was in the hands of a fat old "aunty," who had just embarked, and sat on an enormous bundle of her goods, in everybody's way, fanning herself vehemently, and ejaculating, as her gasping breath would permit, "Oh! Do, Jesus! Oh! Do, Jesus!" When the captain abruptly disarmed her of the fan, and left her continuing her pious exercises.

Thus we glided down the river in the waning light. Once more we encountered a battery, making five in all; I could hear the guns of the assailants, and could not distinguish the explosion of their shells from the answering throb of our own guns. The kind Quartermaster kept bringing me news of what occurred, like Rebecca in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle, but discreetly withholding any actual casualties. Then all faded into safety and sleep; and we reached Beaufort in the morning, after thirty-six hours of absence. A kind friend, who acted in South Carolina a

nobler part amid tragedies than in any of her early stage triumphs, met us with an ambulance at the wharf, and the prisoners, the wounded, and the dead were duly attended.

The reader will not care for any personal record of convalescence; though, among the general military laudations of whiskey, it is worth while to say that one life was saved, in the opinion of my surgeons, by an habitual abstinence from it, leaving no food for peritoneal inflammation to feed upon. The able-bodied men who had joined us were sent to aid General Gillmore in the trenches, while their families were established in huts and tents on St. Helena Island. A year after, greatly to the delight of the regiment, in taking possession of a battery which they had helped to capture on James Island, they found in their hands the selfsame guns which they had seen thrown overboard from the "Governor Milton." They then felt that their account with the enemy was squared, and could proceed to further operations.

Before the war, how great a thing seemed the rescue of even one man from slavery; and since the war has emancipated all, how little seems the liberation of two hundred! But no one then knew how the contest might end; and when I think of that morning sunlight, those emerald fields, those thronging numbers, the old women with their prayers, and the little boys with their living burdens, it seems to me that the day was worth all its cost, and more.

POOR RICHARD.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

IN country districts, where life is quiet, incidents do duty as events; and accordingly Captain Severn's sudden departure for his regiment became very rapidly known among Gertrude's neighbors. She herself heard it from her coachman, who had heard it in the village, where the Captain had been seen to take the early train. She received the news calmly enough to outward appearance, but a great tumult rose and died in her breast. He had gone without a word of farewell! Perhaps he had not had time to call upon her. But bare civility would have dictated his dropping her a line of writing,—he who must have read in her eyes the feeling which her lips refused to utter, and who had been the object of her tenderest courtesy. It was not often that Gertrude threw back into her friends' teeth their acceptance of the hospitality which it had been placed in her power to offer them; but if she now mutely reproached Captain Severn with ingratitude, it was because he had done more than slight her material gifts: he had slighted that constant moral force with which these gifts were accompanied, and of which they were but the rude and vulgar token. It is but natural to expect that our dearest friends will accredit us with our deepest feelings; and Gertrude had constituted Edmund Severn her dearest friend. She had not, indeed, asked his assent to this arrangement, but she had borne it out by a subtle devotion which she felt that she had a right to exact of him that he should repay,—repay by letting her know that, whether it was lost on his heart or not, it was at least not lost to his senses,—that, if he could not return it, he could at least remember it. She had given him the flower of her womanly tenderness, and, when his moment came,

he had turned from her without a look. Gertrude shed no tears. It seemed to her that she had given her friend tears enough, and that to expend her soul in weeping would be to wrong herself. She would think no more of Edmund Severn. He should be as little to her for the future as she was to him.

It was very easy to make this resolution: to keep it, Gertrude found another matter. She could not think of the war, she could not talk with her neighbors of current events, she could not take up a newspaper, without reverting to her absent friend. She found herself constantly harassed with the apprehension that he had not allowed himself time really to recover, and that a fortnight's exposure would send him back to the hospital. At last it occurred to her that civility required that she should make a call upon Mrs. Martin, the Captain's sister; and a vague impression that this lady might be the depository of some farewell message—perhaps of a letter—which she was awaiting her convenience to present, led her at once to undertake this social duty. The carriage which had been ordered for her projected visit was at the door, when, within a week after Severn's departure, Major Luttrell was announced. Gertrude received him in her bonnet. His first care was to present Captain Severn's adieus, together with his regrets that he had not had time to discharge them in person. As Luttrell made his speech, he watched his companion narrowly, and was considerably reassured by the unflinching composure with which she listened to it. The turn he had given to Severn's message had been the fruit of much mischievous cogitation. It had seemed to him that, for his purposes, the assumption of a hasty, and as it were mechanical, allusion to Miss Whit-

taker, was more serviceable than the assumption of no allusion at all, which would have left a boundless void for the exercise of Gertrude's fancy. And he had reasoned well; for although he was tempted to infer from her calmness that his shot had fallen short of the mark, yet, in spite of her silent and almost smiling assent to his words, it had made but one bound to her heart. Before many minutes, she felt that those words had done her a world of good. "He had not had time!" Indeed, as she took to herself their full expression of perfect indifference, she felt that her hard, forced smile was broadening into the sign of a lively gratitude to the Major.

Major Luttrell had still another task to perform. He had spent half an hour on the preceding day at Richard's bedside, having ridden over to the farm, in ignorance of his illness, to see how matters stood with him. The reader will already have surmised that the Major was not pre-eminently a man of conscience: he will, therefore, be the less surprised and shocked to hear that the sight of the poor young man, prostrate, fevered, and delirious, and to all appearance rapidly growing worse, filled him with an emotion the reverse of creditable. In plain terms, he was very glad to find Richard a prisoner in bed. He had been racking his brains for a scheme to keep his young friend out of the way, and now, to his exceeding satisfaction, Nature had relieved him of this troublesome care. If Richard was condemned to typhoid fever, which his symptoms seemed to indicate, he would not, granting his recovery, be able to leave his room within a month. In a month, much might be done; nay, with energy, all might be done. The reader has been all but directly informed that the Major's present purpose was to secure Miss Whittaker's hand. He was poor, and he was ambitious, and he was, moreover, so well advanced in life—being thirty-six years of age—that he had no heart to think of building up his fortune by slow degrees. A man of good breeding, too, he had become sen-

sible, as he approached middle age, of the many advantages of a luxurious home. He had accordingly decided that a wealthy marriage would most easily unlock the gate to prosperity. A girl of a somewhat lighter calibre than Gertrude would have been the woman—we cannot say of his heart; but, as he very generously argued, beggars can't be choosers. Gertrude was a woman with a mind of her own; but, on the whole, he was not afraid of her. He was abundantly prepared to do his duty. He had, of course, as became a man of sense, duly weighed his obstacles against his advantages; but an impartial scrutiny had found the latter heavier in the balance. The only serious difficulty in his path was the possibility that, on hearing of Richard's illness, Gertrude, with her confounded benevolence, would take a fancy to nurse him in person, and that, in the course of her ministrations, his delirious ramblings would force upon her mind the damning story of the deception practised upon Captain Severn. There was nothing for it but bravely to face this risk. As for that other fact, which many men of a feebler spirit would have deemed an invincible obstacle, Luttrell's masterly understanding had immediately converted it into the prime agent of success,—the fact, namely, that Gertrude's heart was preoccupied. Such knowledge as he possessed of the relations between Miss Whittaker and his brother officer he had gained by his unaided observations and his silent deductions. These had been logical; for, on the whole, his knowledge was accurate. It was at least what he might have termed a good working knowledge. He had calculated on a passionate reactionary impulse on Gertrude's part, consequent on Severn's simulated offence. He knew that, in a generous woman, such an impulse, if left to itself, would not go very far. But on this point it was that his policy bore. He would not leave it to itself: he would take it gently into his hands, attenuate it, prolong it, economize it, and mould it into the clew to his own good fortune. He thus counted much upon

his skill and his tact; but he likewise placed a becoming degree of reliance upon his solid personal qualities,—qualities too sober and too solid, perhaps, to be called *charms*, but thoroughly adapted to inspire confidence. The Major was not handsome in feature; he left that to younger men and to lighter women; but his ugliness was of a masculine, aristocratic, intelligent stamp. His figure, moreover, was good enough to compensate for the absence of a straight nose and a fine mouth; and his general bearing offered a most pleasing combination of the gravity of the man of affairs and the versatility of the man of society.

In her sudden anxiety on Richard's behalf, Gertrude soon forgot her own immaterial woes. The carriage which was to have conveyed her to Mrs. Martin's was used for a more disinterested purpose. The Major, prompted by a strong faith in the salutary force of his own presence, having obtained her permission to accompany her, they set out for the farm, and soon found themselves in Richard's chamber. The young man was wrapped in a heavy sleep, from which it was judged imprudent to arouse him. Gertrude, sighing as she compared his thinly furnished room with her own elaborate apartments, drew up a mental list of essential luxuries which she would immediately send him. Not but that he had received, however, a sufficiency of homely care. The doctor was assiduous, and the old woman who nursed him was full of rugged good-sense.

"He asks very often after you, Miss," she said, addressing Gertrude, but with a sly glance at the Major. "But I think you'd better not come too often. I'm afraid you'd excite him more than you'd quiet him."

"I'm afraid you would, Miss Whitaker," said the Major, who could have hugged the goodwife.

"Why should I excite him?" asked Gertrude, "I'm used to sick-rooms. I nursed my father for a year and a half."

"O, it's very well for an old woman

like me, but it's no place for a fine young lady like you," said the nurse, looking at Gertrude's muslins and laces.

"I'm not so fine as to desert a friend in distress," said Gertrude. "I shall come again, and if it makes the poor fellow worse to see me, I shall stay away. I am ready to do anything that will help him to get well."

It had already occurred to her that, in his unnatural state, Richard might find her presence a source of irritation, and she was prepared to remain in the background. As she returned to her carriage, she caught herself reflecting with so much pleasure upon Major Luttrell's kindness in expending a couple of hours of his valuable time on so unprofitable an object as poor Richard, that, by way of intimating her satisfaction, she invited him to come home and dine with her.

After a short interval she paid Richard a second visit, in company with Miss Pendexter. He was a great deal worse; he lay emaciated, exhausted, and stupid. The issue was doubtful. Gertrude immediately pushed forward to M—, a larger town than her own, sought out a professional nurse, and arranged with him to relieve the old woman from the farm, who was worn out with her vigilance. For a fortnight, moreover, she received constant tidings from the young man's physician. During this fortnight, Major Luttrell was assiduous, and proportionately successful.

It may be said, to his credit, that he had by no means conducted his suit upon that narrow programme which he had drawn up at the outset. He very soon discovered that Gertrude's resentment—if resentment there was—was a substance utterly impalpable even to his most delicate tact, and he had accordingly set to work to woo her like an honest man, from day to day, from hour to hour, trusting so devoutly for success to momentary inspiration, that he felt his suit dignified by a certain flattering *faux air* of genuine passion. He occasionally reminded

himself, however, that he might really be owing more to the subtle force of accidental contrast than Gertrude's lifelong reserve — for it was certain she would not depart from it — would ever allow him to measure.

It was as an honest man, then, a man of impulse and of action, that Gertrude had begun to like him. She was not slow to perceive whither his operations tended; and she was almost tempted at times to tell him frankly that she would spare him the intermediate steps, and meet him at the goal without further delay. It was not that she was prepared to love him, but she would make him an obedient wife. An immense weariness had somehow come upon her, and a sudden sense of loneliness. A vague suspicion that her money had done her an incurable wrong inspired her with a profound distaste for the care of it. She felt cruelly hedged out from human sympathy by her bristling possessions. "If I had had five hundred dollars a year," she said in a frequent parenthesis, "I might have pleased him." Hating her wealth, accordingly, and chilled by her isolation, the temptation was strong upon her to give herself up to that wise, brave gentleman who seemed to have adopted such a happy medium betwixt loving her for her money and fearing her for it. Would she not always stand between men who would represent the two extremes? She would anticipate security by an alliance with Major Luttrell.

One evening, on presenting himself, Luttrell read these thoughts so clearly in her eyes, that he made up his mind to speak. But his mind was burdened with a couple of facts, of which it was necessary that he should discharge it before it could enjoy the freedom of action which the occasion required. In the first place, then, he had been to see Richard Clare, and had found him suddenly and decidedly better. It was unbecoming, however, — it was impossible, — that he should allow Gertrude to linger over this pleasant announcement.

"I tell the good news first," he said, gravely. "I have some very bad news, too, Miss Whittaker."

Gertrude sent him a rapid glance. "Some one has been killed," she said.

"Captain Severn has been shot," said the Major, — "shot by a guerilla."

Gertrude was silent. No answer seemed possible to that uncompromising fact. She sat with her head on her hand, and her elbow on the table beside her, looking at the figures on the carpet. She uttered no words of commonplace regret; but she felt as little like giving way to serious grief. She had lost nothing, and, to the best of her knowledge, *he* had lost nothing. She had an old loss to mourn, — a loss a month old, which she had mourned as she might. To give way to passion would have been but to impugn the solemnity of her past regrets. When she looked up at her companion, she was pale, but she was calm, yet with a calmness upon which a single glance of her eye directed him not inconsiderately to presume. She was aware that this glance betrayed her secret; but in view both of Severn's death and of the Major's attitude, such betrayal mattered less. Luttrell had prepared to act upon her hint, and to avert himself gently from the topic, when Gertrude, who had dropped her eyes again, raised them with a slight shudder. "I'm cold," she said. "Will you shut that window beside you, Major? Or stay, suppose you give me my shawl from the sofa."

Luttrell brought the shawl, placed it on her shoulders, and sat down beside her. "These are cruel times," he said, with studied simplicity. "I'm sure I hardly know what's to come of it all."

"Yes, they are cruel times," said Gertrude. "They make one feel cruel. They make one doubt of all he has learnt from his pastors and masters."

"Yes, but they teach us something new also."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Gertrude, whose heart was so full of bitterness that she felt almost malignant. "They teach us how mean we are."

War is an infamy, Major, though it is your trade. It's very well for you, who look at it professionally, and for those who go and fight; but it's a miserable business for those who stay at home, and do the thinking and the sentimentalizing. It's a miserable business for women; it makes us more spiteful than ever."

"Well, a little spite is n't a bad thing, in practice," said the Major. "War is certainly an abomination, both at home and in the field. But as wars go, Miss Whittaker, our own is a very satisfactory one. It involves something. It won't leave us as it found us. We're in the midst of a revolution, and what's a revolution but a turning upside down? It makes sad work with our habits and theories and our traditions and convictions. But, on the other hand," Luttrell pursued, warming to his task, "it leaves something untouched, which is better than these,—I mean our feelings, Miss Whittaker." And the Major paused until he had caught Gertrude's eyes, when, having engaged them with his own, he proceeded. "I think they are the stronger for the downfall of so much else, and, upon my soul, I think it's in them we ought to take refuge. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, if I understand you."

"I mean our serious feelings, you know,—not our tastes nor our passions. I don't advocate fiddling while Rome is burning. In fact it's only poor, unsatisfied devils that are tempted to fiddle. There is one feeling which is respectable and honorable, and even sacred, at all times and in all places, whatever they may be. It does n't depend upon circumstances, but they upon it; and with its help, I think, we are a match for any circumstances. I don't mean religion, Miss Whittaker," added the Major, with a sober smile.

"If you don't mean religion," said Gertrude, "I suppose you mean love. That's a very different thing."

"Yes, a very different thing; so I've always thought, and so I'm glad to hear you say. Some people, you know,

mix them up in the most extraordinary fashion. I don't fancy myself an especially religious man; in fact, I believe I'm rather otherwise. It's my nature. Half mankind are born so, or I suppose the affairs of this world would n't move. But I believe I'm a good lover, Miss Whittaker."

"I hope for your own sake you are, Major Luttrell."

"Thank you. Do you think now you could entertain the idea for the sake of any one else?"

Gertrude neither dropped her eyes, nor shrugged her shoulders, nor blushed. If anything, indeed, she turned somewhat paler than before, as she sustained her companion's gaze, and prepared to answer him as directly as she might.

"If I loved you, Major Luttrell," she said, "I should value the idea for my own sake."

The Major, too, blanched a little. "I put my question conditionally," he answered, "and I have got, as I deserved, a conditional reply. I will speak plainly, then, Miss Whittaker. *Do* you value the fact for your own sake? It would be plainer still to say, *Do you love me?* but I confess I'm not brave enough for that. I will say, *Can you?* or I will even content myself with putting it in the conditional again, and asking you if you could; although, after all, I hardly know what the *if* understood can reasonably refer to. I'm not such a fool as to ask of any woman—least of all of you—to love me contingently. You can only answer for the present, and say yes or no. I should n't trouble you to say either, if I did n't conceive that I had given you time to make up your mind. It does n't take forever to know James Luttrell. I'm not one of the great unfathomable ones. We've seen each other more or less intimately for a good many weeks; and as I'm conscious, Miss Whittaker, of having shown you my best, I take for granted that if you don't fancy me now, you won't a month hence, when you shall have seen my faults. Yes, Miss Whittaker, I can solemnly say," continued the Major, with genuine feeling, "I

have shown you my best, as every man is in honor bound to do who approaches a woman with those predispositions with which I have approached you. I have striven hard to please you,"—and he paused. "I can only say, I hope I have succeeded."

"I should be very insensible," said Gertrude, "if all your kindness and your courtesy had been lost upon me."

"In Heaven's name, don't talk about courtesy," cried the Major.

"I am deeply conscious of your devotion, and I am very much obliged to you for urging your claims so respectfully and considerately. I speak seriously, Major Luttrell," pursued Gertrude. "There is a happy medium of expression, and you have taken it. Now it seems to me that there is a happy medium of affection, with which you might be content. Strictly, I don't love you. I question my heart, and it gives me that answer. The feeling that I have is not a feeling to work prodigies."

"May it at least work the prodigy of allowing you to be my wife?"

"I don't think I shall over-estimate its strength, if I say that it may. If you can respect a woman who gives you her hand in cold blood, you are welcome to mine."

Luttrell moved his chair and took her hand. "Beggars can't be choosers," said he, raising it to his mustache.

"O Major Luttrell, don't say that," she answered. "I give you a great deal; but I keep a little,—a little," said Gertrude, hesitating, "which I suppose I shall give to God."

"Well, I shall not be jealous," said Luttrell.

"The rest I give to you, and in return I ask a great deal."

"I shall give you all. You know I told you I'm not religious."

"No, I don't want more than I give," said Gertrude.

"But, pray," asked Luttrell, with a delicate smile, "what am I to do with the difference?"

"You had better keep it for yourself. What I want is your protection, sir, and your advice, and your care. I want

you to take me away from this place, even if you have to take me down to the army. I want to see the world under the shelter of your name. I shall give you a great deal of trouble. I'm a mere mass of possessions: what I am, is nothing to what I have. But ever since I began to grow up, what I am has been the slave of what I have. I am weary of my chains, and you must help me to carry them,"—and Gertrude rose to her feet as if to inform the Major that his audience was at an end.

He still held her right hand; she gave him the other. He stood looking down at her, an image of manly humility, while from his silent breast went out a brief thanksgiving to favoring fortune.

At the pressure of his hands, Gertrude felt her bosom heave. She burst into tears. "O, you must be very kind to me!" she cried, as he put his arm about her, and she dropped her head upon his shoulder.

When once Richard's health had taken a turn for the better, it began very rapidly to improve. "Until he is quite well," Gertrude said, one day, to her accepted suitor, "I had rather he heard nothing of our engagement. He was once in love with me himself," she added, very frankly. "Did you ever suspect it? But I hope he will have got better of that sad malady, too. Nevertheless, I shall expect nothing of his good judgment until he is quite strong; and as he may hear of my new intentions from other people, I propose that, for the present, we confide them to no one."

"But if he asks me point-blank," said the Major, "what shall I answer?"

"It's not likely he'll ask you. How should he suspect anything?"

"O," said Luttrell, "Clare is one that suspects everything."

"Tell him we're not engaged, then. A woman in my position may say what she pleases."

It was agreed, however, that certain preparations for the marriage should meanwhile go forward in secret; and

that the marriage itself should take place in August, as Luttrell expected to be ordered back into service in the autumn. At about this moment Gertrude was surprised to receive a short note from Richard, so feebly scrawled in pencil as to be barely legible. "Dear Gertrude," it ran, "don't come to see me just yet. I'm not fit. You would hurt me, and *vice versa*. God bless you! R. CLARE." Miss Whittaker explained his request, by the supposition that a report had come to him of Major Luttrell's late assiduities (which it was impossible should go unobserved); that, leaping at the worst, he had taken her engagement for granted; and that, under this impression, he could not trust himself to see her. She despatched him an answer, telling him that she would await his pleasure, and that, if the doctor would consent to his having letters, she would meanwhile occasionally write to him. "She will give me good advice," thought Richard impatiently; and on this point, accordingly, she received no account of his wishes. Expecting to leave her house and close it on her marriage, she spent many hours in wandering sadly over the meadow-paths and through the woodlands which she had known from her childhood. She had thrown aside the last ensigns of filial regret, and now walked sad and splendid in the uncompromising colors of an affianced bride. It would have seemed to a stranger that, for a woman who had freely chosen a companion for life, she was amazingly spiritless and sombre. As she looked at her pale cheeks and heavy eyes in the mirror, she felt ashamed that she had no fairer countenance to offer to her destined lord. She had lost her single beauty, her smile; and she would make but a ghastly figure at the altar. "I ought to wear a calico dress and an apron," she said to herself, "and not this glaring finery." But she continued to wear her finery, and to lay out her money, and to perform all her old duties to the letter. After the lapse of what she deemed a sufficient interval, she went to see Mrs. Martin, and to listen dumbly to

her narration of her brother's death, and to her simple eulogies.

Major Luttrell performed his part quite as bravely, and much more successfully. He observed neither too many things nor too few; he neither presumed upon his success, nor mistrusted it. Having on his side received no prohibition from Richard, he resumed his visits at the farm, trusting that, with the return of reason, his young friend might feel disposed to renew that anomalous alliance in which, on the hapless evening of Captain Severn's farewell, he had taken refuge against his despair. In the long, languid hours of his early convalescence, Richard had found time to survey his position, to summon back piece by piece the immediate past, and to frame a general scheme for the future. But more vividly than anything else, there had finally disengaged itself from his meditations a profound aversion to James Luttrell.

It was in this humor that the Major found him; and as he looked at the young man's gaunt shoulders, supported by pillows, at his face, so livid and aquiline, at his great dark eyes, luminous with triumphant life, it seemed to him that an invincible spirit had been sent from a better world to breathe confusion upon his hopes. If Richard hated the Major, the reader may guess whether the Major loved Richard. Luttrell was amazed at his first remark.

"I suppose you're engaged by this time," Richard said, calmly enough.

"Not quite," answered the Major. "There's a chance for you yet."

To this Richard made no rejoinder. Then, suddenly, "Have you any news of Captain Severn?" he asked.

For a moment the Major was perplexed at his question. He had assumed that the news of Severn's death had come to Richard's ears, and he had been half curious, half apprehensive as to its effect. But an instant's reflection now assured him that the young man's estrangement from his neighbors had kept him hitherto and might still keep him in ignorance of the

truth. Hastily, therefore, and inconsiderately, the Major determined to confirm this ignorance. "No," said he; "I've had no news. Severn and I are not on such terms as to correspond."

The next time Luttrell came to the farm, he found the master sitting up in a great, cushioned, chintz-covered arm-chair which Gertrude had sent him the day before out of her own dressing-room.

"Are you engaged yet?" asked Richard.

There was a strain as if of defiance in his tone. The Major was irritated. "Yes," said he, "we *are* engaged now."

The young man's face betrayed no emotion.

"Are you reconciled to it?" asked Luttrell.

"Yes, practically I am."

"What do you mean by practically? Explain yourself."

"A man in my state can't explain himself. I mean that, however I feel about it, I shall accept Gertrude's marriage."

"You're a wise man, my boy," said the Major, kindly.

"I'm growing wise. I feel like Solomon on his throne in this chair. But I confess, sir, I don't see how she could have you."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said the Major, good-humoredly.

"Ah, if it's been a matter of taste with her," said Richard, "I have nothing to say."

They came to no more express understanding than this with regard to the future. Richard continued to grow stronger daily, and to defer the renewal of his intercourse with Gertrude. A month before, he would have resented as a bitter insult the intimation that he would ever be so resigned to lose her as he now found himself. He would not see her for two reasons: first, because he felt that it would be—or that at least in reason it ought to be—a painful experience to look upon his old mistress with a coldly critical eye;

and secondly, because, justify to himself as he would his new-born indifference, he could not entirely cast away the suspicion that it was a last remnant of disease, and that, when he stood on his legs again in the presence of those exuberant landscapes with which he had long since established a sort of sensuous communion, he would feel, as with a great tumultuous rush, the return of his impetuous manhood and of his old capacity. When he had smoked a pipe in the outer sunshine, when he had settled himself once more to the long elastic bound of his mare, then he would see Gertrude. The reason of the change which had come upon him was that she had disappointed him,—she whose magnanimity it had once seemed that his fancy was impotent to measure. She had accepted Major Luttrell, a man whom he despised; she had so mutilated her magnificent heart as to match it with his. The validity of his dislike to the Major, Richard did not trouble himself to examine. He accepted it as an unerring instinct; and, indeed, he might have asked himself, had he not sufficient proof? Moreover he labored under the sense of a gratuitous wrong. He had suffered an immense torment of remorse to drive him into brutishness, and thence to the very gate of death, for an offence which he had deemed mortal, and which was after all but a phantasm of his impassioned conscience. What a fool he had been! a fool for his nervous fears, and a fool for his penitence. Marriage with Major Luttrell,—such was the end of Gertrude's fancied anguish. Such, too, we hardly need add, was the end of that idea of reparation which had been so formidable to Luttrell. Richard had been generous; he would now be just.

Far from impeding his recovery, these reflections hastened it. One morning in the beginning of August, Gertrude received notice of Richard's presence. It was a still, sultry day, and Miss Whittaker, her habitual pallor deepened by the oppressive heat, was sitting alone in a white morning-dress, languidly fan-

ning aside at once the droning flies and her equally importunate thoughts. She found Richard standing in the middle of the drawing-room, booted and spurred.

"Well, Richard," she exclaimed, with some feeling, "you're at last willing to see me!"

As his eyes fell upon her, he started and stood almost paralyzed, heeding neither her words nor her extended hand. It was not Gertrude he saw, but her ghost.

"In Heaven's name what has happened to you?" he cried. "Have *you* been ill?"

Gertrude tried to smile in feigned surprise at his surprise; but her muscles relaxed. Richard's words and looks reflected more vividly than any mirror the dejection of her person; and this, the misery of her soul. She felt herself growing faint. She staggered back to a sofa and sank down.

Then Richard felt as if the room were revolving about him, and as if his throat were choked with imprecations,—as if his old erratic passion had again taken possession of him, like a mingled legion of devils and angels. It was through pity that his love returned. He went forward and dropped on his knees at Gertrude's feet. "Speak to me!" he cried, seizing her hands. "Are you unhappy? Is your heart broken? O Gertrude! what have you come to?"

Gertrude drew her hands from his grasp and rose to her feet. "Get up, Richard," she said. "Don't talk so wildly. I'm not well. I'm very glad to see you. *You* look well."

"I've got my strength again,—and meanwhile you've been failing. You're unhappy, you're wretched! Don't say you're not, Gertrude: it's as plain as day. You're breaking your heart."

"The same old Richard!" said Gertrude, trying to smile again.

"Would that you were the same old Gertrude! Don't try to smile; you can't!"

"I *shall*!" said Gertrude, desperately. "I'm going to be married, you know."

"Yes, I know. I don't congratulate you."

"I have not counted upon that honor, Richard. I shall have to do without it."

"You'll have to do without a great many things!" cried Richard, horrified by what seemed to him her blind self-immolation.

"I have all I ask," said Gertrude.

"You have n't all I ask then! You have n't all your friends ask."

"My friends are very kind, but I marry to suit myself."

"You've not suited yourself!" retorted the young man. "You've suited—God knows what!—your pride, your despair, your resentment." As he looked at her, the secret history of her weakness seemed to become plain to him, and he felt a mighty rage against the man who had taken a base advantage of it. "Gertrude!" he cried, "I entreat you to go back. It's not for my sake,—I'll give you up,—I'll go a thousand miles away, and never look at you again. It's for your own. In the name of your happiness, break with that man! Don't fling yourself away. Buy him off, if you consider yourself bound. Give him your money. That's all he wants."

As Gertrude listened, the blood came back to her face, and two flames into her eyes. She looked at Richard from head to foot. "You are not weak," she said, "you are in your senses, you are well and strong; you shall tell me what you mean. You insult the best friend I have. Explain yourself! you insinuate foul things,—speak them out!" Her eyes glanced toward the door, and Richard's followed them. Major Luttrell stood on the threshold.

"Come in, sir!" cried Richard. "Gertrude swears she'll believe no harm of you. Come and tell her that she's wrong! How can you keep on harassing a woman whom you've brought to this state? Think of what she was three months ago, and look at her now!"

Luttrell received this broadside without flinching. He had overheard Rich-

ard's voice from the entry, and he had steeled his heart for the encounter. He assumed the air of having been so amazed by the young man's first words as only to have heard his last; and he glanced at Gertrude mechanically as if to comply with them. "What's the matter?" he asked, going over to her, and taking her hand; "are you ill?" Gertrude let him have her hand, but she forbore to meet his eyes.

"Ill! of course she's ill!" cried Richard, passionately. "She's dying, — she's consuming herself! I know I seem to be playing an odious part here, Gertrude, but, upon my soul, I can't help it. I look like a betrayer, an informer, a sneak, but I don't feel like one! Still, I'll leave you, if you say so."

"Shall he go, Gertrude?" asked Luttrell, without looking at Richard.

"No. Let him stay and explain himself. He has accused you, — let him prove his case."

"I know what he is going to say," said Luttrell. "It will place me in a bad light. Do you still wish to hear it?"

Gertrude drew her hand hastily out of Luttrell's. "Speak, Richard!" she cried, with a passionate gesture.

"I will speak," said Richard. "I've done you a dreadful wrong, Gertrude. How great a wrong, I never knew until I saw you to-day so miserably altered. When I heard that you were to be married, I fancied that it was no wrong, and that my remorse had been wasted. But I understand it now; and *he* understands it, too. You once told me that you had ceased to love Captain Severn. It was n't true. You never ceased to love him. You love him at this moment. If he were to get another wound in the next battle, how would you feel? How would you bear it?" And Richard paused for an instant with the force of his interrogation.

"For God's sake," cried Gertrude, "respect the dead!"

"The dead! Is he dead?"

Gertrude covered her face with her hands.

"You beast!" cried Luttrell.

Richard turned upon him savagely. "Shut your infernal mouth!" he roared. "You told me he was alive and well!"

Gertrude made a movement of speechless distress.

"You would have it, my dear," said Luttrell, with a little bow.

Richard had turned pale, and began to tremble. "Excuse me, Gertrude," he said, hoarsely, "I've been deceived. Poor, unhappy woman! Gertrude," he continued, going nearer to her, and speaking in a whisper, "I killed him."

Gertrude fell back from him, as he approached her, with a look of unutterable horror. "I and *he*," said Richard, pointing at Luttrell.

Gertrude's eyes followed the direction of his gesture, and transferred their scorching disgust to her suitor. This was too much for Luttrell's courage. "You idiot!" she shouted at Richard, "speak out!"

"He loved you, though you believed he did n't," said Richard. "I saw it the first time I looked at him. To every one but you it was as plain as day. Luttrell saw it too. But he was too modest, and he never fancied you cared for him. The night before he went back to the army, he came to bid you good by. If he had seen you, it would have been better for every one. You remember that evening, of course. We met him, Luttrell and I. He was all on fire, — he meant to speak. I knew it, you knew it, Luttrell: it was in his fingers' ends. I intercepted him. I turned him off, — I lied to him and told him you were away. I was a coward, and I did neither more nor less than that. I knew you were waiting for him. It was stronger than my will, — I believe I should do it again. Fate was against him, and he went off. I came back to tell you, but my damnable jealousy strangled me. I went home and drank myself into a fever. I've done you a wrong that I can never repair. I'd go hang myself if I thought it would help you." Richard spoke slowly, softly, and explicitly, as if irresistible justice in person had

her hand upon his neck, and were forcing him down upon his knees. In the presence of Gertrude's dismay nothing seemed possible but perfect self-conviction. In Luttrell's attitude, as he stood with his head erect, his arms folded, and his cold gray eye fixed upon the distance, it struck him that there was something atrociously insolent; not insolent to him,—for that he cared little enough,—but insolent to Gertrude and to the dreadful solemnity of the hour. Richard sent the Major a look of the most aggressive contempt. "As for Major Luttrell," he said, "*he* was but a passive spectator. No, Gertrude, by Heaven!" he burst out; "*he* was worse than I! I loved you, and he did n't!"

"Our friend is correct in his facts, Gertrude," said Luttrell, quietly. "He is incorrect in his opinions. *I was* a passive spectator of his deception. He appeared to enjoy a certain authority with regard to your wishes,—the source of which I respected both of you sufficiently never to question,—and I accepted the act which he has described as an exercise of it. You will remember that you had sent us away on the ground that you were in no humor for company. To deny you, therefore, to another visitor, seemed to me rather officious, but still pardonable. You will consider that I was wholly ignorant of your relations to that visitor; that whatever you may have done for others, Gertrude, to me you never vouchsafed a word of information on the subject, and that Mr. Clare's words are a revelation to me. But I am bound to believe nothing that he says. I am bound to believe that I have injured you only when I hear it from your own lips."

Richard made a movement as if to break out upon the Major; but Gertrude, who had been standing motionless with her eyes upon the ground, quickly raised them, and gave him a look of imperious prohibition. She had listened, and she had chosen. She turned to Luttrell. "Major Luttrell," she said, "you *have* been an accessory in what has been for me a serious grief.

It is my duty to tell you so. I mean, of course, a profoundly unwilling accessory. I pity you more than I can tell you. I think your position more pitiable than mine. It is true that I never made a confidant of you. I never made one of Richard. I had a secret, and he surprised it. You were less fortunate." It might have seemed to a thoroughly dispassionate observer that in these last four words there was an infinitesimal touch of tragic irony. Gertrude paused a moment while Luttrell eyed her intently, and Richard, from a somewhat tardy instinct of delicacy, walked over to the bow-window. "This is the most painful moment of my life," she resumed. "I hardly know where my duty lies. The only thing that is plain to me is, that I must ask you to release me from my engagement. I ask it most humbly, Major Luttrell," Gertrude continued, with warmth in her words, and a chilling coldness in her voice,—a coldness which it sickened her to feel there, but which she was unable to dispel. "I can't expect that you should give me up easily; I know that it's a great deal to ask, and"—she forced the chosen words out of her mouth—"I should thank you more than I can say if you would put some condition upon my release. You have done honorably by me, and I repay you with ingratitude. But I can't marry you." Her voice began to melt. "I have been false from the beginning. I have no heart to give you. I should make you a despicable wife."

The Major, too, had listened and chosen, and in this trying conjuncture he set the seal to his character as an accomplished man. He saw that Gertrude's movement was final, and he determined to respect the inscrutable mystery of her heart. He read in the glance of her eye and the tone of her voice that the perfect dignity had fallen from his character,—that his integrity had lost its bloom; but he also read her firm resolve never to admit this fact to her own mind, nor to declare it to the world, and he honored her forbearance. His hopes, his ambitions, his visions, lay be-

fore him like a colossal heap of broken glass ; but he would be as graceful as she was. She had divined him ; but she had spared him. The Major was inspired.

"You have at least spoken to the point," he said. "You leave no room for doubt or for hope. With the little light I have, I can't say I understand your feelings, but I yield to them religiously. I believe so thoroughly that you suffer from the thought of what you ask of me, that I will not increase your suffering by assuring you of my own. I care for nothing but your happiness. You have lost it, and I give you mine to replace it. And although it's a simple thing to say," he added, "I must say simply that I thank you for your implicit faith in my integrity,"—and he held out his hand. As she gave him hers, Gertrude felt utterly in the wrong ; and she looked into his eyes with an expression so humble, so appealing, so grateful, that, after all, his exit may be called triumphant.

When he had gone, Richard turned from the window with an enormous sense of relief. He had heard Gertrude's speech, and he knew that perfect justice had not been done ; but still there was enough to be thankful for. Yet now that his duty was accomplished, he was conscious of a sudden lassitude. Mechanically he looked at Gertrude, and almost mechanically he came towards her. She, on her side, looking at him as he walked slowly down the long room, his face indistinct against the deadened light of the white-draped windows behind him, marked the expression of his figure with another pang. "He has rescued me," she said to herself ; "but his passion has perished in the tumult. Richard," she said aloud, uttering the first words of vague kindness that came into her mind, "I forgive you."

Richard stopped. The idea had lost its charm. "You're very kind," he said, wearily. "You're far too kind. How do you know you forgive me? Wait and see."

Gertrude looked at him as she had

never looked before ; but he saw nothing of it. He saw a sad, plain girl in a white dress, nervously handling her fan. He was thinking of himself. If he had been thinking of her, he would have read in her lingering, upward gaze, that he had won her ; and if, so reading, he had opened his arms, Gertrude would have come to them. We trust the reader is not shocked. She neither hated him nor despised him, as she ought doubtless in consistency to have done. She felt that he was abundantly a man, and she loved him. Richard on his side felt humbly the same truth, and he began to respect himself. The past had closed abruptly behind him, and tardy Gertrude had been shut in. The future was dimly shaping itself without her image. So he did not open his arms.

"Good by," he said, holding out his hand. "I may not see you again for a long time."

Gertrude felt as if the world were deserting her. "Are you going away?" she asked, tremulously.

"I mean to sell out and pay my debts, and go to the war."

She gave him her hand, and he silently shook it. There was no contending with the war, and she gave him up.

With their separation our story properly ends, and to say more would be to begin a new story. It is perhaps our duty, however, expressly to add, that Major Luttrell, in obedience to a logic of his own, abstained from revenge ; and that, if time has not avenged him, it has at least rewarded him. General Luttrell, who lost an arm before the war was over, recently married Miss Van Winkel of Philadelphia, and seventy thousand a year. Richard engaged in the defence of his country, on a captain's commission, obtained with some difficulty. He saw a great deal of fighting, but he has no scars to show. The return of peace found him in his native place, without a home, and without resources. One of his first acts was to call dutifully and respectfully upon Miss Whittaker, whose circle of acquaintance had apparently become very

much enlarged, and now included a vast number of gentlemen. Gertrude's manner was kindness itself, but a more studied kindness than before. She had lost much of her youth and her simplicity. Richard wondered whether she had pledged herself to spinsterhood, but of course he did n't ask her. She inquired very particularly into his material prospects and intentions, and offered most urgently to lend him money, which he declined to borrow. When he left her, he took a long walk through her place and beside the river, and, wandering back to the days when he had yearned for her love, assured himself that no woman would ever again be to him what she had been. During his stay in this neighborhood he found himself impelled to a species of submission to one of the old agricultural magnates whom he had insulted in his unregenerate days, and through whom he was glad to obtain some momentary employment. But his pres-

ent position is very distasteful to him, and he is eager to try his fortunes in the West. As yet, however, he has lacked even the means to get as far as St. Louis. He drinks no more than is good for him. To speak of Gertrude's impressions of Richard would lead us quite too far. Shortly after his return she broke up her household, and came to the bold resolution (bold, that is, for a woman young, unmarried, and ignorant of manners in her own country) to spend some time in Europe. At our last accounts she was living in the ancient city of Florence. Her great wealth, of which she was wont to complain that it excluded her from human sympathy, now affords her a most efficient protection. She passes among her fellow-countrymen abroad for a very independent, but a very happy woman; although, as she is by this time twenty-seven years of age, a little romance is occasionally invoked to account for her continued celibacy.

THE GROWTH, LIMITATIONS, AND TOLERATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS.

IN an article on Shakespeare in the June number of this Magazine, we spoke of his general comprehensiveness and creativeness, of his method of characterization, and of the identity of his genius with his individuality. In the present article we purpose to treat of some particular topics included in the general theme; and as criticism on him is like coasting along a continent, we shall make little pretension to system in the order of taking them up.

The first of these topics is the succession of Shakespeare's works, considered as steps in the growth and development of his powers,—a subject which has already been ably handled by our countryman, Mr. Verplanck. The facts, as far as they can be ascer-

tained, are these. Shakespeare went to London about the year 1586, in his twenty-second year, and found some humble employment in one of the theatrical companies. Three years afterwards, in 1589, he had risen to be one of the sharers in the Blackfriars' Theatre. In 1592 he had acquired sufficient reputation as a dramatist, or at least as a recaster of the plays of others, to excite the jealousy of the leading playwrights, whose crude dramas he condescended to rewrite or retouch. That graceless vagabond, Robert Greene, addressing from his penitent death-bed his old friends Lodge, Peele, and Marlowe, and trying to dissuade them from "spending their wits" any longer in "making plays," spitefully

declares: "There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country." Doubtless this charge of adopting and adapting the productions of others includes some dramas which have not been preserved, as the company to which Shakespeare was attached owned the manuscripts of a great number of plays which were never printed; and it was a custom, when a play had popular elements in it, for other dramatists to be employed in making such additions as would give continual novelty to the old favorite. But of the plays published in our editions of Shakespeare's writings, it is probable that "The Comedy of Errors," and the three parts of "King Henry VI.," are only partially his, and should be classed among his early adaptations, and not among his early creations. The play of "Pericles" bears no marks of his mind, except in some scenes of transcendent power and beauty, which start up from the rest of the work like towers of gold from a plain of sand; but these scenes are in his latest manner. In regard to the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," we are so constituted as to resist all the external evidence by which such a shapeless mass of horrors and absurdities is fastened on Shakespeare. Mr. Verplanck thinks it one of Shakespeare's first attempts at dramatic composition; but first attempts must reflect the mental condition of the author at the time they were made; and we know the mental condition of Shakespeare in his early manhood by his poem of "Venus and Adonis," which he expressly styles "the first heir of his invention." Now leaving out of view the fact that "Titus Andronicus" stamps the impression, not of youthful, but of matured depravity of taste, its execrable enormities of feeling and incident could not have proceeded from the sweet and comely nature in which the poem had

its birth. The best criticism on "Titus Andronicus" was made by Robert Burns, when he was nine years old. His schoolmaster was reading the play aloud in his father's cottage, and when he came to the scene where Lavinia enters with her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, little Robert fell a-crying, and threatened, in case the play was left in the cottage, to burn it. It is hard to believe that what Burns despised and detested at the age of nine could have been written by Shakespeare at the age of twenty-five. Taking, then, "Venus and Adonis" as the point of departure, we find Shakespeare at the age of twenty-two endowed with all the faculties, but relatively deficient in the passions, of the poet. The poem is a throng of thoughts, fancies, and imaginations, but somewhat cramped in the utterance. Coleridge says, that "in his poems the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length in the drama they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other." Fine as this is, it would perhaps be more exact to say, that in his earlier poems his intellect, acting apart from his sensibility, and playing with its own ingenuities of fancy and meditation, condensed its thoughts in crystals. Afterwards, when his whole nature became liquid, he gave us his thoughts in a state of fusion, and his intellect flowed in streams of fire.

Take, for example, that passage in the poem where Venus represents the loveliness of Adonis as sending thrills of passion into the earth on which he treads, and as making the bashful moon hide herself from the sight of his bewildering beauty:—

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this!

The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy
lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:

Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,

Till forging Nature be condemned of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were
 divine,
 Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day and her by night."

This is reflected and reflecting passion, or, at least, imagination awakening passion, rather than passion penetrating imagination.

Now mark, by contrast, the gush of the heart into the brain, dissolving thought, imagination, and expression, so that they run molten, in the delirious ecstasy of Pericles in recovering his long-lost child:—

"O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir!
 Give me a gash; put me to present pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness."

If, as is probable, "*Venus and Adonis*" was written as early as 1586, we may suppose that the plays which represent the boyhood of his genius, and which are strongly marked with the characteristics of that poem, namely, "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," the first draft of "*Love's Labor's Lost*," and the original "*Romeo and Juliet*," were produced before the year 1592. Following these came "*King Richard III.*," "*King Richard II.*," "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*King John*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," and "*King Henry IV.*," all of which we know were written before 1598, when Shakespeare was in his thirty-fourth year. During the next eight years he produced "*King Henry V.*," "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," "*As You Like It*," "*Hamlet*," "*Twelfth Night*," "*Measure for Measure*," "*Othello*," "*Macbeth*," and "*King Lear*." In this list are the four great tragedies in which his genius culminated. Then came "*Troilus and Cressida*," "*Timon of Athens*," "*Julius Cæsar*," "*Antony and Cleopatra*," "*Cymbeline*," "*King Henry VIII.*," "*The Tempest*," "*The Winter's Tale*," and "*Coriolanus*." If heed be paid to this order of the plays, it will be seen at once that a quotation from Shakespeare carries with it a very different degree of authority, according as it refers to the youth or the maturity of his mind.

Indeed, when we reflect that between the production of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" and "*King Lear*" there is only a space of fifteen years, we must admit that the history of the human intellect presents no other example of such marvellous progress; and if we note the giant strides by which it was made, we shall find that they all imply a progressive widening and deepening of soul, a positive growth of the nature of the man, until in *Lear* the power became supreme and becomes amazing. Mr. Verplanck considers the period when he produced his four great tragedies to be the period of his intellectual grandeur, as distinguished from an earlier period which he thinks shows the perfection of his merely poetic and imaginative power; but the fact would seem to be that his increasing greatness as a philosopher was fully matched by his increasing greatness as a poet, and that in the devouring swiftness of his onward and upward movement imagination kept abreast of reason. His imagination was never more vivid, all-informing, and creative,—never penetrated with more unerring certainty to the inmost spiritual essence of whatever it touched,—never forced words and rhythm into more supple instruments of thought and feeling,—than when it mirrored into form the terror and pity and beauty of *Lear*.

Indeed, the coequal growth of his reason and imagination was owing to the wider scope and increased energy of the great moving forces of his being. It relates primarily to the heart rather than the head. It is the immense fiery force behind his mental powers, kindling them into white heat, and urging them to efforts almost preternatural,—it is this which impels the daring thought beyond the limits of positive knowledge, and prompts the starts of ecstasy in whose unexpected radiance nature and human life are transfigured, and for an instant shine with celestial light. In truth he is, relatively, more intellectual in his early than in his later plays, for in his later plays his

intellect is thoroughly impassioned, and, though it has really grown in strength and massiveness, it is so fused with imagination and emotion as to be less independently prominent.

The sources of individuality lie below the intellect; and as Shakespeare went deeper into the soul of man, he more and more represented the brain as the organ and instrument of the heart, as the channel through which sentiment, passion, and character found an intelligible outlet. His own mind was singularly objective; that is, he saw things as they are in themselves. The minds of his prominent characters are all subjective, and see things as they are modified by the peculiarities of their individual moods and emotions. The very objectivity of his own mind enables him to assume the subjective conditions of less-emancipated natures. Macbeth peoples the innocent air with menacing shapes, projected from his own fiend-haunted imagination; but the same air is "sweet and wholesome" to the poet who gave being to Macbeth. The meridian of Shakespeare's power was reached when he created Othello, Macbeth, and Lear, complex personalities, representing the conflict and complication of the mightiest passions in colossal forms of human character, and whose understandings and imaginations, whose perceptions of nature and human life, and whose weightiest utterances of moral wisdom, are all thoroughly subjective and individualized. The greatness of these characters, as compared with his earlier creations, consists in the greater intensity and amplitude of their natures, and the wider variety of faculties and passions included in the strict unity of their natures. Richard III., for example, is one of his earlier characters, and though excellent of its kind, its excellence has been approached by other dramatists, as, for instance, Massinger, in "Sir Giles Overreach." But no other dramatist has been able to grasp and represent a character similar in kind to Macbeth, and the reason is that Richard is comparatively a simple con-

ception, while Macbeth is a complex one. There is unity and versatility in Richard; there is unity and variety in Macbeth. Richard is capable of being developed with almost logical accuracy; for though there is versatility in the play of his intellect, there is little variety in the motives which direct his intellect. His wickedness is not exhibited in the making. He is so completely and gleefully a villain from the first, that he is not restrained from convenient crime by any scruples and relents. The vigor of his will is due to his poverty of feeling and conscience. He is a brilliant and efficient criminal because he is shorn of the noblest attributes of man. Put, if you could, Macbeth's heart and imagination into him, and his will would be smitten with impotence, and his wit be turned to wailing. The intellect of Macbeth is richer and grander than Richard's, yet Richard is relatively a more intellectual character; for the intellect of Macbeth is rooted in his moral nature, and is secondary in our thoughts to the contending motives and emotions it obeys and reveals. In crime, as in virtue, what a man overcomes should enter into our estimate of the power exhibited in what he does.

The question now comes up, — and we suppose it must be met, though we should like to evade it, — How, amid the individualities that Shakespeare has created, are we to detect the individuality of Shakespeare himself? In answer it may be said, that, if we survey his dramas in the mass, we find three degrees of unity; — first, the unity of the individual characters; second, the unity of the separate plays in which they appear; and third, the unity of Shakespeare's own nature, a nature which deepened, expanded, and increased in might, but did not essentially change, and which is felt as a potent presence throughout his works, binding them together as the product of one mind. He did not go out of himself to inform other natures, but he included these natures in himself; and though he does not infuse his individuality into

his characters, he does infuse it into the general conceptions which the characters illustrate. His opinions, purposes, theory of life, are to be gathered, not from what his characters say and do, but from the results of what they say and do; and in each play he so combines and disposes the events and persons that the cumulative impression shall express his own judgment, indicate his own design, and convey his own feeling. His individuality is so vast, so purified from eccentricity, and we grasp it so imperfectly, that we are apt to deny it altogether, and conceive his mind as impersonal. In view of the multiplicity of his creations, and the range of thought, emotion, and character they include, it is a common hyperbole of criticism to designate him as universal. But, in truth, his mind was restricted, in its creative action, like other minds, within the limits of its personal sympathies, though these sympathies in him were keener, quicker, and more general than in other men of genius. He was a great-hearted, broad-brained person, but still a person, and not what Coleridge calls him, an "omnipresent creativeness." Whatever he could sympathize with, he could embody and vitally represent; but his sympathies, though wide, were far from being universal, and when he was indifferent or hostile, the dramatist was partially suspended in the satirist and caricaturist, and oversight took the place of insight. Indeed, his limitations are more easily indicated than his enlargements. We know what he has not done more surely than we know what he has done; for if we attempt to follow his genius in any of the numerous lines of direction along which it sweeps with such victorious ease, we soon come to the end of our tether, and are confused with a throng of thoughts and imaginations, which, as Emerson exquisitely says, "sweetly torment us with invitations to their own inaccessible homes." But there were some directions which his genius did not take, — not so much from lack of mental power as from lack of disposition

or from positive antipathy. Let us consider some of these.

And first, Shakespeare's religious instincts and sentiments were comparatively weak, for they were not creative. He has exercised his genius in the creation of no character in which religious sentiment or religious passion is dominant. He could not, of course, — he, the poet of feudalism, — overlook religion as an element of the social organization of Europe, but he did not seize Christian ideas in their essence, or look at the human soul in its direct relations with God. And just think of the field of humanity closed to him! For sixteen hundred years, remarkable men and women had appeared, representing all classes of religious character, from the ecstasy of the saint to the gloom of the fanatic; yet his intellectual curiosity was not enough excited to explore and reproduce their experience. Do you say that the subject was foreign to the purpose of an Elizabethan playwright? The answer is, that Decker and Massinger attempted it, for a popular audience, in "The Virgin Martyr"; and though the tragedy of "The Virgin Martyr" is a huddled mass of beauties and deformities, its materials of incident and characters, could Shakespeare have been attracted to them, might have been organized into as great a drama as Othello. Again, Marlowe, in his play of "Dr. Faustus," has imperfectly treated a subject which in Shakespeare's hands would have been made into a tragedy sublimer than Lear could he have thrown himself into it with equal earnestness. Marlowe, from the fact that he was a positive atheist, and a brawling one, had evidently at some time directed his whole heart and imagination to the consideration of religious questions, and had resolutely faced facts from which Shakespeare turned away.

Shakespeare, also, in common with the other dramatists of the time, looked at the Puritans as objects of satire, laughing at them instead of gazing into them. They were doubtless grotesque

enough in external appearance; but the poet of human nature should have penetrated through the appearance to the substance, and recognized in them, not merely the possibility of Cromwell, but of the ideal of character which Cromwell but imperfectly represented. You may say that Shakespeare's nature was too sunny and genial to admit the Puritan. It was not too sunny or genial to admit Richards, and Iagos, and Gonerils, and "secret, black, and midnight hags."

It may be doubted also if Shakespeare's affinities extended to those numerous classes of human character that stand for the reforming and philanthropic sentiments of humanity. We doubt if he was hopeful for the race. He was too profoundly impressed with its disturbing passions to have faith in its continuous progress. Though immensely greater than Bacon, it may be questioned if he could thoroughly have appreciated Bacon's intellectual character. He could have delineated him to perfection in everything but in that peculiar philanthropy of the mind, that spiritual benignity, that belief in man and confidence in his future, which both atone and account for so many of Bacon's moral defects. There is no character in his plays that covers the elements of such a man as Hildebrand or Luther, or either of the two Williams of Orange, or Hampden, or Howard, or Clarkson, or scores of other representative men whom history celebrates. Though the broadest individual nature which human nature has produced, human nature is immensely broader than he.

It would be easy to quote passages from Shakespeare's works which would seem to indicate that his genius was not limited in any of the directions which have been pointed out; but these passages are thoughts and observations, not men and women. Hamlet's soliloquy, and Portia's address to Shylock, might be adduced as proofs that he comprehended the religious element; but then who would take Hamlet or Portia as representative of the

religious character in any of its numerous historical forms? There is a remark in one of his plays to this effect:—

"It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't."

This might be taken as a beautiful expression of Christian toleration, and is certainly admirable as a general thought; but it indicates Shakespeare's indifference to religious passions in indicating his superiority to them. It would have been a much greater achievement of genius to have passed into the mind and heart of the conscientious burner of heretics, seized the essence of the bigot's character, and embodied in one great ideal individual a class of men whom we now both execrate and misconceive. If he could follow the dramatic process of his genius for Sir Toby Belch, why could he not do it for St. Dominic?

Indeed, toleration, in the sense that Shakespeare has given to the word, is not expressed in maxims directed against intolerance, but in the exercise of charity towards intolerant men; and it is thus necessary to indicate the limitations of his sympathy with his race, in order to appreciate its real quality and extent. His unapproached greatness consists not in including human nature, but in taking the point of view of those large classes of human nature he did include. His sympathetic insight was both serious and humorous; and he thus equally escaped the intolerance of taste and the intolerance of intelligence. What we would call the worst criminals and the most stupid fools were, as mirrored in his mind, fairly dealt with; every opportunity was afforded them to justify their right to exist; their words, thoughts, and acts were viewed in relation to their circumstances and character, so that he made them inwardly known, as well as outwardly perceived. The wonder of all this would be increased, if we supposed, for the sake of illustration, that the persons and events of all Shakespeare's plays were historical, and that, instead of being represented by Shakespeare, they were narrated by Macau-

lay. The result would be that the impression received from the historian of every incident and every person would be different, and would be wrong. The external facts might not be altered; but the falsehood would proceed from the incapacity or indisposition of the historian to pierce to the heart of the facts by sympathy and imagination. There would be abundant information, abundant eloquence, abundant invective against crime, abundant scorn of stupidity and folly, perhaps much sagacious reflection and judicial scrutiny of evidence; but the inward and essential truth would be wanting. What external statement of the acts and probable motives of Macbeth and Othello would convey the idea we have of them from being witnesses of the conflict of their thoughts and passions? How wicked and shallow and feeble and foolish would Hamlet appear, if represented, not in the light of Shakespeare's imagination, but in the light of Macaulay's epigrams! How the historian would "play the dazzling fence" of his rhetoric on the indecision of the prince, his brutality to Ophelia, his cowardice, his impotence between contending motives, and the chaos of blunders and crimes in which he sinks from view! The subject would be even a better one for him than that of James II.; yet the very supposition of such a mode of treatment makes us feel the pathos of the real Hamlet's injunction to the friend who strives to be his companion in death:—

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

If the historian would thus deal with the heroes, why, such "small deer" as Bardolph and Master Slender would of course be puffed out of existence with one hiss of lordly contempt. Yet Macaulay has a more vivid historical imagination, more power of placing himself in the age about which he writes, than historians like Hume and Hallam, whose judgments of men are summaries of qualities, and imply no inwardness of vision, no discerning of

spirits. In the whole class, the point of view is the historian's, and not the point of view of the persons the historian describes. The curse which clings to celebrity is, that it commonly enters history only to be puffed or lampooned.

The truth is, that most men, the intelligent and virtuous as well as the ignorant and vicious, are intolerant of other individualities. They are uncharitable by defect of sympathy and defect of insight. Society, even the best, is apt to be made up of people who are engaged in the agreeable occupation of despising each other; for one association for mutual admiration there are twenty for mutual contempt; yet while conversation is thus mostly made up of strictures on individuals, it rarely evinces any just perception of individualities. James is indignant or jeering at the absence of James in John, and John is horror-stricken at the impudence of James in refusing to be John. Each person feels himself to be misunderstood, though he never questions his power to understand his neighbor. Egotism, vanity, prejudice, pride of opinion, conceit of excellence, a mean delight in recognizing inferiority in others, a meaner delight in refusing to recognize the superiority of others, all the honest and all the base forms of self-assertion, cloud and distort the vision when one mind directs its glance at another. For one person who is mentally conscientious there are thousands who are morally honest. The result is a vast massacre of character, which would move the observer's compassion were it not that the victims are also the culprits, and that pity at the spectacle of the arrow quivering in the sufferer's breast is checked by the sight of the bow bent in the sufferer's hands. This depreciation of others is the most approved method of exalting ourselves. It educates us in self-esteem, if not in knowledge. The savage conceives that the power of the enemy he kills is added to his own. Shakespeare more justly conceived that the power of the human being with whom he sympathized was added to his own.

This toleration, without which an internal knowledge of other natures is impossible, Shakespeare possessed beyond any other man recorded in literature or history. It is a moral as well as mental trait, and belongs to the highest class of virtues. It is a virtue which, if generally exercised, would remove mutual hostility by enlightening mutual ignorance. And in Shakespeare we have, for once, a man great enough to be modest and charitable; who has the giant's power, but, instead of using it like a giant, trampling on weaker creatures, prefers to feel them in his arms rather than feel them under his feet; and whose toleration of others is the exercise of humility, veracity, beneficence, and justice, as well as the exercise of reason, imagination, and humor. We shall never appreciate Shakespeare's genius until we recognize in him the exercise of the most difficult virtues, as well as the exercise of the most wide-reaching intelligence.

It is, of course, not so wonderful that he should take the point of view of characters in themselves beautiful and noble, though even these might appear very different under the glance of a less soul-searching eye. To such aspects of life, however, all genius has a natural affinity. But the marvel of his comprehensiveness is his mode of dealing with the vulgar, the vicious, and the low,—with persons who are commonly spurned as dolts and knaves. His serene benevolence did not pause at what are called "deserving objects of charity," but extended to the undeserving, who are, in truth, the proper objects of charity. If we compare him, in this respect, with poets like Dante and Milton, in whom elevation is the predominant characteristic, we shall find that they tolerate humanity only in its exceptional examples of beauty and might. They are aristocrats of intellect and conscience,—the noblest aristocracy, but also the haughtiest and most exclusive. They can sympathize with great energies, whether celestial or diabolic, but their attitude

towards the feeble and the low is apt to be that of indifference or contempt. Milton can do justice to the Devil, though not, like Shakespeare, to "poor devils." But it may be doubted if the wise and good have the right to cut the Providential bond which connects them with the foolish and the bad, and set up an aristocratic humanity of their own, ten times more supercilious than the aristocracy of blood. Divorce the loftiest qualities from humility and geniality, and they quickly contract a pharisaic taint; and if there is anything which makes the wretched more wretched, it is the insolent condescension of patronizing benevolence,—if there is anything which makes the vicious more vicious, it is the "I-am-better-than-thou" expression on the face of conscious virtue. Now Shakespeare had none of this pride of superiority, either in its noble or ignoble form. Consider that, if his gigantic powers had been directed by antipathies instead of sympathies, he would have left few classes of human character untouched by his terrible scorn. Even if his antipathies had been those of taste and morals, he would have done so much to make men hate and misunderstand each other,—so much to destroy the very sentiment of humanity,—that he would have earned the distinction of being the greatest satirist and the worst man that ever lived. But instead, how humanely he clings to the most unpromising forms of human nature, insists on their right to speak for themselves as much as if they were passionate Romeos and high-aspiring Buckinghams, and does for them what he might have desired should be done for himself had he been Dogberry, or Bottom, or Abhorson, or Bardolph, or any of the rest! The low characters, the clowns and vagabonds, of Ben Jonson's plays, excite only contempt or disgust. Shakespeare takes the same materials as Ben, passes them through the medium of his imaginative humor, and changes them into subjects of the most soul-enriching mirth. Their actual

prototypes would not be tolerated; but when his genius shines on them, they "lie in light" before our humorous vision. It must be admitted that in his explorations of the lower levels of human nature he sometimes touches the mud deposits; still he never hisses or jeers at the poor relations through Adam he there discovers, but magnanimously gives them the wink of recognition!

This is one extreme of his genius, the poetic comprehension and embodiment of the low. What was the other extreme? How high did he mount in the ideal region, and what class of his characters represent his loftiest flight? It is commonly asserted that his supernatural beings, his ghosts, spectres, witches, fairies, and the like, exhibiting his command of the dark side and the bright side, the terror and the grace, of the supernatural world, indicate his rarest quality; for in these, it is said, he went out of human nature itself, and created beings that never existed. Wonderful as these are, we must recollect that in them he worked on a basis of popular superstitions, on a mythology as definite as that of Greece and Rome, and though he re-created instead of copying his materials, though he Shakespearianized them, he followed no different process of his genius in delineating Hecate and Titania than in delineating Dame Quickly and Anne Page. All his characters, from the rogue Autolycus to the heavenly Cordelia, are in a certain sense ideal; but the question now relates to the rarity of the elements, and the height of the mood, and not merely to the action of his mind; and we think that the characters technically called supernatural which appear in his works are much nearer the earth than others which, though they lack the name, have more of the spiritual quality of the thing. The highest supernatural is to be found in the purest, highest, most beautiful souls.

Did it never strike you in reading "The Tempest," that Ariel is not so supernatural as Miranda? We may be sure that Ferdinand so thought, in that

rapture of wonder when her soul first shone on him through her innocent eyes; and afterwards when he asks,

"I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?"

And doubtless there was a more marvellous melody in her voice than in the mysterious magical music

"That crept by him upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and his passion
With its sweet air."

Shakespeare, indeed, in his transcendently beautiful embodiments of feminine excellence, the most exquisite creations in literature, passed into a region of sentiment and thought, of ideals and of ideas, altogether higher and more supernatural than that region in which he shaped his delicate Ariels and his fairy Titanias. The question has been raised whether sex extends to soul. However this may be decided, here is a soul, with its records in literature, who is at once the manliest of men, and the most womanly of women; who can not only recognize the feminine element in existing individuals, but discern the idea, the pattern, the radiant genius of womanhood itself, as it hovers, unseen to other eyes, over the living representatives of the sex. Literature boasts many eminent female poets and novelists; but not one has ever approached Shakespeare in the purity, the sweetness, the refinement, the elevation, of his perceptions of feminine character,—much less approached him in the power of embodying his perceptions in persons. These characters are so thoroughly domesticated on the earth, that we are tempted to forget the heaven of invention from which he brought them. The most beautiful of spirits, they are the most tender of daughters, lovers, and wives. They are "airy shapes," but they "syllable men's names." Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia, Viola, Perdita, Miranda, Desdemona, Hermione, Portia, Isabella, Imogen, Cordelia,—if their names do not call up their natures, the most elaborate analysis of criticism will be of no avail. Do you say that these women are slightly idealized portraits of actual

women? Was Cordelia, for example, simply a good, affectionate daughter of a foolish old king? To Shakespeare, himself, she evidently partook of divineness; and he hints of the still ecstasy of contemplation in which her nature first rose upon his imagination, when, speaking through the lips of a witness of her tears, he hallows them as they fall:—

"She shook the holy water from her heavenly eyes."

And these Shakespearian women, though all radiations from one great ideal of womanhood, are at the same time intensely individualized. Each has a separate soul, and the processes of intellect as well as emotion are different in each. Each, for example, is endowed with the faculty, and is steeped in the atmosphere, of imagination; but who could mistake the imagination of Ophelia for the imagination of Imogen?—the loitering, lingering movement of the one, softly consecrating whatever it touches, for the irradiating, smiting efficiency, the flash and the bolt, of the other? Imogen is perhaps the most completely expressed of Shakespeare's women; for in her every faculty and affection is fused with imagination, and the most exquisite tenderness is combined with vigor and velocity of nature. Her mind darts in an instant to the ultimate of everything. After she has parted with her husband, she does not merely say that she will pray for him. Her affection is winged, and in a moment she is enskied. She does not look up, she goes up: she would have charged him, she says,

"At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him."

When she hears of her husband's inconstancy, the possible object of his sensual whim is at once consumed in the fire that leaps from her impassioned lips,—

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother is her painting, hath betrayed him."

Mr. Collier, ludicrously misconceiving the instinctive action of Imogen's mind,

thinks the true reading is, "smothers her with painting." Now Imogen's wrath first reduces the light woman to the most contemptible of birds and the most infamous of symbols, the jay, and then, not willing to leave her any substance at all, annihilates her very being with the swift thought that the paint on her cheeks is her mother,—that she is nothing but the mere creation of painting, a phantom born of a color, without real body or soul. It would be easy to show that the mental processes of all Shakespeare's women are as individual as their dispositions.

And now think of the amplitude of this man's soul! Within the immense space which stretches between Dogberry or Launcelot Gobbo and Imogen or Cordelia, lies the Shakespearian world. No other man ever exhibited such philosophic comprehensiveness, but philosophic comprehensiveness is often displayed apart from creative comprehensiveness, and along the whole vast line of facts, laws, analogies, and relations that Shakespeare's intellect extended, his perceptions were vital, his insight was creative, his thoughts flowed in forms. And now was he proud of his transcendent superiorities? Did he think that he had exhausted all that can appear before the sight of the eye and the sight of the soul? No. The immeasurable opulence of the undiscovered and undiscerned regions of existence was never felt with more reverent humility than by this discoverer, who had seen in rapturous vision so many new worlds open on his view. In the play which perhaps best indicates the ecstatic action of his mind, and which is alive in every part with that fiery sense of unlimited power which the mood of ecstasy gives,—in the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," he has put into the mouth of the Soothsayer what seems to have been his own modest judgment of the extent of his glance into the universe of matter and mind:—

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read!"

LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.

IN the North American Review for March, 1809, we read of Cary's Dante: "This we can pronounce, with confidence, to be the most literal translation in poetry in our language."

"As to Cary," writes Prescott in 1824, "I think Dante would have given him a place in his ninth heaven, if he could have foreseen his translation. It is most astonishing, giving not only the literal corresponding phrase, but the spirit of the original, the true Dantesque manner. It should be cited as an evidence of the compactness, the pliability, the sweetness of the English tongue."

If we turn to English scholars, we shall find them holding the same language, and equally ready to assure you that you may confidently accept Cary's version as a faithful transcript of the spirit and letter of the original. And this was the theory of translation throughout almost the first half of the present century. Cary's position in 1839 was higher even than it was in 1824. With many other claims to respect, he was still best known as the translator of Dante.

In 1839 Mr. Longfellow published five passages from the *Purgatorio*, translated with a rigorous adhesion to the words and idioms of the original. Coming out in connection with translations from the Spanish and German, and with original pieces which immediately took their place among the favorite poems of every household, they could not be expected to attract general attention. But scholars read them with avidity, for they found in them the first successful solution of one of the great problems of literature, — Can poetry pass from one language into another without losing its distinctive characteristics of form and expression? Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, had answered no for Greek and Latin, Coleridge for German, Fairfax and

Rose and Cary for Italian. But if Mr. Longfellow could translate the whole of the *Divina Commedia* as he had translated these five passages, great as some of these names were, it was evident that the lovers of poetry would call for new translations of all the great poets. This he has now done. The whole poem is before us, with its fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-eight lines, the English answering line for line and word for word to the original Italian. We purpose to show, by a careful comparison of test-passages with corresponding passages of Cary, what the American poet has done for the true theory of translation.

It is evident that, while both translators have nominally the same object in view, they follow different paths in their endeavors to reach it; or, in other words, that they come to their task with very different theories of translation, and very different ideas of the true meaning of faithful rendering. Translation, according to Mr. Cary, consists in rendering the author's idea without a strict adherence to the author's words. According to Mr. Longfellow, the author's words form a necessary accompaniment of his idea, and must, wherever the idioms of the two languages admit of it, be rendered by their exact equivalents. The following passage, from the twenty-eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*, will illustrate our meaning: —

"In questa altezza che tutta è disciolta
Nell' aer vivo, tal moto percute,
E fa sonar la selva perch' è folta."

Literally,

In this height which is all detached
In the living air, such motion strikes,
And makes the wood resound because it is thick.

Such are the words of Dante line by line. Let us now see how Cary renders them: —

"Upon the summit, which on every side
To visitation of the impassive air

Is open, doth that motion strike, and makes
Beneath its sway the umbrageous wood resound."

The fundamental idea of this passage is the explanation of the sound of the forest, and this idea Cary has preserved. But has he preserved it in its force and simplicity and Dantesque directness? We will not dwell upon the rendering of *allegrezza* by *summit*, although a little more care would have preserved the exact word of the original. But we may with good reason object to the expansion of Dante's three lines into four. We may with equal reason object to

"which on every side
To visitation of the impassive air
Is open,"

as a correct rendering of

"che tutta è disciolta
Nell' aer vivo," —

which is all detached
In the living air.

"To visitation of the impassive air," is a sonorous verse; but it is not Dante's verse, unless *all detached* means *on every side is open to visitation*, and *impassive air* means *living air*. *Beneath its sway*, also, is not Dante's; nor can we accept *umbrageous wood*, with its unmeaning epithet, for *the wood because it is thick*, an explanation of the phenomenon which had excited Dante's wonder.

Here, then, we have Cary's theory, the preservation of the fundamental idea, but the free introduction of such accessory ideas as convenience may suggest, whether in the form of epithet or of paraphrase.

Mr. Longfellow's translation of this passage may also be accepted as the exposition of his theory: —

"Upon this height that all is disengaged
In living ether, doth this motion strike,
And make the forest sound, for it is dense."

We have here the three lines of the original, and in the order of the original; we have the exact words of the original, *disciolta* meaning *disengaged* as well as *detached*, and therefore the ideas of the original without modification or change. The passage is not a remarkable one in form, although a very important one in the description

of which it forms a part. The sonorous second line of Mr. Cary's version is singularly false to the movement, as well as to the thought, of the original. Mr. Longfellow's lines have the metric character of Dante's precise and direct description.

The next triplet brings out the difference between the two theories even more distinctly: —

"E la percossa pianta tanto puote
Che della sua virtute l' aura impregna,
E quella poi girando intorno scuote."

And the stricken plant has so much power
That with its virtue it impregnates the air,
And that then revolving shakes around.

Thus far Dante.

"And in the shaken plant such power resides,
That it impregnates with its efficacy
The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume
That, wafted, flies abroad."

Thus far Cary.

Cary's first line is a tolerably near approach to the original, although a distinction might be made between the force of *power resides in*, and *power possessed by*. The second line falls short of the conciseness of the original by transposing the object of *impregnates* into the third. This, however, though a blemish, might also be passed over. But what shall we say to the expansion of *aura* into a full line, and that line so Elizabethan and un-Dantesque as

"The voyaging breeze upon whose subtle plume"?

In this, too, Mr. Cary is faithful to his theory. Mr. Longfellow is equally faithful to his: —

"And so much power the stricken plant possesses,
That with its virtue it impregns the air,
And this, revolving, scatters it around."

We have seen how Cary's theory permits the insertion of a new line, or, more correctly speaking, the expansion of a single word into a full line. But it admits also of the opposite extreme, — the suppression of an entire line.

"Ch' io vidi, e anche udi' parlar lo rostre,
E sonar nella voce ed io e mio,
Quand' era nel concetto noi e nostro."

For I saw and also heard speak the beak,
And sound in its voice and I and my,
When it was in the conception we and our.
Paradise, XIX. 10.

There is doubtless something quaint and peculiar in these lines, but it is the

quaintness and peculiarity of Dante. The *I* and *my*, the *we* and *our*, are traits of that direct and positive mode of expression which is one of the distinctive characteristics of his style. Do we find it in Cary?

"For I beheld and heard
The beak discourse; and what intention formed
Of many, singly as of one express."

Do we not find it in Longfellow?

"For speak I saw, and likewise heard, the beak,
And utter with its voice both *I* and *My*,
When in conception it was *We* and *Our*."

It is not surprising that the two translators, starting with theories essentially so different, should have produced such different results. Which of these results is most in harmony with the legitimate object of translation can hardly admit of a doubt. For the object of translation is to convey an accurate idea of the original, or, in other words, to render the words and idioms of the language from which the translation is made by their exact equivalents in the language into which it is made. The translator is bound by the words of the original. He is bound, so far as the difference between languages admits of it, by the idioms of the original. And as the effect of words and idioms depends in a great measure upon the skill with which they are arranged, he is bound also by the rhythm of the original. If you would copy Raphael, you must not give him the coloring of Titian. The calm dignity of the "School of Athens" conveys a very imperfect idea of the sublime energy of the sibyls and prophets of the Sistine Chapel.

But can this exactitude be achieved without forcing language into such uncongenial forms as to produce an artificial effect, painfully reminding you, at every step, of the labor it cost? And here we come to the question of fact; for if Mr. Longfellow has succeeded, the answer is evident. We purpose, therefore, to take a few test-passages, and, placing the two translations side by side with the original, give our readers an opportunity of making the comparison for themselves.

First, however, let us remind the reader that, if it were possible to convey an accurate idea of Dante's style by a single word, that word would be *power*. Whatever he undertakes to say, he says in the form best suited to convey his thought to the reader's mind as it existed in his own mind. If it be a metaphysical idea, he finds words for it which give it the distinctness and reality of a physical substance. If it be a landscape, he brings it before you, either in outline or in detail, either by form or by color, as the occasion requires, but always with equal force. That landscape of his ideal world ever after takes its place in your memory by the side of the landscapes of your real world. Even the sounds which he has described linger in the ear as the types of harshness, or loudness, or sweetness, instantly coming back to you whenever you listen to the roaring of the sea, or the howling of the wind, or the carol of birds. He calls things by their names, never shrinking from a homely phrase where the occasion demands it, nor substituting circumlocution for direct expression. Words with him seem to be things, real and tangible; not hovering like shadows over an idea, but standing out in the clear light, bold and firm, as the distinct representatives of an idea. In his verse every word has its appropriate place, and something to do in that place which no other word could do there. Change it, and you feel at once that something has been lost.

Next to power, infinite variety is the characteristic of Dante's style, as it is of his invention. With a stronger individuality than any poet of any age or country, there is not a trace of mannerism in all his poem. The stern, the tender, the grand, simple exposition, fierce satire, and passionate appeal have each their appropriate words and their appropriate cadence. This Cary did not perceive, and has told the stories of Francesca and of Ugolino with the same Miltonian modulation. Longfellow, by keeping his original constantly before him, has both seen and reproduced it.

We begin our quotations with the celebrated inscription over the gate of hell, and the entrance of the two poets into "the secret things." The reader will remember that the last three triplets contain a remarkable example of the correspondence of sound with sense.

"Per me si va nella città dolente ;
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente ;
 Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore :
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro :
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate.
 Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta ;
 Perch' io : maestro, il senso lor m' è duro.
 Ed egli a me, come persona accorta :
 Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto,
 Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta.
 Noi sem venuti al luogo ov' io t' ho detto
 Che vederai le genti dolorose
 Ch' hanno perduto il ben dello 'ntelletto.
 E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose
 Con lieto volto, ond' io mi confortai,
 Mi mise dentro alle segrete cose.
 Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
 Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
 Perch' io al cominciare ne lagrimai.
 Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
 Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
 Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
 Facevano un tumulto il qual s' aggira
 Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
 Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira."
Inferno, III. 1-30.

"Through me the way is to the city dolent ;
 Through me the way is to eternal dole ;
 Through me the way among the people lost.
 Justice incited my sublime Creator ;
 Created me divine Omnipotence,
 The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
 Before me there were no created things,
 Only eterne, and I eternal last.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter in !
 These words in sombre colour I beheld
 Written upon the summit of a gate ;
 Whence I : 'Their sense is, Master, hard to me !'
 And he to me, as one experienced :
 'Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
 All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
 We to the place have come, where I have told thee
 Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
 Who have foregone the good of intellect.'
 And after he had laid his hand on mine
 With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
 He led me in among the secret things.
 There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud
 Resounded through the air without a star,
 Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
 Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
 Accents of anger, words of agony,
 And voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands,

Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
 Forever in that air forever black,
 Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind
 breathes." — *Longfellow.*

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :
 Through me you pass into eternal pain :
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved :
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
 Such characters, in color dim, I marked
 Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed.
 Whereat I thus : 'Master, these words import
 Hard meaning.' He as one prepared replied :
 'Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;
 Here be vile fear extinguished. We are come
 Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
 To misery doomed, who intellectual good
 Have lost.' And when his hand he had stretched forth
 To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheered,
 Into that secret place he led me on.
 Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
 That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
 With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
 Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
 Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

Cary.

The following, though less remarkable for its poetry than many others which we might select, is very difficult for the translator. We cite it as an illustration of the boldness with which Mr. Longfellow meets difficulties.

"E quale è quei che suo dannaggio sogna,
 Che sognando desidera sognare,
 Sì che quel ch' è, come non fosse, agogna ;
 Tal mi fec' io non potendo parlare :
 Che disiaava scusarmi e scusava
 Me tuttavia e nol mi credea fare
 Maggior difetto men vergogna lava,
 Disse 'l maestro, che 'l tuo non è stato :
 Però d' ogni tristizia ti disgrava ;
 E fa ragion ch' io ti sempre allato,
 Se più avvien che fortuna t' accoglia
 Dove sien genti in simigliante piatto :
 Che voler ciò udire è bassa voglia."

Inferno, XXX. 136-143.

"And as he is who dreams of his own harm,
 Who dreaming wishes it may be a dream,
 So that he craves what is, as if it were not ;
 Such I became, not having power to speak.
 For to excuse myself I wished, and still
 Excused myself, and did not think I did it.
 'Less shame doth wash away a greater fault,'
 The Master said, 'than this of thine has been ;
 Therefore thyself disburden of all sadness,
 And make account that I am aye beside thee,
 If e'er it come to pass that fortune bring thee
 Where there are people in a like dispute ;
 For a base wish it is to wish to hear it."

Longfellow.

"As a man that dreams of harm
 Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,
 And that which is, desires as if it were not ;
 Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
 Wished to excuse myself, and all the while
 Excused me, though unweeting that I did.

'More grievous fault than thine has been, less
 shame,'

My master cried, 'might expiate. Therefore cast
 All sorrow from thy soul : and if again
 Chance bring thee where like conference is held,
 Think I am ever at thy side. To hear
 Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

Cary.

The following passage from the *Purgatorio* is not only strikingly difficult,
 but strikingly beautiful.

"Ed un di lor, non questi che parlava,
 Si torse sotto 'l peso che lo 'mpaccia,
 E videmi e conobbenmi, e chiamava
 Tenendo gli occhi con fatica fissi
 A me che tutto chin con loro andava.
 Oh, diss' io lui, non se' tu Oderisi,
 L' onor d' Agobbio e l' onor di quell' arte
 Ch' *alluminare* è chiamata in Parisi?
 Frate, diss' egli, più ridon le carte
 Che pannelleggia Franco Bolognese :
 L' onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.
 Ben non sare' io stato sì cortese
 Mentre ch' io vissi, per lo gran disio
 Dell' eccellenza ove mio core intese.
 Di tal superbia qui si paga il fio :
 Ed ancor non sarei qui, se non fosse
 Che, possendo peccar, mi volsi a Dio.
 Oh vana gloria dell' umane posse,
 Com' poco verde in su la cima dura
 Se non è giunta dall' etadi grosse !
 Credette Cimabue nella pittura
 Tenor lo campo ; ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
 Sì che la fama di colui s' oscura.
 Così ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido
 La gloria della lingua ; e forse è nato
 Chi l' uno e l' altro caccierà di nido.
 Non è il mondan romore altro ch' un fiato
 Di vento ch' or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,
 E muta nome perchè nulla lato.
 Che fama avrai tu più se vecchia scindi
 Da te la carne, che se fossi morto
 Innanzi che lasciassi il pappo e 'l dindi,
 Pria che passin mill' anni ? ch' è più corto
 Spazio all' eterno ch' un muover di ciglia
 Al cerchio che più tardi in cielo è torto.
 Colui che del cammin sì poco piglia
 Dinanzi a te, Toscana solò tutta,
 Ed ora appena in Siena sen pispiglia,
 Ond' era sire, quando fu distrutta
 La rabbia Fiorentina, che superba
 Fu a quel tempo sì com' ora è putta.
 La vostra nominanza è color d' erba
 Che viene e va, e quei la discolora
 Per cui ell' esce della terra acerba."

Purgatorio, XI. 74-117.

"And one of them, not this one who was speaking,
 Twisted himself beneath the weight that cramps
 him,
 And looked at me, and knew me, and called out,
 Keeping his eyes laboriously fixed
 On me, who all bowed down was going with
 them.

'O,' asked I him, 'art thou not Oderisi,
 Agobbio's honor, and honor of that art
 Which is in Paris called illuminating ?'
 'Brother,' said he, 'more laughing are the leaves
 Touched by the brush of Franco Bolognese :
 All his the honor now, and mine in part.
 In sooth I had not been so courteous
 While I was living, for the great desire
 Of excellence, on which my heart was bent.
 Here of such pride is payed the forfeiture :
 And yet I should not be here, were it not
 That, having power to sin, I turned to God.
 O thou vain glory of the human powers,
 How little green upon thy summit lingers,
 If 't be not followed by an age of grossness !
 In painting Cimabue thought that he
 Should hold the field, now Giotto has the cry,
 So that the other's fame is growing dim.
 So has one Guido from the other taken
 The glory of our tongue, and he perchance
 Is born, who from the nest shall chase them both.
 Naught is this mudane rumor but a breath
 Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
 And changes name, because it changes side.
 What fame shalt thou have more, if old peel off
 From thee thy flesh, than if thou hadst been dead
 Before thou left the *pappo* and the *dindi* !
 Ere pass a thousand years ? which is a shorter
 Space to the eterne, than twinkling of an eye
 Unto the circle that in heaven wheels slowest.
 With him, who takes so little of the road
 In front of me, all Tuscany resounded ;
 And now he scarce is lisped of in Siena,
 Where he was lord, what time was overthrown
 The Florentine delirium, that superb
 Was at that day as now 't is prostitute.
 Your reputation is the colof of grass
 Which comes and goes, and that discolors it
 By which it issues green from out the earth."

Longfellow.

"Listening I bent my visage down : and one
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight
 That urged him, saw me, knew me straight, and
 called ;
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fixed
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went
 Companion of their way. 'Oh!' I exclaimed,
 'Art thou not Oderigi ? art not thou
 Agobbio's glory, glory of that art
 Which they of Paris call the limner's skill ?'
 'Brother !' said he, 'with tints that gayer smile,
 Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves.
 His all the honor now ; my light obscured.
 In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him
 The while I lived, through eagerness of zeal
 For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.
 Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid.
 Nor were I even here, if, able still
 To sin, I had not turned me unto God.
 O powers of man ! how vain your glory, nipped
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age
 Less bright succeed not. Cimabue thought
 To lord it over painting's field ; and now
 The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.
 Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched
 The lettered prize ; and he, perhaps, is born,
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
 That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh

Part shrivelled from thee, than if thou hadst died
 Before the coral and the pap were left,
 Or e'er some thousand years have passed? and that
 Is, to eternity compared, a space
 Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye
 To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads
 So leisurely before me, far and wide
 Through Tuscany resounded once; and now
 Is in Sienna scarce with whispers named:
 There was he sovereign, when destruction caught
 The maddening rage of Florence, in that day
 Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown
 Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;
 And his might withers it, by whom it sprang
 Crude from the lap of earth." — *Cary*.

For much the same reason as that
 already stated, we give the following
 beautiful passage, a touching story in
 itself, but how deeply touching in the
 energetic directness and simplicity of
 Dante's verse!

"Io mossi i piè del luogo dov' io stava
 Per avvisar da presso un' altra storia
 Che diretto a Nicol mi biancheggiava.
 Quivi era storiata l' alta gloria
 Del roman prence lo cui gran valore
 Mosse Gregorio alla sua gran vittoria;
 I' dico di Trajano imperadore;
 Ed una vedovella gli era al freno
 Di lagrime atteggiata e di dolore.
 Dintorno a lui pareva calcato e pieno
 Di cavalieri, e l' aguglie nell' oro
 Sovr' essi in vista al vento si movieno.
 La miserella intra tutti costoro
 Pareva dicer: signor, fammi vendetta
 Del mio figliuol ch' è morto, ond' io m' accoro;
 Ed egli a lei rispondere: ora aspetta
 Tanto ch' io torni; e quella: signor mio
 (Come persona in cui dolor s' affretta)
 Se tu non torni? ed ei: chi fia dov' io,
 La ti farà; ed ella: l' altrui bene
 A te che fia, se l' tuo metti in oblio?
 Ond' elli: or ti conforta, che conviene
 Ch' io solva il mio dovere anzi ch' io muova;
 Giustizia vuole e pietà mi ritene.
 Colui che mai non vide cosa nuova,
 Produisse esto visibile parlare,
 Novello a noi perchè qui non si truova."

Purgatorio, X. 70-96.

"I moved my feet from where I had been standing,
 To examine near at hand another story,
 Which after Michal glimmered white upon me.
 There the high glory of the Roman Prince
 Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
 Moved Gregory to his great victory;
 'T is of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking;
 And a poor widow at his bridle stood,
 In attitude of weeping and of grief.
 Around about him seemed it thronged and full
 Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold
 Above them visibly in the wind were moving.
 The wretched woman in the midst of these
 Seemed to be saying: 'Give me vengeance,
 Lord,
 For my dead son, for whom my heart is break-
 ing.'

And he to answer her: 'Now wait until
 I shall return.' And she: 'My Lord,' like one

In whom grief is impatient, 'shouldst thou not
 Return?' And he: 'Who shall be where I am
 Will give it thee.' And she: 'Good deed of
 others

What boots it thee, if thou neglect thine own?
 Whence he: 'Now comfort thee, for it behoves me
 That I discharge my duty ere I move;
 Justice so wills, and pity doth retain me.'
 He who on no new thing has ever looked
 Was the creator of this visible language,
 Novel to us, for here it is not found."

Longfellow.

"To behold the tablet next,
 Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,
 I moved me. There was storied on the rock
 The exalted glory of the Roman prince,
 Whose mighty worth moved Gregory to earn
 His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.
 A widow at his bridle stood, attired
 In tears and mourning. Round about them trooped
 Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
 The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
 The wretch appeared amid all these to say:
 'Grant vengeance, Sir! for, woe beshrew this heart,
 My son is murdered.' He replying seemed:
 'Wait now till I return.' And she, as one
 Made hasty by her grief: 'O Sir! if thou
 Dost not return?' — 'Where I am, who then is,
 May right thee.' — 'What to thee is other's good,
 If thou neglect thy own?' — 'Now comfort thee,'
 At length he answers. 'It beseemeth well
 My duty be performed, ere I move hence:
 So justice wills; and pity bids me stay.'

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced
 That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
 The like not found on earth." — *Cary*.

How different is the character of the
 following description, which fills the
 ear with its grand and varied harmony,
 as it fills the mind with a rapid suc-
 cession of pictures!

"Io m' era mosso e seguia volentieri
 Del mio maestro i passi, ed amendue
 Già mostravam com' eravam leggieri,
 Quando mi disse: Volgi gli occhi in giù;
 Buon ti sarà per alleggiar la via
 Veder lo letto delle piante tue.
 Come, perchè di lor memoria fia,
 Sovr' a' sepoltri le tombe terragne
 Portan segnato quel ch' elli eran pria:
 Onde lì molte volte si ripiagne
 Per la puntura della rimembranza
 Che solo a' pii dà delle calcagne:
 Sì vid' io lì, ma di miglior sembianza,
 Secondo l' artificio, figurato
 Quanto per via di fuor del monte avanza.
 Vedeo colui che fu nobil creato
 Più d' altra creatura giù dal cielo
 Folgoreggiando scendere da un lato.
 Vedeo Briareo fitto dal telo
 Celestial giacer dall' altra parte,
 Grave alla terra per lo mortal gelo
 Vedeo Timbreo, vedeo Pallade e Marte
 Armati ancora intorno al padre loro
 Mirar le membra de' giganti sparte.
 Vedeo Nembrotto appiè del gran lavoro
 Quasi smarrito riguardar le genti
 Che 'n Sennar con lui insieme foro.

O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti
 Vedev' io te segnata in su la strada
 Tra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti !
 O Saul, come 'n su la propria spada
 Quivi parevi morto in Gelboè
 Che poi non senti pioggia nè rugiada !
 O folle Aragne, si vedea io te
 Già mezza ragna, trista in su gli stracci
 Dell' opera che mal per te si fe'.
 O Roboam, già non par che minnacci
 Quivi il tuo segno, ma pien di spavento
 Nel porta un carro prima ch' altri 'l cacci.
 Mostrava ancora il duro pavimento
 Come Almeone a sua madre fe' caro
 Parer lo sventurato adornamento.
 Mostrava come i figli si gittaro
 Sovra Sennacherib dentro dal tempio,
 E come morto lui quivi lasciaro.
 Mostrava la ruina e 'l crudo scempio
 Che fe' Tamiri quando disse a Ciro :
 Sangue sitisti, ed io di sangue t' empio.
 Mostrava come in rotta si fuggiro
 Gli Assiri poi che fu morto Oloferne,
 Ed anche le reliquie del martiro.
 Vedeva Troja in cenere e in caverne :
 O Ilion, come te basso e vile
 Mostrava il segno che lì si discerne !
 Qual di pennel fu maestro o di stile,
 Che ritraesse l' ombre e gli atti ch' ivi
 Mirar farieno uno 'ngegno sottile ?
 Morti li morti, e i vivi parean vivi.
 Non vide me' di me chi vide 'l vero,
 Quant' io calcai fin che chinato givi."

Purgatorio, XII. 10-69

"I had moved on, and followed willingly
 The footsteps of my Master, and we both
 Already showed how light of foot we were,
 When unto me he said : ' Cast down thine eyes ;
 'T were well for thee, to alleviate the way,
 To look upon the bed beneath thy feet.'
 As, that some memory may exist of them,
 Above the buried dead their tombs in earth
 Bear sculptured on them what they were be-
 fore ;
 Whence often there we weep for them afresh,
 From pricking of remembrance, which alone
 To the compassionate doth set its spur ;
 So saw I there, but of a better semblance
 In point of artifice, with figures covered
 Whate'er as pathway from the mount projects.
 I saw that one who was created noble
 More than all other creatures, down from
 heaven
 Flaming with lightnings fall upon one side.
 I saw Briareus smitten by the dart
 Celestial, lying on the other side,
 Heavy upon the earth by mortal frost.
 I saw Thymbræus, Pallas saw, and Mars,
 Still clad in armor round about their father,
 Gaze at the scattered members of the giants.
 I saw, at foot of his great labor, Nimrod,
 As if bewildered, looking at the people
 Who had been proud with him in Sennaar.
 O Niobe ! with what afflicted eyes
 Thee I beheld upon the pathway traced,
 Between thy seven and seven children slain !
 O Saul ! how fallen upon thy proper sword
 Didst thou appear there lifeless in Gilboa,
 That felt thereafter neither rain nor dew !
 O mad Arachne ! so I thee beheld
 E'en then half spider, sad upon the shreds

Of fabric wrought in evil hour for thee !
 O Rehoboam ! no more seems to threaten
 Thine image there ; but full of consternation
 A chariot bears it off, when none pursues !
 Displayed moreo'er the adamantine pavement
 How unto his own mother made Alcmæon
 Costly appear the luckless ornament ;
 Displayed how his own sons did throw themselves
 Upon Sennacherib within the temple,
 And how, he being dead, they left him there ;
 Displayed the ruin and the cruel carnage
 That Tomyris wrought, when she to Cyrus said,
 ' Blood didst thou thirst for, and with blood I
 glut thee !'
 Displayed how routed fled the Assyrians
 After that Holofernes had been slain,
 And likewise the remainder of that slaughter.
 I saw there Troy in ashes and in caverns ;
 O Ilion ! thee, how abject and debased,
 Displayed the image that is there discerned !
 Who e'er of pencil master was or stile,
 That could portray the shades and traits which
 there
 Would cause each subtle genius to admire ?
 Dead seemed the dead, the living seemed alive ;
 Better than I saw not who saw the truth,
 All that I trod upon while bowed I went."

Longfellow.

"I now my leader's track not loath pursued ;
 And each had shown how light we fared along,
 When thus he warned me : ' Bend thine eyesight
 down :
 For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good
 To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet.'
 As, in memorial of the buried, drawn
 Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptured form
 Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof
 Tears often stream forth, by remembrance waked,
 Whose sacred stings the piteous often feel,)
 So saw I there, but with more curious skill
 Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space
 From forth the mountain stretches. On one part
 Him I beheld, above all creatures erst
 Created noblest, lightening fall from heaven :
 On the other side, with bolt celestial pierced,
 Briareus ; cumbering earth he lay, through dint
 Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbræan god,
 With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,
 Armed still, and gazing on the giants' limbs
 Strewn o'er the ethereal field. Nimrod I saw :
 At foot of the stupendous work he stood,
 As if bewildered, looking on the crowd
 Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.
 O Niobe ! in what a trance of woe
 Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,
 Seven sons on either side thee slain. O Saul !
 How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword
 Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour
 Ne'er visited with rain from heaven, or dew.
 O fond Arachne ! thee I also saw,
 Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up
 The unfinished web thou weavest to thy bane.
 O Rehoboam ! here thy shape doth seem
 Lowering no more defiance ; but fear-smote,
 With none to chase him, in his chariot whirled.
 Was shown beside upon the solid floor,
 How dear Alcmæon forced his mother's fate
 That ornament, in evil hour received :
 How, in the temple, on Sennacherib fell
 His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.
 Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made

By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried,
 'Blood thou didst thirst for : take thy fill of blood.'
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled
 The Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I marked,
 In ashes and in caverns. Oh ! how fallen,
 How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there !
 What master of the pencil or the style
 Had traced the shades and lines, that might have
 made
 The subtlest workman wonder? Dead, the dead ;
 The living seemed alive : with clearer view
 His eye beheld not who beheld the truth,
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went
 Low bending." — *Cary.*

The following is distinguished from
 all that we have cited thus far by soft-
 ness and delicacy of touch.

"Vago già di cercar dentro e d' intorno
 La divina foresta spessa e viva
 Ch' agli occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,
 Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva
 Prendendo la campagna lento lento
 Su per lo suol che d' ogni parte oliva.
 Un' aura dolce senza mutamento
 Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
 Non di più colpo che soave vento :
 Per cui le fronde tremolando pronte
 Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
 U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte ;
 Non però dal loro esser dritto sparte
 Tanto, che gli augelletti per le cime
 Lasciassero d' operare ogni lor arte ;
 Ma con piena letizia l' ore prime
 Cantando ricevieno intra le foglie
 Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
 Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
 Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
 Quand' Eolo scirocco fuor discioglie.
 Già m' avean trasportato i lenti passi
 Dentro all' antica selva tanto, ch' io
 Non potea rivedere ond' io m' entrassi ;
 Ed ecco il più andar mi tolse un rio
 Che 'nver sinistra con sue picciol' onde
 Piegava l' erba che 'n sua ripa uscìo.
 Tutte l' acque che son di qua più monde
 Parrieno avere in se mistura alcuna
 Verso di quella che nulla nasconde,
 Avvegna che si muova bruna bruna
 Sotto l' ombra perpetua, che mai
 Raggiar non lascia sole ivi nè luna.
 Co' piè ristetti e con gli occhi passai
 Di là dal fiumicel per ammirare
 La gran variazione de' freschi mai ;
 E là m' apparve, sì com' egli appare
 Subitamente cosa che disvia
 Per meraviglia tutt' altro pensare,
 Una donna soletta che si già
 Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore
 Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via."

Purgatorio, XXVIII. 1-42.

"Eager already to search in and round
 The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
 Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
 Withouten more delay I left the bank,
 Taking the level country slowly, slowly
 Over the soil that everywhere breathes fra-
 grance.
 A softly-breathing air, that no mutation

Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me
 No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
 Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
 Did all of them bow downward toward that side
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy Moun-
 tain ;
 Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
 So that the little birds upon their tops
 Should leave the practice of each art of theirs ;
 But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
 Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
 That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
 Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
 Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
 When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
 Already my slow steps had carried me
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I
 Could not perceive where I had entered it.
 And lo ! my further course a stream cut off,
 Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
 Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.
 All waters that on earth most limpid are
 Would seem to have within themselves some
 mixture
 Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
 Under the shade perpetual, that never
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.
 With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
 Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
 The great variety of the fresh may.
 And there appeared to me (even as appears
 Suddenly something that doth turn aside
 Through very wonder every other thought)
 A lady all alone, who went along
 Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
 With which her pathway was all painted over." —
Longfellow.

"Through that celestial forest, whose thick shade
 With lively greenness the new-springing day
 Attempered, eager now to roam, and search
 Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank ;
 Along the champaign leisurely my way
 Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
 Delicious odor breathed. A pleasant air,
 That intermitted never, never veered,
 Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
 Of softest influence : at which the sprays,
 Obedient all, leaned trembling to that part
 Where first the holy mountain casts his shade ;
 Yet were not so disordered, but that still
 Upon their top the feathered quisters
 Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
 Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
 Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
 Kept tenor ; even as from branch to branch,
 Along the piny forests on the shore
 Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
 When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
 The dripping south. Already had my steps,
 Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
 Transported me, I could not ken the place
 Where I had entered ; when, behold ! my path
 Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,
 With little rippling waters bent the grass
 That issued from its brink. On earth no wave
 How clean soe'er, that would not seem to have
 Some mixture in itself, compared with this,
 Translucent clear ; yet darkly on it rolled
 Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
 Admits or sun or moonlight there to shine.

My feet advanced not ; but my wondering eyes
Passed onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey
The tender May-bloom, flushed through many a hue,
In prodigal variety : and there,
As object, rising suddenly to view,
That from our bosom every thought beside
With the rare marvel chases, I beheld
A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
Was all o'er painted." — *Cary*.

We give a characteristic passage from
the Paradiso.

"Fiorenza dentro dalla cerchia antica,
Ond' ella toglie ancora e terza e nona,
Si stava in pace sobria e pudica.
Non avea catenella, non corona,
Non donne contigiate, non cintura
Che fosse a veder più che la persona.
Non faceva nascendo ancor paura
La figlia al padre, che il tempo e la dote
Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.
Non avea case di famiglia vote ;
Non v' era giunto ancor Sardanapalo
A mostrar ciò ch' in camera si puote.
Non era vinto ancora Montemalo
Dal vostro Uccellatoio, che com' è vinto
Nel montar su, così sarà nel calo.
Bellincion Berti vid' io andar cinto
Di cuoio e d' osso, e venir dallo specchio
La donna sua senza 'l viso dipinto :
E vidi quel di Nerli e quel del Vecchio
Esser contenti alla pelle scoverta,
E le sue donne al fuso ed al penneccio :
Oh fortunate ! e ciascuna era certa
Della sua sepoltura, ed ancor nulla
Era per Francia nel letto deserta.
L' una vegghiava a studio della culla,
E consolando usava l' idioma
Che pria li padri e le madri trastulla :
L' altra traendo alla rocca la chioma
Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
De' Trojani e di Fiesole e di Roma.
Saria tenuta allor tal maraviglia
Una Cianghella, un Lapo Salterello,
Qual or saria Cincinnato e Corniglia.
A così riposato, a così bello
Viver di cittadini, a così fida
Cittadinanza, a così dolce ostello,
Maria mi diè, chiamata in alte grida ;
E nell' antico vostro Batisteo
Insieme fui Cristiano e Cacciaguida."

Paradiso, XV. 97-135.

"Florence, within the ancient boundary
From which she taketh still her tierce and
nones,
Abode in quiet, temperate and chaste.
No golden chain she had, nor coronal,
Nor ladies shod with sandal shoon, nor girdle
That caught the eye more than the person did.
Not yet the daughter at her birth struck fear
Into the father, for the time and dower
Did not o'erun this side or that the measure.
No houses had she void of families,
Not yet had thither come Sardanapalus
To show what in a chamber can be done ;
Not yet surpassed had Montemalo been
By your Uccellatoio, which surpassed
Shall in its downfall be as in its rise.
Bellincion Berti saw I go begirt

With leather and with bone, and from the
mirror
His dame depart without a painted face ;
And him of Nerli saw, and him of Vecchio,
Contented with their simple suits of buff,
And with the spindle and the flax their dames.
O fortunate women ! and each one was certain
Of her own burial-place, and none as yet
For sake of France was in her bed deserted.
One o'er the cradle kept her studious watch,
And in her lullaby the language used
That first delights the fathers and the mothers ;
Another, drawing tresses from her distaff,
Told o'er among her family the tales
Of Trojans and of Fesole and Rome.
As great a marvel then would have been held
A Lapo Salterello, a Cianghella,
As Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.
[To such a quiet, such a beautiful
Life of the citizen, to such a safe
Community, and to so sweet an inn,
Did Mary give me, with loud cries invoked,
And in your ancient Baptistery at once
Christian and Cacciaguida I became."

Longfellow

"Florence, within her ancient limit-mark,
Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.
She had no armlets and no head-tires then ;
No purled dames ; no zone, that caught the eye
More than the person did. Time was not yet,
When at his daughter's birth the sire grew pale,
For fear the age and dowry should exceed,
On each side, just proportion. House was none
Void of its family : nor yet had come
Sardanapalus, to exhibit feats
Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet
O'er our suburban turret rose ; as much
To be surpassed in fall, as in its rising.
I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone ;
And, with no artful coloring on her cheeks,
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw
Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content
With unrobed jerkin ; and their good dames handling
The spindle and the flax : O happy they !
Each sure of burial in her native land,
And none left desolate abed for France.
One waked to tend the cradle, hushing it
With sounds that lulled the parent's infancy :
Another, with her maidens, drawing off
The tresses from the distaff, lectured them
Old tales of Troy, and Fesole, and Rome.
A Salterello and Cianghella we
Had held as strange a marvel, as ye would
A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.

In such composed and seemly fellowship,
Such faithful and such fair equality,
In so sweet household, Mary at my birth
Bestowed me, called on with loud cries ; and there,
In your old baptistery, I was made
Christian at once and Cacciaguida." — *Cary*.

It would be easy to extend our quotations ; but we have given enough of Mr. Longfellow's translation to show with what conceptions of duty to the original he came to his task, and how perfectly that duty has been performed.

According to his theory, then, as we gather it from these volumes, translation is not paraphrase, is not interpretation, is not imitation, but is the rigorous rendering of word for word, so far as the original difference of idioms permits. Its basis is truth to the form as well as to the thought, to the letter as well as to the spirit, of the text. The translator is like the messengers of the Bible and Homer, who repeat word for word the message that has been confided to them. He, too, if he would be true to his office, must give the message as it has been given to him, repeat the story in the words in which it was told him. Every deviation from the letter of the original is a deviation from the truth. Every epithet that is either added or taken away is a falsification of the text. The addition or the omission may sometimes be an improvement, but it is an improvement which you have no authority to make. It is not to learn what you think Homer or Dante might have said that the reader comes to your translation, but to see what they really said. When Cesarotti undertook to show how Homer would have written in the eighteenth century, he recast the *Iliad* and called it "The Death of Hector," and in this he dealt more honestly with his readers than Pope; for, although he failed to make a good poem, he did not attempt to pass it for Homer.

The greatest difficulty of the translator arises from his personality. He cannot forget himself, cannot guard, as he ought, against those subtle insinuations of self-esteem which are constantly leading him to improve upon his author. His own habits of thought would have suggested a different turn to the verse, a different coloring to the image. He finds it as hard to forget his own style, as to forget his identity. It demands a vigorous imagination, combined with deep poetic sympathies, to go out of yourself and enter for a time wholly into the heart and mind, the thoughts and feelings, of another; and it is not to all that such an imagination

and such sympathies are given. There is scarcely a great failure in poetical translation, which may not be traced to the want of this power.

It may seem like the grave enunciation of a truism to say that another indispensable qualification of the translator is perfect familiarity with the language from which he translates, and a full command of his own. It is not by mere reading that such a familiarity can be acquired. You must have learnt to think in a language, and made it the spontaneous expression of your wants and feelings, if you would find in it the true interpretation of the wants and feelings of others. Its words and idioms must awaken in you the same sensations which the words and idioms of your own language awaken; giving pleasure as music, or a picture, or a statue, or a fine building gives pleasure, not by an act of reflection under the control of the will, but by an intuitive perception under the inspiration of a sense of the beautiful. The enjoyment of a thought is partly an intellectual enjoyment; you may even reason yourself into it; but the enjoyment of style and language is purely an æsthetic enjoyment, susceptible, indeed, of culture, but springing from an inborn sense of harmony. To extend this enjoyment to a foreign language, you must bring that language close to you, and form with it those intimate relations between thought and word which you have formed in your own. The word must not only suggest the thought, but become a part of it, as the painting becomes a part of the canvas. It must strike your ear with a familiar sound, awakening pleasant memories of actual life and real scenes. Idioms are often interpreters of national life, giving you sudden glimpses, and even deep revelations, of manners and customs, and the circumstances whence they sprang. They are often, too, brief formulas, condensing thought into its briefest expression, with a force and energy which the full expression could not give. To mistake them, is to mistake the whole passage. Not to feel them,

is not to feel the most characteristic form of thought.

The preposition *da* is one of the most versatile words in Italian. Its literal meaning is *from*: it is daily used to express *to*. *Da me* may mean *from me*: it may also mean *to me*. *Fit or deserving to be done* is a common meaning of it; and it is in this sense that Dante uses it in the following passage from the fourth canto of *Paradiso*, fifty-fifth line:—

“Con intenzion *da* non esser derisa,”—

With intention not (*deserving to be*) to be derided.

Cary, though a good Italian scholar, translates it to *shun derision*; and, giving it this sense, quotes Stillingfleet to illustrate the thought which, for want of practical familiarity with the language, he attributes to Dante.

We believe, then, that the qualifications of a translator may be briefly summed up under the following heads:—

He must be conscientiously truthful, studiously following his text, word by word and line by line.

He must possess a thorough mastery over both languages, feeling as well as understanding the words and idioms of his original.

He must possess the power of forgetting himself in his author.

And, lastly, he must be not merely a skilful artificer of verses, or a man of poetic sensibility, but a poet in the highest and truest sense of the word.

We would gladly enlarge upon this interesting subject, which not only explains the shortcomings of the past, but opens enticing vistas into the future. We cannot doubt that Mr. Longfellow's example will be followed, and that from time to time other great poets will arise, who, not content with enriching literature with original productions, will acknowledge it as a part of what they owe the world, to do for Homer and Virgil and Æschylus and Sophocles what he has done for Dante. It is

pleasant to think that our children will sit at the feet of these great masters, and, listening to them in English worthy of the tongues in which they first spake, be led to enter more fully into the spirit of the abundant Greek and the majestic Latin. It is cheering to the lovers of sound study to feel that every faithful version of a great poet extends the influence of his works, and awakens a stronger desire for the original. We never yet looked upon an engraving of *Morghe* without a new longing for the painting which it translated.

We have not left ourselves room for what we had intended to say about the notes, which form half of each of these three volumes. Those who know what conscientious zeal Mr. Longfellow brings to all his duties need not be told that they bear abundant testimony to his learning, industry, and good taste. They not only leave nothing to be asked for in the explanation of real difficulties, but, as answers to a wide range of philosophical, biographical, and historical questions, form in themselves a delightful miscellany. Dante has been overlaid by commentators. In Mr. Longfellow he has found an interpreter.

It is not to Mr. Longfellow's reputation only that these volumes will add, but to that of American literature. It is no little thing to be able to say, that, in a field in which some of England's great poets have signally failed, an American poet has signally succeeded; that what the scholars of the Old World asserted to be impossible, a scholar of the New World has accomplished; and that the first to tread in this new path has impressed his footprints so deeply therein, that, however numerous his followers may be, they will all unite in hailing him, with Dante's own words,—

“Tu Duca, tu Signore e tu Maestro,”—

Thou Leader and thou Lord and Master thou.

THE OLD STORY.

THE waiting-women wait at her feet,
And the day is fading down to the night,
And close at her pillow, and round and sweet,
The red rose burns like a lamp a-light.
Under and over, the gray mist lops,
And down and down from the mossy eaves,
And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves,
The slow rain drops and drops and drops.

Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair;
And the waiting-women that weep around
Have taken the combs from her golden hair,
And it slideth over her face to the ground.
They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes;
And down from the eaves where the mosses grow
The rain is dripping, so slow, so slow,
And the night-wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring,
They have brought the linen her shroud to make;
O, the lark she was never so loath to sing,
And the morn she was never so loath to awake!
And at their sewing they hear the rain, —
Drip-drop, drip-drop, over the eaves,
And drip-drop over the sycamore-leaves,
As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave have gone,
And the waiting-women are here and are there,
With birds at the windows and gleams of the sun
Making the chamber of death to be fair.
And under and over the mist unlaps,
And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,
And driest bushes grow green with spray,
And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,
And the mourners put off the mourning shows,
And over the pathway down to the grave
The long grass blows and blows and blows.
And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,
And love in the heart of the young man springs,
And the hands of the maidens shine with rings,
As if all life were a festival hour.

A WEEK'S RIDING.

"MY dear grandfather, why did Mr. Erle start so this evening when he saw my picture?" I said.

He laughed softly as he answered: "He will tell you himself to-morrow, if you care to ask him. It is no secret, but you will like the story best as he tells it. A very pretty story,—a very pretty story," he went on, as he kissed me good-night, "and one my little girl will relish as much as a novel."

My grandfather was such a fine, white-haired old gentleman, and looked so handsome in his handsome house! It was one of the old, square houses which are fading from the land in country as well as in town, ample and generous in every way, with broad, carved stairways, and great, wide hearths for andirons,—a house to make the heart glad, and incline it to all sweet hospitalities. The warm, low rooms were full of furniture, softened and made comfortable by unsparing use; the walls were hung with good paintings and engravings, some of them real masterpieces. But the glory of the house was its bronzes, gathered by three generations of rarely cultured men, from my great-grandfather, whose rougher purchases were put in more hidden corners every year, to the grandson now in possession, whose pure taste chose the latest gems of French art, and placed them where our eyes might best enjoy their beauty. The library was crimson, and the dining-room beyond two exquisite shades of brown and gold, a curtained doorway between. In these two rooms I spent most of my time when I was with my grandfather, reading with him, and singing to him, and listening to his cynical, witty talk. At dusk we gathered round the fire, he and I and the two tawny setters, three of us on the rug, and he in his long, low chair, and talked of the old family, whose sons were all dead, and of the gay years when we had been in our glory. I thought we

were very well off in worldly possessions as it was, but my dear old hero put such content to speedy flight with his tales of the days that were gone, when, to put implicit trust in him, a regal hospitality had filled the house with great and distinguished guests, glad to be with the family which always had a son leading the right in state and in church, in army and in navy.

I listened with glowing heart, and looked proudly at our men as I walked by their portraits in the halls on my way to bed. Perhaps my faith in their great deeds is not so childlike now; but it was pure and unlimited then, and those library stories can never fade from my memory.

I had been with my grandfather a week when the conversation with which my tale opens occurred, and I was to return to my parents in three days, under the protection of the very gentleman who was the subject of it. The two old friends were very intimate, and Mr. Erle spent every evening at the house; so I knew him well, and had no fear in asking him any question I chose, and I looked forward to the next evening as to a grand festival.

When we came in from dinner, I drew the window-shade, and saw that it was snowing fiercely.

"Perhaps he will not come," I said, turning to my grandfather disconsolately.

"Never fear that," he answered. "Mr. Erle is a man who is not kept at home by the weather, or anything else."

I came to the hearth. The last words had been added in the dry tone which always meant something coming from his lips.

"Has Mr. Erle children?" I asked.

"Yes; the youngest boy is only sixteen."

"And he never spends an evening at home?"

"I've not known him to do so for twenty years. Sing the 'Health to King Charles,' dear."

I sat down at the piano, and sang as I was bid.

We were stanch loyalists from tradition, and my list of Stuart songs was so long that I had sung scarcely half of it when the clock struck nine, and rapid wheels came over the pavements. Opposite our door the horse slipped, and we heard the instantaneous lash singing in the night air and descending unmercifully on the poor animal. An immense stamping and rearing ensued. "That is Erle, sure enough," my grandfather said, going to the window. I followed him, and lifted the shade in time to see Mr. Erle standing in the trampled snow at the horse's head, patting him as gently as a woman could have done. In a moment he nodded to his servant, and watched him drive round the corner before turning to our door.

He came in quickly, exquisitely dressed, and courteous, with the beautiful old manner they cannot teach us now. After the first words, my grandfather said, with a superb affectation of seriousness, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Mr. Erle looked up, with a bright laugh. "So you heard our little dispute? The old fellow bears me no malice, you may be sure; he knows that I never sulk."

"Perhaps he would like it a little better if you did," I said.

"Not at all. He respects me for my quick ways with him."

I shook my head doubtingly, and then, as if in defence of his theory, he said: "Did I ever tell you of Lillie Burton? Her animals did not mind a little discipline."

My grandfather laughed. "Oddly enough, we had laid a plot to make you tell that charming history this very evening," he said.

"Don't laugh about it," Mr. Erle answered. "I cannot tell you how vivid-

ly the sight of Miss Thesta's picture brought back the old time to me."

"I beg your pardon," the other said, bowing.

At that moment a servant came in with wine, placing the Japanese waiter with the old gilded bottle and glasses at my grandfather's elbow on the table. He poured out three glasses, and said, very simply: "We will have our own old way to-night, Erle, while you tell your old story, and drink as our fathers did, not vile alcohols, but the good fruit of the vine. Remember, Thesta, I leave you all my wine, on condition that you drink it, and never let a drop of whiskey come into your house."

"I promise," I said, and sat down at his feet.

"Perhaps you have heard of Lillie Burton?" Mr. Erle began.

I had a confused idea that the name of his wife was Lillie; but it was so confused that I answered, frankly, "No, I never heard of her at all."

"She is not Lillie Burton now," he went on with a sigh; "but I must begin at the beginning. It is a real horse story, which will tell in its favor with you, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed," I answered, with enthusiasm, and then he began anew.

"I was a gay, happy man of twenty-four, living in London with my dear friend, now dead, Richard Satterlee. We imagined ourselves very tired of town gayeties, and were languidly looking round for some country-place where we could be alone and quiet for a week or so, when the little incident occurred which led to my acquaintance with Lillie Burton. I must tell you that Satterlee and I were used up in more ways than one,—we had been unfortunate at the races that year, and so were well out of pocket, and I had not escaped heart-free from the season's balls, as Dick had, who, bless his honest soul, was as unmoved as a rock among the fairest women of the land. Not that they were indifferent to him, though. His broad shoulders and downcast eyes made sad havoc among them, Miss Thesta,—so beware of those attractions

among the men you meet: there are none more deadly. Well, they loved Dick, and I loved Miss Ferrers. She was not very handsome, but more fascinating to me than any other woman, and as thorough a flirt as ever made a man miserable. Never mind the how and why, but, believe me, I was very hard hit indeed, and sincerely thought myself the most wretched man in all London when I heard that she had gone to Spain with her brother-in-law, Lord West, and his wife. She had treated me shamefully; but I loved her all the more for it, and was quite desperate, in short. You may not think it of me, but I could neither sleep nor eat. In this state of mind I was walking home one afternoon, determined to tell Satterlee that I should leave him, and go back to my people in America, when I saw a small crowd ahead, and heard them cheer before they broke up and walked away. I should have passed by without a second glance, had I not been struck by the appearance of one of the three men who remained on the spot, — a strong-limbed fellow of thirty, evidently of purest Saxon blood. His whole face was handsome, but his hair was simply superb, and this it was that attracted me. Imagine long yellow locks of brightest gold, not exactly curling, but waving in short, determined waves back from a low forehead. Ah, I cannot describe to you that wonderful hair, how it shone on me through the gloaming, and drew me irresistibly to the man himself! I stopped, and asked one of the others what the row had been about.

"O, he pitched into a feller that was kicking a dog, and came near getting kicked himself," was the only answer I got, as he walked off with his companion. I turned to my hero, and, as our eyes met, a pleasant smile lighted up his face. 'Can you tell me the nearest place where I can buy a hat?' he said; 'there's not much use in picking up that thing,' pointing to a mashed heap in the gutter.

"I should think not," I said. 'There is no shop near, but if you will come

round the corner to my rooms, I can provide you with a covering of some kind.'

"'Thank you,' he answered, and we walked away together. There was not time for much talk, and he had said nothing of himself when we opened the door. Satterlee was standing with his back to the fire, and no sooner did he see my companion than he sprang forward, in eager welcome. 'Burton of Darrow, by all the gods!' he cried. 'Where's your hat, good friend?'

"He of the golden locks burst into a merry laugh, — what white teeth he had! 'It is gone forever. Do let me know your friend, who has been so kind to me about it.'

We were introduced to each other in due form, and Burton sat down at our hearth like an old friend, chatting merrily, and warming his great fists at the blaze. 'I ought not to have stayed so long,' he said presently, 'my father will have waited for me. Can the hats be marshalled, Mr. Erle?'

"I brought out all my store, and Satterlee's too, and, amid much laughter, Burton managed to hide some of his mane under a soft felt, and bade us good night. 'I must have you both at Darrow,' he said, his hand on the latch; 'remember that, and expect a note in the morning to tell you when to come.'

"As the door closed I laid my hands on Dick's shoulders. 'Who is he?' was all I said.

"'Why, Gerald, you're waking up,' he answered. 'If the male Burton can do this, what will not Lillie do?'

"'But who is he?' I repeated.

"'He's the oldest son of John Burton of Darrow, in — shire. They are farmers, and they might be gentlemen, but they are queer, and won't. For generations untold they have cultivated their own land, and are mighty men at the plough and in the saddle. So are the women of the family, for that matter. But you will see when we go down. They are one of the few great yeoman families left in the land. We shall have a jolly time.'

"And who is Lillie?" I asked.

"This man's sister. If you want to see a woman ride, see her, — it's absolute perfection, — hereditary too: they all ride till they marry."

"And not afterwards?" I said, very much amused.

"Never for mere pleasure, I believe. They have family traditions about all sorts of things, this among others. It is some notion about taking care of their homes and children, if I remember rightly. Miss Lillie will tell you all about it. How lucky that you met Jack this afternoon."

"This was all I could get out of Satterlee; but, dull as you may think it, I was really interested, and waited impatiently for the coming invitation.

"The next morning arrived a note from Mr. Burton, asking us, in his father's name, to spend the next week at Darrow, and saying that the farmers' races were to take place then, and would be our only amusement. Before the day for starting came, I had lost half the enthusiasm which the sight of valiant Jack Burton's hair had kindled, and tried hard to get off from going; but Satterlee was bent on a week's riding, as he always called our visit, and we started early one Wednesday morning, and at dusk on Friday found ourselves entering the broad valley which formed the Darrow estate. Satterlee was familiar with the ground, and discoursed eloquently of its beauty and fertility as we drove along; but he failed to interest me, for, to tell the truth, I was sunk in melancholy, and thought only of Miss Ferrers and of that which had passed between us. Why had I come all these miles to see people who were total strangers to me, and would almost certainly prove dull, or even vulgar? Dick was an enthusiast, and not to be believed, — we might turn back even then.

"Such were my thoughts as we entered the lane at the end of which shone the lights of Darrow House. As we drew near, I could see that it was a mere farm-house, — very large indeed, but otherwise in no way re-

markable. We drove up to a side-door, and had hardly stopped when the ringing voice of Jack Burton greeted our ears, and he came striding out, his glorious hair all afloat, as I had seen him in London streets a week before. All my love for the man — and I can use no lesser term — came back on the instant, and I grasped his hand almost as warmly as he did mine, I was so glad to be there.

"Come in and see my father," he said. "He was afraid we should not see you to-night."

"We went into the hall, and then, immediately through an open door at the farther end, into the most homelike room I ever saw, — a large room, exquisitely toned by great brown rafters, and lit by two fires, one at each end. Near one stood an immense wooden table covered with tools of every kind, and with what seemed to me a confused heap of saddles and bridles. Over it bent two men and a woman. I only saw that all three had the same wonderful light hair which so fascinated me; for Burton led us directly to the other fire, and introduced us to his father. He was a man of seventy, very roughly dressed, but self-possessed and courteous. 'You are welcome to Darrow,' he said, in low, gentle tones. 'I hope I shall be able to give you good sport while you are here.'

"This seemed to be all we were expected to say with him, for he bowed slightly, and Burton said, 'Come now to the workshop, as I call it,' and led us to the other end of the room. Satterlee went forward and shook hands warmly with the two young men and their sister, whose face I did not see, as it was turned away from me; and then Burton said, 'Lillie, this is Mr. Erle, whose hat you found so comfortable.'

"As he began to speak, she looked round, and held out her hand with a frank smile, saying, 'I, too, must thank you for that famous hat, Mr. Erle, for I wore it in a hard rain, day before yesterday, when I had to go out to train my colt for the coming races.'

"She said this very simply, in a sweet, almost singing tone, not unlike her father's, looking me full in the face meanwhile. I will try to tell you what she was like, — for I can remember her, after all these years, just as she stood, a saddler's awl in her hand, by the great table at Darrow. She was tall and broad and perfectly symmetrical in figure. I have never seen a woman who at the first glance gave the idea of elastic strength as she did, and yet she was by no means what you would call a large woman. Her face was like her brother's, really handsome, and full of sweetness, — the eyes so blue and living that no one could disbelieve their story of a great soul beneath. And, like her brother, she was crowned with a golden glory of hair. It was half brushed from her face, and clung thickly to her head, then wound in shining braids at the back, — waving and rippling just like Jack's. I never saw such wonderful heads as these four Burtons had. I can give you no idea of them. Her mouth was what I should call abrupt, — that is, shapely, deep-cut at the corners, — the lips smiling without opening widely, or showing more than a white flash of teeth. She so smiled as she spoke to me that first evening, and impressed me even then as no other woman ever had.

"I am glad my hat has been so honored, Miss Burton," I answered. "I hope the colt for whom you take such trouble may win his race."

"Help me, then, by taking an interest in this saddle," she said. "I have an idea about the girths which these dear brothers of mine will not understand."

"We all gathered round the table while Lillie explained her theory. The saddle was an old one, and smelt strongly of the stable; but they all handled it as if it were a nice, interesting toy; and when the girth question was finally decided by my strong approval, Lillie and the brother George went to work with awl and needle like experienced saddlers, and soon had the necessary alterations made.

"She looked up at me as she sewed, and said: 'You may think these are strange ways, but we do all such things for ourselves, especially this week, when we live for our horses. We are thorough yeomen, you know.'

"We talked on until supper was announced. Old Burton opened a small door at his end of the room, and waited with his hand on the latch while we went through, when, to my surprise, I found we were in the kitchen, surrounded by a large number of servants. We sat down at a long table by the fire, and then the servants took their places at the lower end, leaving two to serve us all. Burton stood at the head of the table until all were seated, then bowed, and said in the same gentle tone he had used in greeting us, 'You are welcome,' and sat down himself. No grace was said, but each person silently crossed himself."

"I was placed at the host's right hand, and we talked during supper of the races, and of horses generally, while Satterlee and Lillie Burton, on the other side of the table, did the same. It was the one subject which interested the Darrow household just then, and the servants even listened, eagerly and silently, to all that was said. Lillie's colt, it seemed, was entered for one of the races, and she had been training him herself with intense assiduity; but there was great difficulty in finding a rider, now he was trained.

"I know he would win," she cried, shaking her head disconsolately, 'but you are all so heavy.'

"Ride him yourself, Miss Burton," Dick suggested.

"They won't let me."

"Who won't let you?"

"O, the Earl. He gives the races, you know, and is a perfect dragon about them."

"I can't offer my own services," Satterlee went on, 'for you know you would n't have me.'

"The Burtons all smiled at this, and Dick explained to me: 'I was on a horse of Miss Burton's a year or two ago, and did n't want to put him over a

horrid rough gully; but she, on the farther side, cried out, "Let him break his knees if he is so clumsy," and so he did.'

"'It was your fault, though,' the frank young lady answered.

"I remember that at the end of the meal the servants rose and bowed to their master, he acknowledging the courtesy sitting. Then we did the same, and all went to the other room. After half an hour's talk round old Mr. Burton's chair, a peal of bells sounded in some distant part of the house, to my intense surprise, and we thereupon marched off down a long, long corridor to I could not imagine what. Satterlee whispered, 'Philip Burton is in orders, — this is Even-Song,' just as we entered a little chapel. There were kneeling-chairs for all, and the beautiful Burton heads sank devoutly upon them. It was a choral service, Lillie playing a small organ, and Philip chanting with the family and servants.

"As we went out, old Mr. Burton wished each good night; then some one showed me where my room was, and I found myself alone. I was really confused. Where was I, and what had I been doing? Did all the people in this part of the country have such strange ways? I looked at my watch, and found it was but just nine o'clock, and yet I seemed to have lived years since the morning. The evening service, so beautifully sung, had quite upset me. It was months since I had been in a church, and this had come so unexpectedly, — the dim light, the low, peculiar voices, the simple fervor. I began to think Darrow was a dream from beginning to end, when Satterlee put his head in at the door with a grin, and said, 'Well, how is my Gerry?'

"'A little dazed,' I answered; 'but come in, man, and prepare me for the morning.'

"'No,' he whispered, 'not allowable. Bedtime is bedtime here. Good night.'

"I went to bed in self-defence, and half dreamed, half thought, of horses, and choral services, and golden heads,

until sound sleep came to my relief. It could not have been more than seven o'clock when I awoke, and yet on going to the window it was evident that the inhabitants of Darrow had been long up and about, for the farm-yard was in order for the day, the carts gone a-field, and the cattle-sheds empty. George and Philip Burton were busily engaged near the barn door, the one in turning a grindstone, the other in sharpening an axe; and from the barn itself came the melodious voices of Lillie and her brother Jack. Presently they came out, she leading a long-legged horse which I immediately recognized as answering to the description of the colt. He was of a dull gray color, and at the first glance I set him down as about the ugliest horse I had ever seen, his only good points being a very decent chest, and striding hind-legs of extraordinary length and muscle; otherwise he was utterly commonplace. But evidently there was some great fascination in the beast, for the four Burtons gathered round him and looked him over with that anxious scrutiny we always display when examining our horses, then patted him admiringly, and, as I judged from the expression of their faces, were well pleased with his morning looks.

"As I turned from my window, I glanced beyond the farm-yard to see what kind of a country I was in, and my eyes were greeted with as fair a prospect as rural England can afford. Imagine a green, rolling valley, some five miles broad, shut in on three sides by low hills, and sloping gently to the sea on the fourth. The water was perhaps three miles from Darrow House, but I could see that two little friths ran up far into the meadow-land. One other large farm-house was in sight, and some twenty or thirty cottages, all looking so bright and cosey in the clear October sunlight, that my heart was filled with joy at the sight, and I began my toilet actually singing a merry old song. I was soon down stairs, and out in the fragrant barn-yard.

"Lillie sat upon a pile of logs, one hand half hidden in her hair, as she leaned lazily back on her elbow, looking at her brothers, who were making the air resound with mighty strokes as they hewed away at a tree which stood near the house door. 'Well done, Philip; you're none the worse woodman for being parson too,' she cried; then, seeing me, she rose with a bright color in her cheeks, and held out her hand in hearty morning greeting. 'We did not know when you would be rested from your journey,' she said, 'and so did not have you called. Will you come in to breakfast now?'

"The three brothers stopped their work as we went in, and bade me a cheerful good-morrow. I have never since seen such men,—so big, so handsome, so modest, with such bright, healthy faces. None of them talked a great deal, not even my favorite Jack; but I felt then as I should feel now if I met one of them anywhere, that their friendship meant trust and loyalty and service more than most men's.

"Jack went with us to a little room at the side of the house where breakfast was laid for two; but when Satterlee joined us, Jack said with a laugh, 'I will leave you to tell all about everything, Lillie, and go back to my chopping,' and so went out.

"If I must tell about everything,' Lillie began, 'I must tell about the races first, for they are more important than anything else just now. Thursday is the great day, and all the farmers in the neighborhood will have horses there. It is the grand gathering of the year for us, and the gentry come down and walk about among the horses, and are as kind and gracious as can be. They always buy some of the best; and happy is the man who can sell a beast to the Earl, or to Sir Francis Gilmor, for they are great judges, and have the best stables in the county. There are five races during the day, the first being for ponies, the second for colts, and so on; and in the evening we have a ball at the Earl's, and the five riders who win are given

presents by the Countess herself. O, it is a great day!' she went on, more and more enthusiastically; 'there is no other time so pleasant in all the year. George has in his bay mare, and I have entered my colt. Have you seen my colt?'

"Yes,' I answered, 'I saw him from the window this morning.'

"Lillie looked me straight in the face a moment, and then said, with a little plaintive shake of the head: 'Ah, I see! You will laugh at him like all the rest. But you must see him go,—he is almost handsome then.'

"I should think he might be,' I answered, trying to console her for my lack of admiration.

"They are so mean about him,' she went on, smiling. 'When he was two years old they were going to give him away because he was so ugly and stupid; but I begged hard that he might stay at Darrow, and my father gave him to me for my own. I have had him now four years. You don't know how much I have suffered for that horse. But I have never despaired, and have trained him so well that he has great speed already, though they may laugh at his rough looks. O, if I can only win this race! It will be such a feather in my cap!'

"Satterlee laughed merrily at this. 'As zealous a racer as ever, I see, Miss Lillie. How I wish you would let me ride for you!'

"Perhaps I may,' she answered. 'There is no knowing to what straits I may be driven.'

"Already something in this woman attracted me, dead as I supposed my heart to be. There was an indescribable freshness and vigor about everything she said and did, so different from the manner of the ladies I had lately seen,—a merry, defiant way which invited battle, and made one feel bright and springy. How can I tell what it was? I loved the woman from that very morning, and I love the memory of her now,—she stood so unembarrassed, so full of life, as we two ate our breakfast in the little, sunny room,—

she was so lithe, so symmetrical. When we rose she said, 'My father thought you would like to fish with him, Mr. Satterlee, and Mr. Erle is to ride with me, if he so pleases.' I murmured a few words, of compliment, and she went on: 'Come out to the barn and choose a horse, and Mr. Satterlee may have a look at the colt.' We followed her out of doors, just as we were, — hatless, like herself.

"It is no fine stable we have at Darrow, but the horses are well off, and I pass so much time with them that I love the old, dingy place,' she said, as we crossed the yard.

"It was a great country barn, in truth, low and warm, with places for cows and sheep as well as horses. A broad floor ran from one great door to the other, covered with loose wisps of hay and straw, and above our heads was the winter's store of both. A red rush-bottomed chair and a table stood at one end, — two little pieces of furniture around which cluster the pleasantest memories of my life, — Lillie's chair and Lillie's table, where she sat to sew and sing among her animals. What happy mornings I spent there by her side.

"As we went in she began to talk to her colt, as a woman generally talks to babies. 'Why, my sweet one, my own lamb, my coltkins, was he glad to hear his granny coming to see him?' — and so on.

"The colt, who was in a box at the end of the barn, acknowledged all this tenderness by putting his heavy head over the rail and half pricking up one ear; but Lillie seemed to think this slight sign of intellect all that could be desired, and went up to him with a thousand caresses.

"How like a woman to love that horse, now,' said Satterlee.

"Lillie turned towards him with a brilliant smile. 'I sha'n't take up arms about it, for why should I be ashamed that I have a woman's heart, and love my own things more because they are unfortunate, and other people make fun of them?'

"From that moment I resolved the

colt should win, if it was in mortal riding to make him.

"Miss Burton,' I said boldly, 'I see great qualities in your horse. May I ride him for you on Thursday?'

"She seemed a little startled by the suddenness of the proposal, but answered quickly, 'I shall be so much obliged! Will you think it rude if I ask you to ride him two or three times first?'

"Of course not. Do you ride him yourself this morning?'

"Yes, and which horse will you take? There are three or four there for you to choose from.'

"I walked down the row of stalls, and decided on an old hunter who turned the whites of his eyes round at me as if he longed for a gallop. Lillie called a man in from the yard, and said, 'Saddle the roan and Nathan, and bring them to the east door.'

"Eh, Miss Lillie,' cried Satterlee, 'what name was that I heard? Nathan?'

"Well, why not?' she answered. 'Father named him so in fun, and I keep it to show I don't care how much they laugh at him.'

"Satterlee seemed intensely amused. 'Nathan, Nathan!' he repeated. 'Winner of the Earl's race! Nathan, Nathan!'

"I went into the house for my hat and spurs, and on coming out found that Dick had gone off with old Mr. Burton, leaving his best wishes for the colt's success. Presently Lillie came out, clad in a dark habit, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, holding in her hand a whip so formidable that I was involuntarily reminded of the knouts of Russia. I suppose the thought was visible in my face, for she said quickly, 'I don't always carry this; but when Nathan is to do his best, I have to urge him to it, for if I depended on his own ambition we should soon be left behind.'

"Indeed,' I answered. 'Then you must let me practise well before Thursday.'

As I said these words the horses

were brought to the door, and, before I could offer any assistance, Lillie had swung herself from the stump of the felled tree into her saddle. I remembered Satterlee's words about her perfect horsemanship, and glanced at her as I mounted. Even in that moment, as she sat perfectly still on the awkward colt's back, I saw how truly he had spoken. She was merely sitting there, without any of the fascination which motion gives, and yet I had never seen such a rider among women. You will think I exaggerate, but, as I am a man of honor, I assure you that an exact copy in marble of Lillie Burton, as she waited for my mounting on that autumn morning, would be a more beautiful equestrian statue than the world has ever seen. Such ease and strength and grace — Ah well! I shall not let you smile at my enthusiasm by any attempt at describing her. We started, unattended, our faces towards the sea.

"Do you want to look at the race-course?" Lillie said.

"Yes."

"Then follow me," — and with the word she called cheerily to her horse, and swung her whip with such effect that what was a canter became a gallop, and then a run, so long, so fierce, so reckless, that I held my breath as I looked at her. We went right across country, over fences and ditches by the dozen, and never drew rein until we reached the shore.

"Then she turned in her saddle as I came up, and nodded triumphantly, her face a thousand times brighter and more bewitching than I had seen it yet.

"Well, what do you think of Nathan now?" she asked.

"He is wonderful," I answered.

"But that is by no means his best. You wait here, and I will put him round the course once as well as I can. We are to go down the beach to that white post, then up through the big field, over a bad hedge, which we must leap at a particular spot, then across the lane and through these four last

fields home, and then over it all again. You shall try the ground this afternoon if you will."

"She said all this rapidly, as if the business of the day had begun, and cantered down the sloping field. Arrived near the starting-point, I heard her give what seemed almost a yell, and lethargic Nathan, well awake, burst into the same tremendous pace, going faster and faster every moment, until he attained a speed which seemed positively terrific, a woman being in the saddle, and then Lillie ceased urging him, and rode unflaggingly, as she only could, over all obstacles, until she reached my side.

"How can there be any doubt of your winning?" I asked.

"I sometimes think there is none when Nathan has been going so well; but" — and a cloud came over her face — "there is one colt I am really afraid of, — a little black mare of Harry Dunn's. O, how that creature flies over the ground!"

"I am not afraid," I answered. "You shall win, Miss Burton, if I die for it."

"She laughed at my eager way of saying this, and we rode towards home, she talking all the way of Darrow and of the neighbors, of farming and of sailing, — for she was as much at home in a boat as on horseback. Ah, what a contrast to the dark-eyed, proud Miss Ferrers! I wondered how I could have been in love with any other than Lillie Burton, whose ways were so unaffected, whose whole nature was so healthy. What cared I for the languid accomplishments of city belles? Here was a real woman, kind and strong, and unhurt by the world's ways. Even in the excitement of the hardest gallop I saw no trace of vulgarity, no sign of unwomanly jockeyship, only a true, unconcealed interest in her horse and his performances, — an interest worthy of her English heart. We rode home in high spirits, feeling sure that the race would be ours, even Nathan entering into the gayety of the moment, and actually shying at a boy who lay asleep by the roadside. Lillie yielded

so lithely to the sudden jump, that I could not help saying, 'How did you learn to ride so well?' and she answered, laughing: 'O, it is born in us; and then I rode recklessly for years before I got a good seat. I mean that I folded my arms, and galloped anywhere with tied reins, and half the time no stirrup. That is the best thing to do. Your old roan there has carried me at his own will for many a mile. He was as fast as Nathan at his age, and twice as spirited.'

"So we chatted as we rode home through the low lanes. The midday sun shone down on us as we came to Darrow House; and as I left Lillie at the door, to go up and dress for the farm dinner, I felt a new man, warmed with the bright day, and with the new hope which rose so sweetly in my tired heart.

"I will not weary you with the details of my days at the Burtons'. The old father ruled over his household like a king, and all yielded him loving obedience. Jack and his two stalwart brothers came and went, busy with all sorts of farming operations, and Lillie and I devoted ourselves to Nathan's further education. On Sunday the farmers and peasants came to church at the chapel in the house, and Philip Burton did for them all a true priest should. On every other day in the week, too, he held school for the children, instructing them just so far and no farther. 'Let them know how to read and write and do simple sums,' he said, 'but don't let 's stuff their heads with learning beyond their station. It only makes them discontented, and would upset society in the end.' And so he let them come until he thought they knew enough, were the time longer or shorter, and after that the door was shut.

"In the mornings, Lillie and I, and often Satterlee, sat in the barn for hours, she sewing and talking with us, stopping sometimes to give directions to a workman, or to listen to some poor neighbor's tale of woe. For she seemed to attract every one, and, as surely as a child was sick or a cow lost, the whole

story must be told to 'Darrow Lillie,' as they called her. She listened with ready sympathy, and always gave some quick, personal aid. I never saw a more charming picture than that which greeted me one morning as I came in at the barn door;—Lillie seated at her little table, close by the colt's stall, two dogs at her feet, and a soft black kitten in her hands, held lovingly against her cheek; beside her stood a peasant woman in a red cloak, wringing her hands, and telling how her husband had deserted her; a big-eyed calf looked in at the door behind, doubtful if he might come in as usual; and, over all, the October sunlight, mellow with barn-dust. I remember Lillie asked the woman where her husband was, and, learning he was at Plashy, Sir Francis Gilmor's seat, said she would see him that very day. And I am sure she did, for after dinner she went off alone on the roan hunter, and the next day I saw the same woman, with far happier mien, trudging along the lane by the side of her sheep-faced husband.

"So the days passed by, and Wednesday evening was come. We sat before the fire, and counted the chances for and against my winning the race, for it was a settled thing now that I should be Nathan's rider. I was as interested as any Burton of them all, and more so perhaps, for I felt that on my success the next day depended my success in what my whole heart was now determined on,—the winning of Lillie Burton's hand. I was quick at my conclusions at twenty-four, you see. Satterlee was still incredulous, and really annoyed me by his way of speaking,—offering to pick the yellow hairs out of Nathan's coat so as to make it shine a little, and otherwise employing his wit at our expense. Lillie laughed good-naturedly, and said they only made her love the horse the more by their unkind remarks.

"Do you really love him,' Jack asked.

"Certainly I do,' she answered. 'I have a deep affection for him.'

"And I hope you will bestow some

kind regard on his rider also,' I whispered, bending over her chair.

"She looked up in her own quick way, and, as our eyes met, I thought hers were bright with love, as well as mine. As you would say, now-a-days, our souls met; and from that moment a strange, triumphant happiness filled my heart. The short Darrow evening wore to its close, and I neither spoke to Lillie again nor looked at her, but sat silent, rejoicing, until at even-song I poured out my thankfulness to God, and praised him for this great gift, — Lillie Burton, my peerless, truthful Lillie, mine until death should part us, mine in all joy and sorrow, always my own! With what certainty of peace I went to my rest that night, — with what instinct of some great joy I woke in the morning, — the bright autumn morning which held my fate!

"The races were to begin at noon, and by eleven o'clock we all set forth from Darrow House, well mounted and gallantly arrayed. There was no unnecessary coddling of the horses. I rode Nathan, and George rode the horse he had entered for the third race; and the only unusual thing was, that we eschewed fences, and slowly wended our way through the lanes, to the little knoll by the beach, where the rude judge's stand was erected.

"Already a crowd of farmers had assembled, some coming in carts with their wives and daughters, some riding rough plough-horses, and some on foot. Not a few children had come too, — red-cheeked boys and girls, mounted on the wiry ponies of the country, riding about and making the air resound with their merry laughter. Every one seemed to know every one else, to judge by the hearty greetings exchanged on all sides, and every one was in the best possible humor. After all these years, the impression I received at this rustic gathering is undimmed. There were only these people. There was no set race-course, no eager betting, but never before or since have I seen a race assemblage so full of honest, interested faces, or

showing so thorough an enjoyment of the day.

"As we came up, the little crowd separated, that we might ride to the top of the knoll, for Burton of Darrow was held in high respect, and way was made for him everywhere. We were now the centre of attention, and I was beginning to feel my city assurance giving way under the glance of honest interest directed towards me and my colt, when a murmur arose, 'Here come the gentry,' and, looking up the lane, I saw an open carriage full of ladies, and half a dozen gentlemen on horseback, approaching us. 'It is the party from Plashy,' Lillie said, 'and there is the Earl in the North Lane,' pointing out two or three more carriages. All was bustle now, for the horses which were to run must be ridden to a certain part of the field, and ranged side by side for the Earl's inspection. I found myself between a little fellow on a bay horse, and a handsome, curly-headed young farmer who sat a beautiful black mare like another Prince Hal.

"He bowed politely, and said, 'You ride the Darrow colt, then, sir.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and you are Harry Dunn, are you not?'

"'At your service, sir. It will be a hard race between us two.'

"Just then the Earl came up to look at the horses, as his custom was. We had met in London, and he recognized me with some surprise in my novel situation as jockey; but a few words explained the case, and he turned to young Dunn, saying, with a smile, 'She's very handsome, my man; but it's an awful temper, if I know a horse's eye,' — and indeed the words were hardly out of his Lordship's mouth when the Witch, as she was called, kicked out savagely at a passing boy, and then reared so high and so long that I feared she would fall back on her rider; but Harry Dunn was no novice, and in a few minutes she was standing quietly enough, with dilated nostril and glowing eyes.

"'He'll ride her in before you, if he kills her,' the Earl whispered, turn-

ing to me. 'Darrow Lillie is looking on.'

"'He loves her, then?' I asked, as calmly as I could.

"'I should rather think he did,' the old gentleman answered, shrugging his shoulders, and walking off to some other horses.

"I looked round to see where Lillie was, and felt reassured when I saw she had not even turned in her saddle while her lover's life was in danger, but was still talking with Sir Francis Gilmor. I heard him say, 'I doubt whether I shall make an offer for that gray colt of yours'; and she answered, laughing, 'You shall have the first chance after the race, Sir Francis. It will break my heart if he does not win.'

"The pony race was soon called, and I dismounted to stand by Lillie's side and watch it. As I stood, my hand upon the roan's shoulder, ready to seize the reins if he became excited, for Lillie had flung them, as usual, upon his neck, and sat carelessly in the saddle, her hands crossed on her knee,—as I stood there, I say, I heard suddenly, above the loud talk of the farmers, a voice the sound of which made my heart leap up into my throat,—a woman's voice, cold and clear,—the words merely, 'Yes, a perfect day,' but they were full of horrible meaning to me. I felt that my week's dream of happiness was at an end, and that my old life personified had come to take me away. My presence of mind enabled me not to turn round at the moment; but as I mounted for the race, half an hour afterwards, I glanced towards the Earl's carriage, and there, at the Countess's side, sat Selina Ferrers. At the same instant I was aware of a stifled scream, and the sound of my name; but I paid no heed, and rode slowly down the field to where Harry Dunn and the other waited my coming at the starting-post. Imagine my feelings as I listened for the signal. Win! Why I would have won if I had died at Lillie's feet the moment afterwards.

"We were well away, we three men, but Harry and I soon got ahead, and

flew with the speed of Browning's couriers over the flashing sand. I obeyed Lillie's last orders, and spared neither whip nor spur; but the black mare, almost uncontrolled, gained inch by inch, and leaped the last ditch fully three lengths ahead. We were to go round once again, and I lifted my whip for a desperate blow, just as we reached the bottom of the knoll, knowing that unless I got the colt into his best pace then all was lost; but he, stupid brute, thought the run was over, and swerved with a heavy plunge almost to his mistress's side. Before I could recover my control, I heard Lillie cry, her voice trembling with vexation, 'O, what riding!' and I saw tears in her eyes, as she pulled the frightened roan up on his haunches to make way for me.

"It was enough. Even Nathan felt there was to be no more trifling, and as I tore his side with my heel he broke at last into his great, fearful stride, and before we reached the lane Harry Dunn's black mare was straining every nerve lengths and lengths behind, and in three minutes more I stood humbly by Lillie's side, winner of the Earl's race. I scarcely heard the shouts of the crowd, or even the questions addressed to myself. Once again I was secure. No danger now from Harry Dunn on the one side, or Selina Ferrers on the other. The certain peace of the morning was mine again. It all seems so foolish, as I look back upon it now; but as I stood for those few brief moments by Flury Beach, surrounded by the golden-headed Burtons, the blue sea before me, and the fair green pastures behind, I was a happy man,—happier than I have ever been since.

"As the crowd separated, while the horses were got ready for the next race, I heard again the voice of Selina Ferrers; but it did not move me, for just then Lillie bent her beautiful head close by mine, and in her own low, singing tones, so much truer and more touching than the London belle's, said, 'Mr. Erle, what can I do to thank you?'

"I looked up frankly and gladly.

'May I tell you when we are at home to-night?'

"Not till then?'

"No, not till then,' I answered. And from my very heart I believe she had no idea what I meant, for she turned to Sir Francis Gilmor with an ease she could not have affected, and began to talk with him of Nathan.

"I stood looking at the racers, with real interest, for George Burton was riding, and I could see his hair shining in the wind far down the beach, and I was thinking of Lillie and Lillie's happiness, when a servant in livery came up, and said the Countess wished to speak with me. Had he presented a pistol at my head, the shock would not have been greater. As I approached the carriage I looked Selina Ferrers full in the face, and what did I read there? Great God! I cannot think of it with calmness even now.

"I bowed as coldly as politeness would allow, but the Countess put out her hand in cordial greeting, and begged me to take a seat with them for the rest of the morning. I murmured something about owing my time to the Burtons, and, after a few indifferent remarks (explaining how Miss Ferrers had decided not to go to Spain), was on the point of withdrawing, when the Countess said, 'At least Mr. Erle, we shall see you at the castle'; and not until I had promised to come to her the next day would she let me go. As I turned, a light hand was laid upon my arm for an instant, and I heard an eager whisper, 'Gerald! what does this mean? I am here for your sake; — but I kept on my way as if I had not heard, and breathed freely again at Lillie's bridle-rein.

"Why should I describe the rest of the day to you? You see already how it had to end. I was with Lillie all day long, as happy as a king, though a little shocked when I heard at dinner that Nathan was sold to Sir Francis. But the day had been full of joy; and when all its festivities were over, and we drove home from the ball, it seemed as if no cloud hung over me.

"The Burtons went to the barn to

care for the horses, and I was alone with Lillie by the great table. I asked her very simply if she would be my wife, and she told me that I asked in vain.

"Even if I loved you, Mr. Erle,' she went on, — 'even if I loved you, I could not be your wife. You are a gentleman, and I am a farmer's daughter; and you know even better than I do that we could not be happy very long. You will be glad some day that I did not lead you into such sore trial.'

"Some such words as these were the last words I ever heard from Lillie Burton's mouth, for the men came in, and she left the room; and as she passed me that night, dressed in a gown of softest white, her exquisite head bent in sorrow and tenderness, her eyes radiant through their tears, I saw her for the last time. We have never met, even for an instant, since."

Mr. Erle ceased speaking, and I gave a great sigh of relief. His last words had been uttered with so much feeling that neither my grandfather nor I could interrupt the long silence, as he sat looking dreamily into the fire. When at length he spoke, it was of an entirely different subject, and, after half an hour's conversation, he drank a last glass of the old wine, and bade us good night, wringing my grandfather's hand with more than usual warmth.

I waited almost impatiently until I heard the house-door close, and then, "Who is Mrs. Erle?" I asked.

"Who do you suppose?" my grandfather answered.

"No one. How should I?"

"And yet you heard Mr. Erle tell the part about the Countess?"

"Yes."

"And you do not guess what happened?"

"No. I dare say I am very stupid; but do tell me," I begged.

"Well, then, my dear, the morning after the races, Erle went to the castle, and the Countess was very kind, as great ladies often are, and he stayed for a week, since she pressed the mat-

ter so; and then there was an excursion into Wales, where most untoward things occurred, and the grand finale was a wedding at Lord West's in London."

"Then he married Miss Ferrers!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my dear, even so. You have never seen the lady, I believe?"

"No, never. Is anything the matter with her?"

"Anything the matter with her? Yes, she is insane. Quite harmless, you know; but having been made with the worst temper in England, this climate has developed it into positive insanity."

"And she lives at home?" I asked, sadly, for it came over me what a tragedy Mr. Erle's life must be.

"Yes, Gerald is more than faithful

to her. Ah, Thesta, child, we do not know all the patient endurance of God's men and women in this nineteenth century."

The bells of St. Mary's rang midnight as I lighted my bedroom candle, and kissed the smooth brow of my white-haired hero. "You do not ask what became of Lillie Burton," he said.

"Did you ever hear of her?"

"Yes, Satterlee was there years afterwards, and found her Lillie Dunn, with three children clinging to her skirts."

"And Nathan?"

"O, Nathan turned out splendidly, and led the Flury hunt for years. They say his memory is green in —shire yet."

"Poor Mr. Erle!" I said, summing up the whole story, as I went off to bed.

THE LITTLE LAND OF APPENZELL.

THE traveller who first reaches the Lake of Constance at Lindau, or crosses that sheet of pale green water to one of the ports on the opposite Swiss shore, cannot fail to notice the bold heights to the southward, which thrust themselves between the opening of the Rhine Valley and the long, undulating ridges of the Canton Thurgau. These heights, broken by many a dimly hinted valley and ravine, appear to be the front of an Alpine table-land. Houses and villages, scattered over the steep ascending plane, present themselves distinctly to the eye; the various green of forest and pasture land is rarely interrupted by the gray of rocky walls; and the afternoon sun touches the topmost edge of each successive elevation with a sharp outline of golden light, through the rich gloom of the shaded slopes. Behind and over this region rise the serrated peaks of the Sentis Alp, standing in advance of the farther ice-fields of Glarus, like an out-

er fortress, garrisoned in summer by the merest forlorn hope of snow.

The green fronts nearest the lake, and the lower lands falling away to the right and left, belong to the Canton of St. Gall; but all aloft, beyond that frontier marked by the sinking sun, lies the *Appenzeller Ländli*, as it is called in the endearing diminutive of the Swiss-German tongue, — the Little Land of Appenzell.

If, leaving the Lake of Constance by the Rhine valley, you ascend to Ragatz and the Baths of Pfeffers, thence turn westward to the Lake of Wallenstatt, cross into the valley of the Toggenburg, and so make your way northward and eastward around the base of the mountains back to the starting-point, you will have passed only through the territory of St. Gall. Appenzell is an Alpine island, wholly surrounded by the former canton. From whatever side you approach, you must climb in order to get into it. It is a nearly cir-

cular tract, falling from the south towards the north, but lifted, at almost every point, over the adjoining lands. This altitude and isolation is an historical as well as a physical peculiarity. When the Abbots of St. Gall, after having reduced the entire population of what is now two Cantons to serfdom, became more oppressive as their power increased, it was the mountain shepherds who, in the year 1403, struck the first blow for liberty. Once free, they kept their freedom, and established a rude democracy on the heights, similar in form and spirit to the league which the Forest Cantons had founded nearly a century before. An echo from the meadow of Grütli reached the wild valleys around the Sentiş, and Appenzell, by the middle of the fifteenth century, became one of the original states out of which Switzerland has grown.

I find something very touching and admirable in this fragment of hardly noticed history. The people isolated themselves by their own act, held together, organized a simple yet sufficient government, and maintained their sturdy independence, while their brethren on every side, in the richer lands below them, were fast bound in the gyves of a priestly despotism. Individual liberty seems to be a condition inseparable from mountain life; that once attained, all other influences are conservative in their character. The Cantons of Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, and Appenzell retain to-day the simple, primitive forms of democracy which had their origin in the spirit of the people nearly six hundred years ago.

Twice had I looked up to the little mountain republic from the lower lands to the northward, with the desire and the determination to climb one day the green buttresses which support it on every side; so, when I left St. Gall on a misty morning, in a little open carriage, bound for Trogen, it was with the pleasant knowledge that a land almost unknown to tourists lay before me. The only summer visitors are invalids, mostly from Eastern Switzerland and Germany, who go up to drink

the whey of goats' milk; and, although the fabrics woven by the people are known to the world of fashion in all countries, few indeed are the travellers who turn aside from the near highways. The landlord in St. Gall told me that his guests were almost wholly commercial travellers, and my subsequent experience among an unspoiled people convinced me that I was almost a pioneer in the paths I traversed.

It was the last Saturday in April, and at least a month too soon for the proper enjoyment of the journey; but on the following day the *Landsgemeinde*, or Assembly of the People, was to be held at Hundwyl, in the manner and with the ceremonies which have been annually observed for the last three or four hundred years. This circumstance determined the time of my visit. I wished to study the character of an Alpine democracy, so pure that it has not yet adopted even the representative principle,—to be with and among a portion of the Swiss people at a time when they are most truly themselves, rather than look at them through the medium of conventional guides, on lines of travel which have now lost everything of Switzerland except the scenery.

There was bad weather behind, and, I feared, bad weather before me. "The sun will soon drive away these mists," said the postilion, "and when we get up yonder, you will see what a prospect there will be." In the rich valley of St. Gall, out of which we mounted, the scattered houses and cloud-like belts of blossoming cherry-trees almost hid the green; but it sloped up and down, on either side of the rising road, glittering with flowers and dew, in the flying gleams of sunshine. Over us hung masses of gray cloud, which stretched across the valley, hooded the opposite hills, and sank into a dense mass over the Lake of Constance. As we passed through this belt, and rejoiced in the growing clearness of the upper sky, I saw that my only prospect would be in cloud-land. After many windings, along which the blossoms and buds of the

fruit-trees indicated the altitude as exactly as any barometer, we finally reached the crest of the topmost height, the frontier of Appenzell and the battle-field of Vöglisegg, where the herdsman first measured his strength with the soldier and the monk, and was victorious.

"Whereabouts was the battle fought?"

I asked the postilion.

"Up and down, and all around here," said he, stopping the carriage at the summit.

I stood up and looked to the north. Seen from above, the mist had gathered into dense, rounded clouds, touched with silver on their upper edges. They hung over the lake, rolling into every bay and spreading from shore to shore, so that not a gleam of water was visible; but over their heaving and tossing silence rose, far away, the mountains of the four German states beyond the lake. An Alp in Vorarlberg made a shining island in the sky. The postilion was loud in his regrets, yet I thought the picture best as it was. On the right lay the land of Appenzell,—not a table-land, but a region of mountain ridge and summit, of valley and deep, dark gorge, green as emerald up to the line of snow, and so thickly studded with dwellings, grouped or isolated, that there seemed to be one scattered village as far as the eye could reach. To the south, over forests of fir, the Sentis lifted his huge towers of rock, crowned with white, wintry pyramids.

"Here, where we are," said the postilion, "was the first battle; but there was another, two years afterwards, over there, the other side of Trogen, where the road goes down to the Rhine. Stoss is the place, and there's a chapel built on the very spot. Duke Frederick of Austria came to help the Abbot Kuno, and the Appenzellers were only one to ten against them. It was a great fight, they say, and the women helped,—not with pikes and guns, but in this way: they put on white shirts, and came out of the woods, above where the fighting was going on. Now, when the Austrians and the Abbot's people saw them,

they thought there were spirits helping the Appenzellers, (the women were all white, you see, and too far off to show plainly,) and so they gave up the fight, after losing nine hundred knights and troopers. After that, it was ordered that the women should go first to the sacrament, so that no man might forget the help they gave in that battle. And the people go every year to the chapel, on the same day when it took place."

I looked, involuntarily, to find some difference in the population after passing the frontier. But I had not counted upon the levelling influence which the same kind of labor exercises, whether upon mountain or in valley. So long as Appenzell was a land of herdsmen, many peculiarities of costume, features, and manners must have remained. For a long time, however, Outer-Rhoden, as this part of the Canton is called, shares with that part of St. Gall which lies below it the manufacture of fine muslins and embroideries. There are looms in almost every house, and this fact explains the density of population and the signs of wealth on every hand, which would otherwise puzzle the stranger. The houses are not only so near together that almost every man can call to his neighbors and be heard, but they are large, stately, and even luxurious, in contrast to the dwellings of other country people in Europe. The average population of Outer-Rhoden amounts to four hundred and seventy-five persons to the square mile, being nearly double that of the most thickly settled portions of Holland.

If one could only transport a few of these houses to the United States! Our country architecture is not only hideous, but frequently impractical, being at worst shanties, and at best city residences set in the fields. An Appenzell farmer lives in a house from forty to sixty feet square, and rarely less than four stories in height. The two upper stories, however, are narrowed by the high, steep roof, so that the true front of the house is one of the gables. The roof projects at least four feet on all sides, giving shelter to balconies of carved

wood, which cross the front under each row of windows. The outer walls are covered with upright, overlapping shingles, not more than two or three inches broad, and rounded at the ends, suggesting the scale armor of ancient times. This covering secures the greatest warmth; and when the shingles have acquired from age that rich burnt-siena tint which no paint could exactly imitate, the effect is exceedingly beautiful. The lowest story is generally of stone, plastered and whitewashed. The stories are low (seven to eight feet), but the windows are placed side by side, and each room is thoroughly lighted. Such a house is very warm, very durable, and, without any apparent expenditure of ornament, is externally so picturesque that no ornament could improve it.

Many of the dwellings, I was told, could not be built with the present means of the population, at the present prices of labor and material. They date from the palmy days of Appenzell industry, before machinery had reduced the cost of the finer fabrics. Then, one successful manufacturer competed with another in the erection of showy houses, and fifty thousand francs (a large sum for the times) were frequently expended on a single dwelling. The view of a broad Alpine landscape, dotted all over with such beautiful homes, from the little shelf of green hanging on the sides of a rocky gorge and the strips of sunny pasture between the ascending forests, to the very summits of the lower heights and the saddles between them, was something quite new in my experience.

Turning around the point of Vögli-segg, we made for Trogen, one of the two capitals of Outer-Rhoden, which lay before us, across the head of the deep and wild St. Martin's Tobel. (*Tobel* is an Appenzell word, corresponding precisely to the *gulch* of California.) My postilion mounted, and the breathed horse trotted merrily along the winding level. One stately house after another, with a clump of fruit-trees on the sheltered side, and

a row of blooming hyacinths and wall-flowers on the balcony, passed by on either side. The people we met were sunburnt and ugly, but there was a rough air of self-reliance about them, and they gave me a hearty "God greet you!" one and all. Just before reaching Trogen, the postilion pointed to an old, black, tottering platform of masonry, rising out of a green slope of turf on the right. The grass around it seemed ranker than elsewhere.

This was the place of execution, where capital criminals are still beheaded with the sword, in the sight of the people. The postilion gave me an account, with all the horrible details, of the last execution, only three years ago,—how the murderer would not confess until he was brought out of prison to hear the bells tolling for his victim's funeral,—how thereupon he was sentenced, and—but I will not relate further. I have always considered the death penalty a matter of policy rather than principle; but the sight of that blood-stained platform, the blood-fed weeds around it, and the vision of the headsman, in his red mantle, looking down upon the bared neck stretched upon the block, gave me more horror of the custom than all the books and speeches which have been said and written against it.

* At Trogen I stopped at the principal inn, two centuries old, the quaint front painted in fresco, the interior neat and fresh as a new toy,—a very gem of a house! The floor upon which I entered from the street was paved with flat stones; a solid wooden staircase, dark with age, led to the guests' room in the second story. One side of this room was given up to the windows, and there was a charming hexagonal oriel in the corner. The low ceiling was of wood, in panels, the stove a massive tower, faced with porcelain tiles, the floor polished nearly into whiteness, and all the doors, cupboards, and tables, made of brown nutwood, gave an air of warmth and elegance to the apartment. All other parts of the house were equally neat and orderly. The hostess greeted me

with, "Be you welcome!" and set about preparing dinner, as it was now nearly noon. In the pauses of her work she came into the room to talk, and was very ready to give information concerning the country and people.

There were already a little table and three plates in the oriel, and while I was occupied with my own dinner I did not particularly notice the three persons who sat down to theirs. The coarseness and harshness of their dialect, however, presently struck my ear. It was pure Appenzell, a German made up of singular and puzzling elisions, and with a very strong guttural *k* and *g*, in addition to the *ch*. Some knowledge of the Alemannic dialect of the Black Forest enabled me to understand the subject of conversation, which, to my surprise, was — the study of the classics! It was like hearing an Irishman talk of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas" in the broadest Tipperary brogue. I turned and looked at the persons. They were well-dressed young men, evidently the best class of Appenzellers, — possibly tutors in the schools of Trogen. Their speech in no wise differed from that of the common herdsmen, except that they were now and then obliged to use words which, being unknown to the people, had escaped mutilation. I entered into conversation, to ascertain whether true German was not possible to them, since they must needs read and write the language; but, although they understood me, they could only partly, and with evident difficulty, lay aside their own patois. I found this to be the case everywhere throughout the Canton. It is a circumstance so unusual, that, in spite of myself, associating a rude dialect with ignorance, I was always astonished when those who spoke it showed culture and knowledge of the world.

The hostess provided me with a guide and pack-bearer, and I set out on foot across the country towards Hundwyl. This guide, Jakob by name, made me imagine that I had come among a singular people. He was so short that he could easily walk under my arm; his

gait was something between a roll and a limp, although he stoutly disclaimed lameness; he laughed whenever I spoke to him, and answered in a voice which seemed the cuneiform character put into sound. First, there was an explosion of gutturals, and then came a loud trumpet-tone, something like the *Honk! honk!* of wild geese. Yet, when he placed his squat figure behind a tavern table, and looked at me quietly with his mouth shut, he was both handsome and distinguished in appearance. We walked two miles together before I guessed how to unravel his speech. It is almost as difficult to learn a dialect as a new language, and but for the key which the Alemannic gave me, I should have been utterly at sea. Who, for instance, could ever guess that *a' Ma' g'si*, pronounced "amazi" (the *x* representing a desperate guttural), really stands for *einen Mann gewesen*?

The road was lively with country people, many of whom were travelling in our own direction. Those we met invariably addressed us with "God greet you!" or "*Guät-ti!*" which it was easy to translate into "Good day!" Some of the men were brilliant in scarlet jackets, with double rows of square silver buttons, and carried swords under their arms; they were bound for the *Landsgemeinde*, whither the law of the Middle Ages still obliges them to go armed. When I asked Jakob if he would accompany me as far as Hundwyl, he answered, "I can't; I dare n't go there without a black dress, and my sword, and a cylinder hat."

The wild *Tobels*, opening downward to the Lake of Constance, which now shimmered afar through the gaps, were left behind us, and we passed westward along a broken, irregular valley. The vivid turf was sown with all the flowers of spring, — primrose, violet, buttercup, anemone, and veronica, — faint, but sweetest-odored, and the heralds of spring in all lands. So I gave little heed to the weird lines of cloud, twisting through and between the severed pyramids of the Sentis, as if weaving the woof of storms. The scenery was

entirely lovely, and so novel in its population and the labor which, in the long course of time, had effaced its own hard traces, turning the mountains into lifted lawns and parks of human delight, that my own slow feet carried me through it too rapidly. We must have passed a slight water-shed somewhere, though I observed none; for the road gradually fell towards another region of deeply cloven *Tobels*, with snowy mountains beyond. The green of the landscape was so brilliant and uniform, under the cold gray sky, that it almost destroyed the perspective, which rather depended on the houses and the scattered woods of fir.

On a ridge, overlooking all this region, was the large village of Teufen, nearly as grand as Trogen in its architecture. Here Jakob, whose service went no further, conducted me to the "Pike" inn, and begged the landlady to furnish me with "*a' Ma*" in his place. We had refreshments together, and took leave with many shakings of the hand and mutual wishes of good luck. The successor was an old fellow of seventy, who had been a soldier in Holland, and who with proper exertion could make his speech intelligible. The people nowhere inquired after my business or nationality. When the guide made the latter known, they almost invariably said, "But, of course, you were born in Appenzell?" The idea of a traveller coming among them, at least during this season of the year, did not enter their heads. In Teufen, the large and handsome houses, the church and schools, led me, foolishly, to hope for a less barbarous dialect; but no, it was the same thing everywhere.

The men in black, with swords under their arms, increased in number as we left the village. They were probably from the farthest parts of the Canton, and were thus abridging the morrow's journey. The most of them, however, turned aside from the road, and made their way to one farm-house or another. I was tempted to follow their example, as I feared that the little village of Hundwyl would be crowded. But there

was still time to claim private hospitality, even if this should be the case, so we marched steadily down the valley. The Sitter, a stream fed by the Sentis, now roared below us, between high, rocky walls, which are spanned by an iron bridge, two hundred feet above the water. The roads of Outer-Rhoden, built and kept in order by the people, are most admirable. This little population of forty-eight thousand souls has within the last fifteen years expended seven hundred thousand dollars on means of communication. Since the people govern themselves, and regulate their expenses, and consequently their taxation, their willingness to bear such a burden is a lesson to other lands.

After crossing the airy bridge, our road climbed along the opposite side of the *Tobel*, to a village on a ridge thrust out from the foot of the Hundwyl Alp, beyond which we lost sight of Teufen and the beautiful valley of the Sitter. We were now in the valley of the Urnäsch, and a walk of two miles more brought us to the village of Hundwyl. I was encouraged, on approaching the little place, by seeing none except the usual signs of occupation. There was a great new tank before the fountain, and two or three fellows in scarlet vests were filling their portable tubs for the evening's supply; a few children came to the doors to stare at me, but there was no sign that any other stranger had arrived.

"I'll take you to the Crown," said the guide; "all the Landamänner will be there in the morning, and the music; and you'll see what our Appenzell government is." The landlady gave me a welcome, and the promise of a lodging, whereupon I sat down in peace, received the greetings of all the members of the family, as they came and went, and made myself familiar with their habits. There was only one other guest in the house, — a man of dignified face and intellectual head, who carried a sword tied up with an umbrella, and must be, I supposed, one of the chief officials. He had so much the air of a reformer or a philosopher, that the

members of a certain small faction at home might have taken him for their beloved W. P.; others might have detected in him a resemblance to that true philanthropist and gentleman, W. L. G.; and the believers in the divinity of slavery would have accepted him as Bishop —. As no introductions are required in Appenzell, I addressed myself to him, hoping to open a profitable acquaintance; but it was worse than Coleridge's experience with the lover of dumplings. His sentiments may have been elevated and refined, for aught I knew, but what were they? My trumpeter Jakob was more intelligible than he; his upper teeth were gone, and the mutilated words were mashed out of all remaining shape against his gums. Then he had the singular habit of ejaculating the word *Ja!* (Yes!) in three different ways, after answering each of my questions. First, a decided, confirmatory *Ja!* then a pause, followed by a slow, interrogative *Ja?* as if it were the echo of some mental doubt; and finally, after a much longer pause, a profoundly melancholy, desponding, conclusive *Ja-a-a!* sighed forth from the very bottom of his lungs. Even when I only said, "Good morning!" the next day, these ejaculations followed, in the same order of succession.

One may find a counterpart to this habit in the *Wa'al* of the Yankee, except that the latter never is, nor could it well be, so depressing to hear as the *Ja* of Appenzell.

In the evening a dozen persons gathered around one of the long tables, and drank a pale, weak cider, made of apples and pears, and called "Most." I gave to one, with whom I found I could converse most easily, a glass of red wine, whereupon he said, "It is very impudent in me to take it."

Upon asking the same person how it was that I could understand him so much more readily than the others, he answered, "O, I can talk the written language when I try, but these others can't."

"Here," said I, pointing to the phi-

losopher, "is one who is quite incomprehensible."

"So he is to me."

They were all anxious to know whether our American troubles were nearly over; whether the President had the power to do further harm (he had too much power, they all thought); and whether our Congress could carry out its plan of reconstruction. Lincoln, they said, was the best man we ever had; when the play of "Lincoln's Death" was performed in the theatre at St. Gall, a great many Appenzellers hired omnibuses and went down from the mountains to see it.

I was aroused at daybreak by the chiming of bells, and soon afterwards muskets began to crack, near and far. Then there were noises all over the house, and presently what seemed to be a procession of horses or elephants began to thunder up and down the wooden stairs. In vain I tried to snatch the last and best morning nap; there was no end to the racket. So I arose, dressed, and went forth to observe. The inn was already transformed, from top to bottom, into a vast booth for meat and drink. Bedding and all other furniture had disappeared; every room, and even the open hall on each story, was filled with tables, benches, and chairs. My friend of the previous evening, who was going about with a white apron on and sleeves rolled up, said to me: "I am to be one of the waiters to-day. We have already made places for six hundred."

There were at least a dozen other amateur waiters on hand and busy. The landlord wore a leathern apron, and went from room to room, blowing into the hole of a wooden top which he carried in his hand, as if thereby to collect his ideas. A barrel of red and a barrel of white wine stood on trestles in the guests' room, and they were already filling the schoppins by hundreds and ranging them on shelves, — honestly filling, not as lager-bier is filled in New York, one third foam, but waiting until the froth subsided, and then pouring to the very brim. In

the kitchen there were three fires blazing, stacks of *Bratwurst* on the tables, great kettles for the sour-kraut and potatoes, and eggs, lettuce, and other finer viands, for the dignitaries, on the shelves. "Good morning," said the landlady, as I looked into this sanctuary, "you see we are ready for them."

While I was taking my coffee, the landlord called the waiters together, gave each a bag of small money for change, and then delivered a short, practical address concerning their duties for the day, — who were to be trusted and who not, how to keep order and prevent impatience, and, above all, how to preserve a proper circulation, in order that the greatest possible number of persons might be entertained. He closed with: "Once again, take notice and don't forget, every one of you, — *Most* 10 rappen (2 cents), bread 10, *Wurst* 15, tongue 10, wine 25 and 40," etc.

In the village there were signs of preparation, but not a dozen strangers had arrived. Wooden booths had been built against some of the houses, and the owners thereof were arranging their stores of gingerbread and coarse confectionery; on the open, grassy square, in front of the parsonage, stood a large platform, with a handsome railing around it, but the green slope of the hill in front was as deserted as an Alpine pasture. Looking westward over the valley, however, I could already see dark figures moving along the distant paths. The morning was overcast, but the Hundwyl Alp, streaked with snow, stood clear, and there was a prospect of good weather for the important day. As I loitered about the village, talking with the people, who, busy as they were, always found time for a friendly word, the movement in the landscape increased. Out of fir-woods, and over the ridges and out of the foldings of the hills, came the Appenzellers, growing into groups, and then into lines, until steady processions began to enter Hundwyl by every road. Every man was dressed in black, with a rusty stove-pipe hat

on his head, and a sword and umbrella in his hand or under his arm.

From time to time the church bells chimed; a brass band played the old melodies of the Canton; on each side of the governing Landamman's place on the platform stood a huge two-handed sword, centuries old, and the temper of the gathering crowd became earnest and solemn. Six old men, armed with pikes, walked about with an air of importance: their duty was to preserve order, but they had nothing to do. Policeman other than these, or soldier, was not to be seen; each man was a part of the government, and felt his responsibility. Carriages, light carts, and hay wagons, the latter filled with patriotic singers, now began to arrive, and I took my way to the Crown, in order to witness the arrival of the members of the Council.

In order to make the proceedings of the day more intelligible, I must first briefly sketch certain features of this little democracy, which it possesses in common with three other mountain Cantons, — the primitive forms which the republican principle assumed in Switzerland. In the first place the government is only representative so far as is required for its permanent, practical operation. The highest power in the land is the *Landsgemeinde*, or General Assembly of the People, by whom the members of the Executive Council are elected, and who alone can change, adopt, or abolish any law. All citizens above the age of eighteen, and all other Swiss citizens after a year's residence in the Canton, are not only allowed, but required, to attend the *Landsgemeinde*. There is a penalty for non-attendance. Outer-Rhoden contains forty-eight thousand inhabitants, of whom eleven thousand are under obligations to be present and vote, from beginning to end of the deliberations.

In Glarus and Unterwalden, where the population is smaller, the right of discussion is still retained by these assemblies, but in Appenzell it has been found expedient to abolish it.

Any change in the law, however, is first discussed in public meetings in the several communities, then put into form by the Council, published, read from all the pulpits for a month previous to the coming together of the *Landsgemeinde*, and then voted upon. But if the Council refuses to act upon the suggestion of any citizen whomsoever, and he honestly considers the matter one of importance, he is allowed to propose it directly to the people, provided he do so briefly and in an orderly manner. The Council, which may be called the executive power, consists of the governing Landamman and six associates, one of whom has the functions of treasurer, another of military commander, — in fact, a ministry on a small scale. The service of the persons elected to the Council is obligatory, and they receive no salaries. There is, it is true, a secondary Council, composed of the first, and representatives of the communities, one for every thousand inhabitants, in order to administer more intelligently the various departments of education, religion, justice, roads, the militia system, the poor, etc.; but the Assembly of the People can at any time reject or reverse its action. All citizens are not only equal before the law, but are assured liberty of conscience, of speech, and of labor. The right of support only belongs to those who are born citizens of the Canton. The old restriction of the *Heimathsrecht*, — the claim to be supported at the expense of the community in case of need, — narrow and illiberal as it seems to us, prevails all over Switzerland. In Appenzell a stranger can only acquire the right, which is really the right of citizenship, by paying twelve hundred francs into the cantonal treasury.

The governing Landamman is elected for two years, but the other members of the Council may be re-elected from year to year, as often as the people see fit. The obligation to serve, therefore, may sometimes seriously incommode the person chosen; he cannot resign, and his only chance of escape lies in

leaving the Canton temporarily, and publishing his intention of quitting it altogether in case the people refuse to release him from office! This year, it happened that two members of the Council had already taken this step, while three others had appealed to the people not to re-elect them. The *Landsgemeinde* at Hundwyl was to decide upon all these applications, and therefore promised to be of more than usual interest. The people had had time to consider the matter, and, it was supposed, had generally made up their minds; yet I found no one willing to give me a hint of their action in advance.

The two remaining members presently made their appearance, accompanied by the Chancellor, to whom I was recommended. The latter kindly offered to accompany me to the parsonage, the windows of which, directly in the rear of the platform, would enable me to hear, as well as see, the proceedings. The clergyman, who was preparing for the service which precedes the opening of the *Landsgemeinde*, showed me the nail upon which hung the key of the study, and gave me liberty to take possession at any time. The clock now struck nine, and a solemn peal of bells announced the time of service. A little procession formed in front of the inn; first the music, then the clergyman and the few members of the government, bareheaded, and followed by the two *Weibels* (apparitors), who wore long mantles, the right half white and the left half black. The old pikemen walked on either side. The people uncovered as they took their way around the church to the chancel door; then as many as could be accommodated entered at the front.

I entered with them, taking my place on the men's side, — the sexes being divided, as is usual in Germany. After the hymn, in which boys' voices were charmingly heard, and the prayer, the clergyman took a text from Corinthians, and proceeded to preach a good, sound political sermon, which, nevertheless, did not in the least shock the honest

piety of his hearers. I noticed with surprise that most of the men put on their hats at the close of the prayer. Only once did they remove them afterwards, — when the clergyman, after describing the duties before them, and the evils and difficulties which beset every good work, suddenly said, "Let us pray to God to help and direct us!" and interpolated a short prayer in the midst of his sermon. The effect was all the more impressive, because, though so unexpected, it was entirely simple and natural. These democrats of Appenzell have not yet made the American discovery that pulpits are profaned by any utterance of national sentiment, or any application of Christian doctrine to politics. They even hold their municipal elections in the churches, and consider that the act of voting is thereby solemnized, not that the holy building is desecrated! But then, you will say, this is the democracy of the Middle Ages.

When the service was over, I could scarcely make my way through the throng which had meanwhile collected. The sun had come out hot above the Hundwyl Alp, and turned the sides of the valley into slopes of dazzling sheen. Already every table in the inns was filled, every window crowded with heads, the square a dark mass of voters of all ages and classes, lawyers and clergymen being packed together with grooms and brown Alpine herdsmen; and, after the government had been solemnly escorted to its private chamber, four musicians in antique costume announced, with drum and fife, the speedy opening of the Assembly. But first came the singing societies of Herisau, and forced their way into the centre of the throng, where they sang, simply yet grandly, the songs of Appenzell. The people listened with silent satisfaction; not a man seemed to think of applauding.

I took my place in the pastor's study, and inspected the crowd. On the steep slope of the village square and the rising field beyond, more than ten thousand men were gathered, packed as

closely as they could stand. The law requires them to appear armed and "respectably dressed." The short swords, very much like our marine cutlasses, which they carried, were intended for show rather than service. Very few wore them: sometimes they were tied up with umbrellas, but generally carried loose in the hand or under the arm. The rich manufacturers of Trogen and Herisau and Teufen had belts and silver-mounted dress-swords. With scarce an exception, every man was habited in black, and wore a stove-pipe hat, but the latter was in most cases brown and battered. Both circumstances were thus explained to me: as the people vote with the uplifted hand, the hat must be of a dark color, as a background, to bring out the hands more distinctly; then, since rain would spoil a good hat (and it rains much at this season), they generally take an old one. I could now understand the advertisements of "second-hand cylinder hats for sale," which I had noticed, the day before, in the newspapers of the Canton. The slope of the hill was such that the hats of the lower ranks concealed the faces of those immediately behind, and the assembly was the darkest and densest I ever beheld. Here and there the top of a scarlet waistcoat flashed out of the cloud with astonishing brilliancy.

With solemn music, and attended by the apparitors, in their two-colored mantles, and the ancient pikemen, the few officials ascended the platform. The chief of the two Landammänner present took his station in front, between the two-handed swords, and began to address the assembly. Suddenly a dark cloud seemed to roll away from the faces of the people; commencing in front of the platform, and spreading rapidly to the edges of the compact throng, the hats disappeared, and the ten thousand faces, in the full light of the sun, blended into a ruddy mass. But no; each head retained its separate character, and the most surprising circumstance of the scene was the distinctness with which each hu-

man being held fast to his individuality in the multitude. Nature has drawn no object with so firm a hand, nor painted it with such tenacious clearness of color, as the face of man. The inverted crescent of sharp light had a different curve on each individual brow before me; the little illuminated dot on the end of the nose under it hinted at the form of the nostrils in shadow. As the hats had before concealed the faces, so now each face was relieved against the breast of the man beyond, and in front of me were thousands of heads to be seen, touching each other like so many ovals drawn on a dark plane.

The address was neither so brief nor so practical as it might have been. Earnest, well meant, and apparently well received, there was nevertheless much in it which the plain, semi-educated weavers and Alpadores in the assembly could not possibly have comprehended; as, for instance, "May a garland of confidence be twined around your deliberations!" At the close, the speaker said, "Let us pray!" and for a few moments there were bowed heads and utter silence. The first business was the financial report for the year, which had been printed and distributed among the people weeks before. They were now asked whether they would appoint a commission to test its accuracy, but they unanimously declined to do so. The question was put by one of the apparitors, who first removed his cocked hat, and cried, in a tremendous voice, "Faithful and beloved fellow-citizens, and brethren of the Union!"

Now came the question of releasing the tired Landammänner of the previous year from office. The first application in order was that of the governing Landamman, Dr. Zürcher. The people voted directly thereupon; there was a strong division of sentiment, but the majority allowed him to resign. His place was therefore to be filled at once. The names of candidates were called out by the crowd. There were six in all; and as both the members of the Council were among them, the latter

summoned six well-known citizens upon the platform, to decide the election. The first vote reduced the number of candidates to two, and the voting was then repeated until one of these received an undoubted majority. Dr. Roth, of Teufen, was the fortunate man. As soon as the decision was announced, several swords were held up in the crowd to indicate where the new governor was to be found. The musicians and pikemen made a lane to him through the multitude, and he was conducted to the platform with the sound of fife and drum. He at once took his place between the swords, and made a brief address, which the people heard with uncovered heads. He did not yet, however, assume the black silk mantle which belongs to his office. He was a man of good presence, prompt, and self-possessed in manner, and conducted the business of the day very successfully.

The election of the remaining members occupied much more time. All the five applicants were released from service, and with scarcely a dissenting hand: wherein, I thought, the people showed very good sense. The case of one of these officials, Herr Euler, was rather hard. He was the *Landes-säckelmeister* (Treasurer), and the law makes him personally responsible for every farthing which passes through his hands. Having, with the consent of the Council, invested thirty thousand francs in a banking-house at Rheineck, the failure of the house obliged him to pay this sum out of his own pocket. He did so, and then made preparations to leave the Canton in case his resignation was not accepted.

For most of the places from ten to fourteen candidates were named, and when these were reduced to two, nearly equally balanced in popular favor, the voting became very spirited. The apparitor, who was chosen on account of his strength of voice (the candidates for that office must be tested in this respect), had hard work that day. The same formula must be repeated before every vote, in this wise: "Herr Landam-

man, gentlemen, faithful and beloved fellow-citizens and brethren of the Union, if it seems good to you to choose so-and-so as your treasurer for the coming year, so lift up your hands!" Then, all over the dark mass, thousands of hands flew into the sunshine, rested a moment, and gradually sank with a fluttering motion, which made me think of leaves flying from a hillside forest in the autumn winds. As each election was decided, and the choice was announced, swords were lifted to show the location of the new official in the crowd, and he was then brought upon the platform with fife and drum. Nearly two hours elapsed before the gaps were filled, and the government was again complete.

Then followed the election of judges for the judicial districts, which, in most cases, were almost unanimous re-elections. These are repeated from year to year, so long as the people are satisfied. Nearly all the citizens of Outer-Rhoden were before me; I could distinctly see three fourths of their faces, and I detected no expression except that of a grave, conscientious interest in the proceedings. Their patience was remarkable. Closely packed, man against man, in the hot, still sunshine, they stood quietly for nearly three hours, and voted upwards of two hundred and seven times before the business of the day was completed. A few old men on the edges of the crowd slipped away for a quarter of an hour, in order, as one of them told me, "to keep their stomachs from giving way entirely," and some of the younger fellows took a schoppin of *Most* for the same purpose; but they generally returned and resumed their places as soon as refreshed.

The close of the *Landsgemeinde* was one of the most impressive spectacles I ever witnessed. When the elections were over, and no further duty remained, the Parson Etter of Hundwyl ascended the platform. The governing Landamman assumed his black mantle of office, and, after a brief prayer, took the oath of inauguration from

the clergyman. He swore to further the prosperity and honor of the land, to ward off misfortune from it, to uphold the Constitution and laws, to protect the widows and orphans, and to secure the equal rights of all, nor through favor, hostility, gifts, or promises to be turned aside from doing the same. The clergyman repeated the oath sentence by sentence, both holding up the oath-fingers of the right hand, the people looking on silent and uncovered.

The governing Landamman now turned to the assembly, and read them their oath, that they likewise should further the honor and prosperity of the land, preserve its freedom and its equal rights, obey the laws, protect the Council and the judges, take no gift or favor from any prince or potentate, and that each one should accept and perform, to the best of his ability, any service to which he might be chosen. After this had been read, the Landamman lifted his right hand, with the oath-fingers extended; his colleagues on the platform, and every man of the ten or eleven thousand present, did the same. The silence was so profound that the chirp of a bird on the hillside took entire possession of the air. Then the Landamman slowly and solemnly spoke these words: "I have well understood that—which has been read to me;—I will always and exactly observe it,—faithfully and without reservation,—so truly as I wish and pray—that God help me!" At each pause, the same words were repeated by every man, in a low, subdued tone. The hush was else so complete, the words were spoken with such measured firmness, that I caught each as it came, not as from the lips of men, but from a vast, supernatural murmur in the air. The effect was indescribable. Far off on the horizon was the white vision of an Alp, but all the hidden majesty of those supreme mountains was nothing to the scene before me. When the last words had been spoken, the hands sank slowly, and the crowd stood a moment locked together, with grave faces and gleaming eyes, until the spirit that had

descended upon them passed. Then they dissolved ; the *Landsgemeinde* was over.

In my inn, I should think more than the expected six hundred had found place. From garret to cellar, every corner was occupied ; bread, wine, and steamy dishes passed in a steady whirl from kitchen and tap-room into all the roaring chambers. In the other inns it was the same, and many took their drink and provender in the open air. I met my philosopher of the previous evening, who said, "Now, what do you think of our *Landsgemeinde*?" and followed my answer with his three *Ja's*, the last a more desponding sigh than ever. Since the business was over, I judged that the people would be less reserved,—which, indeed, was the case. Nearly all with whom I spoke expressed their satisfaction with the day's work. I walked through the crowds in all directions, vainly seeking for personal beauty. There were few women present, but a handsome man is only less beautiful than a beautiful woman, and I like to look at the former when the latter is absent. I was surprised at the great proportion of under-sized men ; only weaving, in close rooms, for several generations, could have produced so many squat bodies and short legs. The Appenzellers are neither a handsome nor a picturesque race, and their language harmonizes with their features ; but I learned, during that day at Hundwyl, to like and to respect them.

Pastor Etter insisted on my dining with him ; two younger clergymen were also guests, and my friend the Chancellor Engwiller came to make further kind offers of service. The people of each parish, I learned, elect their own pastor, and pay him his salary. In municipal matters the same democratic system prevails as in the cantonal government. Education is well provided for, and the morals of the community are watched and guarded by a committee consisting of the pastor and two officials elected by the people. Outer-Rhoden is almost exclusively

Protestant, while Inner-Rhoden — the mountain region around the Sentis — is Catholic. Although thus geographically and politically connected, there was formerly little intercourse between the inhabitants of the two parts of the Canton, owing to their religious differences ; but now they come together in a friendly way, and are beginning to intermarry.

After dinner, the officials departed in carriages, to the sound of trumpets, and thousands of the people followed. Again the roads and paths leading away over the green hills were dark with lines of pedestrians ; but a number of those whose homes lay nearest to Hundwyl lingered to drink and gossip out the day. A group of herdsmen, over whose brown faces the high stove-pipe hat looked doubly absurd, gathered in a ring, and while one of them yodelled the *Ranz des Vaches* of Appenzell, the others made an accompaniment with their voices, imitating the sound of cow-bells. They were lusty, jolly fellows, and their songs hardly came to an end. I saw one man who might be considered as positively drunk, but no other who was more than affectionately and socially excited. Towards sunset they all dropped off, and when the twilight settled down heavy, and threatening rain, there was no stranger but myself in the little village. "I have done tolerably well," said the landlord, "but I can't count my gains until day after to-morrow, when the scores run up to-day must be paid off." Considering that in my own bill lodging was set down at six, and breakfast at twelve cents, even the fifteen hundred guests whom he entertained during the day could not have given him a very splendid profit.

Taking a weaver of the place as guide, I set off early the next morning for the village of Appenzell, the capital of Inner-Rhoden. The way led me back into the valley of the Sitter, thence up towards the Sentis Alp, winding around and over a multitude of hills. The same smooth, even, velvety carpet of grass was spread upon the land-

scape, covering every undulation of the surface, except where the rocks had frayed themselves through. There is no greener land upon the earth. The grass, from centuries of cultivation, has become so rich and nutritious, that the inhabitants can no longer spare even a little patch of ground for a vegetable garden, for the reason that the same space produces more profit in hay. The green comes up to their very doors, and they grudge even the foot-paths which connect them with their neighbors. Their vegetables are brought up from the lower valleys of Thurgau. The first mowing had commenced at the time of my visit, and the farmers were employing irrigation and manure to bring on the second crop. By this means they are enabled to mow the same fields every five or six weeks. The process gives the whole region a smoothness, a mellow splendor of color, such as I never saw elsewhere, not even in England.

A walk of two hours through such scenery brought me out of the Sitter Tobel, and in sight of the little Alpine basin in which lies Appenzell. It was raining slowly and dismally, and the broken, snow-crowned peaks of the Kamor and the Hohe Kasten stood like livid spectres of mountains against the stormy sky. I made haste to reach the compact, picturesque little town, and shelter myself in an inn, where a landlady with rippled golden hair and features like one of Dante Rossetti's women, offered me trout for dinner. Out of the back window I looked for the shattered summits of the Sentis, which rise five thousand feet above the valley, but they were invisible. The vertical walls of the Ebenalp, in which are the grotto and chapel of Wildkirchli, towered over the nearer hills, and I saw with regret that they were still above the snow line. It was impossible to penetrate much farther without better weather; but I decided, while enjoying my trout, to make another trial,—to take the road to Urnäsch, and thence pass westward into the renowned valley of the Toggenburg.

The people of Inner-Rhoden are the most picturesque of the Appenzellers. The men wear a round skull-cap of leather, sometimes brilliantly embroidered, a jacket of coarse drilling, drawn on over the head, and occasionally knee-breeches. Early in May the herdsmen leave their winter homes in the valleys and go with their cattle to the *Matten*, or lofty mountain pastures. The most intelligent cows, selected as leaders for the herd, march in advance, with enormous bells, sometimes a foot in diameter, suspended to their necks by bands of embroidered leather; then follow the others, and the bull, who, singularly enough, carries the milking-pail, garlanded with flowers, between his horns, brings up the rear. The Alpadores are in their finest Sunday costume, and the sound of yodel-songs—the very voice of Alpine landscapes—echoes from every hill. Such a picture as this, under the cloudless blue of a fortunate May day, makes the heart of the Appenzeller light. He goes joyously up to his summer labor, and makes his herb-cheese on the heights, while his wife weaves and embroiders muslin in the valley until his return.

In the afternoon I set out for Urnäsch, with a bright boy as guide. Hot gleams of sunshine now and then struck like fire across the green mountains, and the Sentis partly unveiled his stubborn forehead of rock. Behind him, however, lowered inky thunder-clouds, and long before the afternoon's journey was made it was raining below and snowing aloft. The scenery grew more broken and abrupt the farther I penetrated into the country, but it was everywhere as thickly peopled and as wonderfully cultivated. At Gonten, there is a large building for the whey-cure of overfed people of the world. A great many such, I was told, come to Appenzell for the summer. Many of the persons we met not only said, "God greet you!" but immediately added, "Adieu!"—like the *Salve et vale!* of classical times.

Beyond Gonten the road dropped into a wild ravine, the continual wind-

ings of which rendered it very attractive. I found enough to admire in every farm-house by the wayside, with its warm wood-color, its quaint projecting balconies, and coat of shingle mail. When the ravine opened, and the deep valley of Urnäsch, before me, appeared between cloven heights of snow, disclosing six or eight square miles of perfect emerald, over which the village is scattered, I was fully repaid for having pressed farther into the heart of the land. There were still two hours until night, and I might have gone on to the Rossfall,—a cascade three or four miles higher up the valley,—but the clouds were threatening, and the distant mountain-sides already dim under the rain.

At the village inn I found several herdsmen and mechanics, each with a bottle of Rheinthaler wine before him. They were ready and willing to give me all the information I needed. In order to reach the Toggenburg, they said, I must go over the Krätzerwald. It was sometimes a dangerous journey; the snow was many cubits deep, and at this time of the year it was frequently so soft that a man would sink to his hips. To-day, however, there had been thunder, and after thunder the snow is always hard-packed, so that you can walk on it; but to cross the Krätzerwald without a guide,—never! For two hours you were in a wild forest, not a house, nor even a *Sennhütt*' (herdsman's cabin) to be seen, and no proper path, but a clambering hither and thither, in snow and mud; with this weather,—yes, one *could* get into Toggenburg that way, they said, but not alone, and

only because there had been thunder on the mountains.

But all night the rain beat against my chamber window, and in the morning the lower slopes of the mountains were gray with new snow, which no thunder had packed. Indigo-colored clouds lay heavily on all the Alpine peaks; the air was raw and chilly, and the roads slippery. In such weather the scenery is not only shrouded, but the people are shut up in their homes,—wherefore further travel would not have been repaid. I had already seen the greater part of the little land, and so gave up my thwarted plans the more cheerfully. When the post-omnibus for Herisau came to the inn door, I took my seat therein, saying, like Schiller's *Sennbub*, "*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl, Ihr sonnigen Weiden!*"

The country became softer and lovelier as the road gradually fell towards Herisau, which is the richest and steepest town of the Canton. I saw little of it except the hospitable home of my friend the Chancellor, for we had brought the Alpine weather with us. The architecture of the place, nevertheless, is charming, the town being composed of country-houses, balconied and shingled, and set down together in the most irregular way, every street shooting off at a different angle. A mile beyond, I reached the edge of the mountain region, and again looked down upon the prosperous valley of St. Gall. Below me was the railway, and as I sped towards Zurich that afternoon, the top of the Sentis, piercing through a mass of dark rain-clouds, was my last glimpse of the Little Land of Appenzell.

THE LOST GENIUS.

A GIANT came to me, when I was young,
My instant will to ask,—
My earthly Servant, from the earth he sprung
Eager for any task!

“What wilt thou, O my Master?” he began;
“Whatever can be,” I.
“Say but thy wish,—whate’er thou wilt I can,”
The strong Slave made reply.

“Enter the earth and bring its riches forth,
For pearls explore the sea.”
He brought from East and West, and South and North,
All treasures back to me!

“Build me a palace wherein I may dwell.”
“Awake, and see it done,”
Spake his great voice at dawn. O miracle,
That glittered in the sun!

“Find me the princess fit for my embrace,
The vision of my breast,—
For her search every clime and every race.”
My yearning arms were blessed!

“Get me all knowledge.” Sages with their lore,
And poets with their songs,
Crowded my palace halls at every door,
In mute obedient throngs!

“Now bring me wisdom.” Long ago he went;
(The cold task harder seems;)
He did not hasten with the last content,—
The rest, meanwhile, were dreams!

Houseless and poor, on many a trackless road,
Without a guide, I found
A white-haired phantom with the world his load
Bending him to the ground!

“I bring thee wisdom, Master.” Is it he,
I marvelled then, in sooth?
“Thy palace-builder, beauty-seeker see!”
I saw the Ghost of Youth!

CINCINNATI.

THE French possessors of the Western country used to call the Ohio the Beautiful River; and they might well think it beautiful who came into it from the flat-shored, mountainous Mississippi, and found themselves winding about among lofty, steep, and picturesque hills, covered with foliage, and fringed at the bottom with a strip of brilliant grass. But travellers from the Atlantic States, accustomed as they are to the clear, sparkling waters and to the brimming fullness of such rivers as the James, the Delaware, and the Hudson, do not at once perceive the fitness of the old French name, *La Belle Rivière*. The water of the Ohio is yellow, and there is usually a wide slope of yellow earth on each side of the stream, from which the water has receded, and over which it will flow again at the next "rise." It is always rising or falling. As at the South the item of most interest in the newspapers is the price of cotton, and in New York the price of gold, so in the West the special duty of the newspaperer is to keep the public advised of the depth of the rivers. The Ohio, during the rainy seasons, is forty feet deeper than it is during the dry. Between the notch which marks the lowest point to which the river has ever fallen at Cincinnati and that which records the point of its highest rise, the distance is sixty-four feet. If our Eastern rivers were capable of such vacillation as this, our large cities would go under once or twice a year.

In truth, those great and famous Western rivers are ditches dug by Nature as part of the drainage system of the continent, — mere means of carrying off the surplus water when it rains. At the East, the water plays a part in the life, in the pleasures, in the imagination and memories of the people. We go down to Coney Island of a hot afternoon; we take a trip to

Cape May; we sail in Boston Harbor; we go upon moonlight excursions, attended by a cotillon band; we spend a day at the fishing banks; we go up the Erie Railroad for a week's trout-fishing; we own a share in a small schooner; we have yacht clubs and boat races; we build villas which command a water view. There is little of this in the Western country; for the rivers are not very inviting, and the great lakes are dangerous. They tried yachting at Chicago a few years ago, but on the experimental trip a squall capsized the vessel, and the crew had the ignominy of spending several hours upon the keel, from which a passing craft rescued them. Then, as to excursions, there is upon the lakes the deadly peril of sea-sickness; upon the rivers there is no great relief from the heat; and upon neither are there convenient places to visit. All you can do is, to go a certain distance, turn round, and come back; which is a flat, uncheering, pointless sort of thing. Upon the whole, therefore, the Western waters contribute little to the relief and enjoyment of the people who live near them. We noticed at the large town of Erie, some years ago, that not one house had been placed so as to afford its inmates a view of the lake, though the shores offered most convenient sites; nor did the people ever come down to see the lake, apparently, as there was no path worn upon the grassy bluff overlooking it.

The Ohio River has another inconvenience. The bottom-land, as it is called, between the water's edge and the hills, is generally low and narrow. Nowhere is there room for a large city; nor can the hills be dug away except by paring down a great part of Ohio and Kentucky. When the traveller has climbed to the top of those winding mountains, he has only reached the average summit of the country; for

it is not the banks of the river that are high, but the river itself which is low. It is an error to say that the Ohio is a river with lofty banks. Those continuous hills, around which this river winds and curls and bends and loops, are simply the hills of the country through which the river had to find its way. We were astonished, in getting to the top of Cincinnati, after a panting walk up a zigzag road, to discover that we had only mounted to the summit of one billow in an ocean of hills.

There is always a reason why a city is just where it is. Nothing is more controlled by law than the planting, the growth, and the decline of cities. Even the particular site is not a thing of chance, as we can see in the sites of Paris, London, Constantinople, and every other great city of the world. A town exists by supplying to the country about it the commodities which the country cannot procure for itself. In the infancy of the Ohio settlements, when it was still to be determined which of them would take the lead, the commodity most in request and hardest to be obtained was *safety*; and it was Cincinnati that was soonest able to supply this most universal object of desire. In December, 1788, fifteen or twenty men floated down the Ohio among the masses of moving ice, and, landing upon the site of Cincinnati, built cabins, and marked out a town. Matthias Denman of New Jersey had bought eight hundred acres of land there, at fifteen-pence an acre, and this party of adventurers planted themselves upon it with his assistance and in his interest. Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians were finding their way down the Ohio, and founding settlements here and there, whenever a sufficient number of pioneers could be gathered to defend themselves against the Indians. President Washington sent a few companies of troops for their protection, and the great question was where those troops should be posted. The major in command was at first disposed to establish them at North Bend; but while he was selecting a place there for

his fort, he fell in with a pair of brilliant black eyes, — the property of one of the settler's wives. He paid such assiduous court to the lady, that her husband deemed it best to remove his family to another settlement, and pitched upon Cincinnati. The major then began to doubt whether, after all, North Bend *was* the proper place for a military work, and deemed it best to examine Cincinnati first. He was delighted with Cincinnati. He removed the troops thither, built a fort, and thus rendered the neighborhood the safest spot below Pittsburg. This event was decisive: Cincinnati took the lead of the Ohio towns, and kept it.

In all the history of Cincinnati, this is the only incident we have found that savors of the romantic.

Those black eyes lured Major Doughty to the only site on the Ohio upon which one hundred thousand people could conveniently live without climbing a very steep and high hill. It is also about midway between the source of the river and its mouth; the Ohio being nine hundred and fifty-nine miles long, and Cincinnati five hundred and one miles from the Mississippi. The city is nearly the centre of the great valley of the Ohio; it is, indeed, exactly where it should be, and exactly where the metropolis of the valley might have been even if Major Doughty had not been susceptible to the charms of lovely woman. It is superfluous to say that Cincinnati is situated on a "bend" of the Ohio, since the Ohio is nothing but bends, and anything that is situated upon it must be upon a bend. This river employs itself continually in writing the letter S upon the surface of the earth. At Cincinnati, the hills recede from the shore on each side of the river about a mile and a half, leaving space enough for a large town, but not for the great city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants to which it has grown.

Cincinnati is an odd name for a town, whether we regard it as a genitive singular, or as a nominative plural. The story goes, that the first settlers

appointed a committee of one to name the place. The gentleman selected for this duty had been a schoolmaster, and he brought to bear upon the task all the learning appertaining to his former vocation. He desired to express in the name of the future city the fact that it was situated opposite the mouth of the Licking River. He was aware that *vill*e was French for "city," that *os* was Latin for "mouth"; that *anti* in composition could mean "opposite to"; and that the first letter of Licking was L. By combining these various fragments of knowledge, he produced at length the word LOSANTIVILLE, which his comrades accepted as the name of their little cluster of log huts, and by this name it appears on some of the earliest maps of the Ohio. But the glory of the schoolmaster was short-lived. When the village had attained the respectable age of fifteen months, General St. Clair visited it on a tour of inspection, and laughed the name to scorn. Having laid out a county of which this village was the only inhabited spot, he named the county Hamilton, and insisted upon calling the village Cincinnati, after the society of which both himself and Colonel Hamilton were members. In that summer of 1790 Cincinnati consisted of forty log cabins, two small frame houses, and a fort garrisoned by a company or two of troops.

We sometimes speak of "the Western cities," as though the word "Western" was sufficiently descriptive, and as though the cities west of the Alleghany Mountains were all alike. This is far from being the case. Every city in the Western country, as well as every State, county, and neighborhood, has a character of its own, derived chiefly from the people who settled it. Berlin is not more different from Vienna, Lyons is not more different from Marseilles, Birmingham is not more different from Liverpool, than Cincinnati is from Chicago or St. Louis; and all these differences date back to the origin of those cities. The Ohio, formed by the junction of two Pennsylvania rivers, is the natural western outlet for the

redundant population of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and consequently the first twenty thousand inhabitants of Cincinnati were chiefly from those States,—honest, plodding, saving Protestants, with less knowledge and less public spirit than the people of New England. The Swedes, the Danes, the Germans, the Protestant Irish, who poured into Pennsylvania and New Jersey in Franklin's time, attracted by the perfect toleration established by William Penn, were excellent people; but they had not the activity of mind nor the spiritual life of the English Puritans. Shrewd calculators and of indomitable industry, they were more able to accumulate property than disposed to risk it in bold, far-reaching enterprises, and took more pride in possessing than in displaying wealth,—in having a large barn than an attractive residence. They were more certain to build a church than a school-house, and few of them wanted anything of the book-pedler except an almanac. The descendants of such men founded Cincinnati, and made it a thriving, bustling, dull, unintellectual place. Then came in a spice of Yankees to enliven the mass, to introduce some quickening heresies, to promote schools, to found libraries, to establish new manufactures and stimulate public improvements. That wondrous tide of Germans followed that has made in each of the cities of the West a populous German quarter,—a town within a town. Meanwhile, young men from the Southern States, in considerable numbers, settled in Cincinnati, between whom and the daughters of the rich "Hunkers" of the town marriages were frequent, and the families thus created were, from 1830 to 1861, the reigning power in the city.

Perhaps there was no town of its size and wealth in Christendom which had less of the higher intellectual life and less of an enlightened public spirit than Cincinnati before the war. It had become exceedingly rich. Early in its career the great difficulty and expense of transporting goods across the moun-

tains and down the winding Ohio had forced the people into manufacturing, and Cincinnati became the great workshop, as well as the exchange, of the vast and populous valley of the Ohio. Its wealth was legitimately earned. It was Cincinnati which originated and perfected the system which packs fifteen bushels of corn into a pig, and packs that pig into a barrel, and sends him over the mountains and over the ocean to feed mankind. Cincinnati imported or made nearly all that the people of three or four States could afford to buy, and received from them nearly all that they could spare in return, and made a profit on both transactions. This business, upon the whole, was done honestly and well. Immense fortunes were made. Nicholas Longworth died worth twelve millions, and there are now in that young city sixty-four persons whose estate is rated at a million dollars or more. But, with all this wealth and this talent for business, the people of Cincinnati displayed little of that spirit of improvement which has converted Chicago, in thirty years, from a quagmire into a beautiful city, and made it accessible to all the people of the prairies. There was too much ballast, as it were, for so little sail. People were intent on their own affairs, and were satisfied if their own business prospered. Such a thing even as a popular lecture was rare, and a well-sustained course of lectures was felt to be out of the question. Books of the higher kind were in little demand (that is, little, considering the size and great wealth of the place); there was little taste for art; few concerts were given, and there was no drama fit to entertain intellectual persons. Cincinnati was the Old Hunkers' paradise. Separated from a Slave State only by a river one third of a mile wide, with her leading families connected by marriage with those of Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland, and her business men having important relations with the South, there was no city—not even Baltimore—that was more saturated with the spirit of

Hunkerism,—that horrid blending of vanity and avarice which made the Northern people equal sharers in the guilt of slavery, while taking the lion's share of the profit. It was at Cincinnati, in 1836, that a mob of most respectable citizens, having first "resolved" in public meeting that "Abolition papers" should neither be "published nor distributed" in the town, broke into the office of James G. Birney's "Philanthropist," and scattered the types, and threw the press into the river. It was at Cincinnati, in 1841, that the authorities were compelled to fill the prisons with negroes to protect them from massacre. Similar scenes have occurred in other cities, but violence of this kind meant more at Cincinnati than in most places, for the people here have always been noted for their orderly habits and their regard for law.

The war regenerated Cincinnati. We do not say *began* to regenerate it, because the word "regeneration" means but the beginning of a new life. There were few of the leading families which did not furnish to the Rebellion one adherent, and all men, of whatever class, were compelled to choose between their country and its foes. The great mass of the people knew not a moment of hesitation, and a tide of patriotic feeling set in which silenced, expelled, or converted the adherents of the Rebellion. The old business relations with the South, so profitable and so corrupting, were broken up, and Cincinnati found better occupation in supplying the government with gunboats and military stores. The prestige of the old "aristocracy" was lost; its power was broken; it no longer controlled elections, nor monopolized offices, nor lowered the tone of public feeling. Cincinnati was born again,—*began* a new life. There is now prevalent among the rulers of the city that noblest trait of freemen, that supreme virtue of the citizen,—PUBLIC SPIRIT; the blessed fruits of which are already apparent, and which is about to render the city a true metropolis to the valley.

of the Ohio, the fostering mother of all that aids and adorns civilization.

Cincinnati, like New York, is a cluster of towns and cities, bearing various names, and situated in different States. Persons ambitious of municipal offices would do well to remove to this place; since, within the limits of what is really Cincinnati, there are seven mayors, seven boards of aldermen, seven distinct and completely organized cities. A citizen of New York might well stand aghast at the announcement of such a fact as this, and only recover his consciousness to try mentally an impossible sum in the double rule of three: If one mayor and corporation, in a city of a million and a half of inhabitants, steal ten millions of dollars per annum, how much will seven mayors and seven corporations "appropriate" in a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants? The reader is excused from "doing" this hard sum, and we hasten to assure him that Cincinnati is governed by and for her own citizens, who take the same care of the public money as of their own private store. We looked into the Council Chamber of Cincinnati one morning, and we can testify that the entire furniture of that apartment, though it is substantial and sufficient, cost about as much as some single articles in the councilmen's room of the New York City Hall, — say the clock, the chandelier, or the chairman's throne. The people of Cincinnati are so primitive in their ideas, that they would regard the man who should steal the public money as a baser thief than he who should merely pick a private pocket. They have actually carried "this sort of thing" so far as to elect and re-elect as Mayor of the city proper that honest, able, generous Republican, CHARLES F. WILSTACH, a member of the great publishing house of Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin, — a gentleman who, though justly proud of the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and enjoying the honor they have conferred upon him, uses the entire power, influence, and income of his office in promoting the higher

welfare of the city. He is the great patron of the Mechanics' Institute, which gave instruction last winter to two hundred and fifty evening pupils in drawing, mathematics, and engineering, at three dollars each for four months, besides affording them access to a library and pleasant rooms. Charles Wilstach, in short, is what Mr. Joseph Hoxie would call "a Peter Cooper sort of man." Imagine New York electing Peter Cooper mayor! It was like going back to the primitive ages, — to that remote period when Benjamin Franklin was printer and public servant, and when Samuel Adams served the State, — to see the Mayor of Cincinnati performing his full share of the labor of conducting a business that employs a hundred and fifty persons, and yet punctual at his office in the City Hall, and strictly attentive to its duties during five of the best hours of the day.

There are seven mayors about Cincinnati for the reasons following. On the southern bank of the Ohio, opposite the city, many large manufactories have found convenient sites, and thus the city of Covington has grown up, divided into two towns by the river Licking. Then there are five clusters of villas in the suburbs of Cincinnati, over the hill, each of which has deemed it best to organize itself into a city, in order to keep itself select and exclusive, and to make its own little laws and regulations. The mayors and aldermen of these minute rural villages are business men of Cincinnati, who drive in to their stores every morning, and home again in the evening. Thus you may meet aldermen at every corner, and buy something in a store from a mayor, and get his autograph at the end of a bill, without being aware of the honor done you. No autographs are more valued in Cincinnati than the signatures of these municipal magnates.

But let us look at the city. The river presents a novel and animated scene. On the Kentucky shore lies Covington, dark and low, a mass of brick factories

and tall chimneys, from which the blackest smoke is always ascending, and spreading over the valley, and filling it with smoke. Over Cincinnati, too, a dense cloud of smoke usually hangs, every chimney contributing its quota to the mass. The universal use of the cheap bituminous coal (seventeen cents a bushel, — twenty-five bushels to a ton) is making these Western cities almost as dingy as London. Smoke pervades every house in Cincinnati, begrimes the carpets, blackens the curtains, soils the paint, and worries the ladies. House-keepers assured us that the all-pervading smoke nearly doubles the labor of keeping a house tolerably clean, and absolutely prevents the spotless cleanliness of a Boston or Philadelphia house. A lady who wears light-colored garments, ribbons, or gloves in Cincinnati must be either very young, very rich, or very extravagant: ladies of good sense or experience never think of wearing them. Clean hearts abound in Cincinnati, but not clean hands. The smoke deposits upon all surfaces a fine soot, especially upon men's woolen clothes, so that a man cannot touch his own coat without blackening his fingers. The stranger, for a day or two, keeps up a continual washing of his hands, but he soon sees the folly of it, and abandons them to their fate. A letter written at Cincinnati on a damp day, when the Stygian pall lies low upon the town, carries with it the odor of bituminous smoke to cheer the homesick son of Ohio at Calcutta or Canton. This universal smoke is a tax upon every inhabitant, which can be estimated in money, and the sum total of which is millions per annum. Is there no remedy? Did not Dr. Franklin invent a smoke-consuming stove? Are there no Yankees in the West?

Before the traveller loitering along the levee has done wondering at the smoke, his eye is caught by the new wire suspension bridge, which springs out from the summit of the broad, steep levee to a lofty tower (two hundred feet high) near the water's edge, and then, at one leap, clears the whole river, and

lands upon another tower upon the Covington side. From tower to tower the distance is one thousand and fifty-seven feet; the entire length of the bridge is two thousand two hundred and fifty-two feet; and it is hung one hundred feet above low-water mark by two cables of wire. Seen from below and at a little distance, it looks like gossamer work, and as though the wind could blow it away, and waft its filmy fragments out of sight. But the tread of a drove of elephants would not bend nor jar it. The Rock of Gibraltar does not feel firmer under foot than this spider's web of a bridge, over which trains of cars pass one another, as well as ceaseless tides of vehicles and pedestrians. It is estimated that, besides its own weight of six hundred tons, it will sustain a burden of sixteen thousand tons. In other words, the whole population of Cincinnati might get upon it without danger of being let down into the river. This remarkable work, constructed at a cost of one million and three quarters, was begun nine years ago, and has tasked the patience and the faith of the two cities severely; but now that it is finished, Cincinnati looks forward with confidence to the time when it will be a connecting link between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico, and when Cincinnati will be only thirty hours from Mobile.

The levee, which now extends five or six miles around the large "bend" upon which the city stands, exhibits all the varieties of Western steamboats. It exhilarated the childish mind of the stranger to discover that the makers of school-books were practising no imposition upon the infant mind when they put down in the geography such names as the "Big Sandy." It was cheering, also, to know that one could actually go to Maysville, and see how General Jackson's veto had affected it. A traveller must indeed be difficult to please who cannot find upon the Cincinnati levee a steamboat bound to a place he would like to visit. From far back in the coal mines of the Youghiogheny (pronounced Yok-a-gau-ny) to

high up the Red River, — from St. Paul to New Orleans, and all intermediate ports, — we have but to pay our money and take our choice of the towns upon sixteen thousand miles of navigable water. Among the rest we observed a steamboat about as large as an omnibus, fitted up like a pedler's wagon, and full of the miscellaneous wares which pedlers sell. Such little boats, it appears, steam from village to village along the shores of those interminable rivers, and, by renewing their supplies at the large towns, make their way for thousands of miles, returning home only at the end of the season. They can ascend higher up the streams than the large boats, and scarcely any "stage" of water is too low for them. Often as we had admired the four-horse pedlers' wagons of New England, with their plated harness and gorgeous paint, we resolved that, when we turned pedler, it should be in such a snug little steamboat upon the rivers of the West. Other steamboats, as probably the reader is aware, are fitted up as theatres, museums, circuses, and moral menageries, and go from town to town, announcing their arrival by that terrific combination of steam-whistles which is called in the West a *Cally-ope*. What an advance upon the old system of strolling players and the barn! "Then came each actor on his ass." On the Ohio he comes in a comfortable state-room, to which when the performance is over he retires, waking the next morning at the scene of new triumphs.

Along the summit of the steep levee, close to the line of stores, there is a row of massive posts — three feet thick and twenty high — which puzzle the stranger. The swelling of the river brings the steamboats up to the very doors of the houses facing the river, and to these huge posts they are fastened to keep them from being swept away by the rushing flood. From the summit of the levee we advance into the town, always going up hill, unless we turn to the right or left.

Here is Philadelphia again, with its numbered streets parallel to the river,

and the cross-streets named after the trees which William Penn found growing upon the banks of the Delaware, — "Walnut," "Locust," "Sycamore." Here are long blocks of wholesale stores in the streets near the river, of Philadelphian plainness and solidity; and as we ascend, we reach the showier retail streets, all in the modern style of subdued Philadelphian elegance. It is a solid, handsome town, — the newer buildings of light-colored stone, very lofty, and well built; the streets paved with the small pebbles ground smooth by the rushing Ohio, and as clean as Boston. In Fourth Street there is a dry-goods store nearly as large, and five times as handsome, as Stewart's in New York, and several other establishments on the greatest scale, equal in every respect to those of the Atlantic cities. The only difference is, that in New York we have more of them. By the time we have passed Fifth Street, which is about half a mile from the river, we have reached the end of the elegant and splendid part of the city; all beyond and around is shabby Philadelphia, begrimed with soot, and "blended in a common element" of smoke. The extensive and swarming German quarter is precisely like the German quarter of Philadelphia, (though the Cincinnati lager-bier is better,) and the wide, square, spacious old mansions are exactly such as the older houses of Philadelphia would be if Philadelphia burned bituminous coal.

Every New-Yorker supposes, of course, that there must be in a large and wealthy city one pre-eminent and illustrious street like his own Fifth Avenue, where he is wont either to survey mankind from a club window, or, *as* mankind, be surveyed. There is no such street in Cincinnati, and for a reason which becomes apparent during the first long walk. When the stranger has panted up the slope on which the city is built, to a point one mile from the river, he sees looming up before him an almost precipitous hill, four hundred and sixty-two feet high,

which has been dug into, and pared down, until it has about as much beauty as an immense heap of gravel. Around the base of this unsightly mountain are slaughter-houses and breweries, incensing it with black smoke, and extensive pens filled with the living material of barrelled pork. The traveller, who has already, as he thinks, done a fair share of climbing for one day, naturally regards this hill as the end of all things in Cincinnati; but upon coming up to it he discovers the zigzag road to which allusion has before been made, and which leads by an easy ascent to the summit.

Behold the Fifth Avenue of Cincinnati! It is not merely the pleasant street of villas and gardens along the brow of the hill, though that is part of it. Mount to the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, which stands near the highest point, and look out over a sea of beautifully formed, umbrageous hills, steep enough to be picturesque, but not too steep to be convenient, and observe that upon each summit, as far as the eye can reach, is an elegant cottage or mansion, or cluster of tasteful villas, surrounded by groves, gardens, and lawns. *This* is Cincinnati's Fifth Avenue. Here reside the families enriched by the industry of the low, smoky town. Here, upon these enchanting hills, and in these inviting valleys, will finally gather the greater part of the population, leaving the city to its smoke and heat when the labors of the day are done. As far as we have seen or read, no inland city in the world surpasses Cincinnati in the beauty of its environs. They present as perfect a combination of the picturesque and the accessible as can anywhere be found; and there are still the primeval forests, and the virgin soil, to favor the plans of the artist in "capabilities." The Duke of Newcastle's party, one of whom was the Prince of Wales, were not flattering their entertainers when they pronounced the suburbs of Cincinnati the finest they had anywhere seen.

The groups of villas, each upon its

little hill, are the *cities* before mentioned, five of which are within sight of the young ladies who attend the liberally conducted seminary of Mount Auburn. The stranger is continually astonished at the magnitude and costliness of these residences. Our impression was, that they are not inferior, either in number or in elegance, to those of Staten Island or Jamaica Plain; while a few of them, we presume, are unequalled in America. The residence of Mr. Probasco is the most famous of these. Externally, it is a rather plain-looking stone house, something between a cottage and a mansion; but the interior is highly interesting, as showing how much money to the square inch can be spent in the decoration of a house, provided the proprietor has unlimited resources and gives himself up to the work. For seven long years, we were informed, the owner of this house toiled at his experiment. Every room was a separate study. All the walls are wainscoted with oak, most exquisitely carved and polished, and the ceilings were painted by artists brought from Italy. It is impossible to conceive an interior more inviting, elegant, and harmonious than this. Thirty years ago the proprietor of this beautiful abode was an errand-boy in the establishment of which he was afterwards the head; and when we had the impudence to look into his house, he was absent in Europe in quest of health! The moral is obvious even here at the end of this poor paragraph, but it was staggering upon the spot. How absurd to be sick, owning such a house! How ridiculous the idea of dying in it!

In this enchanting region is Lane Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was once President, and in which Henry Ward Beecher spent three years in acquiring the knowledge it cost him so much trouble to forget. Coming to this seat of theology from the beautiful city of Clifton, of which Mr. Probasco's house is an ornament, and which consists of a few other mansions of similar elegance, the Seminary buildings looked rather dismal,

though they are better than the old barracks in which the students of Yale and Harvard reside. Thirty cheerful and athletic young gentlemen, and half a dozen polite and learned professors, constitute at present the theological family. The room in which Mr. Beecher lived is still about fifteen feet by ten, but it does not present the bare and forlorn appearance it did when he inhabited it. It is carpeted now, and has more furniture than the pine table and arm-chair which, tradition informs us, contented him, and which were the only articles he could contribute towards the furnishing of his first establishment.

Cincinnati justly boasts of its Spring Grove Cemetery, which now encloses five hundred acres of this beautiful, undulating land. The present superintendent has introduced a very simple improvement, which enhances the beauty of the ground tenfold, and might well be universally imitated. He has caused the fences around the lots to be removed, and the boundaries to be marked by sunken stone posts, one at each corner, which just suffice for the purpose, but do not disfigure the scene. This change has given to the ground the harmony and pleasantness of a park. The monuments, too, are remarkable for their variety, moderation, and good taste. There is very little, if any, of that hideous ostentation, that *mere* expenditure of money, which renders Greenwood so melancholy a place, exciting far more compassion for the folly of the living, than sorrow for the dead who have escaped their society. We would earnestly recommend the managers of other cemeteries not to pass within a hundred miles of Cincinnati without stepping aside to see for themselves how much the beauty of a burial-ground is increased by the mere removal of the fences round the lots. It took the superintendent of Spring Grove several years to induce the proprietors to consent to the removal of costly fences; but one after another they yielded, and each removal exhibited more clearly the propriety of the change, and made converts to the new

system. In the same taste he recommends the levelling of the mounds over the graves, and his advice has been generally followed.

It is very pleasant for the rich people of Cincinnati to live in the lovely country over the hill, away from the heat and smoke of the town; but it has its inconveniences also. It is partly because the rich people are so far away that the public entertainments of the city are so low in quality and so unfrequent. We made the tour of the theatres and shows one evening,—glad to escape the gloom and dinginess of the hotel, once the pride of the city, but now its reproach. Surely there is no other city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants that is so miserably provided with the means of public amusement as Cincinnati. At the first theatre we stumbled into, where Mr. Owens was performing in the Bourcicault version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," there was a large audience, composed chiefly of men. It was the very dirtiest theatre we ever saw. The hands of the ticket-taker were not grimy,—they were black. The matting on the floor, the paint, and all the interior, were thoroughly unclean; and not a person in the audience seemed to have thought it necessary to show respect to the place, or to the presence of a thousand of his fellow-citizens, by making any change in his dress. The ventilation was bad, of course. No fresh air could be admitted without exposing some of the audience to draughts. The band consisted of seven musicians. The play, which is very pleasing and simple, was disfigured in every scene by the interpolation of what the actors call "gags,"—that is, vulgar and stupid additions to the text by the actors themselves,—in which we were sorry to hear the "star" of the occasion setting a bad example. Actors ought to know that when Charles Dickens and Dion Bourcicault unite their admirable talents in the production of a play, no one else can add a line without marring the work. They might at least be aware that Western

colloquialisms, amusing as they are, do not harmonize with the conversation of an English cottage. Yet this Cincinnati audience was delighted with the play, in spite of all these drawbacks, so exquisitely adapted is the drama to move and entertain human beings.

At the West, along with much reckless and defiant unbelief in everything high and good, there is also a great deal of that terror-stricken pietism which refuses to attend the theatre unless it is very bad indeed, and is called "Museum." This limits the business of the theatre; and, as a good theatre is necessarily a very expensive institution, it improves very slowly, although the Western people are in precisely that stage of development and culture to which the drama is best adapted and is most beneficial. We should naturally expect to find the human mind, in the broad, magnificent West, rising superior to the prejudices originating in the little sects of little lands. So it will rise in due time. So it has risen, in some degree. But mere grandeur of nature has no educating effect upon the soul of man; else, Switzerland would not have supplied Paris with footmen, and the hackmen of Niagara would spare the tourist. It is only a human mind that can instruct a human mind. There is a man in Cincinnati, of small stature, and living in a small house of a street not easy to find, who is doing more to raise, inform, and ennoble Cincinnati than all her lovely hills and dales. It is the truly Reverend A. D. MAYO, minister of the Unitarian Church of the Redeemer. His walls are not wainscoted, and there is about his house no umbrageous park nor verdant lawn. It has only pleased Heaven, so far, to endow him with a fine understanding, a noble heart, and an eloquent tongue. It is he, and half a dozen such as he, who constitute in great degree the civilizing force of Cincinnati.

Upon leaving the theatre, we were attracted by a loud beating of drums to a building calling itself the "Sacred Museum." Such establishments are usually content with the word "moral";

but this one was "sacred." From a balcony in front, two bass-drums and one bugle were filling all that part of the town with horrid noise, and in the entrance, behind the ticket-office, a huge negro was grinding out discord from an organ as big as an upright piano. We defy creation to produce another exhibition so entirely and profoundly atrocious as this. It consisted chiefly of wax figures of most appalling ugliness. There were Webster, Clay, General Scott, and another, sitting bolt upright at a card-table, staring hideously; the birth of Christ; the trial of Christ; Abraham Lincoln, dead and ghastly, upon a bier; and other groups, all revolting beyond description. The only decently executed thing in this Sacred Museum was highly indecent; it was a young lady in wax, who, before lying down, had forgotten to put on her night-gown. There was a most miserable Happy Family; one or two monkeys, still and dejected; a dismal, tired rooster, who wanted to go to roost, but could not in that glare of gas, and stood motionless on the bottom of the cage; three or four common white rabbits; and a mangy cat. Such was the Sacred Museum. Such are the exhibitions to which well-intentioned parents will take their children, while shrinking in affright from the theatre! It is strange that this lucrative business of providing amusement for children and country visitors should have been so long abandoned to the most ignorant of the community. Every large town needs a place of amusement to which children can be occasionally taken, and it would not be difficult to arrange an establishment that would afford them great delight and do them no harm. How monstrous to lure boys to such a place as this "Sacred Museum,"—or to the "Museum" in New York, where a great creature, in the form of a woman, performs, in flesh-colored tights, the part of Mazeppa!

In all the large Western cities there is a place of evening entertainment called the "Varieties Theatre," which ladies never attend, and in which three pleasures may be enjoyed at once,—

smoking, drinking lager-bier, and witnessing a performance upon the stage. The chief patrons of these establishments are gentlemen connected with navigation, and very young men who, for the price of a ticket, a cigar, and a glass of beer, purchase the flattering delusion that they are "seeing life," and "going it with a perfect looseness." The performances consist of Ethiopian minstrelsy, comic songs, farces, and the dancing of "beauteous Terpsichorean nymphs"; and these succeed one another with not a minute's intermission for three or four hours. At St. Louis, where gentlemen connected with navigation are numerous, the Varieties Theatre is large, highly decorated, conducted at great expense, and yields a very large revenue. To witness the performance, and to observe the rapture expressed upon the shaggy and good-humored countenances of the boatmen, was interesting, as showing what kind of banquet will delight a human soul starved from its birth. It likes a comic song very much, if the song refers to fashionable articles of ladies' costume, or holds up to ridicule members of Congress, policemen, or dandies. It is not averse to a sentimental song, in which "Mother, dear," is frequently apostrophized. It delights in a farce from which most of the dialogue has been cut away, while all the action is retained,—in which people are continually knocked down, or run against one another with great violence. It takes much pleasure in seeing Horace Greeley play a part in a negro farce, and become the victim of designing colored brethren. But what joy, when the beauteous Terpsichorean nymph bounds upon the scene, rosy with paint, glistening with spangles, robust with cotton and cork, and bewildering with a cloud of gauzy skirts! What a vision of beauty to a man who has seen nothing for days and nights but the hold of a steamboat and the dull shores of the Mississippi!

The Varieties Theatre of St. Louis, therefore, is a highly flourishing establishment, and the proprietor knows his

business well enough to be aware that indecency never pays expenses in the United States,—as all will finally discover who try it. At Cincinnati there is also a Varieties Theatre, but such a theatre! A vast and dirty barn, with whitewashed walls and no ceiling, in which a minstrel band of five men and two beauteous nymphs exerted themselves slightly to entertain an audience of thirty men and boys. As the performers entered the building in view of the spectators, we are able to state that beauteous Terpsichorean nymphs go about the world disguised in dingy calico, and only appear in their true colors upon the stage.

Cincinnati, then, affords very slight and inferior facilities for holiday-keeping. We chanced to be in the city on the last Thanksgiving day, and were surprised to see seven tenths of all the stores open as usual. In the German quarter there were no signs whatever of a public holiday: every place of business was open, and no parties of pleasure were going out. The wholesale stores and most of the American part of the city exhibited the Sunday appearance which an Eastern city presents on this day; but even there the cessation of industry was not universal. And, after all, how should it be otherwise? Where were the people to go? What could they do? There is no Park. There are no suburbs accessible without a severe struggle with the attraction of gravitation. There are no theatres fit to attend. There is no "Museum," no menagerie, no gallery of art, no public gardens, no Fifth Avenue to stroll in, no steamboat excursion, no Hoboken. There ought to be in Cincinnati a most exceptionally good and high social life to atone for this singular absence of the usual means of public enjoyment; but of that a stranger can have little knowledge.

When we turn to survey the industry of Cincinnati, we find a much more advanced and promising state of things. Almost everything is made in Cincinnati that is made by man. There are prodigious manufactories of furniture,

machinery, clothing, iron ware, and whatever else is required by the six or eight millions of people who live within easy reach of the city. The book-trade — especially the manufacturing of school-books and other books of utility — has attained remarkable development. Sargent, Wilson, and Hinkle employ about two hundred men, chiefly in the making of school-books; of one series of "Readers," they produce a million dollars' worth per annum, — the most profitable literary property, perhaps, in the world. The house of Moore, Wiltach, and Baldwin employ all their great resources in the manufacture of their own publications, many of which are works of high character and great cost. Recently they have invested one hundred thousand dollars in the production of one work, — the history of Ohio's part in the late war. Robert Clarke & Co. publish law books on a scale only equalled by two or three of the largest law publishers of the Eastern cities. Cincinnati ranks third among the manufacturing cities of the Union, and fourth in the manufacture of books. Here, as everywhere in the United States, the daily press supplies the people with the greater part of their daily mental food, and nowhere else, except in New York, are the newspapers conducted with so much expense. The "Cincinnati Commercial" telegraphed from Washington fourteen columns of General Grant's Report, at an expense of eleven hundred dollars, and thus gave it to its readers one day before the New York papers had a word of it. A number of this paper now before us contains original letters from Washington, New York, Venice, London, and Frankfort, Ky., five columns of telegrams, and the usual despatch by the Atlantic cable. The "Gazette" is not less spirited and enterprising, and both are sound, patriotic, Republican journals. The "Enquirer," of Democratic politics, very liberally conducted, is as unreasonable as heart could wish, and supplies the Republican papers with many a text. The "Times" is an evening paper, Republican, and other-

wise commendable. Gentlemen who have long resided in Cincinnati assure us that the improvement in the tone and spirit of its daily press since the late regenerating war is most striking. It is looked to now by the men of public spirit to take the lead in the career of improvement upon which the city is entering. The conductors of the press here are astonishingly rich. Think of an *editor* having the impudence to return the value of his estate at five millions of dollars!

Visitors to Cincinnati feel it, of course, to be a patriotic duty to make inquiries respecting the native wine; and to facilitate the performance of this duty, the landlord of the Burnet House publishes in his daily bill of fare twelve varieties of American wine, from three States, Ohio, Missouri, and California. The cheapest is the Ohio Catawba, one dollar a bottle; the dearest is Missouri champagne, at three dollars and a half. The wine culture, it appears, is somewhat out of favor at present among the farmers of Ohio. A German family, many-handed, patient, and economical, occupying a small vineyard and paying no wages, finds the business profitable; but an American, who lives freely, and depends upon hired assistance, is likely to fail. A vineyard requires incessant and skilful labor. The costly preparation of the soil, the endless prunings and hoeings, the great and watchful care required in picking, sorting, and pressing the grapes, in making and preserving the wine, the many perils to which the crop is exposed at every moment of its growth and ripening, and the three years of waiting before the vines begin to bear, all conspire to discourage and defeat the ordinary cultivator. The "rot" is a very severe trial to human patience. The vines look thrifty, the grapes are large and abundant, and all goes well, until the time when the grapes, being fully grown, are about to change color. Then a sudden blight occurs, and two thirds of the whole crop of grapes, the result of the year's labor, wither and spoil. The cause, probably, is the ex-

haustion of some elements in the soil needful to the supreme effort of Nature to perfect her work. Nevertheless, the patient Germans succeed in the business, and sell their wine to good advantage to the large dealers and bottlers.

The Longworth wine-cellar, one of the established lions of the city, cheers the thirsty soul of man. There we had the pleasure of seeing, by a candle's flickering light, two hundred thousand bottles of wine, and of walking along subterranean streets lined with huge tuns, each of them large enough to house a married Diogenes, or to drown a dozen Dukes of Clarence, and some of them containing five thousand gallons of the still unvexed Catawba. It was there that we made acquaintance with the "Golden Wedding" champagne, the boast of the late proprietor,—an acquaintance which we trust will ripen into an enduring friendship. If there is any better wine than this attainable in the present state of existence, it ought, in consideration of human weakness, to be all poured into the briny deep. It is a very honest cellar, this. Except a little rock candy to aid fermentation, no foreign ingredient is employed, and the whole process of making and bottling the wine is conducted with the utmost care. Nicholas Longworth was neither an enlightened nor a public-spirited man; but, like most of his race, he was scrupulously honest. Indeed, we may truly say, that there is in Cincinnati a general spirit of fidelity. Work is generally done well there, promises are kept, and representations accord with the facts.

Every one thinks of pork in connection with Cincinnati. We had the curiosity to visit one of the celebrated pork-making establishments, "The Banner Slaughter and Pork-packing House," which, being the newest, contains all the improved apparatus. In this establishment, hogs weighing five or six hundred pounds are killed, scraped, dressed, cut up, salted, and packed in a barrel, in *twenty seconds*, on an average; and at this rate, the work is done,

ten hours a day, during the season of four months. The great secret of such rapidity is, that one man does one thing only, and thus learns to do that one thing with perfect dexterity. We saw a man there who, all day and every day, knocks pigs down with a hammer; another who does nothing but "stick" them; another who, with one clean, easy stroke of a broad, long-handled cleaver, decapitates the hugest hog of Ohio. But let us begin at the beginning, for, really, this Banner Pork-house is one of the most curious things in the world, and claims the attention of the polite reader.

It is a large, clean, new brick building, with extensive yards adjoining it, filled with hogs from the forests and farms of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. From these yards to the third story of the house there is an inclined plane, up which a procession of the animals march slowly to their doom from morning until evening. Here is the first economy. The thing to be done is, to transfer the pigs from those yards to the basement of the building, and, on the way, convert them into salt pork. They walk to the scene of massacre at the top of the building, and the descent to the cellar accomplishes itself by the natural law which causes everything to seek the centre of the earth. Arrived at the summit, the fifteen foremost find themselves in "a tight place,"—squeezed into a pen, in which they must remain standing from lack of room to lie down. There are two of these pens, and two "pen men"; so that the moment one pen is empty, there is another ready filled, and the work thus goes on without interruption. The fifteen animals which stand compressed, with their heads thrust upward, awaiting the stroke of fate, express their emotions in the language natural to them, and the noise is great. The executioner, armed with a long-handled, slender hammer, and sitting astride of the fence, gives to each of these yelling creatures his quietus by a blow upon the head. The pig does not fall when he is struck; he cannot;

he only stares and becomes silent. The stranger who is unable to witness the execution has an awful sense of the progress of the fell work by the gradual cessation of the noise. We mention here, for the benefit of political economists, that this knocker-down, who does the most disagreeable and laborious part of the work, has the lowest wages paid to any man in the house. He does not rank as an artist at all, but only as a laborer. Readers of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill know why. When silence within the pen announces the surrender of its occupants, a door is opened, and the senseless hogs are laid in a row up an inclined plane, at the bottom of which is a long trough of hot water. One of the artists, called "the Sticker," now appears, provided with a long, thin, pointed knife, and approaches the pig nearest the steaming trough, gently lifts its fore leg, and gives it one easy, delicate, and graceful thrust in the throat. Along the trough, on each side of it, is a row of men, each with an instrument in his hand, waiting to begin; and apart from them stands the Head-Scalder, who ranks second in the corps, having a task of all but the greatest difficulty to perform. Scald a pig ten seconds too long, or in water twenty degrees too hot, and he comes out as red as a lobster; let the water be too cool, or keep the animal in it too short a time, and the labor of scraping is trebled. Into the hot water the hogs are soured at intervals of twenty seconds, and the Scalder stands, watching the clock, and occasionally trying the temperature of the water with his finger, or the adherence of the hair on the creature first to be handled. "Number One," he says, at length. By a machine for the purpose, Number One is turned over upon a long, declining table, where he lies smoking. At the same instant two men pull out his valuable bristles and put them in a barrel, and two other men scrape one side of him with scrapers. In a few seconds, these turn him over and pass him on to two other scrapers, who scrape the other side, and then slide him along to four

other men, who trim and finish him, leaving not a hair upon his soft and quivering body. Then he falls into the hands of two "gamble-men," who insert a stick to keep the hind legs apart, and, by the aid of a machine, hang him up with his head downward. Next, the animal is consigned to the great artist of all, who performs upon him the operation so much in favor among the nobility of Japan. This artist, we regret to say, but will not conceal from a too fastidious public, is called "the Gutter." One long, swift cut down the whole length of the body, — two or three rapid, in-and-out cuts in the inside, — and the entire respiratory and digestive apparatus lies smoking upon a table, under the hands of men who are removing from it the material for lard. This operation, here performed in twenty seconds, and which is frequently done by the same man fifteen hundred times a day, takes an ordinary butcher ten minutes. This man earns six dollars and a half a day, while no one else receives more than four; and if he is absent from his post, his substitute, who has *seen* the thing done for years, can only perform it one fifth as fast, and the day's work of the house is reduced to one fifth of its ordinary production.

The long room in which the creatures are put to death, scalded, and japanned presents, as may be imagined, a most horrid scene of massacre and blood, — of steaming water and flabby, naked, quivering hogs, — of men in oil-skin suits all shining with wet and grease. The rest of the establishment is perfectly clean and agreeable. The moment the body of the animal is emptied, a boy inundates it from a hose, and then another boy pushes it along the wire from which it hangs on a wheel, and takes it to its place in the cooling-room, where it hangs all night. This cooling-room is a curious spectacle. It contains two regiments of suspended hogs, arranged in long, regular rows: one regiment, the result of today's operations; the other, of yesterday's. The cutting up of these huge carcasses is accomplished with the

same easy and wonderful rapidity. The first that we chanced to see cut to pieces was an enormous fellow of six hundred pounds, and it was done in just one third of a minute. Two men tumbled him over upon a wagon, wheeled him to the scales, where his weight was instantly ascertained and recorded. Near by was the cutting-table, upon which he was immediately flopped. Two simultaneous blows with a cleaver severed his head and his hind quarters from the trunk, and the subdivision of these was accomplished by three or four masterly cuts with the same instrument. Near the table are the open mouths of as many large wooden pipes as there are kinds of pieces in a hog, and these lead to the various apartments below, where the several pieces are to be further dealt with. Gently down their well-greased pipe slip the hams to the smoking-department; away glide the salting-pieces to the cellar; the lard-leaves slide softly down to the trying-room; the trimmings of the hams vanish silently down their pipe to the sausage-room; the tongue, the feet, and every atom of the flesh, start on their journey to the places where they are wanted; and thus, in the twenty seconds, the six-hundred-pounder has been cut to pieces and distributed all over an extensive building.

The delivery of three finished hogs a minute requires the following force of men: two pen-men; one knocker-down; one sticker; two bristle-snatchers; four scrapers; six shavers (who remove the hair from parts not reached by the scrapers); two gamble-men; one gutter; one hose-boy; one slide-boy; one splitter (who fastens the animal open to facilitate cooling); two attendants upon the cutters; one weigher; two cleaver-men; four knife-men; one ham-trimmer; one shoulder-trimmer; one packer; six ham-salters; one weigher and brander; one lard-man; one book-keeper; seven porters and laborers, — in all, fifty men. The system, therefore, enables one man to convert into pork thirty hogs a day. The

proprietors of these packing-houses pay the owners of the animals sixty cents each for the privilege of killing them, and derive their profit from the refuse. The bristles of a hog are worth seventeen cents; his tongue, five cents; the hair and the fat of the intestines pay the entire cost of killing, dressing, and packing.

There is a moral in all this. In such establishments, a business which in itself is disgusting, and perhaps barbarizing, almost ceases to be so, and the part of it which cannot be deprived of its disgusting circumstances is performed by a very few individuals. Twenty men, in four months, do all that is disagreeable in the slaying of one hundred and eighty thousand hogs, and those twenty men, by the operation of well-known laws, are sure to be the persons to whom the work is least offensive and least injurious.

There are many other industrial establishments in Cincinnati that are highly interesting, but we cannot dwell upon them. One thing surprises the visitor from the Atlantic cities; and that is, the great responsibilities assumed in the Western country by very young men. We met a gentleman at Cincinnati, aged thirty-two, who is chief proprietor and active manager of five extensive iron works in five different cities, one of which — the one at Cincinnati — employs a hundred and twenty men. He began life at fourteen, a poor boy, — was helped to two thousand dollars at twenty-one, — started in iron, — prospered, — founded similar works in other cities, — went to the war and contracted to supply an army with biscuit, — took the camp fever, — lost twenty thousand dollars, — came back to his iron, — thrived as before, — gave away twenty-five thousand dollars last year to benevolent operations, — and is now as serene and smiling as though he had played all his life, and had not a care in the world. And this reminds us to repeat that the man wanted in the West is the man who knows how to *make* and *do*, not the man who can only buy and sell. This fine young

fellow of whom we speak makes nuts, bolts, and screws, and succeeds, in spite of Pittsburg, by inventing quicker and better methods.

Churches flourish in Cincinnati, and every shade of belief and unbelief has its organization, or at least its expression. Credulity is daily notified in the newspapers, that "Madame Draskouski, the Russian *wizard*, foretells events by the aid of a Magic Pebble, a present from the Emperor of China," and that "Madame Ross has a profound knowledge of the rules of the Science of the Stars, and can beat the world in telling the past, the present, and the future." To the opposite extreme of human intelligence Mr. Mayo ministers in the Church of the Redeemer, and many of his wise and timely discourses reach all the thinking public through the daily press. The Protestant churches, here as everywhere, are elegant and well filled. The clergy are men-of-all-work. A too busy and somewhat unreasonable public looks to them to serve as school trustees, school examiners, managers of public institutions, and, in short, to do most of the work which, being "everybody's business," nobody is inclined to do. Few of the Western clergy are indigenous; it is from the East that the supply chiefly comes, and the clergy do not appear to feel themselves at home in the West. In all Cincinnati there are but three Protestant clergymen who have been there more than five years. The Catholic churches are densely filled three or four times every Sunday, and the institutions of that Church are conducted with the vigor which we see everywhere in the United States. Fortunate, indeed, are the Catholics of Cincinnati in having at their head that gentle, benignant, and patriotic man, Archbishop Purcell. It was pleasant to hear this excellent prelate, when he spoke of the forces of the United States in the late war, use the expression, "*our* army." Every bishop does not do so. It was pleasant, too, to hear him say, in speaking of other sects, "There are some things in which we all agree,

thank goodness." The Young Men's Christian Association is in great vigor at Cincinnati. It provides a reading-room, billiards, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, and many other nice things for young men, at the charge of one dollar per annum. The Association here is said to be free from that provincial bigotry which, at Chicago, refused to invite to the annual banquet Robert Collyer and the young men of his church, because they were Unitarians.

And this leads naturally to the topic which interested us most at Cincinnati, — the happy way in which the Jews are mingling there with their fellow-citizens, and the good influence they are exerting. There are twelve thousand Jews in the city. Some of the large manufacturing and mercantile houses have Jewish proprietors, who enjoy the social consideration naturally belonging to their position. The Jews are worthily represented in the government of the city, in the boards controlling public institutions, and in those which administer private charity. Several of the leading members of this respectable body belong to the class of men whose aid is never solicited in vain for a suitable object, and whose benefactions are limited only by their means or by their duty, — never by unwillingness to bestow, — and who value wealth only as a means of safety and education to their families, and of opportunity to bestow those advantages upon others. Christians in considerable numbers attend the beautiful synagogues, and Jews respond by going to Christian churches. And, O most wonderful of all! Jewish rabbis and Christian clergymen — Orthodox clergymen too, as they are ridiculously called — "exchange pulpits"! Here we have before us the report of a sermon delivered last March before a Congregational church of Cincinnati by Dr. Max Lilienthal, one of the most eminent and learned rabbis in the country. His sermon was an argument for perfect toleration of beliefs, — even the most eccentric, — provided the conduct and the disposition are what they should be.

"Religion is right," said he; "theology, in a great measure, wrong." Mr. Mayo and others preach occasionally in the synagogues, and find that a good Christian sermon is a good Jewish one also. We have, too, a lecture delivered by another rabbi, Dr. Isidor Kalisch, before the Young Men's Literary and Social Union of Indianapolis, which is bold even to audacity. He told the young gentlemen that the prevalence of Christianity in the Roman Empire was not an escape *from* barbarism, but a lapse *into* it. "As soon," said he, "as Christianity began spreading over the Roman Empire, all knowledge, arts, and sciences died away, and the development of civilization was retarded and checked." Of course any attempt to express the history of five centuries in twenty words must be unsuccessful. This attempt is: but the boldness of the opinion does not appear to have given offence. The learned Doctor further gave his hearers to understand, that knowledge is "the source of all civilization," and theology the chief obstacle in its way.

The eyes of every stranger who walks about Cincinnati are caught by an edifice ornamented with domes and minarets like a Turkish mosque. This is the "Reformed Synagogue," of which Dr. Isaac M. Wise is pastor, — a highly enlightened and gifted man. It is a truly beautiful building, erected at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars by one of the best architects in the West, Mr. James Keys Wilson, who also built the Court-House and Post-Office of Cincinnati. The interior, for elegance and convenience combined, is only equalled by the newest interiors of Chicago, and even by them it is not surpassed. Except some slight peculiarities about the altar, it is arranged precisely like one of our Protestant churches, and the service approaches very nearly that of the Unitarians who use a liturgy. It is the mission of Dr. Wise to assist in delivering his people from the tyranny of ancient superstitions by calling their attention to the weightier matters of the law. Upon

some of the cherished traditions of the Jews he makes open war, and prepares the way for their not distant emancipation from all that is narrowing and needlessly peculiar in their creed and customs. For the use of his congregation he has prepared a little book entitled "The Essence of Judaism," from which the following are a few sentences, gathered here and there: —

"It is not the belief of this or that dogma, but generous actions from noble motives, which the sacred Scripture calls the path of salvation." "The noblest of all human motives is to do good for goodness' sake." "The history of mankind teaches, that man was not as wicked as he was foolish; his motives were better than his judgment." "Reward or punishment is the *natural* consequence of obedience or disobedience to God's laws." "Great revolutions in history always resulted in the progress of humanity." "The first duty a man owes himself is the preservation of his life, health, and limbs." "The special laws of the Sabbath are: 1. To rest from all labor; 2. To recruit our physical energies by rest and innocent enjoyments; 3. To sanctify our moral nature; 4. *To improve our intellect.*" "The best maxim of conduct to our parents is, treat them as you would wish to be treated by your children." "No offensive words or actions afford a shadow of justification for killing a human being, or injuring him in his limbs or health." "Only self-defence with equal arms, defence of others, or the defence of our country against invasion or rebellion, are exceptions to the above law of the Lord." "Domestic happiness depends exclusively upon the unadulterated affections and the inviolable chastity of parents and children." "*Palestine is now defiled by barbarism and iniquity; it is the holy land no more. The habitable earth must become one holy land.*" "The sons and daughters of the covenant have the solemn duty to be INTELLIGENT." "Punishment must be intended only to correct the criminal and to protect society against crimes."

In the same spirit he conducts "The Israelite," a weekly paper. "Liberty of Conscience—Humanity the object of Religion," is the title of one article in the number before us, and it expresses the whole aim and tendency of the movement which the editor leads. Nothing is more probable than that soon the observance of Saturday will be abolished, and that of Sunday substituted. It is impossible that the enlightened Jews of Cincinnati can continue to attach importance to a distinction which is at once so trivial and so inconvenient. Indeed, we hear that some of the Jews of Baltimore have begun the change by holding their Sabbath schools on Sunday. Who knows but that some rabbi, bold and wise, shall appear, who will lead his people to withdraw the bar from intermarriage with Christians, and that at last this patient and long-suffering race shall cease to be "peculiar," and merge themselves in mankind?

The golden rule seems to run in the very blood of the best Jews. One of the publications of Dr. Lilienthal is a History of the Israelites from the days of Alexander to the present time. He recounts the sufferings of his ancestors from blind and merciless bigotry; and then states in a few words the revenge which his people propose to take for fifteen hundred years of infamy, isolation, and outrage.

"We have accompanied," he says, "the poor exile through centuries of agony and misery; we have heard his groaning and his lamentations. The dark clouds of misery and persecution have passed away; the bloody axe of the executioner, the rack and stake of a fanatic inquisition and clergy, were compelled to give way to reason and humanity; the roar of prejudice and blind hatred had to cease before the sweet voice of justice and kindness. Israel stands, while his enemies have vanished away from the arena of history; their endeavors to make Israel faithless to his God and his creed have proved futile and abortive. Israel has conquered politically and religiously. Day after day witnesses the crumbling to pieces

of the barriers that have secluded them from intercourse with their fellow-citizens; the old code of laws has become obsolete, and on the new pages is inscribed the name of the Jew, not only enjoying all rights and privileges with his Christian brethren, but fully deserving them, and excelling in every department of life in which he now is allowed and willing to engage. And his religion—the holy doctrine of an indivisible Unity of God, of man's creation in the image of God, of our destination to become by virtue, justice, and charity contented in this, and happy in after life—is daily gaining more ground as the only religion complying with the demands of reason and our destination on earth. And Israel does not falter in the accomplishment of its holy mission,—to be the redeeming Messiah to all mankind, to become a nation of priests, teaching and preaching the truth."

The noble rabbis of Cincinnati are an enlightening and civilizing power in the city, and their fellow-citizens know it and are grateful for it.

A place like Cincinnati needs the active aid of every man in her midst who is capable of public spirit. There is a great sum of physical life there, but much less than the proper proportion of cultivated intelligence. The wealthy men of Cincinnati must beware of secluding themselves in their beautiful villas on the other side of the hill, and leaving the city to its smoke and ignorance. The question for Cincinnati, and indeed for the United States, to consider, was well stated by Mr. Mayo in his celebrated lecture upon "Health and Holiness in Cincinnati," one of the most weighty, pathetic, eloquent, and wise discourses we ever read:—

"Shall our Western city children be saved to lead the civilization of America by their superior manhood and womanhood? or shall they be buried out of sight, or mustered into the 'invalid corps' before they are thirty years of age, and hard-headed Patrick, slow and sturdy Hermann, and irrepressible Sambo, walk in and administer the affairs of the country over their graves?"

A LILIPUT PROVINCE.

TOWARDS the close of summer, all well-feathered Londoners migrate, and may at that season be observed flying from their native streets or squares in large flocks, like wild geese, with outstretched necks, and round, protruding eyes. Some settle on the Scotch moors, where they industriously waddle themselves thin. Others take short flights to neighboring bathing-places, where they splash in the water with their goslings, strut proudly on the sands, display a tendency to pair, and are often preyed upon by the foxes which also resort to those localities. Many more cross the Channel, and may be heard during two months cackling more or less loudly in every large hotel upon the Continent. And in addition to all these there are the *stragglers*,—a small and select race, which defy the great gregarious laws, and delight in taking solitary, and, if possible, unprecedented flight.

I must own that it is my weakness to pry into the untrodden nooks and corners of life. I have wasted many precious hours in toiling through black-letter folios and tracts which had no other merit than their rarity. And I have put myself to the greatest pains and inconvenience to arrive at a desert island out at sea, or some obscure village hid away among mountains, simply for the pleasure of feeling that I had been where few other civilized travellers had been. I have seldom received any better reward than that, but once or twice I have fallen upon a store of facts, which, however insignificant, had at least the charm of being new, and which have answered the purpose of stimulating me to fresh absurdities.

A few months ago I was standing on the deck of a steamer bound from London to Hamburg. It was midnight, and we were approaching the mouth of the Elbe. Right ahead was a light of great brilliancy and power; this, the

captain informed me, shone from Heligoland, and was seen so clearly because the island was about a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea,—a great boon to navigators, the neighboring coasts being very low. But my informant had been in the habit of regarding Heligoland as a lighthouse and nothing more; he could tell me nothing about its constitution, its manners, or its customs, and I determined to visit it forthwith.

By the late wars upon the Continent, the political geography of the Elbe has been completely changed. Between the mouth of the river and Hamburg, the right bank formerly belonged to Holstein, and the left to Hanover. Now both are Prussian. Hamburg itself is under the wing of the Prussian eagle, and may soon be under its claw. The feeling in that city is anti-Prussian; but the citizens were wise enough to side with their powerful neighbor, and to contribute troops. This has certainly saved them from the fate of Frankfort, but it is not probable that Hamburg will be allowed to remain a thoroughly independent state. Prussia will probably abolish her diplomatic, and perhaps her consular service, and permit her to retain certain important rights and privileges. It is, at the present moment, an anxious crisis for the great merchants. In Hamburg, fortunes are made with a rapidity, and to an extent, unequalled in any Continental town; this is owing to the freedom of the port; but, were the Prussian custom-house system to be introduced, Stettin and Königsberg would spring into dangerous rivalry, and her commercial interests would decline.

Hamburg is the only city in Europe which bears much resemblance to New York. It has no antiquities, for the old town was entirely burnt down about twenty years ago. It has no treasure-house of art, it has not many "histor-

ical associations." It is a city of business, and four thousand persons meet together every day in its Exchange. Its river is crowded with shipping; American cars rattle along its streets; and ferry-boats built on the American principle steam to and fro across the Alster-Dam. Its hospitals, sailors' home, libraries, and ornamental gardens are not inferior to those of New York itself: in these two cities, if the dollar does jingle too often in conversation, it is sometimes made to shine in a worthy cause. After dusk, Hamburg becomes dissolute and gay. It is difficult to pass through a single street without hearing a violin. Lager-bier saloons, oyster-cellars, cafés, dancing-rooms, and restaurants of every kind are lighted up, and quickly filled. Debauchery runs riot, and yet, strange to say, there is very little crime. The respectable classes are less well provided for as regards amusement. I went to the opera, and heard *William Tell*. The performance was mediocre, though far superior to anything that could be done upon the English operatic stage. But I was chiefly amused in watching the habits of the gentlemen who patronized the stalls.

The custom of visiting and receiving at the opera was invented by the Italians, to avoid the trouble and expense of receiving in their own homes; from Italy it spread through Europe; and although the opera-houses of London and Paris do not so closely resemble a public drawing-room as those of Florence and Milan, yet the Italian opera could scarcely exist in those cities unless it were supported as much by people of fashion as by people of taste. But I was hardly prepared to find in Hamburg a parody of polite life in this respect. During the whole performance there was a continual interchange of social greetings between corpulent ship-chandlers, their heads violently greased for the occasion, and certain frowsy women sprinkled scantily through the house. There was an old gentleman sitting next to me who turned the performance to a nobler use; he had

apparently brought his son there for the purpose of tuition; holding the libretto between them, he translated with great rapidity and in a clear voice the Italian words, at the moment that they were sung, into one of the most guttural of German dialects, thus playing the part of Dutch chorus to the entertainment, and producing a conflict of sounds which it would be difficult to describe.

I discovered, to my astonishment, that Heligoland, in summer at all events, was by no means an isolated rock; that since 1840 it has been blessed with a Season; that, celebrated for its waves, it has become the Scarborough of Northern Germany, and is visited by thousands of sea-bathers every year.

I took my passage in the little steamer which runs from Hamburg, and arrived at my destination at 10 P. M. In the dim light of the moon and stars the island bore a fantastic resemblance to the Monitor, a little magnified; the lights of the village answering to those of the hull, and the lighthouse to the lantern at the mast-head. The island presents this appearance only at a distance and in a doubtful light. When I walked over it the next morning I found that it was composed of a sand-bank lying under a red cliff. The sand-bank was covered with houses, which were divided by three or four streets; these were paved with wooden boards. Every house was a shop, an inn, or a lodging-house. The cliff is accessible on one side only, and is ascended by means of sinuous wooden staircases. When the summit is reached, one stands upon the real island, for the sand-bank below is an accident and an intruder. Heligoland proper may be described as a precipice-plateau, containing a small cluster of houses, a lighthouse, various pole-nets, springes, and other contrivances for catching woodcocks in their migratory flights, and a few miniature potato and corn fields. The extent of this plateau is not quite equal to that of Hyde Park. As soon as I had made this discovery I felt an intense compassion for all persons of the

Teutonic race to whom sea-bathing once a year happens to be indispensable. However, if dull, it must at least be economical, I thought; but this illusion was dispelled when I found that there was a roulette-table in the dingy little Conversations-Haus, and when my landlord handed me in a bill which would not have disgraced any hotel in Bond Street or the Fifth Avenue.

How on earth, thought I, can these poor deluded creatures pass their time? They get up at some absurd hour in the morning; they sail to a neighboring sand-bank where they bathe and then take coffee in a whitewashed pavilion; they return to breakfast, and then — what can they do? There is nowhere to walk; there is nothing to read; and in the height of the season there must be a scarcity of elbow-room. Although every house offers accommodation to visitors, it has not unfrequently happened that persons have been obliged to sleep on board the steamers which brought them, and to return to the main-land. Imagine an island being full, like an omnibus!

Then a thought came upon me which wrung my heart. *The Governor!* How could this unfortunate man exist? With a precipice on one side of his house and a potato-field on the other, what could save him from despair and self-destruction? This question was answered for me when I heard that he was married.

My eccentric wanderings have at least served to convince me of this, — that a man's sole refuge from the evils of solitude is to be found in the domestic sentiments. There is, it is true, a solitude of genius; there are minds which must climb out of the common air and breathe alone. There is also the solitude of enthusiasm, which is more common, and which is found among a lower order of men, who become so possessed with a single idea that it leaves them neither by day nor night, but is their bride, their bosom friend, and their constant occupier. But what becomes of the ordinary man, if he is excluded from the busy regions of the

world, and if his heart remains as solitary as his life? Everything dries up in him; he becomes uncouth, bigoted, selfish, egotistical, and usually ends by falling into a semi-torpid state, and by hibernating into death.

I remember that once I had contrived to creep into the centre of one of the most remote of the Cape Verde Islands. My mule suddenly turned into a by-path and broke into a cheerful amble. Experience has proved to me that, when a mule has thoroughly made up its mind, resistance is out of the question. I contented myself with asking my youthful companion what the animal's probable intentions were. The boy said that the mule was going to see the Judge, and pointed to a lovely little cottage which came in view at that moment. Then I recollected that I had heard this gentleman spoken of, and that I had a letter of introduction to him. The mule carried me into the stable from which I was conducted into a drawing-room. There, for the first time during many months, for I had been travelling in strange lands, I saw a number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. I plunged into it, and made an ineffectual effort to read every article at once. The Judge came in, and I at once perceived that I was in the presence of a remarkable man. After an hour's conversation we began to interchange confidences. He told me about his student dreams at Coimbra, — of the nights which he had passed in book-toil, — of his aspirations, his poverty, and his exile. Perhaps he saw a little compassion in my eyes when he had finished, for he added, "Those young hopes have all been crushed, and yet I am happier in this desolate spot than I have ever been in my life before." The door opened at that moment, and a beautiful woman came in, leading two little children by the hands.

"This is my happiness, sir," he said, as he introduced me to his wife. Then he looked at his children, and his eyes filled with unutterable love. "And these," he said "are my ambition."

But before my visit to the island was

concluded, I found that a governorship of Heligoland was very far from being a tranquil retreat. The present Governor, it seems, had founded a new constitution, and was charged with having assumed despotic powers, and with having perpetrated various acts of inhumanity. Governor Wall himself appeared in the light of a philanthropist as compared with this military ogre, who, having acquired a taste for blood in the Crimean War, had been sent to Heligoland to gratify his ruthless propensities. He was as bad as Eyre, for he had suspended a native politician from the Council. He was worse than Sir Charles Darling, who had defied a constitution; for he had destroyed one.

My curiosity having been excited by these complaints, I went to the proper sources of information, and in a few hours had mastered the political history of Heligoland.

In 1807 it was captured by Vice-Admiral Russell from the Danes. From that time until 1864 the government of the colony consisted of a Governor, six magistrates, and a closed popular body called the *Vorstehererschaft*, containing, besides the magistrates aforesaid, eight quartermasters and sixteen elders. The elders were the tribunes of the people; the quartermasters acted as pilot officers, and superintended all questions of pilotage and wreck; while the magistrates had the power of nominating persons to fill vacancies in the *Vorstehererschaft*, and appointed to them their own particular adherents, or else dangerous political antagonists. The Governor was a Doge.

A colony governed by pilots, lodging-house-keepers, and small tradesmen could scarcely be expected to prove a success. In 1820 there was a debt of £1,800; in 1864, of £7,200. Owing to the rapacity of the quartermasters, the pilot-trade fell into the hands of the people of Cuxhaven. And in the island itself the wildest anarchy prevailed. The six magistrates were unable to execute their own decrees; there was no prison in the island, and it seems to

have been the custom for the authorities to kidnap convicted criminals and deposit them on the main-land. Petitions were being constantly presented to the Home Government from the magistrates, asking for more power; and from the people, demanding the right to elect their own representatives.

So, in 1864, a new constitution was inaugurated, by an order of her Majesty in Council. Its plan is similar to that extant in many other British colonies, consisting of an executive council to advise the Governor; of a legislative body, twelve members of whom are nominated by the crown, and twelve others annually elected by the people, and forming the so-called Combined Court, by whom all money ordinances have to be passed. The right of franchise is exercised by all persons of sound mind who have arrived at the age of twenty-one, and who have not been convicted of felony, — the last proviso, by the by, might be introduced with propriety in New York. The candidates for representation must be, to a certain extent, men of property; that is, they must own land to the value of £1 per annum; or the half of a boat; or the fourth part of a fishing-vessel; or the tenth part of a decked vessel; or must have a yearly income of £4; or must pay a house-rent of not less than thirty shillings a year.

The new constitution was at first popular enough. The Heligolanders were willing to accept the benefits, but they soon began to complain of the burdens, of civilization. The new Governor determined to strike at the two great abuses of Heligoland, — the roulette-table, and the public debt, — which were entangled together in a very embarrassing way. Were the gaming-table at once abolished, the number of visitors would decrease, and those who, on the security of the gaming-table, had invested their money in the colonial funds, would suffer pecuniary loss. It was therefore enacted that the table should be abolished at the expiration of the lease (1871), and that in

the interim every measure should be taken to increase the revenue with a view to the reduction of the debt.

Heligoland, indeed, after a period of bungling and robbery, was placed in the same financial position as the United States after a period of war. In one case, as in the other, taxation was the only remedy. But the Heligolanders did not like their medicine, and, like children, protested that they were quite well. They refused to entertain a new and startling idea,—still less, to pay for it. They had never heard of such a thing before; their fathers and grandfathers had never paid taxes, and why should they? It was no use telling them that other people paid taxes. They were not other people. They were Heligolanders. This, it seems, when spoken in their own patois, means a great deal; for they consider themselves intellectually and morally superior to all the other nations of the earth, whom they call, individually and collectively, *skit*,—a word in their language signifying dirt. As soon as it was known that “an ordinance enacting taxation on real and personal property” had been “enacted by the Governor of Heligoland, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council, and the concurrence of the Combined Court,” there was a grand disturbance. A reactionary party immediately arose, with the cry of *The old state of things, and no taxation!* When the tax-collectors went round, the men laughed in their faces, and the women called them names. It was in vain that the Governor summoned a meeting of the inhabitants, and addressed them in very excellent German, and gave them six months to turn the matter over in their minds. At the end of that time they were still obstinate, the tax-collectors resigned, and this victory was celebrated with festivities. But suddenly a British man-of-war appeared; a file of marines marched on shore; the ring-leaders of the reactionists were put into

durance vile—for an afternoon; and the taxes were paid up with marvellous rapidity.

The next move of the opposition was a petition, which was signed by three hundred and fifty out of the two thousand islanders, and was sent into the Colonial Office, protesting against the new constitution, and requesting the abolition of all the ordinances which it had passed. Since a certain occurrence which took place in the reign of George III., the British government has been in the habit of paying most careful attention to all popular petitions from the colonies, but this one, as may well be imagined, was refused. The constitution being popular, and the taxes being light, (there is but one person on the island who pays as much as £3 a year,) and the population extracting considerable wealth from their season visitors, they have no real grievance to complain of, and when last I heard from the island I was informed that the public debt was rapidly melting away, and that peace and good feeling had been quite restored.

This Liliput Province, in which the Governor is the only Englishman, and his cow almost the only quadruped, deserves to be more frequently visited by tourists, as it is perfectly unique in its way. It also merits the study of English politicians. This island rock is the Gibraltar of the North Sea. With a few companies of infantry and casemated batteries, it might be held against any force, and it commands the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe. The Heligolanders are not Germans,—ethnology perhaps would rather class them with the Danes,—and they have no German sympathies. There can be no excuse, therefore, for giving up the island to Prussia, as has been seriously recommended in an English journal; though the objection to this—that by so doing England might lose *prestige* upon the Continent—is a groundless fear: at the present moment she has none to lose.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Early and Late Papers, hitherto uncollected.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It appears to us that the graceful art of Thackeray was never more happily employed than in the first paper of this series. The "Memorials of Gormandizing" is a record of thrilling interest, and every good dinner described has the effect upon the reader of a felicitous drama. He goes from course to course, as from act to act of the play; he is agonized with suspense concerning the fate of the dishes, as if they were so many heroes and heroines; if the steak is not justly cooked, it shall give him almost as great heart-break as a disappointment of lovers; when all is fortunately ended, he takes a long breath, as when the curtain falls upon the picture of the united young people, the relenting uncle, and the baffled villain. As good as a novel? There are mighty few novels that have so much of life and human nature in them as that simple and affecting history, given in this book, of a dinner at the Café de Foy, in Paris. But they make one hungry with an inappeasable appetite, these "Memorials of Gormandizing," bringing to mind all the beautiful dinners eaten in Latin countries, and filling the heart with longing for the hotels that look out on the Louvre at Paris, the Villa Reale at Naples, the Venetian sunsets, the Arno at Florence, and even for the railway restaurants which so enchantingly diversify the flat, monotonous, and desolate Flemish landscape.

We travel with Mr. Titmarsh to Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, through the latter region, and we enjoy every one of those "Roadside Sketches," so delicate, so unerring, and so suggestive. Thackeray is a delightful traveller; for he, who can talk more wisely of old clothes than most preachers of eternity, gets out of the nothings that tourists see the very life and spirit of a country. Here is something also about modern art and pictures in England and France, which comes as near not at all boring as anything of that nature can; but we find the account of "Dickens in France" so much more attractive, that we shall always read it by preference hereafter.

For this is a book to be read many times by those loving to feel the conscious felicity of a writer who knows that every sentence shall happily express his mind, and succeed in winning the reader to the next. The security is tacit in the earlier papers here reprinted; in the later ones it is more declared, and becomes somewhat careless, though it can never beget slovenliness. It appears to this great master that what he does so easily can scarcely be worth doing, and he mocks his own facility.

The spirit of the book is the same throughout. It is not different from that of Thackeray's other books, and it is that of a man too sensible of his own love of the advantages he enjoys from the existing state of things ever to assail, with any great earnestness of purpose, the errors and absurdities of the world, — who trusted, for example, in one of his essays, never to be guilty of speaking harshly either of the South or North of America, since friends in both sections had offered him equally good claret. He is forever first in his art; and if we do not expect too much from him, he gives us so much that we must rejoice over every line of his preserved for our perusal.

A Vindication of the Claim of Alexander M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., to the Authorship of the Poem, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." By A. O. MORSE, of Cherry Valley, N. Y. New York: M. W. Dodd.

It is no great while since Miss Peck proved to her own satisfaction her claim to what Mr. Morse would style the "maternity" of "Nothing to Wear," and now hardly has Judge Holmes of Missouri determined that the paternity of Shakespeare is due to Bacon, when the friends of Mr. Ball of New Jersey spring another trouble upon mankind by declaring him the author of Mrs. Akers's very graceful and touching poem, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," which we all know by heart. In the present pamphlet they give what evidence they can in Mr. Ball's behalf, and, to tell the truth, it is not much. It appears from this and other sources that Mr. Ball is a person of independent property, and a member of the New

Jersey Legislature, who has written a great quantity of verses first and last, but has become all but "proverbial" in his native State for his carelessness of his own poetry; so that we suppose people say there of a negligent parent, "His children are as unkempt as the Hon. Alexander M. W. Ball's poems"; or of a heartless husband, "His wife is about as well provided for as Mr. Ball's Muse." Still Mr. Ball is not altogether lost to natural feeling, and he has not thrown away all his poetry, but has even so far shown himself alive to its claims upon him as to read it now and then to friends, who have keenly reproached him with his indifference to fame. To such accidents we owe the preservation in this pamphlet of several Christmas Carols and other lyrics, tending to prove that Mr. Ball could have written "Rock me to Sleep" if he had wished, and the much more important letters declaring that he did write it, and that the subscribers of the letters heard him read it nearly three years before its publication by Mrs. Akers. These letters are six in number, including a postscript, and it is not Mr. Ball's fault if they all read a good deal like the certificates of other days establishing the identity of the Old Original Doctor Jacob Townsend. Two only of the six are signed with the writers' names; but these two have a special validity, from the fact that the writer of one is a very old friend, who has more than once expressed his wish to be Mr. Ball's literary executor, while the writer of the other is evidently a legal gent, for he begins with "Relative to the controversy *in re* the authorship," etc., like a legal gent, and he concludes with the statement that he is able to fix the date when he heard Mr. Ball read "Rock me to Sleep" by the date of a paper which he *thinks* he called to draw up at Mr. Ball's residence some time in the autumn of 1859. This is Mr. J. Burrows Hyde. Mr. Lewis C. Grover, who would like to be Mr. Ball's literary executor, is more definite, and says that he heard Mr. Ball read the contested poem with others in 1857, during a call made to learn where Mr. Ball bought his damask curtains. H. D. E. is sorry that he or she cannot remember where he or she first heard Mr. Ball read it, but he or she distinctly remembers that it was in 1857 or 1858. L. P. and I. E. S. witness that they heard Mr. Ball read it in his study in 1856 or 1857, and state that the date may be fixed by reference to the time "when Mrs. Ball took Maria to Dr. Cox's,

and placed her in the school in Leroy," and the pamphleteer, turning to a bill rendered by the principal of the Leroy school, "fixes the date called for by the writers in February, 1857," at which time, according to the pamphleteer himself, *Mr. Ball was on his way to California in an ocean steamer!* The postscript mentioned among the letters is said to be dated at Brooklyn in 1858, and merely asks Mr. Ball to "send by the doctor"—not a dozen more bottles of his invaluable Sarsaparilla, but—the poem entitled "Rock me to Sleep," and this postscript has no signature, and is therefore worthless.

It appears, then, that these letters do not establish a great deal; the legal gent fixes the time when he heard the poem by the date of a paper which he thinks was drawn up at a certain period; H. D. E. is sorry that he or she cannot remember, and then distinctly remembers; the postscript is without signature; two other friends declare that they heard Mr. Ball, in his own study, read "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," at the moment when the poet was probably very sea-sick on a California steamer. Mr. Grover alone remains to persuade us, and we respectfully suggest to that enthusiast whether it was not "Rock-a-by Baby" that he heard Mr. Ball read? We do not think that he or the other writers of these letters intend deceit; but we know the rapture with which people listen to poets who read their own verses aloud, and we suspect that these listeners to Mr. Ball were carried too far away by their feelings ever to get back to their facts. They are good folks, but not critical, we judge, and might easily mistake Mr. Ball's persistent assertion for an actual recollection of their own. We think them one and all in error, and we do not believe that any living soul heard Mr. Ball read the disputed poem before 1860, for two reasons: Mrs. Akers did not write it before that time, and Mr. Ball could never have written it after any number of trials.

Let us take one of Mr. Ball's "Christmas Carols,"—probably the poem which his friends now recall as "Rock me to Sleep, Mother,"—for all proof and comment upon this last fact:—

"CHRISTMAS, 1856.

"And as time rolls us backward, we feel inclined to
weep,
As the spirit of our mother comes, to rock our
souls to sleep.

It raised my thoughts to heaven, and in converse
with them there
I felt a joy unearthly, and lighter sat world's
care;
For it opened up the vista of an echoless dim
shore,
Where my mother kindly greets me, as in good
days of yore."

Here, then, is that quality of peculiarly hopeless poetasting which strikes cold upon the stomach, and makes man turn sadly from his drivelling brother. Do we not know this sort of thing? Out of the rejected contributions in our waste-basket we could daily furnish the inside and outside of a dozen Balls. It is saddening, it is pathetic; it has gone on so long now, and must still continue for so many ages; but we can just bear it as a negative quality. It is only when such rubbish is put forward as proof that its author has a claim to the name and fame of a poet, that we lose patience. The verses given in this pamphlet would invalidate Mr. Ball's claim to the authorship of Mrs. Akers's poem, even though the Seven Sleepers swore that he rocked them asleep with it in the time of the Decian persecution. But beside the irrefragable internal evidence afforded by the specimens given of Mr. Ball's poetry, and by his "first draft" of the disputed poem, and by his "completed copy" of the poem, there is the well-known fact that Mr. Ball is a self-confessed plagiarist in one case, and a convicted plagiarist in several others. He has lately allowed in a published letter that he used a poem by Mrs. Whitman in "concocting" one of his own. It was some years since proven that he had plagiarized other poems, — even one from Mrs. Hemans.

Mr. Ball has some claims to forbearance and interest as a curious psychological study. Kleptomania is a well-known disorder. The unhappy persons affected steal whatever they can, wherever they can, and come home from evening parties with their pockets full of silver spoons, which are usually sent home with the apologies of mortified friends. We believe, however, this is the first instance of kleptomania of which the victim not only steals, but turns upon the person plundered and makes accusation that the stolen goods had been first filched from him. Mr. Ball is phenomenal, but is a legislative assembly the place for this sort of curiosity? If he is of sound mind, he is guilty of a very cruel and shameless wrong, meriting expulsion from any body that makes laws against larceny. If sane,

let him go be elected to the New York Common Council.

Of this pamphlet, aside from Mr. Ball, we have merely to say that it appears to be written by the most impudent and the most absurd man in America.

Literature and its Professors. By THOMAS PURNELL. London: Bell and Daldy.

A CULTIVATED intellect, a fair degree of shrewd perception, an inviolable conscientiousness, a common sense, frankly self-satisfied, are some of the qualifications which Mr. Purnell brings to the discussion of literature as seen in modern journalism, and in the lives of Giraldus Cambrensis and Montaigne, — of Roger Williams, the literary statesman, — of Steele, Sterne, and Swift, essayists, — of Mazzini, the literary patriot.

Many of the conditions of literary journalism alluded to in these essays are unknown in our country, where literature has not yet become merely a trade, and where we cannot see that literary men are sinking in popular esteem, and deservedly sinking, as being no better informed, or better qualified to control opinion, than their non-writing neighbors. We can better understand Mr. Purnell when he speaks of the imperfections and discrepancies of criticism, but are not better able to sympathize with all his ideas. The trouble is not, we think, that "critics who conceive themselves to be men of taste give their opinions fearlessly, having no misgivings that they are right," and "if a book is bad, feel it is bad," without being able to refer to a critical principle in proof, but that many who write reviews have not formed opinions and have not *felt* at all, and have rather proceeded upon a prejudice, a supposed law of æsthetics applicable to every exigency of literary development! A sense of the inadequacy of criticism must trouble every honest man who sits down to examine a new book; and it might almost be said, that no books can be justly estimated by the critic except those which are unworthy of criticism. Upon certain points and aspects of an author's work the critic can justly give his convictions, and need have no misgivings about them; but how to present a complete idea of it, and always to make that appear characteristic which is characteristic, and that exceptional which is exceptional, is the difficulty. Still, criticism must continue: the perfect equipoise may never be attained, and yet

we must employ the balance, or nothing can be appraised, and traffic ceases.

It appears to us that criticism would be even more inadequate than it is, however, if, as Mr. Purnell desires, it should have "to do solely with the disposal of the materials, and but incidentally with the quality of the materials themselves." If the German critics whom we are asked to imitate have taught us anything, it is to look through form at the substance within, and to judge that. When criticism was supposed a science, it declared with a mathematical absoluteness that no drama was good or great which did not preserve the unities. Yet Shakespeare has written since, and no critic in the world thinks his plays bad or weak, — thanks, chiefly, to the German criticism, which is an art, and not a science, as Mr. Purnell desires us to think it. In fact, criticism is almost purely a matter of taste and experience, and there is hardly any law established for criticism which has not been overthrown as often as the French government. Upon one point — namely, that a critic should judge an author solely by his work, and never by anything known of him personally — we think no one will disagree with our essayist.

We hardly know how much or how little to value the clever workmanship of these essays, which is characteristic of a whole class of literature in England, though we suspect it has not much greater claim to praise than the art possessed by most Parisians of writing dramatic sketches of Parisian society. It seems to come of a condition of things, rather than from an individual faculty. Still, it is remarkable, and even admirable, though in Mr. Purnell's case it is not inconsistent with dealing somewhat prolixly with rather dry subjects, and being immensely inconclusive upon all important matters, and very painfully conclusive on trivial ones. Our essayist says little that is new of Montaigne, and does not add to our knowledge, of Steele, Swift, and Sterne, though he speaks freshly and interestingly of Roger Williams as the first promoter of religious toleration. He requires seventeen pages ("Literary Hero-Worship") to declare that a great poet ought not to be thought great because he is not a great soldier, and *vice versa*; he is neat and cold, and generally doubtful of things accepted, and assured of things doubted, — and, without being commonplace himself, he seems to believe that he was born into the world to vindicate mediocrity of feeling.

The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

HERE is a woman's showing of women's wrongs, a woman's appeal to men for simple justice. All the facts of the matter are grouped and presented anew with emphasis and feeling; and a demand is finally made for the right of suffrage as the protection for women from all kinds of oppression.

We do not care to discuss the wisdom of this conclusion; but from the premises no man can dissent. It is unquestionably true that thousands of women in America suffer an oppression little less cruel than slavery; that they toil incessantly in shops and garrets for a pittance that half sustains life, and at last drives them to guilt as the alternative of starvation; it is true that women are shut out from the practice of the liberal professions; it is true that in the trades to which they are educated they often receive less pay than men for the same amount and quality of work; it is true that the laws still bear unfairly upon them. If the right of suffrage will open to them any means of earning bread now forbidden them, if it will help in any way to give them an equal chance with men in the world, they ought to have it. We are all alike guilty of their wrongs, as long as they continue; it is not the wretch who enslaves the needlewoman, — it is not the savage in whose "store" or "emporium" the poorly paid shop-girl is forbidden to sit down for a moment, and swoons away under the ordeal, — it is not the rogue who gives a woman less wages than a man for a man's service, — it is not these and their kind who are alone guilty, but society itself is guilty. The reform of very great evils will be cheaply accomplished if women by voting can right themselves. It must be confessed, to our shame, that we have failed to right them; though it may at the same time be doubted whether the elective franchise, which is claimed as the means of justice, would not now belong to women, if it had been even generally demanded. So far the responsibility is partly with woman herself, who must also help to bear the blame for failure to ameliorate the condition of her sex in the existing political state. Mrs. Dall is by no means blind to this fact, and she speaks candidly to women, as she speaks fearlessly to men. We think her arguments would have been more forcible if they had been less com-

plex. It is not worth while to argue the intellectual capacity of women for the franchise in a country where it is given to ignorant immigrants and freedmen. It was by no means necessary to show woman's qualification for all the affairs of life, in order to prove that she should not be hindered or limited in her attempts to help herself. Indeed, Mrs. Dall's strength is mainly in her facts concerning woman's general condition, and not in her researches to prove the exceptional success of women in the arts and sciences.

The Land of Thor. By J. ROSS BROWNE.
New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. BROWNE's stories of what he saw in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland have that variety ascribed by Mr. Tennyson to the imitations of his poetry, —

"And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed."

It is this traveller's aim to keep his reader constantly amused, and to produce broad grins and other broad effects at any cost. Naturally the peoples whom he visits, his readers, and the author himself, all suffer a good deal together, and do not so often combine in hearty, unforced laughter as could be wished. This is the more a pity because Mr. Browne is a genuine humorist, and must be very sorry to fatigue anybody. In his less boisterous moments he is really charming, and, in spite of all his liveliness, he does give some clear ideas of the lands he sees. It appears to us that the travels through Iceland are the best in his book, as the account of Russia is decidedly the dullest, — the Scandinavian countries of the main-land lying midway between these extremes, as they do on the map. Of solid information, such as the old-fashioned travellers used to give us in honest figures and statistics, there is very little in this book, which is the less to be

regretted because we already know everything now-a-days. The work is said to be "illustrated by the author"; but as most of the illustrations bear the initials of Mr. Stephens, we suppose this statement is also a joke. We confess that we like such of Mr. Browne's sketches as are given the best: there at least all animate life is not rendered with such a sentiment that cats and dogs, and men and women, might well turn with mutual displeasure from the idea of a common origin of their species.

Half-Tints. Table d'Hôte and Drawing-Room. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HERE is the side which our polygonous human nature presents to the observer in a great New York hotel. Throngs of coming and going strangers, snubbingly accommodated by the master of the caravan-sary, who seeks to make it rather the home of the undomestic rich than the sojourning-place of travel; the hard faces of the ladies in the drawing-room; the business talk of the men of the gentlemen's parlor; the twaddle of the jejune youngsters of either sex in the dining-room; and individual characters among all these, — are the features of hotel-life from which the author turns to sketch the exchange, the street, the fashionable physician, and the modish divine, or to moralize desultorily upon themes suggested by his walks between his hotel and his office. The manner of the book is colloquial, and the author, addressing an old friend, seeks a relief and contrast for the town atmosphere of his work in recurring reminiscences of a youth and childhood passed in the purer air of the country. Some of his sketches are caricatured, some of his pictures rather crudely colored; but at other times he is very skilful, and generally his tone is pleasant, and in the chapters, "Not a Sermon," "And so forth," and "Out of the Window," there is shrewd observation and sound thought.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

MUSTERING OF FORCES.

NOT long after the tableau performance had made Myrtle Hazard's name famous in the school and among the friends of the scholars, she received the very flattering attention of a call from Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place. This was in consequence of a suggestion from Mr. Livingston Jenkins, a particular friend of the family.

"They've got a demonish splendid school-girl over there," he said to that lady,—"made the stunningest-looking Pocahontas at the show there the other day. Demonish plucky-looking filly as ever you saw. Had a row with another girl,—gave the war-whoop, and went at her with a knife. Festive,—hey? Say she only meant to scare her,—looked as if she meant to stick her, anyhow. Splendid style. Why can't you go over to the shop and make 'em trot her out?"

The lady promised Mr. Livingston Jenkins that she certainly would, just as soon as she could find a moment's leisure,—which, as she had nothing in the world to do, was not likely to be

very soon. Myrtle in the mean time was busy with her studies, little dreaming what an extraordinary honor was awaiting her.

That rare accident in the lives of people who have nothing to do, a leisure morning, did at last occur. An elegant carriage, with a coachman in a wonderful cape, seated on a box lofty as a throne, and wearing a hat-band as brilliant as a coronet, stopped at the portal of Madam Delacoste's establishment. A card was sent in bearing the open sesame of Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, the great lady of 24 Carat Place. Miss Myrtle Hazard was summoned as a matter of course, and the fashionable woman and the young girl sat half an hour together in lively conversation.

Myrtle was fascinated by her visitor, who had that flattering manner which, to those not experienced in the world's ways, seems to imply unfathomable depths of disinterested devotion. Then it was so delightful to look upon a perfectly appointed woman,—one who was as artistically composed as a poem or an opera,—in whose costume a kind of various rhythm undulated in one fluent harmony, from the spray that nodded on

her bonnet to the rosette that blossomed on her sandal. As for the lady, she was captivated with Myrtle. There is nothing that your fashionable woman, who has ground and polished her own spark of life into as many and as glittering social facets as it will bear, has a greater passion for than a large rough diamond, which knows nothing of the sea of light it imprisons, and which it will be her pride to have cut into a brilliant under her own eye, and to show the world for its admiration and her own reflected glory. Mrs. Clymer Ketchum had taken the entire inventory of Myrtle's natural endowments before the interview was over. She had no marriageable children, and she was thinking what a killing bait Myrtle would be at one of her own parties.

She soon got another letter from Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, which explained the interest he had taken in Madam Delacoste's school, — all which she knew pretty nearly beforehand, for she had found out a good part of Myrtle's history in the half-hour they had spent in company.

"I had a particular reason for my inquiries about the school," he wrote. "There is a young girl there I take an interest in. She is handsome and interesting, and — though it is a shame to mention such a thing — has possibilities in the way of fortune not to be undervalued. Why can't you make her acquaintance and be civil to her? A country girl, but fine old stock, and will make a figure some time or other, I tell you. Myrtle Hazard, — that's her name. A mere school-girl. Don't be malicious and badger me about her, but be polite to her. Some of these country girls have got 'blue blood' in them, let me tell you, and show it plain enough."

("In huckleberry season!") said Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, in a parenthesis, — and went on reading.

"Don't think I'm one of your love-in-a-cottage sort, to have my head turned by a village beauty. I've got a career before me, Mrs. K., and I know it. But this is one of my pets, and I want you

to keep an eye on her. Perhaps when she leaves school you would n't mind asking her to come and stay with you a little while. Possibly I may come and see how she is getting on if you do, — won't that tempt you, Mrs. C. K.?"

Mrs. Clymer Ketchum wrote back to her relative how she had already made the young lady's acquaintance.

"Livingston Jenkins (you remember him) picked her out of the whole lot of girls as the 'prettiest filly in the stable.' That's his horrid way of talking. But your young milkmaid is really charming, and will come into form like a Derby three-year-old. There, now, I've caught that odious creature's horse-talk, myself. You're dead in love with this girl, Murray, you know you are.

"After all, I don't know but you're right. You would make a good country lawyer enough, I don't doubt. I used to think you had your ambitions, but never mind. If you choose to risk yourself on 'possibilities,' it is not my affair, and she's a beauty, — there's no mistake about that.

"There are some desirable *partis* at the school with your *Dulcinea*. There's Rose Bugbee. That last name is a good one to be married from. Rose is a nice girl, — there are only two of them. The estate will cut up like one of the animals it was made out of, — you know, — the sandwich-quadruped. Then there's Berengaria. Old Topping owns the Planet Hotel among other things, — so big, they say, there's always a bell ringing from somebody's room day and night the year round. Only child — unit and six ciphers — carries diamonds loose in her pocket — that's the story — good-looking — lively — a little slangy — called Livingston Jenkins 'Living Jingo' to his face one day. I want you to see my lot before you do anything serious. You owe something to the family, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw! But you must suit yourself, after all: if you are contented with a humble position in life, it is nobody's business that I know of. Only I know what life is, Murray B. Getting married is jumping overboard, any way you

look at it, and if you must save some woman from drowning an old maid, try to find one *with a cork jacket*, or she'll carry you down with her."

Murray Bradshaw was calculating enough, but he shook his head over this letter. It was too demonish cold-blooded for him, he said to himself. (Men cannot pardon women for saying aloud what they do not hesitate to think in silence themselves.) Never mind,—he must have Mrs. Clymer Ketchum's house and influence for his own purposes. Myrtle Hazard must become her guest, and then, if circumstances were favorable, he was certain of obtaining her aid in his project.

The opportunity to invite Myrtle to the great mansion presented itself unexpectedly. Early in the spring of 1861 there were some cases of sickness in Madam Delacoste's establishment, which led to closing the school for a while. Mrs. Clymer Ketchum took advantage of the dispersion of the scholars to ask Myrtle to come and spend some weeks with her. There were reasons why this was more agreeable to the young girl than returning to Oxbow Village, and she very gladly accepted the invitation.

It was very remarkable that a man living as Master Byles Gridley had lived for so long a time should all at once display such liberality as he showed to a young woman who had no claim upon him, except that he had rescued her from the consequences of her own imprudence and warned her against impending dangers. Perhaps he cared more for her than if the obligation had been the other way,—students of human nature say it is commonly so. At any rate, either he had ampler resources than it was commonly supposed, or he was imprudently giving way to his generous impulses, or he thought he was making advances which would in due time be returned to him. Whatever the reason was, he furnished her with means, not only for her necessary expenses, but sufficient to afford her many of the elegances which she would be like to want in the fashionable society

with which she was for a short time to mingle.

Mrs. Clymer Ketchum was so well pleased with the young lady she was entertaining, that she thought it worth while to give a party while Myrtle was staying with her. She had her jealousies and rivalries, as women of the world will, sometimes, and these may have had their share in leading her to take the trouble a large party involved. She was tired of the airs of Mrs. Pinnikle, who was of the great Apex family, and her terribly accomplished daughter Rhadamantha, and wanted to crush the young lady, and jaundice her mother, with a girl twice as brilliant and ten times handsomer. She was very willing, also, to take the nonsense out of the Capsheaf girls, who thought themselves the most stylish personages of their city world, and would bite their lips well to see themselves distanced by a country miss.

In the mean time circumstances were promising to bring into Myrtle's neighborhood several of her old friends and admirers. Mrs. Clymer Ketchum had written to Murray Bradshaw that she had asked his pretty milkmaid to come and stay awhile with her, but he had been away on business, and only arrived in the city a day or two before the party. But other young fellows had found out the attractions of the girl who was "hanging out at the Clymer Ketchum concern," and callers were plenty, reducing *tête-à-têtes* in a corresponding ratio. He did get one opportunity, however, and used it well. They had so many things to talk about in common, that she could not help finding him good company. She might well be pleased, for he was an adept in the curious art of being agreeable, as other people are in chess or billiards, and had made a special study of her tastes, as a physician studies a patient's constitution. What he wanted was to get her thoroughly interested in himself, and to maintain her in a receptive condition until such time as he should be ready for a final move. Any day might furnish the de-

cisive motive; in the mean time he wished only to hold her as against all others.

It was well for her, perhaps, that others had flattered her into a certain consciousness of her own value. She felt her veins full of the same rich blood as that which had flushed the cheeks of handsome Judith in the long summer of her triumph. Whether it was vanity, or pride, or only the instinctive sense of inherited force and attraction, it was the best of defences. The golden bracelet on her wrist seemed to have brought as much protection with it as if it had been a shield over her heart.

But far away in Oxbow Village other events were in preparation. The "fugitive pieces" of Mr. Gifted Hopkins had now reached a number so considerable, that, if collected and printed in large type, with plenty of what the unpleasant printers call "fat," — meaning thereby blank spaces, — upon a good, substantial, not to say thick paper, they might perhaps make a volume which would have substance enough to bear the title, printed lengthwise along the back, "Hopkins's Poems." Such a volume that author had in contemplation. It was to be the literary event of the year 1861.

He could not mature such a project, one which he had been for some time contemplating, without consulting Mr. Byles Gridley, who, though he had not unfrequently repressed the young poet's too ardent ambition, had yet always been kind and helpful.

Mr. Gridley was seated in his large arm-chair, indulging himself in the perusal of a page or two of his own work before repeatedly referred to. His eye was glistening, for it had just rested on the following passage: —

"There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf mute of literature. The great asylum of Oblivion is full of such, making inaudible signs to each other in leaky garrets and unattainable dusty upper shelves."

He shut the book, for the page grew a little dim as he finished this elegiac sentence, and sighed to think how much more keenly he felt its truth than when it was written, — than on that memorable morning when he saw the advertisement in all the papers, "This day published, 'Thoughts on the Universe. By Byles Gridley, A. M.'"

At that moment he heard a knock at his door. He closed his eyelids forcibly for ten seconds, opened them, and said, cheerfully, "Come in!"

Gifted Hopkins entered. He had a collection of manuscripts in his hands which it seemed to him would fill a vast number of pages. He did not know that manuscript is to type what fresh dandelions are to the dish of greens that comes to table, of which last Nurse Byloe, who considered them very wholesome spring grazing for her patients, used to say that they "biled down dreadful."

"I have brought the autographs of my poems, Master Gridley, to consult you about making arrangements for publication. They have been so well received by the public and the leading critics of this part of the State, that I think of having them printed in a volume. I am going to the city for that purpose. My mother has given her consent. I wish to ask you several business questions. Shall I part with the copyright for a downright sum of money, which I understand some prefer doing, or publish on shares, or take a percentage on the sales? These, I believe, are the different ways taken by authors."

Mr. Gridley was altogether too considerate to reply with the words which would most naturally have come to his lips. He waited as if he were gravely pondering the important questions just put to him, all the while looking at Gifted with a tenderness which no one who had not buried one of his soul's children could have felt for a young author trying to get clothing for his new-born intellectual offspring.

"I think," he said presently, "you had better talk with an intelligent and

liberal publisher, and be guided by his advice. I can put you in correspondence with such a person, and you had better trust him than me a great deal. Why don't you send your manuscript by mail?"

"What, Mr. Gridley? Trust my poems, some of which are unpublished, to the post-office? No, sir, I could never make up my mind to such a risk. I mean to go to the city myself, and read them to some of the leading publishers. I don't want to pledge myself to any one of them. I should like to set them bidding against each other for the copyright, if I sell it at all."

Mr. Gridley gazed upon the innocent youth with a sweet wonder in his eyes that made him look like an angel, a little damaged in the features by time, but full of celestial feelings.

"It will cost you something to make this trip, Gifted. Have you the means to pay for your journey and your stay at a city hotel?"

Gifted blushed. "My mother has laid by a small sum for me," he said. "She knows some of my poems by heart, and she wants to see them all in print."

Master Gridley closed his eyes very firmly again, as if thinking, and opened them as soon as the foolish film had left them. He had read many a page of "Thoughts on the Universe" to his own old mother, long, long years ago, and she had often listened with tears of modest pride that Heaven had favored her with a son so full of genius.

"I'll tell you what, Gifted," he said. "I have been thinking for a good while that I would make a visit to the city, and if you have made up your mind to try what you can do with the publishers, I will take you with me as a companion. It will be a saving to you and your good mother, for I shall bear the expenses of the expedition."

Gifted Hopkins came very near going down on his knees. He was so overcome with gratitude that it seemed as if his very coat-tails wagged with his emotion.

"Take it quietly," said Master Gridley. "Don't make a fool of yourself.

Tell your mother to have some clean shirts and things ready for you, and we will be off day after to-morrow morning."

Gifted hastened to impart the joyful news to his mother, and to break the fact to Susan Posey that he was about to leave them for a while, and rush into the deliriums and dangers of the great city.

Susan smiled. Gifted hardly knew whether to be pleased with her sympathy, or vexed that she did not take his leaving more to heart. The smile held out bravely for about a quarter of a minute. Then there came on a little twitching at the corners of the mouth. Then the blue eyes began to shine with a kind of veiled glimmer. Then the blood came up into her cheeks with a great rush, as if the heart had sent up a herald with a red flag from the citadel to know what was going on at the outworks. The message that went back was of discomfiture and capitulation. Poor Susan was overcome, and gave herself up to weeping and sobbing.

The sight was too much for the young poet. In a wild burst of passion he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, "Would that you could be mine forever!" and Susan forgot all that she ought to have remembered, and, looking half reproachfully but half tenderly through her tears, said, in tones of infinite sweetness, "O Gifted!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE POET AND THE PUBLISHER.

It was settled that Master Byles Gridley and Mr. Gifted Hopkins should leave early in the morning of the day appointed, to take the nearest train to the city. Mrs. Hopkins labored hard to get them ready, so that they might make a genteel appearance among the great people whom they would meet in society. She brushed up Mr. Gridley's best black suit, and bound the cuffs of his dress-coat, which were getting a little worried. She held his honest-look-

ing hat to the fire, and smoothed it while it was warm, until one would have thought it had just been ironed by the hatter himself. She had his boots and shoes brought into a more brilliant condition than they had ever known: if Gifted helped, it was to his credit as much as if he had shown his gratitude by polishing off a copy of verses in praise of his benefactor.

When she had got Mr. Gridley's encumbrances in readiness for the journey, she devoted herself to fitting out her son Gifted. First, she had down from the garret a capacious trunk, of solid wood, but covered with leather, and adorned with brass-headed nails, by the cunning disposition of which, also, the paternal initials stood out on the rounded lid, in the most conspicuous manner. It was his father's trunk, and the first thing that went into it, as the widow lifted the cover, and the smothering, shut-up smell struck an old chord of associations, was a single tear-drop. How well she remembered the time when she first unpacked it for her young husband, and the white shirt bosoms showed their snowy plaits! O dear, dear!

But women decant their affection, sweet and sound, out of the old bottles into the new ones,—off from the lees of the past generation, clear and bright, into the clean vessels just made ready to receive it. Gifted Hopkins was his mother's idol, and no wonder. She had not only the common attachment of a parent for him, as her offspring, but she felt that her race was to be rendered illustrious by his genius, and thought proudly of the time when some future biographer would mention her own humble name, to be held in lasting remembrance as that of the mother of Hopkins.

So she took great pains to equip this brilliant but inexperienced young man with everything he could by any possibility need during his absence. The great trunk filled itself until it bulged with its contents like a boa-constrictor who has swallowed his blanket. Best clothes and common clothes, thick

clothes and thin clothes, flannels and linens, socks and collars, with handkerchiefs enough to keep the pickpockets busy for a week, with a paper of gingerbread and some lozenges for gastralgia, and "hot drops," and ruled paper to write letters on, and a little Bible, and a phial with *hiera picra*, and another with paregoric, and another with "camphire" for sprains and bruises,—Gifted went forth equipped for every climate from the tropic to the pole, and armed against every malady from Ague to Zoster. He carried, also, the paternal watch, a solid silver bull's-eye, and a large pocket-book, tied round with a long tape, and, by way of precaution, pinned into his breast-pocket. He talked about having a pistol, in case he were attacked by any of the ruffians who are so numerous in the city, but Mr. Gridley told him, No! he would certainly shoot himself, and he should n't think of letting him take a pistol.

They went forth, Mentor and Telemachus, at the appointed time, to dare the perils of the railroad and the snares of the city. Mrs. Hopkins was firm up to near the last moment, when a little quiver in her voice set her eyes off, and her face broke up all at once, so that she had to hide it behind her handkerchief. Susan Posey showed the truthfulness of her character in her words to Gifted at parting. "Farewell," she said, "and think of me sometimes while absent. My heart is another's, but my friendship, Gifted—my friendship—"

Both were deeply affected. He took her hand and would have raised it to his lips; but she did not forget herself, and gently withdrew it, exclaiming, "O Gifted!" this time with a tone of tender reproach which made him feel like a profligate. He tore himself away, and when at a safe distance flung her a kiss, which she rewarded with a tearful smile.

Master Byles Gridley must have had some good dividends from some of his property of late. There is no other way of accounting for the handsome style in which he did things on their

arrival in the city. He went to a tailor's and ordered a new suit to be sent home as soon as possible, for he knew his wardrobe was a little rusty. He looked Gifted over from head to foot, and suggested such improvements as would recommend him to the fastidious eyes of the selecter sort of people, and put him in his own tailor's hands, at the same time saying that all bills were to be sent to him, B. Gridley, Esq., parlor No. 6, at the Planet House. Thus it came to pass that in three days from their arrival they were both in an eminently presentable condition. In the mean time the prudent Mr. Gridley had been keeping the young man busy, and amusing himself by showing him such of the sights of the city and its suburbs as he thought would combine instruction with entertainment.

When they were both properly equipped and ready for the best company, Mr. Gridley said to the young poet, who had found it very hard to contain his impatience, that they would now call together on the publisher to whom he wished to introduce him, and they set out accordingly.

"My name is Gridley," he said with modest gravity, as he entered the publisher's private room. "I have a note of introduction here from one of your authors, as I think he called himself, — a very popular writer for whom you publish."

The publisher rose and came forward in the most cordial and respectful manner. "Mr. Gridley? — Professor Byles Gridley, — author of 'Thoughts on the Universe'?"

The brave-hearted old man colored as if he had been a young girl. His dead book rose before him like an apparition. He groped in modest confusion for an answer. "A child I buried long ago, my dear sir," he said. "Its title-page was its tombstone. I have brought this young friend with me, — this is Mr. Gifted Hopkins of Oxbow Village, — who wishes to converse with you about —"

"I have come, sir —" the young poet began, interrupting him.

"Let me look at your manuscript, if you please, Mr. Popkins," said the publisher, interrupting in his turn.

"Hopkins, if you please, sir," Gifted suggested mildly, proceeding to extract the manuscript, which had got wedged into his pocket, and seemed to be holding on with all its might. He was wondering all the time over the extraordinary clairvoyance of the publisher, who had looked through so many thick folds, broadcloth, lining, brown paper, and seen his poems lying hidden in his breast-pocket. The idea that a young person coming on such an errand should have to explain his intentions would have seemed very odd to the publisher. He knew the look which belongs to this class of enthusiasts just as a horse-dealer knows the look of a green purchaser with the equine fever raging in his veins. If a young author had come to him with a scrap of manuscript hidden in his boots, like Major André's papers, the publisher would have taken one glance at him and said, "Out with it!"

While he was battling for the refractory scroll with his pocket, which turned half wrong side out, and acted as things always do when people are nervous and in a hurry, the publisher directed his conversation again to Master Byles Gridley.

"A remarkable book, that of yours, Mr. Gridley, — would have a great run if it were well handled. Came out twenty years too soon, — that was the trouble. One of our leading scholars was speaking of it to me the other day. 'We must have a new edition,' he said; 'people are just ripe for that book.' Did you ever think of that? Change the form of it a little, and give it a new title, and it will be a popular book. Five thousand or more, very likely."

Mr. Gridley felt as if he had been rapidly struck on the forehead with a dozen distinct blows from a hammer not quite big enough to stun him. He sat still without saying a word. He had forgotten for the moment all about poor Gifted Hopkins, who had got out

his manuscript at last, and was calming the disturbed corners of it. Coming to himself a little, he took a large and beautiful silk handkerchief, one of his new purchases, from his pocket, and applied it to his face, for the weather seemed to have grown very warm all at once. Then he remembered the errand on which he had come, and thought of this youth, who had got to receive his first hard lesson in life, and whom he had brought to this kind man that it should be gently administered.

"You surprise me," he said,—"you surprise me. Dead and buried. Dead and buried. I had sometimes thought that—at some future period, after I was gone, it might—but I hardly know what to say about your suggestions. But here is my young friend, Mr. Hopkins, who would like to talk with you, and I will leave him in your hands. I am at the Planet House, if you should care to call upon me. Good morning. Mr. Hopkins will explain everything to you more at his ease, without me, I am confident."

Master Gridley could not quite make up his mind to stay through the interview between the young poet and the publisher. The flush of hope was bright in Gifted's eye and cheek, and the good man knew that young hearts are apt to be over-sanguine, and that one who enters a shower-bath often feels very differently from the same person when he has pulled the string.

"I have brought you my Poems in the original autographs, sir," said Mr. Gifted Hopkins.

He laid the manuscript on the table, caressing the leaves still with one hand, as loath to let it go.

"What disposition had you thought of making of them?" the publisher asked, in a pleasant tone. He was as kind a man as lived, though he worked the chief engine in a chamber of torture.

"I wish to read you a few specimens of the poems," he said, "with reference to their proposed publication in a volume."

"By all means," said the kind pub-

lisher, who determined to be very patient with the *protégé* of the hitherto little-known, but remarkable writer, Professor Gridley. At the same time he extended his foot in an accidental sort of way, and pressed it on the right-hand knob of three which were arranged in a line beneath the table. A little bell in a distant apartment—the little bell marked C—gave one slight note, loud enough to start a small boy up, who looked at the clock, and knew that he was to go and call the publisher in just twenty-five minutes. "A, five minutes; B, ten minutes; C, twenty-five minutes";—that was the small boy's working formula. Mr. Hopkins was treated to the full allowance of time, as being introduced by Professor Gridley.

The young man laid open the manuscript so that the title-page, written out very handsomely in his own hand, should win the eye of the publisher.

BLOSSOMS OF THE SOUL.

A WREATH OF VERSE; *Original.*

BY GIFTED HOPKINS.

"A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,"
Gray.

"Shall I read you some of the rhymed pieces first, or some of the blank-verse poems, sir?" Gifted asked.

"Read what you think is best,—a specimen of your first-class style of composition."

"I will read you the very last poem I have written," he said, and he began:—

"THE TRIUMPH OF SONG.

"I met that gold-haired maiden, all too dear;
And I to her: Lo! thou art very fair,
Fairer than all the ladies in the world
That fan the sweetened air with scented fans,
And I am scorched with exceeding love,
Yea, crisped till my bones are dry as straw.
Look not away with that high-arched brow,
But turn its whiteness that I may behold,
And lift thy great eyes till they blaze on mine.
And lay thy finger on thy perfect mouth,
And let thy lucent ears of carven pearl
Drink in the murmured music of my soul,
As the lush grass drinks in the globéd dew;
For I have many scrolls of sweetest rhyme
I will unroll and make thee glad to hear.
"Then she: O shaper of the marvellous phrase
That openeth woman's heart as doth a key,
I dare not hear thee—lest the bolt should slide

That locks another's heart within my own.
Go, leave me, — and she let her eyelids fall
And the great tears rolled from her large blue eyes.
“Then I: If thou not hear me, I shall die,
Yea, in my desperate mood may lift my hand
And do myself a hurt no leech can mend;
For poets ever were of dark resolve,
And swift stern deed —

That maiden heard no more,
But spake: Alas! my heart is very weak,
And but for — Stay! And if some dreadful morn,
After great search and shouting thorough the
world,

We found thee missing, — strangled, — drowned
i' the mere, —

Then should I go distraught and be clean mad!
O poet, read! read all thy wondrous scroll!
Yea, read the verse that maketh glad to hear!
Then I began and read two sweet, brief hours,
And she forgot all love save only mine!”

“Is all this from real life?” asked the publisher.

“It — no, sir — not exactly from real life — that is, the leading female person is not wholly fictitious — and the incident is one which might have happened. Shall I read you the poems referred to in the one you have just heard, sir?”

“Allow me, one moment. Two hours' reading, I think, you said. I fear I shall hardly be able to spare quite time to hear them all. Let me ask what you intend doing with these productions, Mr — — — Popkins.”

“Hopkins, if you please, sir, not Popkins,” said Gifted, plaintively. He expressed his willingness to dispose of the copyright, to publish on shares, or perhaps to receive a certain percentage on the profits.

“Suppose we take a glass of wine together, Mr. — — Hopkins, before we talk business,” the publisher said, opening a little cupboard and taking therefrom a decanter and two glasses. He saw the young man was looking nervous. He waited a few minutes, until the wine had comforted his epigastrium, and diffused its gentle glow through his unspoiled and consequently susceptible organization.

“Come with me,” he said.

Gifted followed him into a dingy apartment in the attic, where one sat at a great table heaped and piled with manuscripts. By him was a huge basket, half full of manuscripts also. As

they entered he dropped another manuscript into the basket and looked up.

“Tell me,” said Gifted, “what are these papers, and who is he that looks upon them and drops them into the basket?”

“These are the manuscript poems that we receive, and the one sitting at the table is commonly spoken of among us as The Butcher. The poems he drops into the basket are those rejected as of no account.”

“But does he not read the poems before he rejects them?”

“He tastes them. Do you eat a cheese before you buy it?”

“And what becomes of all these that he drops into the basket?”

“If they are not claimed by their author in proper season they go to the devil.”

“What!” said Gifted, with his eyes stretched very round.

“To the paper factory, where they have a horrid machine they call the devil, that tears everything to bits, — as the critics treat our authors, sometimes, — *sometimes*, Mr. Hopkins.”

Gifted devoted a moment to silent reflection.

After this instructive sight they returned together to the publisher's private room. The wine had now warmed the youthful poet's præcordia, so that he began to feel a renewed confidence in his genius and his fortunes.

“I should like to know what that critic of yours would say to *my* manuscript,” he said boldly.

“You can try it, if you want to,” the publisher replied, with an ominous dryness of manner which the sanguine youth did not perceive, or, perceiving, did not heed.

“How can we manage to get an impartial judgment?”

“O, I'll arrange that. He always goes to his luncheon about this time. Raw meat and vitriol punch, — that's what the authors say. Wait till we hear him go, and then I will lay your manuscript so that he will come to it among the first after he gets back. You shall see with your own eyes what treatment

it gets. I hope it may please him, but you shall see."

They went back to the publisher's private room and talked awhile. Then the small boy came up with some vague message about a gentleman — business — wants to see you, sir, etc., according to the established programme; all in a vacant, mechanical sort of way, as if he were a talking-machine just running down.

The publisher told the small boy that he was engaged, and the gentleman must wait. Very soon they heard The Butcher's heavy footstep as he went out to get his raw meat and vitriol punch.

"Now, then," said the publisher, and led forth the confiding literary lamb once more, to enter the fatal door of the critical shambles.

"Hand me your manuscript, if you please, Mr. Hopkins. I will lay it so that it shall be the third of these that are coming to hand. Our friend here is a pretty good judge of verse, and knows a merchantable article about as quick as any man in his line of business. If he forms a favorable opinion of your poems, we will talk over your propositions."

Gifted was conscious of a very slight tremor as he saw his precious manuscript deposited on the table under two others, and over a pile of similar productions. Still he could not help feeling that the critic would be struck by his title. The quotation from Gray must touch his feelings. The very first piece in the collection could not fail to arrest him. He looked a little excited, but he was in good spirits.

"We will be looking about here when our friend comes back," the publisher said. "He is a very methodical person, and will sit down and go right to work just as if we were not here. We can watch him, and if he should express any particular interest in your poems, I will, if you say so, carry you up to him and reveal the fact that you are the author of the works that please him."

They waited patiently until The Butcher returned, apparently refreshed by his

ferocious refection, and sat down at his table. He looked comforted, and not in ill humor. The publisher and the poet talked in low tones, as if on business of their own, and watched him as he returned to his labor.

The Butcher took the first manuscript that came to hand, read a stanza here and there, turned over the leaves, turned back and tried again, — shook his head — held it for an instant over the basket, as if doubtful, — and let it softly drop. He took up the second manuscript, opened it in several places, seemed rather pleased with what he read, and laid it aside for further examination.

He took up the third. "Blossoms of the Soul," etc. He glared at it in a dreadfully ogreish way. Both the lookers-on held their breath. Gifted Hopkins felt as if half a glass more of that warm sherry would not hurt him. There was a sinking at the pit of his stomach, as if he was in a swing, as high as he could go, close up to the swallows' nests and spiders' webs. The Butcher opened the manuscript at random, read ten seconds, and gave a short, low grunt. He opened again, read ten seconds, and gave another grunt, this time a little longer and louder. He opened once more, read five seconds, and, with something that sounded like the snort of a dangerous animal, cast it impatiently into the basket, and took up the manuscript that came next in order.

Gifted Hopkins stood as if paralyzed for a moment.

"Safe, perfectly safe," the publisher said to him in a whisper. "I'll get it for you presently. Come in and take another glass of wine," he said, leading him back to his own office.

"No, I thank you," he said faintly, "I can bear it. But this is dreadful, sir. Is this the way that genius is welcomed to the world of letters?"

The publisher explained to him, in the kindest manner, that there was an enormous over-production of verse, and that it took a great part of one man's time simply to overhaul the cart-loads of it that were trying to get themselves

into print with the *imprimatur* of his famous house. "You 're young, Mr. Hopkins. I advise you not to try to force your article of poetry on the market. The B——, our friend, there, that is, knows a thing that will sell as soon as he sees it. You are in independent circumstances, perhaps? If so, you can print—at your own expense—whatever you choose. May I take the liberty to ask your—profession?"

Gifted explained that he was "clerk" in a "store," where they sold dry goods and West India goods, and goods promiscuous.

"O, well, then," the publisher said, "you will understand me. Do you know a good article of brown sugar when you see it?"

Gifted Hopkins rather thought he did. He knew at sight whether it was a fair, salable article or not.

"Just so. Now our friend, there, knows verses that are salable and unsalable as well as you do brown sugar.—Keep quiet now, and I will go and get your manuscript for you.—There, Mr. Hopkins, take your poems,—they will give you a reputation in your village, I don't doubt, which is pleasant, but it will cost you a good deal of money to print them in a volume. You are very young: you can afford to wait. Your genius is not ripe yet, I am confident, Mr. Hopkins. These verses are very well for a beginning, but a man of promise like you, Mr. Hopkins, must n't throw away his chance by premature publication! I should like to make you a present of a few of the books we publish. By and by, perhaps, we can work you into our series of poets; but the best pears ripen slowly, and so with genius.—Where shall I send the volumes?"

Gifted answered, to parlor No. 6, Planet Hotel, where he soon presented himself to Master Gridley, who could guess pretty well what was coming. But he let him tell his story.

"Shall I try the other publishers?" said the disconsolate youth.

"I would n't, my young friend, I

would n't. You have seen the best one of them all. He is right about it, quite right: you are young, and had better wait. Look here, Gifted, here is something to please you. We are going to visit the gay world together. See what has been left here this forenoon."

He showed him two elegant notes of invitation requesting the pleasure of Professor Byles Gridley's and of Mr. Gifted Hopkins's company on Thursday evening, as the guests of Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. CLYMER KETCHUM'S PARTY.

MYRTLE HAZARD had flowered out as beyond question the handsomest girl of the season. There were hints from different quarters that she might possibly be an heiress. Vague stories were about of some contingency which might possibly throw a fortune into her lap. The young men about town talked of her at the clubs in their free-and-easy way, but all agreed that she was the girl of the new crop,—“best filly this grass,” as Livingston Jenkins put it. The general understanding seemed to be that the young lawyer who had followed her to the city was going to capture her. She seemed to favor him certainly as much as anybody. But Myrtle saw many young men now, and it was not so easy as it would once have been to make out who was an especial favorite.

There had been times when Murray Bradshaw would have offered his heart and hand to Myrtle at once, if he had felt sure that she would accept him. But he preferred playing the safe game now, and only wanted to feel sure of her. He had done his best to be agreeable, and could hardly doubt that he had made an impression. He dressed well when in the city,—even elegantly,—he had many of the lesser social accomplishments, was a good dancer, and compared favorably in all such matters with the more dashing young fellows in society. He was a better

talker than most of them, and he knew more about the girl he was dealing with than they could know. "You have only got to say the word, Murray," Mrs. Clymer Ketchum said to her relative, "and you can have her. But don't be rash. I believe you can get Berengaria if you try; and there's something better there than possibilities." Murray Bradshaw laughed, and told Mrs. Clymer Ketchum not to worry about him; he knew what he was doing.

It so happened that Myrtle met Master Byles Gridley walking with Mr. Gifted Hopkins the day before the party. She longed to have a talk with her old friend, and was glad to have a chance of pleasing her poetical admirer. She therefore begged her hostess to invite them both to her party to please her, which she promised to do at once. Thus the two elegant notes were accounted for.

Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, though her acquaintances were chiefly in the world of fortune and of fashion, had yet a certain weakness for what she called clever people. She therefore always variegated her parties with a streak of young artists and writers, and a literary lady or two; and, if she could lay hands on a first-class celebrity, was as happy as an Amazon who had captured a Centaur.

"There's a demonish clever young fellow by the name of Lindsay," Mr. Livingston Jenkins said to her a little before the day of the party. "Better ask him. They say he's the rising talent in his line, architecture mainly, but has done some remarkable things in the way of sculpture. There's some story about a bust he made that was quite wonderful. I'll find his address for you." So Mr. Clement Lindsay got his invitation, and thus Mrs. Clymer Ketchum's party promised to bring together a number of persons with whom we are acquainted, and who were acquainted with each other.

Mrs. Clymer Ketchum knew how to give a party. Let her only have *carte blanche* for flowers, music, and champagne, she used to tell her lord, and

she would see to the rest,—lighting the rooms, tables, and toilet. He need n't be afraid: all he had to do was to keep out of the way.

Subdivision of labor is one of the triumphs of modern civilization. Labor was beautifully subdivided in this lady's household. It was old Ketchum's business to make money, and he understood it. It was Mrs. K.'s business to spend money, and she knew how to do it. The rooms blazed with light like a conflagration; the flowers burned like lamps of many-colored flame; the music throbbed into the hearts of the promenaders and tingled through all the muscles of the dancers.

Mrs. Clymer Ketchum was in her glory. Her *point d'Alençon* must have spoiled ever so many French girls' eyes. Her bosom heaved beneath a kind of breastplate glittering with a heavy dew of diamonds. She glistened and sparkled with every movement, so that the admirer forgot to question too closely whether the eyes matched the brilliants, or the cheeks glowed like the roses. Not far from the great lady stood Myrtle Hazard. She was dressed as the fashion of the day demanded, but she had added certain audacious touches of her own, reminiscences of the time when the dead beauty had flourished, and which first provoked the question and then the admiration of the young people who had a natural eye for effect. Over the long white glove on her left arm was clasped a rich bracelet, of so quaint an antique pattern that nobody had seen anything like it, and as some one whispered that it was "the last thing out," it was greatly admired by the fashion-plate multitude, as well as by the few who had a taste of their own. If the soul of Judith Pride, long divorced from its once beautifully moulded dust, ever lived in dim consciousness through any of those who inherited her blood, it was then and there that she breathed through the lips of Myrtle Hazard. The young girl almost trembled with the ecstasy of this new mode of being, soliciting every sense with light, with perfume, with melody,

—all that could make her feel the wonderful complex music of a fresh life when all its chords first vibrate together in harmony. Miss Rhadamantia Pinnacle, whose mother was an Apex (of whose race it was said that they always made an obeisance when the family name was mentioned, and had all their portraits painted with halos round their heads), found herself extinguished in this new radiance. Miss Victoria Capsheaf stuck to the wall as if she had been a fresco on it. The fifty-year-old dynasties were dismayed and dismounted. Myrtle fossilized them as suddenly as if she had been a Gorgon, instead of a beauty.

The guests in whom we may have some interest were in the mean time making ready for the party, which was expected to be a brilliant one; for 24 Carat Place was well known for the handsome style of its entertainments.

Clement Lindsay was a little surprised by his invitation. He had, however, been made a lion of several times of late, and was very willing to amuse himself once in a while with a peep into the great world. It was but an empty show to him at best, for his lot was cast, and he expected to lead a quiet domestic life after his student days were over.

Master Byles Gridley had known what society was in his earlier time, and understood very well that all a gentleman of his age had to do was to dress himself in his usual plain way, only taking a little more care in his arrangements than was needed in the latitude of Oxbow Village. But Gifted must be looked after, that he should not provoke the unamiable comments of the city youth by any defect or extravagance of costume. The young gentleman had bought a light sky-blue neckerchief, and a very large breast-pin containing a gem which he was assured by the vendor was a genuine stone. He considered that both these would be eminently effective articles of dress, and Mr. Gridley had some trouble to convince him that a white tie

and plain shirt-buttons would be more fitted to the occasion.

On the morning of the day of the great party Mr. William Murray Bradshaw received a brief telegram, which seemed to cause him great emotion, as he changed color, uttered a forcible exclamation, and began walking up and down his room in a very nervous kind of way. It was a foreshadowing of a certain event now pretty sure to happen. Whatever bearing this telegram may have had upon his plans, he made up his mind that he would contrive an opportunity somehow that very evening to propose himself as a suitor to Myrtle Hazard. He could not say that he felt as absolutely certain of getting the right answer as he had felt at some previous periods. Myrtle knew her price, he said to himself, a great deal better than when she was a simple country girl. The flatteries with which she had been surrounded, and the effect of all the new appliances of beauty, which had set her off so that she could not help seeing her own attractions, rendered her harder to please and to satisfy. A little experience in society teaches a young girl the arts and the phrases which all the Lotharios have in common. Murray Bradshaw was ready to land his fish now, but he was not quite sure that she was yet hooked, and he had a feeling that by this time she knew every fly in his book. However, as he had made up his mind not to wait another day, he addressed himself to the trial before him with a determination to succeed, if any means at his command would insure success. He arrayed himself with faultless elegance: nothing must be neglected on such an occasion. He went forth firm and grave as a general going into a battle where all is to be lost or won. He entered the blazing saloon with the unfailing smile upon his lips, to which he set them as he set his watch to a particular hour and minute.

The rooms were pretty well filled when he arrived and made his bow before the blazing, rustling, glistening, waving, blushing appearance under

which palpitated, with the pleasing excitement of the magic scene over which its owner presided, the heart of Mrs. Clymer Ketchum. He turned to Myrtle Hazard, and if he had ever doubted which way his inclinations led him, he could doubt no longer. How much dress and how much light can a woman bear? That is the way to measure her beauty. A plain girl in a simple dress, if she has only a pleasant voice, may seem almost a beauty in the rosy twilight. The nearer she comes to being handsome, the more ornament she will bear, and the more she may defy the sunshine or the chandelier. Murray Bradshaw was fairly dazzled with the brilliant effect of Myrtle in full dress. He did not know before what handsome arms she had, — Judith Pride's famous arms, which the high-colored young men in top-boots used to swear were the handsomest pair in New England, right over again. He did not know before with what defiant effect she would light up, standing as she did directly under a huge lustre, in full flower of flame, like a burning azalea. He was not a man who intended to let his sentiments carry him away from the serious interests of his future, yet, as he looked upon Myrtle Hazard, his heart gave one throb which made him feel in every pulse that this was a woman who in her own right, simply as a woman, could challenge the homage of the proudest young man of her time. He hardly knew till this moment how much of passion mingled with other and calmer motives of admiration. He could say *I love you* as truly as such a man could ever speak these words, meaning that he admired her, that he was attracted to her, that he should be proud of her as his wife, that he should value himself always as the proprietor of so rare a person, that no appendage to his existence would take so high a place in his thoughts. This implied also, what is of great consequence to a young woman's happiness in the married state, that she would be treated with uniform politeness, with satisfactory evidences of affection, and with

a degree of confidence quite equal to what a reasonable woman should expect from a very superior man, her husband.

If Myrtle could have looked through the window in the breast against which only authors are privileged to flatten their features, it is for the reader to judge how far the programme would have satisfied her. Less than this, a great deal less, does appear to satisfy many young women; and it may be that the picture just drawn, fairly judged, belongs to a model lover and husband. Whether it does or not, Myrtle did not see this picture. There was a beautifully embroidered shirt-bosom in front of that window through which we have just looked, that intercepted all sight of what was going on within. She only saw a man, young, handsome, courtly, with a winning tongue, with an ambitious spirit, whose every look and tone implied his admiration of herself, and who was associated with her past life in such a way that they alone appeared like old friends in the midst of that cold, alien throng. It seemed as if he could not have chosen a more auspicious hour than this; for she never looked so captivating, and her presence must inspire his lips with the eloquence of love. And she — was not this delirious atmosphere of light and music just the influence to which he would wish to subject her before trying the last experiment of all which can stir the soul of a woman? He knew the mechanism of that impressionable state which served Coleridge so excellently well, —

"All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve," —

though he hardly expected such startling results as happened in that case, — which might be taken as an awful warning not to sing moving ballads to young ladies of susceptible feelings, unless one is prepared for very serious consequences. Without expecting that Myrtle would rush into his arms, he did think that she could not help listening

to him in the intervals of the delicious music, in some recess where the roses and jasmines and heliotropes made the air heavy with sweetness, and the crimson curtains drooped in heavy folds that half hid their forms from the curious eyes all round them. Her heart would swell like Genevieve's as he told her in simple phrase that she was his life, his love, his all,—for in some two or three words like these he meant to put his appeal, and not in fine poetical phrases: that would do for Gifted Hopkins and rhyming tomtits of that feather.

Full of his purpose, involving the plans of his whole life, implying, as he saw clearly, a brilliant future or a disastrous disappointment, with a great unexploded mine of consequences under his feet, and the spark ready to fall into it, he walked about the gilded saloon with a smile upon his lips so perfectly natural and pleasant, that one would have said he was as vacant of any aim, except a sort of superficial good-natured disposition to be amused, as the blank-eyed simpleton who had tied himself up in a white cravat and come to bore and be bored.

Yet under this pleasant smile his mind was so busy with its thoughts that he had forgotten all about the guests from Oxbow Village who, as Myrtle had told him, were to come this evening. His eye was all at once caught by a familiar figure, and he recognized Master Byles Gridley, accompanied by Mr. Gifted Hopkins, at the door of the saloon. He stepped forward at once to meet and to present them.

Mr. Gridley in evening costume made an eminently dignified and respectable appearance. There was an unusual look of benignity upon his firmly moulded features, and an air of ease which rather surprised Mr. Bradshaw, who did not know all the social experiences which had formed a part of the old Master's history. The greeting between them was courteous, but somewhat formal, as Mr. Bradshaw was acting as one of the masters of ceremony. He nodded to Gifted in an easy way, and led

them both into the immediate Presence.

"This is my friend Professor Gridley, Mrs. Ketchum, whom I have the honor of introducing to you,—a very distinguished scholar, as I have no doubt you are well aware. And this is my friend Mr. Gifted Hopkins, a young poet of distinction, whose fame will reach you by and by, if it has not come to your ears already."

The two gentlemen went through the usual forms, the poet a little crushed by the Presence, but doing his best. While the lady was making polite speeches to them, Myrtle Hazard came forward. She was greatly delighted to meet her old friend, and even looked upon the young poet with a degree of pleasure she would hardly have expected to receive from his company. They both brought with them so many reminiscences of familiar scenes and events, that it was like going back for the moment to Oxbow Village. But Myrtle did not belong to herself that evening, and had no opportunity to enter into conversation just then with either of them. There was to be dancing by and by, and the younger people were getting impatient that it should begin. At last the music sounded the well-known summons, and the floors began to ring to the tread of the dancers. As usual on such occasions there were a large number of non-combatants, who stood as spectators around those who were engaged in the campaign of the evening. Mr. Byles Gridley looked on gravely, thinking of the minuets and the gavots of his younger days. Mr. Gifted Hopkins, who had never acquired the desirable accomplishment of dancing, gazed with dazzled and admiring eyes at the wonderful evolutions of the graceful performers. The music stirred him a good deal; he had also been introduced to one or two young persons as Mr. Hopkins, the poet, and he began to feel a kind of excitement, such as was often the prelude of a lyric burst from his pen. Others might have wealth and beauty, he thought to himself, but what were these to the gift of genius? In

fifty years the wealth of these people would have passed into other hands. In fifty years all these beauties would be dead, or wrinkled and double-wrinkled great-grandmothers. And when they were all gone and forgotten, the name of Hopkins would be still fresh in the world's memory. Inspiring thought! A smile of triumph rose to his lips; he felt that the village boy who could look forward to fame as his inheritance was richer than all the millionnaires, and that the words he should set in verse would have a lustre in the world's memory to which the whiteness of pearls was cloudy, and the sparkle of diamonds dull.

He raised his eyes, which had been cast down in reflection, to look upon these less favored children of Fortune, to whom she had given nothing but perishable inheritances. Two or three pairs of eyes, he observed, were fastened upon him. His mouth perhaps betrayed a little self-consciousness, but he tried to show his features in an aspect of dignified self-possession. There seemed to be remarks and questionings going on, which he supposed to be something like the following:—

Which is it? Which is it?—Why, that one, there,—that young fellow,—don't you see?—What young fellow are you two looking at? Who is he? What is he?—Why, that is *Hopkins*, the poet.—Hopkins, the poet! Let me see him! Let *me* see him!—Hopkins? What! Gifted Hopkins? etc., etc.

Gifted Hopkins did not hear these words except in fancy, but he did unquestionably find a considerable number of eyes concentrated upon him, which he very naturally interpreted as an evidence that he had already begun to enjoy a foretaste of the fame of which he should hereafter have his full allowance. Some seemed to be glancing furtively, some appeared as if they wished to speak, and all the time the number of those looking at him seemed to be increasing. A vision came through his fancy of himself as standing on a platform, and having persons who wished to look upon him and shake hands

with him presented, as he had heard was the way with great people when going about the country. But this was only a suggestion, and by no means a serious thought, for that would have implied infatuation.

Gifted Hopkins was quite right in believing that he attracted many eyes. At last those of Myrtle Hazard were called to him, and she perceived that an accident was making him unenviably conspicuous. The bow of his rather large white neck-tie had slid round and got beneath his left ear. A not very good-natured or well-bred young fellow had pointed out the subject of this slight misfortune to one or two others of not much better taste or breeding, and thus the unusual attention the youthful poet was receiving explained itself. Myrtle no sooner saw the little accident of which her rural friend was the victim, than she left her place in the dance with a simple courage which did her credit. "I want to speak to you a minute," she said. "Come into this alcove."

And the courageous young lady not only told Gifted what had happened to him, but found a pin somehow, as women always do on a pinch, and had him in presentable condition again almost before the bewildered young man knew what was the matter. On reflection it occurred to him, as it has to other provincial young persons going to great cities, that he might perhaps have been hasty in thinking himself an object of general curiosity as yet. There had hardly been time for his name to have become very widely known. Still, the feeling had been pleasant for the moment, and had given him an idea of what the rapture would be, when, wherever he went, the monster digit (to hint a classical phrase) of the collective admiring public would be lifted to point him out, and the whisper would pass from one to another, "That's him! That's Hopkins!"

Mr. Murray Bradshaw had been watching the opportunity for carrying out his intentions, with his pleasant smile covering up all that was passing

in his mind, and Master Byles Gridley, looking equally unconcerned, had been watching him. The young man's time came at last. Some were at the supper-table, some were promenading, some were talking, when he managed to get Myrtle a little apart from the rest, and led her towards one of the recesses in the apartment, where two chairs were invitingly placed. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were sparkling,—the influences to which he had trusted had not been thrown away upon her. He had no idea of letting his purpose be seen until he was fully ready. It required all his self-mastery to avoid betraying himself by look or tone, but he was so natural that Myrtle was thrown wholly off her guard. He meant to make her pleased with herself to begin with, and that not by point-blank flattery, of which she had had more than enough of late, but rather by suggestion and inference, so that she should find herself feeling happy without knowing how. It would be easy to glide from that to the impression she had produced upon him, and get the two feelings more or less mingled in her mind. And so the simple confession he meant to make would at length evolve itself logically, and hold by a natural connection to the first agreeable train of thought which he had called up. Not the way, certainly, that most young men would arrange their great trial scene; but Murray Bradshaw was a lawyer in love as much as in business, and considered himself as pleading a cause before a jury of Myrtle Hazard's conflicting motives. What would any lawyer do in a jury case, but begin by giving the twelve honest men and true to understand, in the first place, that their intelligence and virtue were conceded by all, and that he himself had perfect confidence in them, and leave them to shape their verdict in accordance with these propositions and his own side of the case?

Myrtle had, perhaps, never so seriously inclined her ear to the pleasing accents of the young pleader. He flattered her with so much tact, that she

thought she heard an unconscious echo through his lips of an admiration which he only shared with all around him. But in him he made it seem discriminating, deliberate, not blind, but very real. This it was which had led him to trust her with his ambitions and his plans,—they might be delusions, but he could never keep them from her, and she was the one woman in the world to whom he thought he could safely give his confidence.

The dread moment was close at hand. Myrtle was listening with an instinctive premonition of what was coming,—ten thousand mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and so on, had passed through it all in preceding generations until time reached backwards to the sturdy savage who asked no questions of any kind, but knocked down the great primeval grandmother of all, and carried her off to his hole in the rock, or into the tree where he had made his nest. Why should not the coming question announce itself by stirring in the pulses and thrilling in the nerves of the descendant of all these grandmothers?

She was leaning imperceptibly towards him, drawn by the mere blind elemental force, as the plummet was attracted to the side of Schehallion. Her lips were parted, and she breathed a little faster than so healthy a girl ought to breathe in a state of repose. The steady nerves of William Murray Bradshaw felt unwonted thrills and tremors tingling through them, as he came nearer and nearer the few simple words with which he was to make Myrtle Hazard the mistress of his destiny. His tones were becoming lower and more serious; there were slight breaks once or twice in the conversation; Myrtle had cast down her eyes.

"There is but one word more to add," he murmured softly, as he bent towards her—

A grave voice interrupted him. "Excuse me, Mr. Bradshaw," said Master Byles Gridley, "I wish to present a young gentleman to my friend here. I promised to show him the most charm-

ing young person I have the honor to be acquainted with, and I must redeem my pledge. Miss Hazard, I have the pleasure of introducing to your acquaintance my distinguished young friend, Mr. Clement Lindsay."

Once more, for the third time, these two young persons stood face to face. Myrtle was no longer liable to those nervous seizures which any sudden impression was liable to produce when she was in her half-hysterical state of mind and body. She turned to the new-comer, who found himself unexpectedly submitted to a test which he would never have risked of his own will. He must go through it, cruel as it was, with the easy self-command which belongs to a gentleman in the most trying social exigencies. He addressed her, therefore, in the usual terms of courtesy, and then turned and greeted Mr. Bradshaw, whom he had never met since their coming together at Oxbow Village. Myrtle was conscious, the instant she looked upon Clement Lindsay, of the existence of some peculiar relation between them; but what, she could not tell. Whatever it was, it broke the charm that had been weaving between her and Murray Bradshaw. He was not foolish enough to make a scene. What fault could he find with Clement Lindsay, who had only done as any gentleman would do with a lady to whom he had just been introduced, — addressed a few polite words to her? After saying those words, Clement had turned very courteously to him, and they had spoken with each other. But Murray Bradshaw could not help seeing that Myrtle had transferred her attention, at least for the moment, from him to the new-comer. He folded his arms and waited, — but he waited in

vain. The hidden attraction which drew Clement to the young girl with whom he had passed into the Valley of the Shadow of Death overmastered all other feelings, and he gave himself up to the fascination of her presence.

The inward rage of Murray Bradshaw at being interrupted just at the moment when he was, as he thought, about to cry checkmate and finish the first great game he had ever played, may well be imagined. But it could not be helped. Myrtle had exercised the customary privilege of young ladies at parties, and had turned from talking with one to talking with another, — that was all. Fortunately for him the young man who had been introduced at such a most critical moment was not one from whom he need apprehend any serious interference. He felt grateful beyond measure to pretty Susan Posey, who, as he had good reason for believing, retained her hold upon her early lover, and was looking forward with bashful interest to the time when she should become Mrs. Lindsay. It was better to put up quietly with his disappointment; and, if he could get no favorable opportunity that evening to resume his conversation at the interesting point where he left it off, he would call the next day and bring matters to a conclusion.

He called accordingly, the next morning, but was disappointed in not seeing Myrtle. She had hardly slept that night, and was suffering from a bad headache, which last reason was her excuse for not seeing company.

He called again, the following day, and learned that Miss Hazard had just left the city, and gone on a visit to Oxbow Village.

PROPHETIC VOICES ABOUT AMERICA : A MONOGRAPH.

THE discovery of America by Christopher Columbus is the greatest event of all secular history. Besides the potato, the turkey, and maize, which it introduced at once for the nourishment and comfort of the Old World, this discovery opened the door to influences infinite in extent and beneficence. Measure them, describe them, picture them, you cannot. While this continent was unknown, imagination invested it with proverbial magnificence. It was the Orient. When afterwards it took its place in geography, imagination found another field in trying to portray its future history. If the Golden Age is before, and not behind, as is now happily the prevailing faith, then indeed must America share at least, if it does not monopolize, the promised good.

Before the voyage of Columbus in 1492, nothing of America was really known. A few scraps from antiquity, a few rumors from the ocean, and a few speculations from science, were all that the inspired navigator found to guide him. Foremost among all these were the well-known verses of the Spaniard Seneca, in the chorus of his "Medea," which for generations had been the finger-point to an undiscovered world.

"Venient annis sæcula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes ;
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."*

"In tardy years the epoch will come in which the ocean will unloose the bonds of nature, and the great earth will stretch out, and the sea will disclose new worlds ; nor will Thule be the most remote on the globe."

Two, if not more, different copies of these verses are extant in the handwriting of Columbus, — precious autographs ; one in the sketch of his work on the Prophecies, another in a letter addressed to Queen Isabella ; and it

would seem as if there was still a third entered among his observations of lunar eclipses at Hayti and Jamaica. By these verses the great discoverer sailed. But Humboldt, who has illustrated the enterprise with all that classical or mediæval literature affords,* does not hesitate to declare his conviction, that the discovery of a new continent was more completely foreshadowed in the simple geographical statement of the Greek Strabo, who, after a long life of travel, sat down in the eighty-fourth year of his age, during the reign of Augustus, to write the geography of the world, including its cosmography. In this work, where are gathered the results of ancient study and experience, the venerable author, after alluding to the possibility of passing direct from Spain to India, and explaining that the inhabited world is that which we inhabit and know, thus lifts the curtain : "There may be in the same temperate zone two and indeed more inhabited lands, especially nearest the parallel of Thinae or Athens, prolonged into the Atlantic Ocean."† This was the voice of ancient science.

Before the voyage of Columbus, Pulci, the Italian poet, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, sometimes called the last of the romances and the earliest of the Italian epics, reveals an undiscovered world beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

"Know that this theory is false ; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

"Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common centre all things tend ;
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.

* Humboldt, *Examen critique de la Géographie*, Tome I. pp. 101, 162. See also Humboldt, *Kosmos*, Vol. II. pp. 516, 556, 557, 645.

† Strabo, Lib. I. p. 65 ; Lib. II. p. 118.

* Seneca, *Medea*, Act II. v. 371.

But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light." *

This translation is by our own eminent historian, Prescott, who first called attention to this testimony,† which is not mentioned even by Humboldt. Leigh Hunt referred to it at a later day.‡ Pulci was born in Florence, 1431, and died there, 1487, five years before Columbus sailed, so that he was not aided by any rumor of the discovery which he so distinctly predicts.

Passing from the discovery, it may not be uninteresting to collect some of the prophetic voices about the future of America, the "All-Hail Hereafter" of our continent. They will have a lesson also. Seeing what has been already fulfilled, we may better judge what to expect. I shall set them forth in the order of time, prefacing each prediction with an account of the author sufficient to explain its origin and character. If some are already familiar, others are little known. Brought together into one body, on the principle of our national Union, *E pluribus unum*, they must give new confidence in the destinies of the Republic.

Of course I shall embrace only what has been said seriously by those whose words are important; not an oracular response, which may receive a double interpretation, like the deceptive replies to Cæsus and to Pyrrhus; and not a saying, such as is described by Sir Thomas Browne when he remarks, in his "Christian Morals," that "many positions seem quodlibetically constituted, and, like a Delphian blade, will cut both ways." § Men who have lived much and felt strongly see further than others. Their vision penetrates the future. Second sight is little more than clearness of sight. Milton tells us,

"That old experience does attain
To something like prophetic strain."

Sometimes this strain is attained even in youth.

* Pulci, *Morgante Maggiore*, Canto XXV. st. 229, 230.

† Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol. II. pp. 217, 218.

‡ Leigh Hunt, *Stories from the Italian Poets*, p. 171.

§ Browne, Works, Pickering's edition, Vol. IV. p. 81.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. — 1682.

DR. JOHNSON called attention to a tract of Sir Thomas Browne entitled, "A Prophecy concerning the Future State of Several Nations," where the famous author "plainly discovers his expectation to be the same with that entertained later with more confidence by Dr. Berkeley, *that America will be the seat of the fifth empire.*"* The tract is vague, but prophetic.

Sir Thomas Browne was born 19th October, 1605, and died 19th October, 1682. His tract was published, two years after his death, in a collection of Miscellanies, edited by Dr. Tenison. As a much-admired author, some of whose writings belong to our English classics, his prophetic prolusions are not unworthy of notice. They are founded on verses entitled "The Prophecy," purporting to have been sent to him by a friend. Among these are the following: —

"When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When Jamaica shall be lady of the isles and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico shall prove a Madrid;
When Africa shall no more sell out their Wacks
To make slaves and drudges to the American
tracts;

When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade;

Then think strange things have come to light,
Whereof but few have had a foresight." †

Some of these words are striking, especially when we consider their early date. The author of the "Religio Medici" seems in the main to accept the prophecy. In a commentary on each verse he seeks to explain it. New England is "that thriving colony which hath so much increased in his day"; its people are already "industrious," and when they have so far increased "that the neighboring country will not contain them, they will range still far-

* Johnson, *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*.

† Browne, Works, Vol. IV. pp. 232, 233.

ther, and be able in time to set forth great armies, seek for new possessions, or *make considerable and conjoined migrations.*" The verse about Africa will be fulfilled "when African countries shall no longer make it a common trade to sell away their people." And this may come to pass "whenever they shall be well civilized and acquainted with arts and affairs sufficient to employ people in their countries." It would also come to pass "if they should be converted to Christianity, but especially into Mahometism; for then they would never sell those of their religion to be slaves unto Christians." The verse about America is expounded as follows: —

"That is, when America shall be better civilized, new policed, and divided between great princes, it may come to pass that they will no longer suffer their treasure of gold and silver to be sent out to maintain the luxury of Europe and other ports; but rather employ it to their own advantages, in great exploits and undertakings, magnificent structures, wars, or expeditions of their own."*

The other verse, on the invasion of the Old World by the New, is thus explained: —

"That is, when America shall be so well peopled, civilized, and divided into kingdoms, *they are like to have so little regard of their originals as to acknowledge no subjection unto them*; they may also have a distinct commerce themselves, or but independently with those of Europe, and may hostilely and piratically assault them, even as the Greek and Roman colonies after a long time dealt with their original countries."†

That these speculations should arrest the attention of Dr. Johnson is something. They seem to have been in part fulfilled. An editor remarks that, "To judge from the course of events since Sir Thomas wrote, we may not unreasonably look forward to their more complete fulfilment."‡

BISHOP BERKELEY. — 1726.

It is pleasant to think that Berkeley, whose beautiful verses predicting the future of America are so often quoted, was so sweet and charming a character. Atterbury wrote of him, "So much understanding, knowledge, innocence, and humility I should have thought confined to angels, had I never seen this gentleman." Swift said, "He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, title, and power." Pope let drop a tribute which can never die, when he said,

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven."

Such a person was naturally a seer.

He is compendiously called an Irish prelate and philosopher; he was born in Kilkenny, 1684, and died in Oxford, 1753. He began as a philosopher. While still young, he wrote his famous treatise on "The Principles of Human Knowledge," in which he denies the existence of matter, insisting that it is only an impression produced on the mind by Divine power. After travel for several years on the Continent, and fellowship with the witty and learned at home, among whom were Addison, Swift, Pope, Garth, and Arbuthnot, he conceived the project of educating the aborigines of America, which was set forth in a tract, published in 1725, entitled, "Scheme for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." Persuaded by his benevolence, the ministers promised twenty thousand pounds, and there were several private subscriptions to promote what was called by the king "so pious an undertaking." Berkeley possessed already a deanery in Ireland, with one thousand pounds a year. Turning away from this residence, and refusing to be tempted by an English mitre, offered by the queen, he set sail for Rhode Island, "which lay nearest Bermuda," where, after a tedious passage of five months, he arrived, 23d January, 1729. Here he lived on a farm back of Newport, having been, according to his own report, "at

* Browne, Works, Vol. IV. p. 236.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 231, note.

great expense for land and stock." In familiar letters he has given his impression of this place, famous since for fashion. "The climate," he says, "is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known it everywhere north of Rome. This island is pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets and many delightful landscapes of rocks and promontories and adjacent lands. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness. It is very pretty and pleasantly situated. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and its harbor."* He seems to have been contented here, and when his companions went to Boston stayed at home, "preferring," as he wrote, "quiet and solitude to the noise of a great town, notwithstanding all the solicitations that have been used to draw us thither."†

The money which he had expected, especially from the ministry, failed, and after waiting in vain expectation two years and a half, he returned to England, leaving an infant son buried in the yard of Trinity Church, and bestowing upon Yale College a library of eight hundred and eighty volumes, as well as his estate in Rhode Island. During his residence at Newport he had preached every Sunday, and was indefatigable in pastoral duties, besides meditating, if not composing, "The Minute Philosopher," which was published shortly after his return.

He had not been forgotten at home during his absence; and shortly after his return he became Bishop of Cloyne, in which place he was most exemplary, devoting himself to his episcopal duties, to the education of his children, and the pleasures of composition.

It was while occupied with his plan of a college, especially as a nursery for the Colonial churches, shortly before sailing for America, that the future

seemed to be revealed to him, and he wrote the famous poem, the only one to be found among his works, entitled, "Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America."* The date may be fixed at 1726. Such a poem was an historic event. I give the first and last stanzas.

"The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

It is difficult to exaggerate the value of these verses, which have been so often quoted as to become one of the commonplaces of literature and politics. There is nothing from any oracle, there is very little from any prophecy, which can compare with them. The biographer of Berkeley, who wrote in the last century, was very cautious, when, after calling them "a beautiful copy of verses," he says that "another age will, perhaps, acknowledge the old conjunction of the prophetic character with that of the poet to have again taken place."† The *vates* of the Romans was poet and prophet; and such was Berkeley.

The sentiment which prompted the prophetic verses of the good Bishop was widely diffused; or, perhaps, it was a natural prompting.‡ Of this an illustration is afforded in the life of Benjamin West. On his visit to Rome in 1760, the young artist encountered a famous improvisatore, who, on learning that he was an American come to study the fine arts in Rome, at once addressed him with the ardor of inspiration, and to the music of his guitar. After singing the darkness which for so many ages veiled America from the eyes of science, and also the fulness of time when the purposes for which America had been raised from the deep would be manifest, he hailed the youth

* Berkeley, Works, Vol. II. p. 443.

† Ibid., Vol. I., Life prefixed, p. 15.

‡ Grahame, History of the United States, Vol. IV. pp. 136, 448.

* Berkeley, Works, Vol. I., Life prefixed, p. 53.

† Ibid., p. 55.

before him as an instrument of Heaven to raise there a taste for those arts which elevate man, and an assurance of refuge to science and knowledge, when, in the old age of Europe, they should have forsaken her shores. Then, in the spirit of prophecy, he sang :—

*"But all things of heavenly origin,
like the glorious sun, move westward;
and truth and art have their periods of
shining and of night. Rejoice then, O
venerable Rome, in thy divine destiny;
for though darkness overshadow thy
seats, and though thy mitred head must
descend into the dust, thy spirit im-
mortal and undecayed already spreads
towards a new world."**

John Adams, in his old age, dwelling on the reminiscences of early life, records that nothing was "more ancient in his memory than the observation that arts, sciences, and empire had travelled westward, and in conversation it was always added, since he was a child, that their next leap would be over the Atlantic into America." With the assistance of an octogenarian neighbor, he recalled a couplet that had been repeated with rapture as long as he could remember :—

*"The Eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends."*

It was imagined by his neighbor that these lines came from some of our early pilgrims, — by whom they had been "inscribed, or rather drilled, into a rock on the shore of Monument Bay in our old Colony of Plymouth." †

Another illustration of this same sentiment will be found in Burnaby's "Travels through the Middle Settlements of North America, in 1759 and 1760," a work which was first published in 1775. In his reflections at the close of his book the traveller thus remarks :—

*"An idea, strange as it is visionary,
has entered into the minds of the gen-
erality of mankind, that empire is travel-
ling westward : and every one is looking
forward with eager and impatient ex-
pectation to that destined moment when*

*America is to give the law to the rest
of the world."**

The traveller is none the less an authority for the prevalence of this sentiment because he declares it "illusory and fallacious," and records his conviction that "America is formed for happiness, but not for empire." Happy America! What empire can compare with happiness! But, to make amends for this admission, the jealous traveller, in his edition of 1796, after the adoption of our Constitution, announces that "the present union of American States will not be permanent, or last for any considerable length of time," and "that that extensive country must necessarily be divided into separate states and kingdoms." † Thus far the Union has stood against all shocks, foreign or domestic; and the prophecy of Berkeley is more than ever in the popular mind.

TURGOT. — 1750.

AMONG the illustrious names of France there are few equal to that of Turgot. He was a philosopher among ministers, and a minister among philosophers. Malesherbes said of him, that he had the heart of L'Hôpital and the head of Bacon. Such a person in public affairs was an epoch for his country and for the human race. Had his spirit prevailed, the bloody drama of the French Revolution would not have occurred, or it would at least have been postponed. I think it could not have occurred. He was a good man, who sought to carry into government the rules of goodness. His career from beginning to end was one continuous beneficence. Such a nature was essentially prophetic, for he discerned the natural laws by which the future is governed.

He was of an ancient Norman family, whose name suggests the god Thor; he was born at Paris, 1727, and died, 1781. Being a younger son, he was destined for the Church, and commenced his

* Galt, Life of West, Vol. I. pp. 116, 117.

† John Adams, Works, Vol. IX. pp. 597-599.

* Burnaby, Travels, p. 115.

† Ibid., Preface, p. 21.

studies as an ecclesiastic at the ancient Sorbonne. Before registering an irrevocable vow, he announced his repugnance to the profession, and turned aside to other pursuits. Law, literature, science, humanity, government, now engaged his attention. He associated himself with the writers of the *Encyclopædia*, and became one of its contributors. In other writings he vindicated especially the virtue of toleration. Not merely a theorist, he soon arrived at the high post of intendant of Limousin, where he developed a remarkable talent for administration, and a sympathy with the people. He introduced the potato into that province. But he continued to employ his pen, especially on questions of political economy, which he treated as a master. On the accession of Louis XVI. he was called to the cabinet as Minister of the Marine, and shortly afterwards he gave up this place to be the head of the finances. Here he began a system of rigid economy, founded on a curtailment of expenses and an enlargement of resources. The latter was obtained especially by a removal of disabilities from trade, whether at home or abroad, and the substitution of a single tax on land for a complex multiplicity of taxes. The enemies of progress were too strong at that time, and the king dismissed the reformer. Good men in France became anxious for the future; Voltaire, in his distant retreat, gave a shriek of despair, and addressed to Turgot some remarkable verses entitled *Épître à un Homme*. Worse still, the good edicts of the minister were rescinded, and society was put back.

The discarded minister gave himself to science, literature, and friendship. He welcomed Franklin to France and to immortality in a Latin verse of marvellous felicity. He was already the companion of the liberal spirits who were doing so much for knowledge and for reform. By writing and by conversation he exercised a constant influence. His "ideas" seem to illumine the time. We may be content

to follow him in saying, "The glory of arms cannot compare with the happiness of living in peace." He anticipated our definition of a republic, when he said "it was formed upon the *equality of all the citizens*,"—good words, not yet practically verified in all our States. Such a government he, living under a monarchy, bravely pronounced the best of all; but he added that he "had never known a constitution truly republican." This was in 1778. With similar plainness he announced that "the destruction of the Ottoman empire would be a real good for all the nations of Europe," and—he added still further—for humanity also, because it would involve the abolition of negro slavery, and because to strip "our oppressors is not to attack, but to vindicate, the common rights of humanity." With such thoughts and aspirations, the prophet died.

But I have no purpose of writing a biography, or even a character. All that I intend is an introduction to Turgot's prophetic words relating to America. When only twenty-three years of age, while still an ecclesiastic at the Sorbonne, the future minister delivered a discourse on the Progress of the Human Mind, in which, after describing the commercial triumphs of the ancient Phœnicians, covering the coasts of Greece and Asia with their colonies, he lets drop these remarkable words:—

"Les colonies sont comme des fruits qui ne tiennent à l'arbre que jusqu'à leur maturité; devenues suffisantes à elles-mêmes, elles firent ce que fit depuis Carthage, — *ce que fera un jour l'Amérique*."*

"Colonies are like fruits, which hold to the tree only until their maturity; when sufficient for themselves, they did that which Carthage afterwards did,—*that which some day America will do*."

On this most suggestive declaration,

* Turgot, *Œuvres*, Tome II. p. 66. See also Condorcet, *Œuvres*, Tome IV., *Vie de Turgot*; Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, Tome I. pp. 527–533.

Dupont de Nemours, the editor of Turgot's works, published in 1808, remarks in a note as follows:—

"It was in 1750 that M. Turgot, being then only twenty-three years old, and devoted in a seminary to the study of theology, divined, foresaw the revolution which has formed the United States, — which has detached them from the European power apparently the most capable of retaining its colonies under its domination."

At the time Turgot wrote, Canada was a French possession; but his words are as applicable to this colony as to the United States. When will this fruit be ripe?

JOHN ADAMS. — 1755, 1776, 1780, 1785, 1787.

NEXT in time among the prophets was John Adams, who has left on record at different dates several predictions which show a second-sight of no common order. Of his life I need say nothing, except that he was born 19th October, 1735, and died 4th July, 1826. I mention the predictions in the order of their utterance.

1. While teaching a school at Worcester, and when under twenty years of age, he wrote a letter to one of his youthful companions, bearing date 12th October, 1755, which is a marvel of foresight. Fifty-two years afterwards, when already much of its prophecy had been fulfilled, the original was returned to its author by the son of his early comrade and correspondent, Nathan Webb, who was at the time dead. In this letter, after remarking gravely on the rise and fall of nations, with illustrations from Carthage and Rome, he proceeds:—

"England began to increase in power and magnificence, and is now the greatest nation of the globe. Soon after the Reformation, a few people came over into this New World for conscience' sake. Perhaps this apparently trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire to America. It looks likely to me; for if we can remove the turbulent Gallics, our people, according to the

exactest computations, will, in another century, become more numerous than England itself. Should this be the case, since we have, I may say, all the naval stores of the nations in our hands, it will be easy to obtain the mastery of the seas; and then the united force of all Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us. *Divide et impera*. Keep us in distinct colonies, and then, some great men in each colony desiring the monarchy of the whole, they will destroy each others' influence, and keep the country in *equilibrio*.*"

On this letter his son, John Quincy Adams, remarks:—

"Had the political part of it been written by the minister of state of a European monarchy, at the close of a long life spent in the government of nations, it would have been pronounced worthy of the united wisdom of a Burleigh, a Sully, or an Oxenstiern. . . . In one bold outline he has exhibited by anticipation a long succession of prophetic history, the fulfilment of which is barely yet in progress, responding exactly hitherto to his foresight, but the full accomplishment of which is reserved for the development of after ages. The extinction of the power of France in America, the union of the British North American Colonies, the achievement of their independence, and the establishment of their ascendancy in the community of civilized nations by the means of their naval power, are all foreshadowed in this letter, with a clearness of perception and a distinctness of delineation which time has done little more than to convert into historical fact."†

2. The Declaration of Independence bears date 4th July, 1776, for on that day it was signed; but the vote which determined it was on the 2d July. On the 3d July, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, wrote as follows:—

"Yesterday the greatest question

* John Adams, Works, Vol. I. p. 23. See also Vol. IX. pp. 591, 592.

† Ibid., Vol. I. pp. 24, 25.

was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. . . . I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. At least this is my judgment. Time must determine. *It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. . . .* The day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. *I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival.* It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. *Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the ray of ravishing light and glory; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.*"*

Here is a comprehensive prophecy, first, that the two countries would be separated forever; secondly, that the anniversary of Independence would be celebrated as a great annual festival; and, thirdly, that posterity would triumph in this transaction, where, through all the gloom, shone rays of ravishing light and glory; all of which has been fulfilled to the letter. Recent events give to the Declaration additional importance. For a long time its great promises that all men are equal, and that rightful government stands only on the consent of the governed, were disowned by our country. Now that at last they are beginning to prevail, there

is increased reason to celebrate the day on which the mighty Declaration was made, and new occasion for triumph in the rays of ravishing light and glory.

3. Here is another prophetic passage in a letter dated at Paris, 13th July, 1780, and addressed to the Count de Vergennes of France, pleading the cause of the colonists:—

"The United States of America are a great and powerful people, whatever European statesmen may think of them. If we take into our estimate the numbers and the character of her people, the extent, variety, and fertility of her soil, her commerce, and her skill and materials for ship-building, and her seamen, excepting France, Spain, England, Germany, and Russia, there is not a state in Europe so powerful. Breaking off such a nation as this from the English so suddenly, and uniting it so closely with France, is one of the most extraordinary events that ever happened among mankind."*

Perhaps this may be considered a statement rather than a prophecy; but it illustrates the prophetic character of the writer.

4. In an official letter to the President of Congress, dated at Amsterdam, 5th September, 1780, the same writer, while proposing an American Academy for refining, improving, and ascertaining the English language, thus predicts the extension of this language:—

"*English is destined to be in the next and succeeding centuries more generally the language of the world than Latin was in the last or French is in the present age.* The reason of this is obvious, — because the increasing population in America, and their universal connection and correspondence with all nations, will, aided by the influence of England in the world, whether great or small, force their language into general use, in spite of all the obstacles that may be thrown in their way, if any such there should be."†

In another letter of an unofficial character, dated at Amsterdam, 23d Septem-

* Ibid., Vol. VII. p. 227.

† Ibid., p. 250.

* John Adams, Works, Vol. I. pp. 230, 232.

ber, 1780, he thus repeats his prophecy:—

"You must know *I have undertaken to prophesy that English will be the most respectable language in the world, and the most universally read and spoken in the next century, if not before the close of this.* American population will in the next age produce a greater number of persons who will speak English than any other language, and these persons will have more general acquaintance and conversation with all other nations than any other people."*

This prophecy is already accomplished. Of all the European languages, English is most extensively spoken. Through England and the United States it has become the language of commerce, which, sooner or later, must embrace the globe. The German philologist, Grimm, has followed our American prophet in saying that it "seems chosen, like its people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all the corners of the earth."†

5. There is another prophecy, at once definite and broad, which proceeded from the same eminent quarter. In a letter dated London, 17th October, 1785, and addressed to John Jay, who was at the time Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, John Adams reveals his conviction of the importance of France to us, "while England held a province in America";‡ and then, in another letter, dated 21st October, 1785, reports the saying of people about him, "that Canada and Nova Scotia must soon be ours; there must be war for it; they know how it will end, but the sooner the better. This done, we shall be forever at peace; till then, never."§ These intimations foreshadow the prophecy which will be found in the Preface to his "Defence of the American Constitutions," written in London, while he was Minister there, and dated at Grosvenor Square, 1st January, 1787:—

"The United States of America have exhibited, perhaps, the first example of governments erected on the simple principles of nature. . . . Thirteen governments thus founded on the natural authority of the people alone, without a pretence of miracle or mystery, and which are destined to spread over the northern part of that whole quarter of the globe, are a great point gained in favor of the rights of mankind. The experiment is made, and has completely succeeded."*

Here is foretold nothing less than that our system of government is to embrace the whole continent of North America.

GALIANI. — 1776, 1778.

AMONG the most brilliant persons in this list is the Abbé Galiani, a Neapolitan, who was born in 1728, and died at Naples in 1787. Although Italian by birth, yet by the accident of official residence he became for a while domesticated in France, wrote the French language, and now enjoys a French reputation. His writings in French and his letters have the wit and ease of Voltaire.

Galiani was a genius. Whatever he touched shone at once with his brightness, in which there was originality as well as knowledge. He was a finished scholar, and very successful in lapidary verses. Early in life, while in Italy, he wrote a grave essay on Money, which contrasted with another of rare humor suggested by the death of the public executioner. Other essays followed, and then came the favor of that congenial pontiff, Benedict XIV. In 1760 he found himself at Paris, as Secretary of the Neapolitan Embassy. Here he mingled with the courtiers officially, according to the duties of his position, but he fraternized with the liberal and sometimes audacious spirits who exercised such an influence over society and literature. He was soon recognized as one of them, and as inferior to none. His petty stature was forgotten, when he conversed with inexhaustible

* John Adams, Works, Vol. IX. p. 510.

† Keith Johnston, Physical Atlas, p. 114.

‡ John Adams, Works, Vol. VIII. p. 322.

§ Ibid. p. 33.

* John Adams, Works, Vol. IV. p. 293.

faculties of all kinds, so that he seemed an Encyclopædia, Harlequin, and Machiavelli all in one. The atheists at the Thursday dinner of D'Holbach were confounded, while he enforced the existence of God. Into the questions of political economy which occupied attention at the time he entered with a pen which seemed borrowed from the French Academy. His *Dialogues sur le Commerce des Blés* had the success of a romance; ladies carried this book on corn in their work-baskets. Returning to Naples, he continued to live in Paris through his correspondence, especially with Madame d'Épinay, the Baron d'Holbach, Diderot, and Grimm.*

Among his later works, after his return to Naples, was a solid volume — not to be forgotten in the History of International Law — on the “Rights of Neutrals,” where a difficult subject is treated with such mastery that, half a century later, D’Hautefeuille, in his elaborate treatise, copies from it at length. Galiani was the predecessor of this French writer in the extreme assertion of neutral rights. Other works were left at his death in manuscript, some grave and some humorous; also letters without number. The letters he had preserved from Italian *savans* filled eight large volumes; those from *savans*, ministers, and sovereigns abroad filled fourteen. His Parisian correspondence did not see the light till 1818, although some of the letters may be found in the contemporary correspondence of Grimm.

In his Parisian letters, which are addressed chiefly to that clever individuality, Madame d’Épinay, the Neapolitan Abbé shows not only the brilliancy and nimbleness of his talent, but the universality of his knowledge and the boldness of his speculations. Here are a few words from a letter dated at Naples, 12th October, 1776, in which he brings forward the idea of “races,” so important in our day, with an illustration from Russia: —

“*All depends on races.* The first, the most noble of races, comes naturally from the North of Asia. The Russians are the nearest to it, and this is the reason why they have made more progress in fifty years than can be got out of the Portuguese in five hundred.”*

Belonging to the Latin race, Galiani was entitled to speak thus freely.

1. In another letter to Madame d’Épinay, dated at Naples, 18th May, 1776, he had already foretold the success of our Revolution. Few prophets have been more explicit than he was in the following passage: —

“Livy said of his age, which so much resembled ours, ‘*Ad hæc tempora ventum est quibus, nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus.*’ — ‘We are in an age where the remedies hurt as much as the vices.’ Do you know the reality? *The epoch has come of the total fall of Europe, and of transmigration into America.* All here turns into rottenness, — religion, laws, arts, sciences, — and all hastens to renew itself in America. This is not a jest; nor is it an idea drawn from the English quarrels; I have said it, announced it, preached it, for more than twenty years, and I have constantly seen my prophecies come to pass. *Therefore, do not buy your house in the Chaussée d’Antin; you must buy it in Philadelphia.* My trouble is that there are no abbeys in America.”†

This letter was written some months before the Declaration of Independence was known in Europe.

2. In another letter, dated at Naples, 7th February, 1778, the Abbé alludes to the “quantities” of English men and women who have come to Naples “for shelter from the American tempest,” and adds, “Meanwhile the Washingtons and Hancocks will be fatal to them.”‡ In still another, dated at Naples, 25 July, 1778, he renews

* Galiani, Correspondence, Tome II. p. 221. See also Grimm, Correspondence, Tome IX. p. 282.

† Galiani, Tome II. p. 203; Grimm, Tome IX. p. 285.

‡ Galiani, Tome II. p. 275.

* *Biographie Universelle* of Michaud; also of Didot; Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, Tome I. pp. 399, 545–551.

his prophecies in language still more explicit:—

"You will at this time have decided the greatest revolution of the globe; namely, *if it is America which is to reign over Europe, or if it is Europe which is to continue to reign over America.* I will wager in favor of America, for the reason merely physical, that for five thousand years genius has turned opposite to the diurnal motion, and travelled from the East to the West."*

Here again is the idea of Berkeley which has been so captivating.

ADAM SMITH.—1776.

IN contrast with the witty Italian is the illustrious philosopher and writer of Scotland, Adam Smith, who was born 5th June, 1723, and died 17th July, 1790. His fame is so commanding that any details of his life or works would be out of place on this occasion. He was a thinker and an inventor, through whom mankind was advanced in knowledge.

I say nothing of his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which constitutes an important contribution to the science of ethics, but come at once to his great work of political economy, entitled "Inquiry into the Nature and Sources of the Wealth of Nations," which first appeared in 1776. Its publication marks an epoch which is described by Mr. Buckle when he says: "Adam Smith contributed more, by the publication of this single work, toward the happiness of man, than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account." The work is full of prophetic knowledge, and especially with regard to the British colonies. Writing while the debate with the mother country was still pending, Adam Smith urged that they should be admitted to Parliamentary representation in proportion to taxation, so that their representation would enlarge with their growing resources; and here

he predicts nothing less than the transfer of empire.

"The distance of America from the seat of government, the natives of that country might flatter themselves, with some appearance of reason too, would not be of very long continuance. Such has hitherto been the rapid progress of that country in wealth, population, and improvement, that, in the course of little more than a century, perhaps, the produce of America might exceed that of British taxation. *The seat of the empire would then naturally remove itself to that part of the empire which contributed most to the general defence and support of the whole.*"*

In these tranquil words of assured science this great author carries the seat of government across the Atlantic.

GOVERNOR POWNALL.—1777, 1780, 1785.

AMONG the best friends of our country abroad during the trials of the Revolution was Thomas Pownall, called by one biographer "a learned antiquary and politician," and by another "an English statesman and author." Later he has so far dropped out of sight, that there are few who recognize in him either of these characters. He was born, 1722, and died at Bath, 1805. During this long period he held several offices. As early as 1745 he became secretary to the Commission for Trade and Plantations. In 1753 he crossed the ocean. In 1755, as Commissioner for Massachusetts Bay, he negotiated with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in union with New England, the confederated expedition against Crown Point. He was afterwards Governor of Massachusetts Bay, New Jersey, and South Carolina, successively. Returning to England, he was, in 1761, Comptroller-General of the army in Germany, with the military rank of Colonel. He sat in three successive Parliaments until 1780, when he passed into private

* Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, Book IV. cap. 7, part 3.

* Galiani, *Tome II.* p. 25.

life. Hildreth gives a glimpse at his personal character, when, admitting his frank manners and liberal politics, he describes his "habits as rather freer than suited the New England standard." *

Pownall stands forth conspicuous for his championship of our national independence, and especially for his foresight with regard to our national future. In both these respects his writings are unique. Other Englishmen were in favor of our independence, and saw our future also; but I doubt if any one can be named who was his equal in strenuous action, or in minuteness of foresight. While the war was still proceeding, as early as 1780, he openly announced, not only that independence was inevitable, but that the new nation, "founded in nature and built up in truth," would continually expand; that its population would increase and multiply; that a civilizing activity beyond what Europe could ever know would animate it; and that its commercial and naval power would be found in every quarter of the globe. All this he set forth at length with argument and illustration, and he called his prophetic words "the *stating of the simple fact*, so little understood in the Old World." Treated at first as "unintelligible speculation" and as "unfashionable," the truth he announced was neglected where it was not rejected, but generally rejected as inadmissible, and the author, according to his own language, "was called by the wise men of the British Cabinet a *Wild Man*, unfit to be employed." But these writings are a better title now than any office. In manner they are diffuse and pedantic; but they hardly deserve the cold judgment of John Adams, who in his old age said of them, that "a reader who has patience to search for good sense in an uncouth and disgusting style will find in those writings proofs of a thinking mind." †

He seems to have written a good

deal. But the works which will be remembered the longest are not even mentioned by several of his biographers. Rose, in his Biographical Dictionary, records works by him, entitled *Antiquities of Ancient Greece*; *Roman Antiquities dug up at Bath*; *Observations on the Currents of the Ocean*; *Intellectual Physics*; and also contributions to the *Archæologia*. Gorton in his Biographical Dictionary adds some other titles to this list. But neither mentions his works on America. This is another instance where the stone rejected by the builders becomes the head of the corner.

At an early date Pownall comprehended the position of our country, geographically. He saw the wonderful means of internal communication supplied by its inland waters, and also the opportunities of external commerce supplied by the Atlantic Ocean. On the first he dwells, in a memorial *drawn up in 1756* for the Duke of Cumberland.* Nobody in our own day, after the experience of more than a century, has portrayed more vividly the two masses of waters,—one composed of the great lakes and their dependencies, and the other of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The great lakes are described as "a wilderness of waters spreading over the country by an infinite number and variety of branchings, bays, and straits." The Mississippi, with its eastern branch, called the Ohio, is described as having, "so far as we know, but two falls,—one at a place called, by the French, St. Antoine, high up on the west or main branch"; and all its waters "run to the ocean with a still, easy, and gentle current." The picture is completed by exhibiting the two masses of water in combination:—

"The waters of each respective mass—not only the lesser streams, but the main general body of each going through this continent in every course and direction—have by their approach to each other, by their communication

* Hildreth, History of the United States, Vol. II. p. 476.

† John Adams, Works, Vol. X. p. 241.

* Pownall, Administration of the Colonies, Appendix, p. 7.

to every quarter and in every direction, an alliance and unity, and form one mass, or one whole."*

Again, depicting the intercommunication among the several waters of the continent, and how "the watery element claims and holds dominion over this extent of land," he insists that all shall see these two mighty masses in their central throne, declaring that "the great lakes which lie upon its bosom on one hand, and the great river Mississippi and the multitude of waters which run into it, form there a communication, — an alliance or dominion of the watery element, that commands throughout the whole; that these great lakes appear to be the throne, the centre of a dominion, whose influence, by an infinite number of rivers, creeks, and streams, extends itself through all and every part of the continent, supported by the communication of, and alliance with, the waters of the Mississippi."†

If these means of internal commerce were vast, those afforded by the Atlantic Ocean were not less extensive. The latter were developed in the volume entitled "The Administration of the Colonies," the fourth edition of which, published in 1768, is now before me. This was after the differences between the Colonies and the mother country had begun, but before the idea of independence had shown itself. Pownall insisted that the Colonies ought to be considered as parts of the realm, entitled to representation in Parliament. This was a constitutional unity. But he portrayed a commercial unity also, which he represented in attractive forms. The British isles, and the British possessions in the Atlantic and in America, were, according to him, "one grand marine dominion," and ought, therefore, by policy, to be united into one empire, with one centre. On this he dwells at length, and the picture is presented repeatedly.‡ It was incident to the crisis produced in the world by the predominance of the commercial spirit

which already began to rule the powers of Europe. It was the duty of England to place herself at the head of this great movement.

"As the rising of this crisis forms precisely the *object* on which government should be employed, so the taking leading measures towards the forming all those Atlantic and American possessions into one empire, of which Great Britain should be the commercial and political centre, is the *precise duty* of government at this crisis."

This was his desire. But he saw clearly the resources as well as the rights of the Colonies, and was satisfied that, if power were not consolidated under the constitutional auspices of England, it would be transferred to the other side of the Atlantic. Here his words are prophetic: —

"The whole train of events, the whole course of business, must perpetually bring forward into practice, and necessarily in the end into establishment, *either an American or a British union*. There is no other alternative."

The necessity for union is enforced in a manner which foreshadows our national Union: —

"The Colonial Legislature does not answer all purposes; is incompetent and inadequate to many purposes. Something more is necessary, — *either a common union among themselves*, or a common union of subordination under the one general legislature of the state."*

Then, again, in another place of the same work, after representing the declarations of power over the Colonies as little better than mockery, he prophesies again: —

"Such is the actual state of the really existing system of our dominions, that *neither the power of government over these various parts can long continue under the present mode of administration*, nor the great interests of commerce extended throughout the whole long subsist under the present system of the laws of trade."†

* Pownall, Administration of the Colonies, Appendix, p. 6.

† Ibid., p. 9.

‡ Pownall, Colonies, pp. 9, 10, 164.

* Pownall, Administration of the Colonies, p. 165.

† Ibid., p. 164.

Recent events may give present interest to his views, in this same work, on the nature and necessity of a paper currency, where he follows Franklin. The principal points of his plan were, that bills of credit, to a certain amount, should be printed in England for the use of the Colonies; that a loan-office should be established in each Colony to issue bills, take securities, and receive the payment; that the bills should be issued for ten years, bearing interest at five per cent, — one tenth part of the sum borrowed to be paid annually, with interest; and that they should be a legal tender.

When the differences had flamed forth in war, then the prophet became more earnest. His utterances deserve to be rescued from oblivion. He was open, and almost defiant. As early as *2d December, 1777*, some months before our treaty with France, he declared, from his place in Parliament, "that the sovereignty of this country over America is abolished and gone forever"; "that they are determined at all events to be independent, *and will be so*"; and "that all the treaty this country can ever expect with America is federal, and that, probably, only commercial." In this spirit he said to the House: —

"Until you shall be convinced that you are no longer sovereigns over America, but that the United States are an independent, sovereign people, — until you are prepared to treat with them as such, — it is of no consequence at all what schemes or plans of conciliation this side of the House or that may adopt." *

The position taken in Parliament he maintained by writings, and here he depicted the great destinies of our country. He began with a work entitled "A Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe," which was published early in 1780, and was afterwards, through the influence of John Adams, while at the Hague, abridged and translated into French. In this remarkable production independence was the least that he

claimed for us. Thus he foretells our future: —

"North America is become a new primary planet in the system of the world, which, while it takes its own course, must have effect on the orbit of every other planet, and shift the common centre of gravity of the whole system of the European world. North America is *de facto* an independent power, which has taken its equal station with other powers, and must be so *de jure*. . . . The independence of America is fixed as fate. She is mistress of her own future, knows that she is so, and will actuate that power which she feels she hath, so as to establish her own system *and to change the system of Europe*." *

Not only is the new power to take an independent place, but it is "to change the system of Europe." For all this its people are amply prepared. "Standing on that high ground of improvement up to which the most enlightened parts of Europe have advanced, like eaglets, they commence the first efforts of their pinions from a towering advantage." † Then again, giving expression to this same conviction in another form, he says: —

"North America has advanced, and is every day advancing, to growth of state, with a steady and continually accelerating motion, of which there has never yet been any example in Europe." ‡ "It is a vitality, liable to many disorders, many dangerous diseases; but it is young and strong, and will struggle, by the vigor of internal healing principles of life, against those evils, and surmount them. Its strength will grow with its years." §

He then dwells in detail on "the progressive population" here; on our advantage in being "on the other side of the globe, where there is no enemy"; on the products of the soil, among which is "bread-corn to a degree that has wrought it to a staple export for

* Pownall, *Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe*, pp. 4, 5.

† *Ibid.*, p. 43.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 56.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XIX. pp. 527, 528. See also p. 1137.

the supply of the Old World"; on the fisheries, which he calls "mines of more solid riches than all the silver of Potosi"; on the inventive spirit of the people; and on their commercial activity. Of such a people it is easy to predict great things; and our prophet announces, —

1. That the new state will be "an active naval power," exercising a peculiar influence on commerce, and, through commerce, on the political system of the Old World, — becoming the arbitress of commerce, and, perhaps, the mediatrix of peace.*

2. That ship-building and the science of navigation have made such progress in America, that her people will be able to build and navigate cheaper than any country in Europe, even Holland, with all her economy.†

3. That the peculiar articles to be had from America only, and so much sought in Europe, must give Americans a preference in those markets.‡

4. That a people "whose empire stands singly predominant on a great continent" can hardly "suffer in their borders such a monopoly as the European Hudson Bay Company"; that it cannot be stopped by Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope; that before long they will be found "trading in the South Sea and in China"; and that the Dutch "will hear of them in the Spice Islands."§

5. That by constant intercommunion of business and correspondence, and by increased knowledge with regard to the ocean, "America will seem every day to approach nearer and nearer to Europe"; that the old alarm at the sea will subside, and "a thousand attractive motives will become the irresistible cause of an almost general emigration to the New World"; and that "many of the most useful, enterprising spirits, and much of the active property, will go there also."||

* Pownall, Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe, pp. 74, 77.

† Ibid., p. 82.

‡ Ibid., p. 83.

§ Ibid., p. 85.

|| Ibid., p. 87.

6. That "North America will become a *free port* to all the nations of the world indiscriminately, and will expect, insist on, and demand, in fair reciprocity, a *free market* in all those nations with whom she trades"; and that, adhering to this principle, she must be, in the course of time, the chief carrier of the commerce of the whole world.*

7. That America must avoid complication with European politics, or "the entanglement of alliances," having no connections with Europe other than commercial;† — all of which at a later day was put forth by Washington in his Farewell Address, when he said, "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political concern as possible."

8. That similar modes of living and thinking, the same manners and same fashions, the same language and old habits of national love, impressed on the heart and not yet effaced, *the very indentings of the fracture where North America is broken off from England, all conspire naturally to a rejuncture by alliance.*‡

9. That the sovereigns of Europe, "who have despised the unfashioned, awkward youth of America," and have neglected to interweave their interests with the rising States, when they find the system of the new empire not only obstructing, but superseding, the old system of Europe, and crossing all their settled maxims, will call upon their ministers and wise men, "Come, curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me."§

This appeal was followed by two other memorials, "drawn up solely for the king's use, and designed solely for his eye," dated at Richmond, January, 1782, in which the author most persuasively pleads with the king to treat with the Colonies on the footing of indepen-

* Pownall, Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe, pp. 80, 97.

† Ibid., p. 78.

‡ Ibid., p. 93.

§ Ibid., p. 91.

dence, and with this view to institute a preliminary negotiation "as with free states *de facto* under a truce." On the signature of the treaty of peace, he wrote a private letter to Franklin, dated at *Richmond, 28th February, 1783*, in which he testifies again to the magnitude of the event, as follows:—

"My old Friend,—I write this to congratulate you on the establishment of your country as a free and sovereign power, taking its equal station amongst the powers of the world. I congratulate you, in particular, as chosen by Providence to be a principal instrument in this great Revolution,—a *Revolution that has stranger marks of Divine interposition, superseding the ordinary course of human affairs, than any other event which this world has experienced.*"

He closes this letter by saying that he thought of making a tour of America, adding that, "if there ever was an object worth travelling to see, and worthy of the contemplation of a philosopher, it is that in which he may see the beginning of a great empire at its foundation."* He communicated this purpose also to John Adams, who answered him, that "he would be received respectfully in every part of America,—that he had always been considered friendly to America,—and that his writings had been useful to our cause."†

Then came another work, first published in 1783, entitled, "A Memorial addressed to the Sovereigns of America, by Governor Pownall," of which he gave the mistaken judgment to a private friend, that it was "the best thing he ever wrote." Here for the first time American citizens are called "sovereigns." At the beginning he explains and indicates the simplicity with which he addresses them:—

"Having presumed to address to the Sovereigns of Europe a Memorial . . . permit me now to address this Memorial to you, Sovereigns of America. I shall not address you with the court

titles of Gothic Europe, nor with those of servile Asia. I will neither address your Sublimity or Majesty, your Grace or Holiness, your Eminence or High-mightiness, your Excellence or Honors. What are titles, where things themselves are known and understood? What title did the Republic of Rome take? The state was known to be sovereign and the citizens to be free. What could add to this? Therefore, United States and Citizens of America, I address you as you are."*

Here again are the same constant sympathy with liberty, the same confidence in our national destinies, and the same aspirations for our prosperity, mingled with warnings against disturbing influences. He exhorts that all our foundations should be "laid in nature"; that there should be "no contention for, nor acquisition of, unequal domination in men"; and that union should be established on the attractive principle by which all are drawn to a common centre. He fears difficulty in making the line of frontier between us and the British Provinces "a line of peace," as it ought to be; he is anxious lest something may break out between us and Spain; and he suggests that possibly, "in the cool hours of unimpassioned reflection," we may learn the danger of our "alliances,"—referring plainly to that original alliance with France which, at a later day, was the occasion of such trouble. Two other warnings occur. One is against Slavery, which is more noteworthy, because in an earlier memorial he enumerates among articles of commerce "African slaves carried by a circuitous trade in American shipping to the West India market."† The other warning is thus strongly expressed:—"Every inhabitant of America is, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, equal, in his essential, inseparable rights of the individual, to any other individual, and is, in these rights, independent of any power that

* Pownall, Memorial to the Sovereigns of America, pp. 5, 6.

† Pownall, Memorial to the Sovereigns of Europe, p. 83.

* Franklin, Works, Vol. IX. p. 491.

† John Adams, Works, Vol. VIII. p. 179.

any other can assume over him, over his labor, or his property. This is a principle in act and deed, and not a mere speculative theorem."*

I close this strange and striking testimony, all from one man, with his farewell words to Franklin. As Pownall heard that the great philosopher and negotiator was about to embark for the United States, he wrote to him from Lausanne, *under date of 3d July, 1785*, as follows:—

"Adieu, my dear friend. You are going to a New World, formed to exhibit a scene which the Old World never yet saw. You leave me here in the Old World, which, like myself, begins to feel, as Asia hath felt, that it is wearing out apace. We shall never meet again on this earth; but there is another world where we shall, and *where we shall be understood.*"

Clearly Pownall was not understood in his time; but it is evident that he understood our country as few Englishmen since have been able to understand it.

DAVID HARTLEY. — 1775, 1785.

ANOTHER friend of our country in England was David Hartley. He was constant and even pertinacious on our side, although less prophetic than Pownall, with whom he co-operated in purpose and activity. His father was Hartley the metaphysician, and author of the ingenious theory of sensation. The son was born 1729, and died at Bath, 1813. During our revolution he sat in Parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull. He was also the British plenipotentiary in negotiating the definitive Treaty of Peace with the United States. He, too, has dropped out of sight. In the biographical dictionaries he has only a few lines. But he deserves a considerable place in the history of our independence.

John Adams was often austere, and

sometimes cynical in his judgments. Evidently he did not like Hartley. In one place he speaks of him as "talkative and disputatious, and not always intelligible";* then, as "a person of consummate vanity";† and then, again, when he was appointed to sign the definitive Treaty, he says, "it would have been more agreeable to have finished with Mr. Oswald";‡ and, in still another place, he records, "Mr. Hartley was as copious as usual."§ And yet, when writing most elaborately to Count de Vergennes on the prospects of the negotiation with England, he introduces opinions of Hartley at length, saying that he was "more for peace than any man in the kingdom."|| Such testimony may well outweigh the other expressions, especially as nothing of the kind appears in the correspondence of Franklin, with whom Hartley was much more intimate.

The Parliamentary History is a sufficient monument for Hartley. He was a frequent speaker, and never missed an opportunity of pleading our cause. Although without the immortal eloquence of Burke, he was always clear and full. Many of his speeches seem to have been written out by himself. He was not a tardy convert. He began as "a new member" by supporting an amendment favorable to the Colonies, 5th December, 1774. In March, 1775, he brought forward "propositions for conciliation with America," which he sustained in an elaborate speech, where he avowed that the American Question had occupied him already for some time:—

"Though I have so lately had the honor of a seat in this House, yet I have for many years turned my thoughts and attention to matters of public concern and national policy. This question of America is now of many years' standing."¶

In the course of this speech he thus

* John Adams, Works, Vol. IX. p. 517.

† Ibid., Vol. III. p. 137.

‡ Ibid., Vol. VIII. p. 54.

§ Ibid., Vol. III. p. 363.

|| Ibid., Vol. VII. p. 226.

¶ Parliamentary History, Vol. XVIII. p. 553.

* Pownall, Memorial to the Sovereigns of America, p. 55.

acknowledges the services of New England at Louisburg:—

"In that war too, sir, they took Louisburg from the French, single-handed, without any European assistance,—as mettled an enterprise as any in our history,—an everlasting memorial of the zeal, courage, and perseverance of the troops of New England. The men themselves dragged the cannon over a morass which had always been thought impassable, where neither horses nor oxen could go, and they carried the shot upon their backs. And what was their reward for this forward and spirited enterprise,—for the reduction of this American Dunkirk? Their reward, sir, you know very well; it was given up for a barrier to the Dutch." *

All his various propositions were negatived; but he was not disheartened. On every occasion he spoke,—now on the budget, then on the address, and then on specific propositions. At this time he asserted the power of Parliament over the Colonies, and he proposed on the 2d November, 1775, that a test of submission by the Colonists should be the recognition of an act of Parliament, "enacting that all the slaves in America should have the trial by jury." † Shortly afterwards on the 5th December, 1775, he brought forward another set of "propositions for conciliation with America," where, among other things, he embodied the test on slavery, which he put forward as a compromise; and here his language belongs, not only to the history of our Revolution, but to the history of anti-slavery. While declaring that in his opinion Great Britain was "the aggressor in everything," he sought to bring the two countries together on a platform of human rights, which he thus explained:—

"The act to be proposed to America, as an auspicious beginning to lay the first stone of universal liberty to mankind, should be what no American could hesitate an instant to comply with,

namely, that every slave in North America should be entitled to his trial by jury in all criminal cases. America cannot refuse to accept and enroll such an act as this, and thereby to re-establish peace and harmony with the parent state. *Let us all be re-united in this, as a foundation to extirpate slavery from the face of the earth. Let those who seek justice and liberty for themselves give that justice and liberty to their fellow-creatures.* With respect to putting a final period to slavery in North America, it should seem best that, when this country had led the way by the act for jury, each Colony, knowing their own peculiar circumstances, should undertake the work in the most practicable way, and that they should endeavor to establish some system by which slavery should be in a certain term of years abolished. *Let the only contention henceforward between Great Britain and America be, which shall exceed the other in zeal for establishing the fundamental rights of liberty for all mankind.*" *

The motion was rejected; but among the twenty-three in its favor were Fox and Burke. During this same month the unwearied defender of our country came forward again, declaring that he could not be "an adviser or a well-wisher to any of the vindictive operations against America, because the cause is unjust; but at the same time he must be equally earnest to secure British interests from destruction," and he thus prophesies:—

"The fate of America is cast. You may bruise its heel; but you cannot crush its head. It will revive again. *The new world is before them. Liberty is theirs.* They have possession of a free government, their birthright and inheritance, derived to them from their parent state, which the hand of violence cannot wrest from them. If you will cast them off, my last wish is to them, May they go and prosper!"

Again, on the 10th May, 1776, he vindicated anew his original proposi-

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XVIII. p. 556.

† Ibid., p. 846.

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XVIII. p. 705.

tion, and here again he testifies for peace and against slavery.

"For the sake of peace, therefore, I did propose a test of compromise by an act of acceptance, on the part of the Colonists, of an act of Parliament which should lay *the foundation for the extirpation of the horrid custom of slavery in the New World*. My motion was simply an act of compromise and reconciliation; and, as far as it was a legislative act, it was still to have been applied in correcting the laws of slavery in America, which I considered as repugnant to the laws of the realm of England and to the fundamentals of our constitution. Such a compromise would at the same time have saved the national honor."*

All gratitude to the hero who at this early day vowed himself to the abolition of slavery. Hartley is among the first of abolitionists, with hardly a predecessor except Granville Sharp, and in Parliament absolutely the first. Clarkson was at this time fifteen years old, Wilberforce sixteen. It was only in 1787 that Clarkson obtained the prize for the best Latin essay on the question, "Is it right to make men slaves against their will?" It was not until 1791 that Wilberforce moved for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade. Surely it is a great honor for one man, that he should have come forward in Parliament as an avowed abolitionist, while he was at the same time a vindicator of our independence.

Again, on the 15th May, 1777, Hartley pleaded for us, saying:—

"At sea, which has hitherto been our prerogative element, they rise against us at a stupendous rate; and if we cannot return to our old mutual hospitalities towards each other, a very few years will show us a most formidable hostile marine, ready to join hands with any of our enemies. . . . I will venture to prophesy that the principles of a federal alliance are the only terms of peace that ever will and that ever

ought to obtain between the two countries."*

On the 15th June, immediately afterwards, the Parliamentary History reports briefly:—

"Mr. Hartley went upon the cruelties of slavery, and urged the Board of Trade to take some means of mitigating it. He produced a pair of handcuffs, which he said was a manufacture they were now going to establish."†

Thus again the abolitionist reappeared in the vindicator of our independence. On the 22d June, 1779, he brought forward another formal motion "for reconciliation with America," and, in the course of a well-considered speech, denounced the ministers for "headstrong and inflexible obstinacy in prosecuting a cruel and destructive American war."‡ On the 3d December, 1779, in what is called "a very long speech," he returned to his theme, inveighing against ministers for "the favorite, though wild, Quixotic, and impracticable measure of coercing America."§ These are only instances.

During this time he had maintained a correspondence with Franklin, which appears in the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution," and all of which attests his desire for peace. In 1778 he came to Paris on a confidential errand, especially to confer with Franklin. It was on this occasion that John Adams met him and judged him severely. In 1783 he was appointed a commissioner to sign the definitive Treaty of Peace.

These things belong to history. Though perhaps not generally known, they are accessible. I have presented them partly for their intrinsic value and their prophetic character, and partly as an introduction to an unpublished letter from Hartley which I received some time ago from an English friend who has since been called away from important labors. The letter concerns *emigration to our coun-*

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XIX. pp. 259, 260.

† Ibid., p. 315.

‡ Ibid., p. 904.

§ Ibid., p. 1190.

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XVIII. p. 1356.

try and the payment of the national debt.

The following indorsement will explain its character:—

"*Note.* This is a copy of the material portion of a long letter from D. Hartley, the British Commissioner in Paris, to Lord Sydenham, January, 1785. The original was sold by C. Robinson, of 21 Bond Street, London, on the 6th April, 1859, at a sale of Hartley's MSS. and papers chiefly relating to the United States of America. It was Hartley's copy, in his own hand.

"The lot was No. 82 in the sale catalogue. It was bought by J. R. Smith, the London bookseller, for £2 6s. *od.*

"I had a copy made before the sale.

"Joseph Parkes.

"London, 18 July, '59."

The letter is as follows:—

"MY LORD,—In your Lordship's last letter to me, just before my leaving Paris, you are pleased to say that any information which I might have been able to collect of a nature to promote the mutual and reciprocal interests of Great Britain and the United States of America would be extremely acceptable to his Majesty's government. . . . Annexed to this letter I have the honor of transmitting to your Lordship some papers and documents which I have received from the American Ministers. One of them (No. 5) is a Map of the Continent of North America, in which the land ceded to them by the late treaty of peace is divided, by parallels of latitude and longitude, into fourteen new States. The whole project, in its full extent, would take many years in its execution, and therefore it must be far beyond the present race of men to say, 'This shall be so.' Nevertheless, *those who have the first care of this New World will probably give it such directions and inherent influences as may guide and control its course and revolutions for ages to come.* But these plans, being beyond the reach of man to predetermine, are likewise beyond the reach of comment or speculation to say what

may or may not be possible, or to predict what events may hereafter be produced by time, climates, soils, adjoining nations, or by the unwieldy magnitude of empire, and *the future population of millions superadded to millions.* The sources of the Mississippi may be unknown. The lines of longitude and latitude may be extended into unexplored regions, and the plan of this new creation may be sketched out by a presumptuous compass, if all its intermediate uses and functions were to be suspended until the final and precise accomplishment, without failure or deviation, of this unbounded plan. But this is not the case; the immediate objects in view are limited and precise; they are of prudent thought, and within the scope of human power to measure out and to execute. The principle indeed is indefinite, and will be left to the test of future ages to determine its duration or extent. I take the liberty to suggest thus much, lest we should be led away to suppose that the councils which have produced these plans have had no wiser or more sedate views than merely the amusement of drawing meridians of ambition and high thoughts. There appear to me to be two solid and rational objects in view: the first is, by the sale of lands nearly contiguous to the present States (receiving Congress paper in payment according to its scale of depreciation) *to extinguish the present national debt,* which I understand might be discharged for about twelve millions sterling.

"If your Lordship will cast your eye upon the map to the south and east of the Ohio and the Mississippi, you will see many millions of acres, which, valued at a single dollar per acre, would discharge many millions sterling. The whole space within the boundaries lately conceded to the United States, together with the unoccupied lands eastward of the great rivers, may perhaps contain near half a million of square miles (in acres, perhaps three hundred millions, more or less). A sixth part of this, the nearest parts

being likewise the most valuable, would discharge the whole of their national debt. It is a new proposition to be offered to the numerous common rank of mankind in all the countries of the world, to say that there are in America fertile soils and temperate climates in which an acre of land may be purchased for a trifling consideration, which may be possessed in freedom, together with all the natural and civil rights of mankind. The Congress have already proclaimed this, and that no other qualification or name is necessary but to become settlers, without distinction of countries or persons. The European peasant, who toils for his scanty sustenance in penury, wretchedness, and servitude, will eagerly fly to this asylum for free and industrious labor. The tide of immigration may set strongly outward from Scotland, Ireland, and Canada to this new land of promise. A very great proportion of men in all the countries of the world are without property, and generally are subject to governments of which they have no participation, and over whom they have no control. The Congress have now opened to all the world a sale of landed settlements where the liberty and property of each individual is to be consigned to his own custody and defence. The first settlers, as the seedlings of a new State, will be under a temporary government of their own choice, provided it be similar to some one of the present American governments. But as soon as their numbers shall amount to twenty thousand, their temporary government is to cease, and they are to establish a permanent government for themselves, and whenever such new State shall have of free inhabitants as many as shall be in any one the least numerous of the original States. These are such propositions of free establishments as have never yet been offered to mankind, and cannot fail of producing great effects in the future progress of things. The Congress have arranged their offers in the most inviting and artful terms, and lest individual peasants and laborers

should not have the means of removing themselves, they throw out inducements to moneyed adventurers to purchase and to undertake the settlement by commission and agency, without personal residence, by stipulating that the lands of proprietors being absentees shall not be higher taxed than the lands of residents. This will quicken the sale of lands, which is their object. For the explanation of these points, I beg leave to refer your Lordship to the documents annexed, Nos. 5 and 6, namely, the Map and Resolutions of Congress, dated April, 1784. There is another circumstance would confirm that it is the intention of Congress to invite moneyed adventurers to make purchases and settlements, which is the precise and mathematical mode of dividing and marking out for sale the lands in each new proposed State. These new States are to be divided by parallel lines running north and south, and by other parallels running east and west. They are to be divided into hundreds of ten geographical miles square, and then again into lots of one square mile. The divisions are laid out as regularly as the squares upon a chessboard, and all to be formed into a Charter of Compact.

"They may be purchased by purchasers at any distance, and the titles may be verified by registers of such or such numbers, north or south, east or west; all this is explained by the document annexed, No. 7, viz. *The Ordinance for ascertaining the mode of locating and disposing of lands in the Western Territory. This is their plan and means for paying off their national debt, and they seem very intent upon doing it.* I should observe that their debt consists of two parts, namely, domestic and foreign. The sale of lands is to be appropriated to the former.

"The domestic debt may perhaps be nine or ten millions, and the foreign debt two or three. For payment of the foreign debt it is proposed to lay a tax of five per cent upon all imports until discharged, which, I am informed, has already been agreed to by most

of the States, and probably will soon be confirmed by the rest. Upon the whole, it appears that this plan is as prudently conceived and as judiciously arranged, as to the end proposed, as any experienced cabinet of European ministers could have devised or planned any similar project. The second point which appears to me to be deserving of attention, respecting the immense cession of territory to the United States at the late peace, is a point *which will perhaps in a few years become an unparalleled phenomenon in the political world.* As soon as the national debt of the United States shall be discharged by the sale of one portion of those lands, we shall then see the Confederate Republic in a new character, as a proprietor of lands, either for sale or to let upon rents, while other nations may be struggling under debts too enormous to be discharged either by economy or taxation, and while they may be laboring to raise ordinary and necessary supplies by burdensome impositions upon their own persons and properties. *Here will be a nation possessed of a new and unheard of financial organ of stupendous magnitude, and in process of time of unmeasured value, thrown into their lap as a fortuitous superfluity, and almost without being sought for.*

"When such an organ of revenue begins to arise into produce and exertion, what public uses it may be applicable to, or to what abuses and perversions it might be rendered subservient, is far beyond the reach of probable discussion now. Such discussions would only be visionary speculations. However, thus far it is obvious and highly deserving of our attention, that it cannot fail becoming to the American States a most important instrument of national power, the progress and operation of which must hereafter be *a most interesting object of attention to the British American dominions which are in close vicinity to the territories of the United States, and I should hope that these considerations would lead us, inasmuch as we*

value those parts of our dominions, to encourage conciliatory and amicable correspondence between them and their neighbors.

"I have thus, my Lord, endeavored to comply with your Lordship's commands to the best of my power, in stating such information to his Majesty's government as I have been enabled to collect of such nature as may tend to the mutual and reciprocal interest of Great Britain and the United States of America. I do not recollect at present anything further to trouble your Lordship with. If any of the foregoing points should require any further elucidation, I shall always be ready to obey your Lordship's summons, or to give in any other way the best explanations in my power."

COUNT D'ARANDA. — 1783.

THE Count d'Aranda was one of the first of Spanish statesmen and diplomatists, and one of the richest subjects of Spain in his day; born at Saragossa, 1718, and died 1799. He, too, is one of our prophets. Originally a soldier, he became ambassador, governor of a province, and prime minister. In the latter post he displayed character as well as ability, and was the benefactor of his country. He drove the Jesuits from Spain and dared to oppose the Inquisition. He was a philosopher, and, like Pope Benedict XIV., corresponded with Voltaire. Such a liberal spirit was out of place in Spain. Compelled to resign in 1773, he found a retreat at Paris as ambassador, where he came into communication with Franklin, Adams, and Jay, and finally signed the Treaty of Paris, by which Spain acknowledged our independence. Shortly afterwards he returned to Spain and took the place of Florida Blanca as prime minister.

Franklin, on meeting him, records, in his letter to the secret committee of Congress, that he seemed "well disposed to us."* Shortly afterwards he

* Franklin, Works, Vol. VIII. p. 194.

had another interview with him, which he thus chronicles in his journal:—

"Saturday, June 29th [1782].—We went together to the Spanish Ambassador's, who received us with great civility and politeness. He spoke with Mr. Jay on the subject of the treaty they were to make together. . . . On our going out, he took pains himself to open the folding-doors for us, which is a high compliment here, and told us he would return our visit (*rendre son devoir*), and then fix a day with us for dining with him."*

Adams, in his journal, describes a Sunday dinner at his house, then a "new building in the finest situation of Paris,"† being a part of the incomparable palace, with its columnar front, which is still admired as it looks on the Place de la Concorde. Jay also describes a dinner with the Count, who was "living in great splendor, with an assortment of wines the finest in Europe," and was "the ablest Spaniard he had ever known"; showing by his conversation "that his court is in earnest," and appearing "frank and candid, as well as sagacious."‡ These hospitalities have a peculiar interest, when it is known, as it now is, that Count d'Aranda regarded the acknowledgment of our independence with "grief and dread." But these sentiments were disguised from our ministers.

After signing the Treaty of Paris, by which Spain acknowledged our independence, D'Aranda addressed a memoir secretly to King Charles III., in which his opinions on this event are set forth. This prophetic document slumbered for a long time in the confidential archives of the Spanish crown. Coxe, in his "Memoirs of the House of Bourbon in Spain," which are founded on a rare collection of original documents, makes no allusion to it. The memoir appears for the first time in a volume published at Paris in 1837, and entitled *Gouvernement de Charles III.*,

Roi d'Espagne, ou Instruction réservée à la Junte d'Etat par ce Monarque. Publiée par D. André Muriel. The editor had already translated into French the Memoirs of Coxe, and was probably led by this labor to make the supplementary collection. An abstract of the memoir of D'Aranda appears in one of the historical dissertations of the Mexican authority, Alaman, who said of it that it has "a just celebrity, because results have made it pass for a prophecy."* I translate it now from the French of Muriel.

"Memoir communicated secretly to the King by his Excellency the Count d'Aranda, on the Independence of the English Colonies, after having signed the Treaty of Paris of 1783.

"The independence of the English colonies has been acknowledged. This is for me an occasion of grief and dread. France has few possessions in America; but she should have considered that Spain, her intimate ally, has many, and that she is left to-day exposed to terrible shocks. From the beginning, France has acted contrary to her true interests in encouraging and seconding this independence; I have so declared often to the ministers of this nation. What could happen better for France than to see the English and the colonists destroy each other in a party warfare which could only augment her power and favor her interests? The antipathy which reigns between France and England blinded the French Cabinet; it forgot that its interest consisted in remaining a tranquil spectator of this conflict; and, once launched in the arena, it dragged us unhappily, and by virtue of the family compact, into a war entirely contrary to our proper interest.

"I will not stop here to examine the opinions of some statesmen, our own countrymen as well as foreigners, which I share, on the difficulty of preserving our power in America. Never have so extensive possessions, placed at a great

* Franklin, Works, Vol. IX. p. 350.

† John Adams, Works, Vol. III. p. 379.

‡ Jay, Life of John Jay, Vol. I. p. 140; Vol. II. p. 101.

* Alaman, *Disertaciones sobre la Historia de la Republica Mexicana*, Tomo III. pp. 351, 352.

distance from the metropolis, been long preserved. To this cause, applicable to all colonies, must be added others peculiar to the Spanish possessions; namely, the difficulty of succoring them in case of need; the vexations to which the unhappy inhabitants have been exposed from some of the governors; the distance of the supreme authority to which they must have recourse for the redress of grievances, which causes years to pass before justice is done to their complaints; the vengeance of the local authorities to which they continue exposed while waiting; the difficulty of knowing the truth at so great a distance; finally, the means which the viceroys and governors, from being Spaniards, cannot fail to have for obtaining favorable judgments in Spain; all these different circumstances will render the inhabitants of America discontented, and make them attempt efforts to obtain independence as soon as they shall have a propitious occasion.

“Without entering into any of these considerations, I shall confine myself now to that which occupies us from the dread of seeing ourselves exposed to dangers from the new power which we have just recognized in a country where there is no other in condition to arrest its progress. *This Federal Republic is born a pygmy, so to speak.* It required the support and the forces of two powers as great as Spain and France in order to attain independence. *A day will come when it will be a giant, even a colossus formidable in these countries.* It will then forget the benefits which it has received from the two powers, and will dream of nothing but to organize itself. *Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of the new government, will draw thither agriculturists and artisans from all the nations; for men always run after fortune.* And in a few years we shall see with true grief the tyrannical existence of this same colossus of which I speak.

“The first movement of this power,

when it has arrived at its aggrandizement, will be to obtain possession of the Floridas, in order to dominate the Gulf of Mexico. After having rendered commerce with New Spain difficult for us, it will aspire to the conquest of this vast empire, which it will not be possible for us to defend against a formidable power established on the same continent, and in its neighborhood. These fears are well founded, Sire; they will be changed into reality in a few years, if, indeed, there are not other disorders in our Americas still more fatal. This observation is justified by what has happened in all ages, and with all nations which have begun to rise. Man is the same everywhere; the difference of climate does not change the nature of our sentiments; he who finds the opportunity of acquiring power and of aggrandizing himself, profits by it always. How then can we expect the Americans to respect the kingdom of New Spain, when they shall have the facility of possessing themselves of this rich and beautiful country? A wise policy counsels us to take precautions against evils which may happen. This thought has occupied my whole mind, since, as Minister Plenipotentiary of your Majesty, and conformably to your royal will and instructions, I signed the Peace of Paris. I have considered this important affair with all the attention of which I am capable, and after much reflection drawn from the knowledge, military as well as political, which I have been able to acquire in my long career, I think that, in order to escape the great losses with which we are threatened, there remains nothing but the means which I am about to have the honor of exhibiting to your Majesty.

“Your Majesty must relieve yourself of all your possessions on the continent of the two Americas, *preserving only the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico* in the northern part, and some other convenient one in the southern part, to serve as a seaport or trading-place for Spanish commerce.

“In order to accomplish this great

thought in a manner becoming to Spain, three infantas must be placed in America, — one as king of Mexico, another as king of Peru, and the third as king of the Terra Firma. Your Majesty will take the title of Emperor.”

I have sometimes heard this remarkable memoir called apocryphal, but without reason, except because its foresight is so remarkable. The Mexican historian Alaman treats it as genuine, and, after praising it, informs us that the proposition of Count d'Aranda to the king was not taken into consideration, which, according to him, was “disastrous to all, and especially to the people of America, who in this way would have obtained independence without struggle or anarchy.”* Meanwhile all the American possessions of the Spanish crown, except Cuba and Porto Rico, have become independent, as predicted, and the new power, known as the United States, which at that time was a “pygmy,” has become a “colossus.”

D'Aranda was not alone in surprise at the course of Spain. The English traveller Burnaby, in his edition of 1796, mentions this as one of the reasons for the success of the colonists, and declares that he had not supposed, originally, “that Spain would join in a plan inevitably leading by slow and imperceptible steps to the final loss of all her rich possessions in America.”† This was not an uncommon idea. One of John Adams's Dutch correspondents, under date of 14th September, 1780, writes he has heard it said twenty times, that, “if America becomes free, it will some day give the law to Europe; it will seize our islands and our colonies of Guiana; it will seize all the West Indies; it will swallow Mexico, even Peru, Chili, and Brazil; it will take from us our freighting commerce; it will pay its benefactors with ingratitude.”‡ Mr. Adams also records in his diary, un-

der date of 14th December, 1779, on his landing at Ferrol in Spain, that, according to the report of various persons, “the Spanish nation in general have been of opinion that the Revolution in America was of bad example to the Spanish colonies, and dangerous to the interests of Spain, as the United States, should they become ambitious, and be seized with the spirit of conquest, might aim at Mexico and Peru.”* All this is entirely in harmony with the memoir of the Count d'Aranda.

BURNS. — 1788.

FROM Count d'Aranda to Robert Burns, — from the rich and titled minister, faring sumptuously in the best house of Paris, to the poor ploughboy poet, struggling in a cottage, — what a contrast! Of the poet I shall say nothing, except that he was born 25th January, 1759, and died 21st July, 1796, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

There is only a slender thread of Burns to be woven into this web, and yet, coming from him, it must not be neglected. In a letter dated 8th November, 1788, after saying a friendly word for the unfortunate house of Stuart, he thus prophetically alludes to our independence: —

“I will not, I cannot, enter into the merits of the cause, but I dare say the American Congress, in 1776, will be allowed to be as able and as enlightened as the English Convention was in 1688; and that their posterity will celebrate the centenary of their deliverance from us, as duly and sincerely as we do ours from the oppressive measures of the house of Stuart.”†

The year 1788, when these words were written, was a year of commemoration, being the hundredth from the famous revolution by which the Stuarts were excluded from the throne of England. The “centenary” of our independence is not yet completed; but long ago the commemoration began.

* Alaman, *Disertaciones*, Tomo III. p. 333.

† Burnaby, *Travels in North America*, Preface, p. 10.

‡ John Adams, *Works*, Vol. VII. p. 254.

* John Adams, *Works*, Vol. III. p. 234.

† Currie, *Life and Works of Burns*, p. 266; Grahame, *History of United States*, Vol. IV. p. 462.

On the coming of that hundredth anniversary, the prophecy of Burns will be more than fulfilled.

FOX.—1794.

IN quoting from Charles James Fox, the statesman, minister, and orator, I need add nothing, except that he was born 24th January, 1749, and died 13th September, 1806, and that he was an early friend of our country.

Many words of his, especially during our Revolution, might be introduced here; but I content myself with a single passage of a later date, which, besides its expression of good-will, is a prophecy of our power. It will be found in a speech on his motion for putting an end to war with France in the House of Commons, 30th May, 1794.

"It was impossible to dissemble that we had a serious dispute with America, and although we might be confident that the wisest and best man of his age, who presided in the government of that country, would do everything that became him to avert a war, it was impossible to foresee the issue. America had no fleet, no army; but in case of war she would find various means to harass and annoy us. Against her we could not strike a blow that would not be as severely felt in London as in America, so identified were the two countries by commercial intercourse. *To a contest with such an adversary he looked as the greatest possible misfortune.* If we commenced another crusade against her, we might destroy her trade, and check the progress of her agriculture, but we must also equally injure ourselves. Desperate, therefore, indeed, must be that war in which each wound inflicted on our enemy would at the same time inflict one upon ourselves. He hoped to God that such an event as a war with America would not happen."*

All good men on both sides of the ocean must join with Fox, who thus early deprecated a war between the United States and England, and por-

trayed the consequences. Time, which has enlarged and multiplied the relations between the two countries, makes his words more applicable now than when he first uttered them.

GEORGE CANNING.—1826.

GEORGE CANNING was a successor of Fox, in the House of Commons, as statesman, minister, and orator; he was born 11th April, 1770, and died 8th August, 1827, in the beautiful villa of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, where Fox had died before. Unlike Fox in sentiment for our country, he is nevertheless associated with a leading event of our history, and is the author of prophetic words.

The Monroe Doctrine, as it is now familiarly called, proceeded from Canning. He was its inventor, promoter, and champion, at least so far as it bears against European intervention in American affairs. Earnestly engaged in counteracting the designs of the Holy Alliance for the restoration of the Spanish colonies to Spain, he sought to enlist the United States in the same policy, and when Mr. Rush, who was at the time our Minister at London, replied that any interference with European politics was contrary to the traditions of our government, he argued that, however just such a policy might have been formerly, it was no longer applicable,—that the question was new and complicated,—that it was "full as much American as European, to say no more,"—that it concerned the United States under aspects and interests as immediate and commanding as those of any of the states of Europe,—that "they were the first power on that continent, and confessedly the leading power"; and he then asked, "Was it possible that they could see with indifference their fate decided upon by Europe? Had not a new epoch arrived in the relative position of the United States toward Europe, which Europe must acknowledge? *Were the great political and commercial interests which hung upon the destinies of the*

* Parliamentary History, Vol. XXXI. p. 627.

new continent to be canvassed and adjusted in this hemisphere, without the co-operation, or even the knowledge, of the United States?" With mingled ardor and importunity the British Minister pressed his case. At last, after much discussion in the Cabinet at Washington, President Monroe, accepting the lead of Mr. Canning, put forth his famous declaration, where, after referring to the radical difference between the political systems of Europe and America, he says, that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere as *dangerous to our peace and safety*," and that, where governments have been recognized by us as independent, "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a *manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States*." *

The message of President Monroe was received in England with enthusiastic congratulations. It was upon all tongues; the press was full of it; the securities of Spanish America rose in the market; the agents of Spanish America were happy.† Brougham exclaimed, in Parliament, that "no event had ever dispersed greater joy, exultation, and gratitude over all the freemen of Europe." Mackintosh rejoiced in the coincidence of England and the United States, "the two great commonwealths, for so he delighted to call them; and he heartily prayed that they may be forever united in the cause of justice and liberty."‡ The Holy Alliance abandoned their purposes on this continent, and the independence of the Spanish colonies in America was established. Some time afterwards, on the occasion of assistance to Portugal, when Mr. Canning felt called to review and

vindicate his foreign policy, he assumed the following lofty strain. This was in the House of Commons, 12th December, 1826:—

"It would be disingenuous not to admit that the entry of the French army into Spain was, in a certain sense, a disparagement,—an affront to our pride,—a blow to the feelings of England. But I deny that, questionable or censurable as the act may be, it was one that necessarily called for our direct and hostile opposition. Was nothing then to be done? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No. I looked another way. I sought materials for compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain, such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that, if France had Spain, it should not be Spain 'with the Indies.' I called the *New World into existence to resist the balance of the Old*." *

The republics of Spanish America, thus called into independent existence, were to redress the balance of the Old World. If they have not contributed the weight thus vaunted, the growing power of the United States is ample to compensate any deficiencies on this continent. There is no balance of power which it cannot redress, if occasion requires.

RICHARD COBDEN. — 1849.

COMING to our own day, we meet a familiar name, now consecrated by death,—Richard Cobden; born 3d June, 1804, and died 2d April, 1865. In proportion as truth prevails among men, his character will shine with increasing glory until he is recognized as the first Englishman of his time. Though thoroughly English, he was not insular, and he served mankind as well as England.

His masterly faculties and his real goodness made him a prophet always. He saw the future, and strove to hasten

* Annual Message to Congress of 2d December, 1823.

† Rush, Memoranda of Residence at London, Vol. II. p. 458; Wheaton, Elements of International Law, pp. 97-112, Dana's note.

‡ Stapleton, Life of Canning, Vol. II. pp. 46, 47.

* Canning, Speeches, Vol. VI. pp. 108, 109.

its promises. The elevation and happiness of the human family were his daily thought. He knew how to build as well as to destroy. Through him disabilities upon trade and oppressive taxes were overturned; also a new treaty was negotiated with France, quickening commerce and intercourse. He was never so truly eminent as when bringing his practical sense and enlarged experience to commend the cause of Permanent Peace in the world by the establishment of a refined system of International Justice, and the disarming of the nations. To this great consummation all his later labors tended. I have before me a long letter, dated at *London, 7th November, 1849*, where he says much on this absorbing question, from which, by an easy transition, he passes to speak of the proposed annexation of Canada to the United States. As what he says on the latter topic concerns America, and is a prophetic voice, I have obtained permission to copy it for this collection.

"Race, religion, language, traditions, are becoming bonds of union, and not the parchment title-deeds of sovereigns. These instincts may be thwarted for the day, but they are too deeply rooted in nature and in usefulness not to prevail in the end. I look with less interest to these struggles of races to live apart for what they want to undo, than for what they will prevent being done in future. *They will warn rulers that henceforth the acquisition of fresh territory, by force of arms, will only bring embarrassments and civil war*, instead of that increased strength which, in ancient times, when people were passed, like flocks of sheep, from one king to another, always accompanied the incorporation of new territorial conquests.

"This is the secret of the admitted doctrine, that we shall have no more wars of conquest or ambition. In this respect *you* are differently situated, having vast tracts of unpeopled territory to tempt that cupidity which, in respect of landed property, always disposes individuals and nations, however rich in acres, to desire more. This brings

me to the subject of Canada, to which you refer in your letters.

"I agree with you, that *nature has decided that Canada and the United States must become one, for all purposes of free intercommunication*. Whether they also shall be united in the same federal government must depend upon the two parties to the union. I can assure you that there will be no repetition of the policy of 1776, on our part, to prevent our North American colonies from pursuing their interest in their own way. If the people of Canada are tolerably unanimous in wishing to sever the very slight thread which now binds them to this country, I see no reason why, if good faith and ordinary temper be observed, it should not be done amicably. I think it would be far more likely to be accomplished peaceably, *if the subject of annexation were left as a distinct question*. I am quite sure that *we* should be gainers, to the amount of about a million sterling annually, if our North American colonists would set up in life for themselves and maintain their own establishments, and I see no reason to doubt that they might be also gainers by being thrown upon their own resources.

"The less your countrymen mingle in the controversy, the better. It will only be an additional obstacle in the path of those in this country who see the ultimate necessity of a separation, but who have still some ignorance and prejudice to contend against, which, if used as political capital by designing politicians, may complicate seriously a very difficult piece of statesmanship. It is for you and such as you, who love peace, to guide your countrymen aright in this matter. You have made the most noble contributions of any modern writer to the cause of peace; and as a public man I hope you will exert all your influence to induce Americans to hold a dignified attitude and observe a 'masterly inactivity' in the controversy which is rapidly advancing to a solution between the mother country and her American colonies."

A prudent patriotism among us will

appreciate the wisdom of this counsel, which is more needed now than when it was written. The controversy which Cobden foresaw "between the mother country and her American colonies" is yet undetermined. The recent creation of what is somewhat grandly called "The Dominion of Canada" marks one stage in its progress.

LUCAS ALAMAN.—1852.

FROM Canada I pass to Mexico, and close this list with Lucas Alaman, the Mexican statesman and historian, who has left on record a most pathetic prophecy with regard to his own country, very interesting to us at this moment.

Little can be gathered here with regard to this remarkable character. His name does not appear in any biographical or bibliographical dictionary,—not in the late editions of Michaud or Brunet,—although his public life and his literary labors might claim for him a place in biography and bibliography. From the title-page of one of his volumes it appears that, besides being a member of the Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics, and also of the Fine Arts, he was a corresponding member of several foreign societies, among which were the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, the Royal Institute of Sciences in Bavaria, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is only in the dearth of authentic information with regard to him that I mention these circumstances. It does not appear when he died. The Preface to the last volume of his History is dated 18th November, 1852; and, as his name is not noticed in Mexican affairs since then, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he died shortly after this date, although his death first appears in the Transactions of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1861.

Alaman figured in the Mexican Cortes, and also as Minister of Foreign Affairs, especially under President

Bustamante. In the latter capacity he inspired the respect of foreign diplomatists. One of these, who had occasion to know him officially, says of him, in answer to my inquiries, that he "was the greatest statesman which Mexico has produced since her independence." His portrait, as engraved in one of his volumes, resembles the late Mr. Clayton of Delaware. He was one of the few persons in any country who have been able to unite literature with public life, and obtain honors in each department.

His first work was "Dissertations on the History of the Mexican Republic," *Disertaciones sobre la Historia de la Republica Mexicana*, in three volumes, published at Mexico, 1844. In these he considers the original conquest by Cortez; its consequences; the conqueror and his family; the propagation of the Christian religion in New Spain; the formation of the city of Mexico; the history of Spain and the house of Bourbon. All these topics are treated somewhat copiously. Then followed the "History of Mexico, from the First Movements which prepared its Independence in 1808, to the present Epoch," (*Historia de Mejico desde los primeros Movimientos que prepararon á su Independencia en el Año de 1808 hasta la Época presente*), in five volumes, published at Mexico, the first bearing date 1849, and the fifth 1852. From the Preface to the first volume, it appears that the author was born in Guanajuato, and witnessed there the beginning of the Mexican revolution in 1810, under Don Miguel Hidalgo, the curate of Dolores; that he was personally acquainted with the curate and with many of those who had a principal part in the successes of that time; that he was experienced in public affairs, as deputy and as member of the cabinet; and that he had known directly the persons and things of which he wrote. His last volume embraces the government of Iturbide as Emperor, and also his unfortunate death, ending with the establishment of the Mexican Federal Republic in 1824. The

work is careful and well considered. The eminent diplomatist already mentioned, who had known the author officially, writes that "no one was better acquainted with the history and causes of the incessant revolutions in his unfortunate country, and that his work on this subject is considered by all respectable men in Mexico a *chef-d'œuvre* for purity of sentiments and patriotic convictions."

It is on account of the valedictory words of this History that I have introduced the name of Alaman on this occasion. They are as follows:—

"Mexico will be, without doubt, a land of prosperity from its natural advantages, *but it will not be so for the races which now inhabit it.* As it seemed the destiny of the peoples who established themselves therein at different and remote epochs to perish from the face of it, leaving hardly a memory of their existence; even as the nation which built the edifices of Palenque, and those which we admire in the peninsula of Yucatan, was destroyed without its being known what it was nor how it disappeared; *even as the Toltecs perished by the hands of barbarous tribes coming from the North,* no record of them remaining but the pyramids of Cholulu and Teotihuacan; and, finally, even as the ancient Mexicans fell beneath the power of the Spaniards, *the country gaining infinitely by this change of dominion, but its ancient masters being overthrown;*—so likewise its present inhabitants shall be ruined and hardly obtain the compassion they have merited, and the Mexican nation of our days shall have applied to it what a celebrated Latin poet said of one of the most famous personages of Roman history, STAT MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA,*—nothing more remains than the shadow of a name illustrious in another time.

"May the Almighty, in whose hands is the fate of nations, and who by ways hidden from our sight abases or exalts

them, according to the designs of his providence, be pleased to grant unto ours the protection by which he has so often deigned to preserve it from the dangers to which it has been exposed."*

Most affecting words of prophecy! Considering the character of the author as statesman and historian, it could have been only with inconceivable anguish that he made this terrible record with regard to the land whose child and servant he was. Born and reared in Mexico, honored by its important trusts, and writing the history of its independence, it was his country, having for him all that makes a country dear; and yet thus calmly he consigns the present people to oblivion, while another enters into those happy places where nature is so bountiful. Thus does a Mexican leave the door open to the foreigner.

CONCLUSION.

SUCH are some of the prophetic voices about America, differing in character and importance, but all having one augury, and opening one vista, illimitable in extent and vastness. Farewell to the idea of Montesquieu, that a republic can exist only in a small territory.

Ancient prophecy foretold another world beyond the ocean, which in the mind of Christopher Columbus was nothing less than the Orient with its inexhaustible treasures. Then came the succession of prophets, who discerned the future of this continent, beginning with that rare genius, Sir Thomas Browne, who, in the reign of Charles II., while the settlements were in their infancy, predicted their growth in power and civilization; and then that rarest character, Bishop Berkeley, who, in the reign of George I., while the settlements were still feeble and undeveloped, heralded a Western empire as "Time's noblest offspring."

These voices are general. Others

* In the original text of Alaman this is printed in large capitals, and it is explained in a note as said by Lucan in his *Pharsalia*, with regard to Pompey.

* Alaman, *Historia*, Tomo V. pp. 954, 955.

more precise followed. Turgot, the philosopher and minister, saw in youth, with the vision of genius, that all colonies must at their maturity drop from the parent stem, like ripe fruit. John Adams, one of the chiefs of our own history, in a youth illumined as that of Turgot, saw the predominance of the Colonies in population and power followed by the transfer of empire to America; then the glory of Independence and its joyous celebration by grateful generations; then the triumph of our language; and, finally, the establishment of our republican institutions over all North America. Then came the Abbé Galiani, the Neapolitan Frenchman, who, writing from Naples while our struggle was still undecided, gayly predicts the total downfall of Europe, the transmigration to America, and the consummation of the greatest revolution of the globe by establishing the reign of America over Europe. There is also Adam Smith, the illustrious philosopher, who quietly carries the seat of government across the Atlantic. Meanwhile Pownall, once a Colonial Governor and then a member of Parliament, in successive works of great detail, foreshadows independence, naval supremacy, commercial prosperity, immigration from the Old World, and a new national life, destined to supersede the systems of Europe and arouse the "curses" of royal ministers. Hartley, also a member of Parliament, and the British negotiator who signed the definitive treaty of Independence, bravely announces in Parliament that the New World is before the Colonists, and that liberty is theirs; and afterwards, as diplomatist, instructs his government that, through the attraction of our public lands, immigration will be quickened beyond precedent and the national debt cease to be a burden. D'Aranda, the Spanish statesman and diplomatist, predicts to his king that the United States, though born a "pygmy," will soon be a "colossus," under whose influence Spain will lose all her American possessions except only Cuba and Porto Rico. Burns, the truthful poet,

looks forward a hundred years, and beholds our people rejoicing in the centenary of their independence. Fox, the liberal statesman, foresees the increasing might and various relations of the United States, so that a blow aimed at them must have a rebound as destructive as itself. Canning, the brilliant orator, in a much-admired flight of eloquence, discerns the New World, with its republics just called into being, redressing the balance of the old. Cobden, whose fame will be second only to that of Adam Smith among all in this catalogue, calmly predicts the separation of Canada from the mother country by peaceable means. Alaman, the Mexican statesman and historian, announces that Mexico, which has already known so many successive races, will hereafter be ruled by yet another people, who will take the place of the present possessors; and with these prophetic words, he draws a pall over his country.

All these various voices, of different times and countries, mingle and intertwine in representing the great future of our Republic, which from small beginnings has already become great. It was at first only a grain of mustard-seed, "which is, indeed, the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." Better still, it was only a little leaven, but it is fast leavening the whole continent. Nearly all who have prophesied speak of "America" or "North America," and not of any limited circle, colony, or state. It was so, at the beginning, with Sir Thomas Browne, and especially with Berkeley. During our Revolution the Colonies, struggling for independence, were always described by this continental designation. They were already "America," or "North America," thus incidentally foreshadowing that coming time when the whole continent, with all its various States, shall be a Plural Unit, with one Constitution, one Liberty, and one Destiny. The theme was also taken

up by the poet, and popularized in the often quoted lines :—

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."*

Such grandeur may justly excite anxiety rather than pride, for duties are in corresponding proportion. There is occasion for humility also, as the individual considers his own insignificance in the transcendent mass. The tiny polyp, in its unconscious life, builds the everlasting coral; each citizen is little more than the industrious insect. The result is accomplished by continuous and combined exertion. Millions of citizens, working in obedience to nature, can accomplish anything. Of course, war is an instrumentality which a true civilization disowns. Here some of our prophets have erred. Sir Thomas Browne was so much overshadowed by his own age, that his vision was darkened by "great armies," and even "hostile and piratical attacks" on Europe. It was natural that D'Aranda, schooled in worldly affairs, should imagine the new-born power ready to seize the Spanish possessions. Among our own countrymen, Jefferson looked to war for the extension of dominion. The Floridas, he says on one occasion, "are ours on the first moment of war, and until a war they are of no particular necessity to us."† Happily they were acquired in another way. Then again, while declaring that no constitution

was ever before so calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government, and insisting upon Canada as a component part, he calmly says that "this would be, of course, in the first war."* Afterwards, while confessing a longing for Cuba, "as the most interesting addition that could ever be made to our system of States," he says that "he is sensible this can never be obtained, even with her own consent, without war."† Thus at each stage is the baptism of blood. In much better mood the good Bishop recognized empire as moving gently in the pathway of light. All this is much clearer now than when he prophesied. It is easy to see that empire obtained by force is unrepugnant, and offensive to that first principle of our Union according to which all just government stands only on the consent of the governed. Our country needs no such ally as war. Its destiny is mightier than war. Through peace it will have everything. This is our talisman. Give us peace, and population will increase beyond all experience; resources of all kinds will multiply infinitely; arts will embellish the land with immortal beauty; the name of Republic will be exalted, until every neighbor, yielding to irresistible attraction, will seek a new life in becoming a part of the great whole; and the national example will be more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world.

* By Jonathan M. Sewall, in an epilogue to Addison's tragedy of "Cato," written in 1778 for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

† Jefferson's Works, Vol. V. p. 444.

* Jefferson's Works, Vol. V. p. 444.

† Ibid., Vol. VII. p. 316. See also pp. 233, 299.

SUNSHINE AND PETRARCH.

NEAR my summer home there is a little cove or landing by the bay, where nothing larger than a boat can ever anchor. I sit above it now, upon the steep bank, knee-deep in buttermilks, and amid grass so lush and green that it seems to ripple and flow instead of waving. Below lies a tiny beach, strewn with a few bits of driftwood and some purple shells, and so sheltered by projecting walls that its wavelets plash but lightly. A little farther out, the sea breaks more roughly over submerged rocks, and the waves lift themselves, ere breaking, in an indescribable way, as if each gave a glimpse through a translucent window, beyond which all ocean's depths might be clearly seen. On the right side of my retreat a high wall limits the view, while on the left the crumbling parapet of Fort Greene stands out into the foreground, its grassy scarp so relieved against the blue water, that each inward-bound schooner seems to sail into a cave of grass. In the middle distance is a white lighthouse, and beyond lie the round tower of old Fort Louis and the soft low hills of Conanicut.

Behind me an oriole chirrup in triumph amid the birch-trees which wave around the house of the haunted window; before me a kingfisher pauses and waits, and a darting blackbird shows the scarlet on his wings. From the mossy and water-worn stones of the fort the bright-eyed rats peep out, or, emerging, swim along the beach, with a motion made graceful, as is all motion, by contact with the water. Sloops and schooners constantly come and go, careening in the wind, and their white sails taking, if remote enough, a vague blue mantle from the delicate air. Sailboats glide in the distance, — each a mere white wing of canvas, — or coming nearer, and glancing suddenly into the cove, are put as suddenly on the other tack, and almost in an instant seem far away. There is to-day such a live

sparkle on the water, such a luminous freshness on the grass, that it seems, as is so often the case in early June, as if all history were a dream, and the whole earth were but the creation of a summer's day.

If Petrarch still knows and feels the consummate beauty of these earthly things, it may seem to him some repayment for the sorrows of a lifetime that one reader, after all this lapse of years, should choose his sonnets to match this grass, these blossoms, and the soft lapse of these blue waves. Yet any longer or more continuous poem would be out of place to-day. I fancy that this narrow cove prescribes the proper limits of a sonnet; and when I count the lines of ripple within yonder projecting wall, there proves to be room for just fourteen. Nature meets our whims with such little fitnesses. The words which build these delicate structures are as soft and fine and close-textured as the sands upon this tiny beach, and their monotone, if such it be, is the monotone of the neighboring ocean. Is it not possible, by bringing such a book into the open air, to separate it from the grimness of commentators, and bring it back to life and light and Italy? The beautiful earth is the same as when this poetry and passion were new; there is the same sunlight, the same blue water and green grass; yonder pleasure-boat might bear, for aught we know, the friends and lovers of five centuries ago; Petrarch and Laura might be there, with Boccaccio and Fiammetta as comrades, and with Chaucer as their stranger guest. It bears, at any rate, if I know its voyagers, eyes as lustrous, voices as sweet. With the world thus young, beauty eternal, fancy free, why should these delicious Italian pages exist but to be tortured into grammatical examples? Is there no reward to be imagined for a delightful book that can match Browning's fantastic burial of a

tedious one? When it has sufficiently basked in sunshine, and been cooled in pure salt air, when it has bathed in heaped clover, and been scented, page by page, with melilot, cannot its beauty once more blossom, and its buried loves revive?

Emboldened by such influences, at least let me translate a sonnet, and see if anything is left after the sweet Italian syllables are gone. Before this continent was discovered, before English literature existed, when Chaucer was a child, these words were written. Yet they are to-day as fresh and perfect as these laburnum-blossoms that droop above my head. And as the variable and uncertain air comes freighted with clover-scent from yonder field, so floats through these long centuries, a breath of fragrance, the memory of Laura.

SONNET 129.

"Lieti fiori e felici."

O joyous, blossoming, ever-blessed flowers!
Mid which my queen her gracious footstep sets;
O plain, that keep'st her words for amulets
And hold'st her memory in thy leafy bowers!

O trees, with earliest green of spring-time hours,
And spring-time's pale and tender violets!
O grove so dark the proud sun only lets
His blithe rays, and the outskirts of your towers!

O pleasant country-side! O purest stream,
That mirrorst her sweet face, her eyes so clear,
And of their living light can catch the beam!

I envy you her haunts so close and dear.
There is no rock so senseless but I deem
It burns with passion that to mine is near.

Goethe compared translators to carriers, who convey good wine to market, though it gets unaccountably watered by the way. The more one praises a poem, the more absurd becomes one's position, perhaps, in trying to translate it. If it is so perfect, — is the natural inquiry, — why not let it alone? It is a doubtful blessing to the human race, that the instinct of translation still prevails, stronger than reason; and after one has once yielded to it, then each untranslated favorite is like the trees round a backwoodsman's clearing, each of which stands, a silent defiance, until he has cut it down. Let us try the axe again. This is to Laura singing.

SONNET 134.

"Quando Amor i begli occhi a terra inclina."

When Love doth those sweet eyes to earth incline,
And weaves those wandering notes into a sigh
Soft as his touch, and leads a minstrelsy
Clear-voiced and pure, angelic and divine,

He makes sweet havoc in this heart of mine,
And to my thoughts brings transformation high,
So that I say, "My time has come to die,
If fate so blest a death for me design."

But to my soul thus steeped in joy the sound
Brings such a wish to keep that present heaven,
It holds my spirit back to earth as well.

And thus I live; and thus is loosed and wound
The thread of life which unto me was given
By this sole Siren who with us doth dwell.

As I look across the bay, there is seen resting over all the hills, and even upon every distant sail, an enchanted veil of palest blue, that seems woven out of the very souls of happy days, — a bridal veil, with which the sunshine weds this soft landscape in summer. Such and so indescribable is the atmospheric film that hangs over these poems of Petrarch's; there is a delicate haze about the words, that vanishes when you touch them, and reappears as you recede. How it clings, for instance, around this sonnet!

SONNET 191.

"Aura che quelle chiome."

Sweet air, that circlest round those radiant tresses,
And floatest, mingled with them, fold on fold,
Deliciously, and scatterest that fine gold,
Then twinst it again, my heart's dear jesses,

Thou lingerest on those eyes, whose beauty presses
Stings in my heart that all its life exhaust,
Till I go wandering round my treasure lost,
Like some scared creature whom the night distresses.

I seem to find her now, and now perceive
How far away she is; now rise, now fall;
Now what I wish, now what is true, believe.

O happy air! since joys enrich thee all,
Rest thee; and thou, O stream too bright to grieve!
Why can I not float with thee at thy call?

The airiest and most fugitive among Petrarch's love-poems, so far as I know, — showing least of that desperate earnestness which he has somehow imparted to almost all, — is this little ode or madrigal. It is interesting to see, from this, that he could be almost conventional and courtly in moments when he held Laura farthest aloof; and when it is compared with the depths of solemn emotion in his later sonnets, it

seems like the soft glistening of young birch-leaves against a background of pines.

CANZONE XXIII.

"Nova angioletta sovra l'ale accorta."

A new-born angel, with her wings extended,
Came floating from the skies to this fair shore,
Where, fate-controlled, I wandered with my sorrows.
She saw me there, alone and unbefriended.
She wove a silken net, and threw it o'er
The turf, whose greenness all the pathway borrows.
Then was I captured; nor could fears arise,
Such sweet seduction glimmered from her eyes.

The following, on the other hand, seems to me one of the Shakespearian sonnets; the successive phrases set sail, one by one, like a yacht squadron; each spreads its graceful wings and glides away. It is hard to handle this white canvas without soiling. Macgregor, in the only version of this sonnet which I have seen, abandons all attempt at rhyme; but to follow the strict order of the original in this respect is a part of the pleasant problem which one cannot bear to leave out. And there seems a kind of deity who presides over this union of languages, and who sometimes silently lays the words in order, after all one's own poor attempts have failed.

SONNET 128.

"O passi sparsi; o pensier vaghi e pronti."

O wandering steps! O vague and busy dreams!
O changeless memory! O fierce desire!
O passion strong! heart weak with its own fire;
O eyes of mine! not eyes, but living streams;
O laurel boughs! whose lovely garland seems
The sole reward that glory's deeds require;
O haunted life! delusion sweet and dire,
That all my days from slothful rest redeems;
O beauteous face! where Love has treasured well
His whip and spur, the sluggish heart to move
At his least will; nor can it find relief.
O souls of love and passion! if ye dwell
Yet on this earth, and ye, great Shades of Love!
Linger, and see my passion and my grief.

Yonder flies a kingfisher, and pauses, fluttering like a butterfly in the air, then dives toward a fish, and, failing, perches on the projecting wall. Doves from neighboring dove-cotes alight on the parapet of the fort, fearless of the quiet cattle who find there a breezy pasture. These doves, in taking flight,

do not rise from the ground at once, but, edging themselves closer to the brink, with a caution almost ludicrous in such airy things, trust themselves upon the breeze with a shy little hop, and at the next moment are securely on the wing.

How the abundant sunlight inundates everything! The great clumps of grass and clover are imbedded in it to the roots; it flows in among their stalks, like water; the lilac-bushes bask in it eagerly; the topmost leaves of the birches are burnished. A vessel sails by with plash and roar, and all the white spray along her keel is sparkling with sunlight. Yet there is sorrow in the world, and it reached Petrarch even before Laura died, — when it reached her. This exquisite sonnet shows it: —

SONNET 123.

"I' vidi in terra angelici costumi."

I once beheld on earth celestial graces,
And heavenly beauties scarce to mortals known,
Whose memory lends nor joy nor grief alone,
But all things else bewilders and effaces.

I saw how tears had left their weary traces
Within those eyes that once like sunbeams shone,
I heard those lips breathe low and plaintive moan,
Whose spell might once have taught the hills their places.

Love, wisdom, courage, tenderness, and truth,
Made in their mourning strains more high and dear
Than e'er, wove sweet sounds for mortal ear;

And Heaven seemed listening in such saddest ruth
The very leaves upon the boughs to soothe,
Such passionate sweetness filled the atmosphere.

These sonnets are in Petrarch's earlier manner; but the death of Laura brought a change. Look at yonder schooner coming down the bay, straight toward us; she is hauled close to the wind, her jib is white in the sunlight, her larger sails are touched with the same snowy lustre, and all the swelling canvas is rounded into such lines of beauty as nothing else in the world — not even the perfect outlines of the human form — can give. Now she comes up into the wind, and goes about with a strong flapping of the sails, which smites our ears at a half-mile's distance; and she then glides off on the other tack, showing us the shadowed side of her sails, until she reaches the

distant zone of haze. So change the sonnets after Laura's death, growing shadowy as they recede, until the very last seems to merge itself in the blue distance.

SONNET 251.

"Gli occhi di ch' io parlai."

Those eyes, 'neath which my passionate rapture
rose,

The arms, hands, feet, the beauty that erewhile
Could my own soul from its own self beguile,
And in a separate world of dreams enclose,

The hair's bright tresses, full of golden glows,
And the soft lightning of the angelic smile
Which changed this earth to some celestial isle,
Are now but dust, poor dust, that nothing knows.

And yet I live! Myself I grieve and scorn,
Left dark without the light I loved in vain,
Adrift in tempest on a bark forlorn;

Dead is the source of all my amorous strain,
Dry is the channel of my thoughts outworn,
And my sad harp can sound but notes of pain.

"And yet I live!" What immeasurable distances of time and thought are implied in the self-recovery of those words. Shakespeare might have taken from them his "Since Cleopatra died," — the only passage in literature which has in it the same wide spaces of emotion. There is a vastness of transition in each, which, if recited by Fanny Kemble, would take one's breath away.

The next sonnet seems to me, the most stately and concentrated of the whole volume. It is the sublimity of all hopelessness, destined to deliverance, but unable to foresee it.

SONNET 253.

"Solcasi nel mio cor."

She ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine,
A noble lady in a humble home,
And now her time for heavenly bliss has come,
'T is I am mortal proved, and she divine.

The soul that all its blessings must resign,
And love whose light no more on earth finds room
Might rend the rocks with pity for their doom,
Yet none their sorrows can in words enshrine;

They weep within my heart; and ears are deaf
Save mine alone, and I am crushed with care,
And naught remains to me save mournful breath.

Assuredly but dust and shade we are,
Assuredly desire is blind and brief,
Assuredly its hope but ends in death.

In the next he has risen to that dream which is more than earth's realities.

SONNET 261.

"Levemmi il mio pensiero."

Dreams bore my fancy to that region where
She dwells whom here I seek, but cannot see.

'Mid those who in the loftiest heaven be
I looked on her, less haughty and more fair.

She touched my hand, she said, "Within this
sphere,

If hope deceive not, thou shalt dwell with me:

I filled thy life with war's wild agony;

Mine own day closed ere evening could appear.

My bliss no human brain can understand;

I wait for thee alone, and that fair veil

Of beauty thou dost love shall wear again."

Why was she silent then, why dropped my hand
Ere those delicious tones could quite avail
To bid my mortal soul in heaven remain?

In the next sonnet visions multiply upon visions. Would that one could transfer into English the delicious way in which the sweet Italian rhymes recur and surround and seem to embrace each other, and are woven and unwoven and interwoven, like the heavenly hosts that gathered around Laura!

SONNET 302.

"Gli angeli eletti."

The holy angels and the spirits blest,

Celestial bands, upon that day serene

When first my love went by in heavenly mien,

Came thronging, wondering at the gracious guest.

"What light is here, in what new beauty drest?"

They said among themselves; "for none has seen

Within this age come wandering such a queen

From darkened earth into immortal rest."

And she, contented with her new-found bliss,

Ranks with the purest in that upper sphere,

Yet ever and anon looks back on this,

To watch for me, as if for me she stayed.

So strive my thoughts, lest that high path I miss.

I hear her call, and must not be delayed.

These odes and sonnets are all but parts of one vast symphony, leading us through a passion strengthened by years and only purified by death, until at last the graceful lay becomes an anthem and a *Nunc dimittis*. In the closing sonnets he withdraws from the world, and they seem like a voice from a cloister, growing more and more solemn till the door is closed. This is one of the very last: —

SONNET 309.

"Dicemi spesso il mio fidato specchio."

Oft by my faithful mirror I am told,

And by my mind outworn and altered brow,

My earthly powers impaired and weakened now, —

"Deceive thyself no more, for thou art old!"

Who strives with Nature's laws is over-bold,
And Time to his commandments bids us bow,
Like fire which waves have quenched, I calmly vow
In life's long dream no more my sense to fold.

And while I think, our swift existence flies,
And none can live again earth's brief career, —
Then in my deepest heart the voice replies

Of one who now has left this mortal sphere,
But walked alone through earthly destinies,
And of all women is to fame most dear.

How true this was! Who can wonder that women prize beauty, and are intoxicated by their own fascinations, when these fragile gifts are yet strong enough to outlast all the memories of statesmanship and war? Next to the immortality of genius is that which genius may confer upon the object of its love. Laura, while she lived, was simply one of a hundred or a thousand beautiful and gracious Italian women; she had her little loves and aversions,

joys and griefs; she cared dutifully for her household, and embroidered the veil which Petrarch loved; her memory appeared as fleeting and unsubstantial as that woven tissue. After five centuries we find that no armor of that iron age was so enduring. The kings whom she honored, the popes whom she revered, are dust, and their memory is dust, while literature is still fragrant with her name. An impression which has endured so long is ineffaceable; it is an earthly immortality.

"Time is the chariot of all ages to carry men away, and beauty cannot bribe this charioteer." Thus wrote Petrarch in his Latin essays; but his love had access to a treasury more potent, and for Laura the chariot stayed.

CANADIAN WOODS AND WATERS.

THE monotony so characteristic generally of the woodlands of Upper Canada is mitigated, to a great extent, by the pleasant waters with which many of the tracts of that country are intersected. Away back from the great lakes, chains of smaller lakes glisten in the bosom of the immense forest. Rivers take their course from these, narrow at first, but noisy, rushing along by sparse settlements and lonely Indian camps to their junction with the big lakes, where mills, and factories, and ships, and human dross in general, soon pollute with unclean contact their fair waters. Many of the early settlers of these regions were of a stamp far different from that of the rough pioneers by whom new settlements have generally been opened in the United States and their territories. Here and there throughout Upper Canada there are communities — some of them progressive, if not actually flourishing, others yet in a backward state — which were founded by men

whose early lives had been passed amid the highest refinements of Old World civilization. Among these, retired officers of the army and navy were very frequently to be met with. They were generally married men, with incomes wretchedly inadequate to the support of themselves and their families on the "European plan." Land in Canada was to be acquired in fee for a mere song, and it was something for the cadet of a landed family to become the squire of a thousand acres upon some remote Canadian lake or river, even although six hundred of his acres might be nothing but cedar swamp. The native British keenness for the pursuit of wild creatures had much to do with the choice of locality by the adventurers, who generally set up their log-houses in districts where game and fish were to be had in abundance. Communication by road, until within the last twenty years or so, was so imperfect in many of these tracts, that but little intercourse existed between

one settlement and another. On this account agricultural operations were very limited, being confined, generally, to the raising of sufficient grain for family use. In these communities somebody was always found to build a mill; and as the gentleman settlers themselves were not above doing carpenter and blacksmith work, no matter how bunglingly, things were made to look shapely enough in the course of time, and thus were founded villages, some of which have since expanded into towns of considerable size and local importance.

Strangely grotesque, with their half-civilization, were these places in their earlier days. Characters which would not have been out of place at a *bal masqué* were frequently to be met with in all of them. Blanket coats in winter, adorned with beaded epaulets, scarlet woollen stockings pulled up over the legs to fend off the snow, and Indian moccasins, were considered quite the proper thing. Once, as I was travelling by sleigh in a comparatively settled part of the country, a young man, who was driving rapidly in the opposite direction, pulled up to greet my companion, with whom he was acquainted. He was coming to the town, from his residence in the heart of the woods, thirty or forty miles from where we met him, and certainly I was astonished — being then newly arrived in the country — at the extreme slenderness of the outfit of one who was bound to do the “man about town” for a few days, and that in mid-winter too. He was in his shirt-sleeves, having no coat with him whatever. His black velvet waistcoat, now foxy and threadbare with much use, might once have been a *chef-d'œuvre* from the hand of some London tailor whose gossip was of Guardsmen and their measurement. The rest of his costume consisted of a pair of buckskin breeches fastened at the knee with pearl buttons, heavy woollen stockings, and pegged boots, — the latter indebted for their lustre more to the rind of pork than to the black-

ing-brush. Singularly incongruous with this get-up was the kid-gloved hand with which he removed the black pipe from his mouth; nor was his straw hat exactly the sort of head-dress that one might have expected to meet with during a Canadian sleigh-ride. But it was only when he rose to his feet on the little rough sleigh, three feet by two, on which he had been sitting, that the full splendor of his wardrobe became revealed to us; for then he threw around his shoulders a magnificent cloak, made, I think, of some kind of Siberian fur, and which, folded up, had served him for a cushion on his journey. I frequently afterwards met this exquisite of the backwoods, wrapped in that showy mantle, walking in the streets of the little wooden town, where his appearance, so strange to me, did not seem to excite any particular comment. In those parts, men would often come into the towns, in winter, dressed in blanket coats, with the rather inappropriate accompaniment of white duck trousers and straw hats. Residents did not appear to see anything eccentric in this; but in the mind of a stranger a sense of the ludicrous was naturally excited by it.

Contrasts were ever to be observed among the striking features of these queer settlements. In one very remote township of which I have memories, there dwelt a family whose eccentricities of costume and manner of life entitle them to some brief record here. A retired officer of the army, with a large troop of well-grown sons and daughters, had built himself a log-house in this dreary wilderness, the roads leading to which were impassable for four months in the year. The girls of this family were of a beauty that may truthfully be described as magnificent. No painter that I know of ever gave to the world a Diana on canvas at all comparable in beauty of face and form to the eldest of these. The family, although English, had been brought up, I think, in the Greek Archipelago, with the language and dia-

lects of which they were familiar. At home these young wood-nymphs always went barefooted in summer. Their costume, whether in the woods or when they visited the more advanced settlements, was of the Oriental style. Ahead of Mrs. Bloomer, whose note of reform had not yet ruffled the sweeping skirts of the period, they walked fearlessly abroad in loose trousers, fastened at the ankle. Close-fitting bodices, with narrow skirts falling a little below the knee, completed their costume, and the luxuriant masses of their golden-brown hair fell in natural curls to their shoulders from beneath their wide-brimmed straw hats. It was strange thus to find a leaf from "Eothen" amid the black-ash swamps and rickety "corduroy" causeways of one of the dreariest districts of Canada.

In the social life of these places, where rough hospitality is often curiously mingled with a strain of former luxury, incidents of a humorous character will sometimes attract the notice of the visitor. I remember being told by an acquaintance about a visit once made by him to the family of an English gentleman, who had settled upon a small clearing in the depth of the forest. The young men of the family were engaged in burning brush-wood when my informant arrived, and he, anxious to win their approbation, set to work with a will, and toiled with them until the distant horn announced that dinner-time had arrived. Ablution became necessary before the visitor, who by this time was as black as a charcoal-burner, could venture to greet the ladies of the household, and pails of water were accordingly furnished hard by the gable end of the house. There was no towel visible, however, and the visitor, with his hands and face dripping from recent immersion, was pained to see that some difficulty had arisen out of his request for one. Then, with sudden impulse, one of the young men went away, and returned in a minute or two with a long and richly embroidered scarf, the golden web interwoven with

which, as well as the deep lace border, stamped it as a tissue of price. Assured by the young men that this brocade was inured to duty as the regular family towel, the visitor made use of it as such. The texture of it, as he told me, was not pleasant to the face, and it abraded a good deal of the skin from his nose. It went the rounds after he had used it, and the party adjourned to the dinner-table, where some remark was made as to the non-appearance of the daughter of the house. Presently that young lady entered, however, and took her place at the dinner-table. She had evidently bestowed some extra care upon her toilet in honor of the guest from beyond the "timber limits"; but what chiefly attracted his notice in her costume was a curious, gold-embroidered scarf, with deep lace edges, the folds of which, although artfully cast, revealed here and there the smudges of soiled hands. Indeed, my informant—who was a little given to exaggeration, perhaps—used to aver that he recognized upon the mystic garment, just at the point where it was crossed upon the bosom of the lovely sylvan damsel, a portion of the cuticle of his own Roman nose.

In another of these settlements,—it was remote, then, though now it has a great line of railway running through it,—things used to be carried to an extreme just the opposite of that above noticed. It was a little English colony, several of the members of which were persons of tolerably good means, with influential family connections at home. Engaged, mostly, in agricultural pursuits, they could chop down trees, and drive oxen, and plough, and mow, as well as any lout in the country round, and some of them built their own houses and made furniture for them. They had been swells, though, before they became "hawbucks," and they brought some of their standard manners and customs with them. It was considered proper in this community to dine at the fashionable hour of six, when every person was expected to be precise in the matter of costume,—the ladies

dicolletées to the admissible extent, and the gentlemen in black dress-coats and white "chokers." The necessity of supporting the position suggested by this attempt at style, though, induced extravagance. Many of the swells became bankrupt. Their farms passed into more homespun hands. Their black dress-coats have long since become rusty and out of the mode, and the mortiferous whiskey of the country now tantalizes such of them as it has not killed with melancholy remembrances of the Burgundy that was.

The simple faith and primitive arrangements that existed in some of these clearings before the advent of the iron horse were peculiarities that never failed to impress visitors from far-off cities and settlements of older growth. Bolts and bars were the last things that a settler would think about, when fitting up his house. A man would leave his rifle in the canoe, upon the river's bank, for days together, without the least misgiving as to its being spirited away. Rust would not touch it, the climate of Western Canada being singularly free from moisture; and the roving Indians who traversed these woods were dependent in a great measure upon the white man, and had learned to look upon his property with respect. Looking over one of my note-books, I recall the picture of a deserted old shanty that stood in a meadow by the margin of a bright and swift river. The gentleman who had formerly occupied this weather-stained hut had built himself a larger and more ambitious mansion upon the opposite bank of the stream. For some time after he had moved into this, the interior of the house remained in an unfinished state, and he had no accommodation for his books. Of these he had a choice collection, and they were left in their large wooden cases, for two years or so, on the upper floor of the old shanty, the doors of which had already parted from their hinges, and the windows yielded to the autumnal blasts. To this most curious of circulating libraries the owner accorded free access to the few neighbors who

occupied the clearings around. Many a time I have swung myself up by the crazy ladder that led to the attic where the books were; and in summer I would often sit there for hours, reading Cooper's novels, which had then an attraction enhanced by the circumstances and place. In winter I would take books away. If it was the season for wild ducks I would have a gun beside me, to get a shot at them from the attic window as they flew along the course of the stream. So lonely was the hut, that the mink would often haunt it in search of such small plunder as attracts his kind; and once I encountered upon the threshold of it a milk-snake about five feet long, which disappeared through the chinks of the flooring before I could administer to it the *coup de grâce* by which man feels it to be his stern duty to cut short the serpentine career.

There is a wonderful fascination in these grand old Canadian woods for sportsmen, whose wildest experiences of their craft, previous to their essay in it there, had been associated with stalking deer upon Highland mountains, or shooting grouse upon the moors. The solitude of woods is of a more impressive character, I think, than that of bare mountains, — in countries, at least, where one may expect to find traces of civilized man. From mountain peaks there is a wide range of view, in which some points of guidance to the traveller are usually visible. Wandering in the woods is much like groping one's way in the dark; and I know by experience how easy it is for an explorer not well accustomed to them to keep moving in circles, until, after hours of what he imagined to be a straight course, he finds himself back again at some wood-mark long since passed, instead of the place for which he was bound. There is something decidedly sensational in this, especially in winter, as anybody who has ever experienced it will allow. The sounds of the forest are impressive, too, while its stillness, at times almost absolute, is painful. In the mystery

of its voices lies a good deal of the fascination of the wood. In the clear, frosty air of winter the cry of the great black woodpecker rings out like an elfin laugh, as he wings his curved way through the gray stems in quest of some skeleton tree. Explosions caused by the frost are heard among the branches of the trees. They are sometimes as loud as pistol-shots, and—as I can aver from my own observation—the deer, after they have become accustomed to them, will not bound away at the crack of a rifle, and the hunter will often get several shots at one herd, by keeping close in his ambush. But the slightest sound of a twig beneath his moccason, or the tinkle of the powder-flask against the muzzle of the rifle as he reloads, will send the herd crashing and flashing away. In the stillness of a summer evening there is something very weird in the cry of the loon, or great Northern diver, as it comes vibrating over the surface of a woodland lake. Where the woods are very thick and dark and lonely, the hooting of owls is commonly to be heard in the daytime. Once only—it was in early summer—I heard the wild turkey-cock utter his vehement call. I made my way in the direction whence the sound came, until I was stopped by a river, on the farther side of which I saw a magnificent “gobbler,” strutting with drooped wings and expanded tail along the strip of greensward that lay between the water and the woods, while he issued, in very loud and imperious tones, his orders for the ladies of his seraglio to attend. This action, in the case of the domestic turkey, is always provocative of ridicule; but it was absolutely grand and striking as displayed by the large-feathered free bird, parading to and fro there upon the river-bank. I watched him for a while, expecting to see the hen-birds come, but they did not; and so the noble Mormon of the thickets furlled his tail at last, and, tucking up his wings, strode moodily into the bush, as if to search for the truants.

To hunters who are accustomed to

glide through the forest observantly and with caution, most interesting little scenes of animal life are sometimes revealed. One day, in the snow-time, as I was roaming the woods close by a Canadian river, after wild-turkeys, I noticed a flock of mergansers,—thereabouts usually called saw-billed ducks, or sheldrakes,—swimming in a small air-hole that had remained open in the frozen surface of the river. There were four or five ducks, and the pool might have been about ten feet by six in size. I watched them for some time, as they kept stemming the current, but without any intention of wasting ammunition upon them. My attention was attracted elsewhere for a moment, and I was surprised, on again looking towards them, to see a splendid red fox sitting at the upper edge of the little pool, where he could not have been more than a couple of yards from the nearest of the ducks. Presently he jumped up, and, running to the other end of the pool, stretched out a paw, as if to seize one of them; but they were too quick for him, placing themselves well beyond his reach with a few strokes of their paddles. He was far too cunning to plunge into the water and risk being carried under the ice by the current; and the ducks appeared to be quite aware of this, for they did not make any attempt to rise, nor indeed did they seem to be at all uneasy at the proximity of their natural enemy. It was exceedingly interesting, not to say amusing, to watch the many stratagems of the fox to get at them. Sometimes he would lie down upon the snow and lash about him with his bushy tail, whimpering in a querulous and imbecile manner at being thus outwitted by simple water-fowl. Then a new idea would take possession of him, and he would start up and run round and round the pool at a tremendous pace, probably to try and get a chance at the ducks by flurrying them; but they knew too much for Master Reynard, and always edged away from him just at the right moment. Tired at last of watching these

manœuvres, I "drew a bead" upon the fox; but my hands were numbed from keeping still so long, so that, instead of hitting him in a vital spot, as I had intended, I only broke one of his fore-legs, and away he went into the woods on three paws with amazing speed, while the ducks rose into the air at the report of the rifle, and flew up the course of the river in search of lonelier water. I followed the track of the fox for a mile or more, but had to give up the chase at last. The snow was flecked with spots of blood where he ran; and although the fox is not usually an object of sympathy around Canadian borders, yet I regretted much that I had not missed this one altogether, instead of maiming him, after all the amusement he had just afforded me by his curious pranks. This little incident of fox and ducks might offer a good subject for the pencil of an animal painter, and I hereby present it either to Mr. W. H. Beard or to Mr. Hays,—whichever of them may first happen to glance over these pages.

In some of the districts where game is yet plentiful, and where the maskinonge—prince of the pike tribe—reigns supreme in the woodland lakes, and the speckled trout haunts the eddies of the clear streams, men who cannot be called settlers, in the proper sense of the word, are often to be met with. They have been attracted thither by the free, wild romance of the forester's life, the Bohemianism of which is a kind by itself, although based, like other phases of that philosophy, upon impatience of the formalities by which society is cramped. On one of these lakes, in a picturesque and not very remote part of Upper Canada, there was generally a little knot of such men to be found,—men who had forsworn the gay world, and come from beyond the sea to live among Indians and make havoc of the wild beasts and birds that still abounded in the region. Sometimes they would come to the cities, and return for a brief time to the usages of civilized life. After their arrival, their affectation was to despise

such luxuries as chairs and beds. Of an evening they spread blankets on the floor, and sat there with their pipes and "fire-water," like gentle savages as they were. I have met with several who, for the first few nights, declined to avail themselves of either house or bed, resorting in preference to some open shed or garden, where they wrapped themselves in their inevitable blankets, and slept the sleep of wild men upon the hard ground, with their knives and rifles at hand, ready to resist any attack that might be made upon them by hostile tribes during the night. Once in the streets of a city I remarked a couple of Indian stragglers, such as are common in Canadian towns. They were dressed in blanket coats, handsomely ornamented, and bound at the waist with sashes of gay colors, in which long knives and tobacco-pouches of marten fur were stuck, and they smoked black pipes as they strolled leisurely along. One of them was a Chippewa of the half-breed stamp, and rather a good specimen of his caste. His companion, who wore a Scotch bonnet, was far too light in complexion to be an Indian, for, though his face was tanned to a healthy brown by exposure to the weather, his hair, which fell down in long ringlets to his shoulders, was of a fair, yellowish hue, and I observed, besides, that he did not turn his toes inward when walking, as Indians invariably do. On inquiry I found that this romantic young man was an English baronet of moderate fortune, who had been living among the Indians at the lake for two or three years. He had been a Guardsman in his time, and a man about the clubs, and, having drained society to the dregs, had taken to Canadian woods and waters as a change from the comforts and inconveniences of too much civilization. Some time afterwards I saw him again, but in far different guise. He was once more a swell, and was driving a smart English "trap," with a handsome team, in the streets of the same town. Not long after this he returned to England, I believe, and is none the

worse, probably, for his adventures by the shores of the pleasant lake of the woods.

Farther down the St. Lawrence, where Lower Canada stretches away to the northeast until it reaches melancholy Labrador, lies an immense field of exploration. More picturesque in its features than the upper or western province, this offshoot of old France offers peculiar attractions to persons who would escape, for a while, from the turmoils and cares of the too-busy world. On the south side of the river, within thirty or forty miles of the picturesque fortress of Quebec, moose are still plentiful, and during the winter months their venison is always to be found in the markets of the old town. The caribou haunts the wildernesses of timbered mountains that rise away back from the north shore. Parties of hardy sportsmen set out every winter from Quebec for the chase of these noble deer. It is only upon snow-shoes, the *raquettes* of the French Canadians, that this sport can be pursued; the snow generally lying to the depth of three or four feet on the level in the woods. The practice of walking upon these contrivances is general throughout Lower Canada. On fine afternoons, when the snow is well packed, hundreds of young men, and not unfrequently young ladies, may be seen scudding across the country, in every direction, outside the walls of Quebec. The fences are covered by the snow, so that no obstacles are offered to pedestrians unless they are bold enough to enter the woods. Walking upon snow-shoes is a regular part of the training of soldiers in garrison here and at Montreal. There are snow-shoe clubs, which have races during the season, sometimes over hurdles three feet high. I have seen a good performer jump higher than that upon his snow-shoes. This training enables the sportsman to range the forest with ease, and to follow the tracks of the moose until he brings it to bay,—for the animal is heavy, and sinks deep into the snow at every plunge. With

the caribou it is not so easy to come up, the hoofs of that animal being so arranged as to spread out and offer some resistance to the snow. When the hunter goes about his work in earnest, the hardship and fatigue attending this kind of sport are very great. In the little churchyard at Rivière-du-Loup, one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec, there is a tombstone to the memory of Captain Turner, an English officer who went there many years ago to hunt moose. I made inquiries about him from the people of the village, who told me that his death was caused by over-fatigue in running down moose, and afterwards conveying the venison, together with the immense heads and horns, on *trebogans* through miles of the wild bush. One of two Indians whom he had with him as guides died from the same cause. Sometimes hunters are seized with what is called by Canadians the *mal-aux-raquettes*, which is a kind of cramp caused by the pressure of the snow-shoe thongs near the instep, not unfrequently obliging the sufferer to set up camp and rest for several days before resuming his journey.

But summer is, after all, the season in which to enjoy best the wild scenery and sports of the Lower St. Lawrence. On the north shore, especially, rivers of wondrous grandeur succeed each other at intervals all along the rock-bound coast. About one hundred and thirty miles below Quebec the savage, gloomy Saguenay rolls between its walls of rock into the St. Lawrence, which here is nearly twenty miles in width. A wild and beautiful spot is the little bay of Tadousac at the mouth of the Saguenay, with its curved beach of white sand. When I last visited the place there was a post of the Hudson's Bay Company there, established chiefly for the purpose of the salmon fishery. Since that time, however, all these rivers have been taken under the immediate protection of the government. Laws have been passed for the protection of the fish, and they are rigidly enforced, too, under the direction of a

Superintendent of Fisheries. The result of this is, that within a few years the salmon have gradually returned to many splendid rivers from which they had been driven. The system of netting has been regulated so as to favor the fish, although, as I am informed, there is much room for improvement in this respect yet. It is incumbent upon owners of saw-mills now to furnish their dams with "passes" of peculiar construction, up which the fish can travel by a succession of leaps. The Indians are forbidden to devastate the waters with the destructive *negogue*, or fish-spear; with which weapon they used to mutilate more fish than they killed. One dark night, as I lay on the bank of the Escoumain, one of the most beautiful of these rivers, I was surprised to see a number of lights flashing out suddenly over the dark pool below the lower fall. A horde of Milicete Indians had silently paddled their canoes past us under cover of night, and were now busily engaged in spearing the salmon. It was a curious and beautiful sight to see these ragged savages, by the light of their torches, darting their long spears into the water with wonderful quickness and precision, bringing up every now and then a bright-sided salmon, and knocking it off the barbs into the canoe. The perfect wildness and remoteness of the place added much to the impressive character of the scene. But it was mortifying to think of the wholesale slaughter that was going on, and of our incapacity to put a stop to it, for our party consisted of but four, and would have been of no avail against twenty red savages armed with rifles and spears. It is true that we had brought with us a letter from the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Tadousac to the net-keeper at the Escoumain, enjoining that functionary to give us every assistance and information in his power. One of the instructions contained in that missive ran, as I remember, "*chassez les sauvages*"; but the chase of twenty armed savages by one small and smoke-dried old Canadian,

like the net-keeper, would have been a futile, not to say ridiculous, proceeding. And so the Indians had the pool to themselves on that dark July night, and at gray dawn they drifted past us down the stream, their canoes loaded with salmon, to which we had fondly, though delusively, fancied that we had an exclusive right.

One of the "gamest" and most beautiful fish for which angler ever busked artificial fly is the sea-trout that comes up with the summer tides into all these tributaries of the Lower St. Lawrence. Seldom under one pound in weight, and often weighing as much as four pounds, these fish are so similar in appearance to the common brook-trout, that many experienced fishermen declare them to be one and the same species, the slight difference between the two being accounted for by the influence of the salt water and the peculiar feeding to be found in it. In color they are rather more silvery than the brook-trout, but they are marked, like that fish, with brilliant spots of red and blue along the sides. The best place to fish for them is where the sea-tide meets the clear, fresh water of the river, near its mouth. There are times when the salmon becomes unaccountably reserved, and will not condescend to reply to the line of invitation wafted to him by the angler across the eddies of the pool. It is then that the sea-trout is found to be a valuable substitute for his larger congener of the river, to whom he is only second in affording excellent sport. In casting for the trout it is advisable to use but one fly. Once, in the Saguenay, I used a casting-line with three flies attached to it, as for ordinary trout-fishing. At the first cast three sea-trout, each apparently over a pound in weight, were upon my tackle at once, and the consequence was a tangle which resulted in the loss of my casting-line and flies.

But for the mosquitoes and black-flies, which are very troublesome in all this region, there can be no pleasanter summer resort for the angler and the over-worked city man. In winter there must be an awful, arctic dreariness upon the

place, and I can hardly imagine any person not a French Canadian or an Esquimaux taking up his abode there. And yet upon one of the most savage of these rivers—the Mingan, I think—an angler with whom I am acquainted fell in with a man of ancient Scottish family. He bore a distinguished name, and had probably once been an ornament to the social circles in which he moved. When my informant saw him, he had ceased to be ornamental in any sense of the word, and had long been a dweller in the wilderness. In appearance he differed but little from the dirty half-breeds of the coast. Like them, he lived in a wigwam, with a squaw, and had around him a family of children so numerous and dirty that they were a wonder to see. He had been there for many years, and did not seem to think that he should ever go back to England again. Society had galled him with its harness, and the “raw” was visible yet. He was in occasional communication with his relatives at home, had a small, but independent income, and was heir, I think, to a much larger one. Occasionally he would make his way to the nearest settlement or Hudson’s Bay post, where he sometimes found letters and newspapers awaiting him; so that, although a little backward as to dates, he had still some general idea of how matters were going on in the great world. Strong indeed must be the fascination of the free Indian life, thus to work its spells upon a man of education and refinement like this eccentric dweller by the waters of the rugged Mingan.

Among the creatures that visit the Lower St. Lawrence is the white whale,—*beluga* of the naturalists. On a fine summer’s day, when the water is blue and calm, these curious rovers of the deep may be seen basking with their backs just over the surface, looking so like small icebergs that they convey an agreeable sense of coolness to the observer. At other times, and especially just about nightfall, they are very active, tumbling and splashing

and spouting in every direction, as if in play. Often have I been startled by one as it rose, suddenly, and with a loud snort, close by the little yacht, while we lay at anchor for the night. I was told here, that the calf, or young, of this whale utters a kind of bleating cry, and that the mother whales frequently carry their young ones upon their backs. Some few years ago I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of these statements by observing the habits of a white whale and her calf that were exhibited by Mr. Cutter, of Boston, at Jones’s Wood, near New York. The calf used to throw itself upon the back of its dam, with a peculiar squeal, and remain there till carried several times round the tank. Brush wears are built by the inhabitants of these coasts for the capture of this kind of whale, which is generally called the white porpoise here. These wears are merely hedges of stiff brushwood, arranged so as to enclose a wedge-like space, with its wide end open to the river. The whales wander up into them, when they soon become embarrassed by the obstacles on either side, losing their reckoning at last, and “coming to grief” by being stranded upon the beach when the tide ebbs. They are not uncommonly from sixteen to twenty feet in length, and specimens have occasionally been captured which had attained the great length of forty feet. One of average size will yield about a hundred gallons of oil. A soft and excellent leather, well adapted for shoemakers’ and other work, is now manufactured from their skins, which were first discovered to be available for this purpose by an enterprising Canadian named Têtu, residing, I think, at Kamouraska, on the southern bank of the river.

The chase of the *pourcil*—a small species of whale, not often exceeding five or six feet in length, and of a sooty color—affords good sport, hereabouts, to those who are skilful and hardy enough to follow it. In calm, clear weather only the hunter dares to pursue this creature in his frail canoe, and even then he runs the risk of being

caught in one of the squalls that arise so suddenly on this part of the St. Lawrence. One hunter sits in the stern of the canoe, and paddles, while the other, armed with a long duck-gun, loaded with buck-shot, kneels in the bow. Now and then the *pourcil* emerges partly from the water, and the canoe is kept swiftly upon his course until a chance offers for a shot. Sometimes the creature is killed by the shot, but more frequently only stunned, so as to enable the hunters to approach near enough to despatch him with their harpoons.

Seals in great numbers haunt the mouths of the tributaries here, attracted by the travelling salmon, upon which they commit sad depredations, often following them even into the fishermen's nets. The hunting of seals is carried on chiefly in the winter time, when the great river is partially blocked up with ice. About twenty-five years ago, at a place called Trois Pistoles, on the south bank, an immense number of seals made their appearance upon the ice just after it had become fixed along the shore. Seals are reckoned valuable game in those parts, and the inhabitants of the parish, armed with clubs, turned out to chase them, under the direction of six priests. They had killed some four hundred, when suddenly the ice parted from the shore, and went drifting down with the tide, priests, *habitans*, seals, and all. Down they drifted, past dreary shores, the sparse inhabitants of which did all they could to aid them, but succeeded in taking off only a few in their canoes. On, on, still they floated, past other parishes, where people knelt and prayed loudly for them on the shore; then past other parishes, again, where the canoe-men were more adventurous, and picked the poor fellows off the ice in detail, until every one of them was brought safely to land, yet not before they had suffered great hardship from cold and fright. The old French Canadian from whom I heard this was one of the hunters on the occasion; and although he expressed exceeding gratitude to *le bon*

Dieu for the rescue of himself and his companions, yet he had words of lamentation for the loss of the seals, not one of which was recovered.

A primitive and interesting race are the French Canadians of these coasts. Many of their villages and churches—the latter with very steep roofs, generally painted red—have a quaint, antiquated air, and some of the settlements hereabouts are really of very remote date. Wind-bound for a couple of days at one of the oldest and queerest of these villages, on a forlorn little bay, not far from the Saguenay, I went ashore to observe the manners and customs of the place. By the threshold of every house there lay two or three pair of huge wooden clogs, looking almost like “dug-out” canoes, and into these the people popped their feet when the roads were muddy, and their occupations obliged them to go out of doors. A large wooden crucifix stood by the roadside near the entrance of the village, with a small space around it enclosed by a wooden railing. Young girls in wide-brimmed straw hats were kneeling at the foot of it, and I noticed that they had left their clogs outside the railing. Presently an old woman came along, and she too deposited her dug-outs reverently outside the little sanctuary before she entered. These roadside crosses are to be met with everywhere in the French Canadian settlements, many of them curiously fitted up as shrines, and decorated with votive offerings. The valley in which this little village stood had a pastoral appearance, but the hills to the north of it were of a wild and dreary character, suggesting endless tracts of wilderness beyond their dark ridges.

At this place, near the margin of the little bay, there stood a frame house of better appearance than the ordinary dwellings of the village. It had a weird and weather-stained look, nevertheless, which was in keeping with the clump of stunted and sea-blighted pines by which it was partially sheltered. The garden belonging to it ap-

peared to have been once well stocked, but it had run much to weeds and tangle now, and the fence had rotted away in places, and left it open to the road. From this house there came, as I strolled past, an old man, whose appearance was at once so singular, and so different from that of the ordinary inhabitants of the place, that my curiosity impelled me to stop and speak to him as he saluted me in passing. He was tall and very thin, and, though apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, walked with an erect carriage, leaning but slightly upon the cane he carried. His face, which was remarkably small, looked like shrivelled parchment, and his iron-gray hair hung straight down to his shoulders, like that of an Indian. He was dressed, not in the gray cloth of the country, but in an old-fashioned suit, which might once have been black, but was now faded to a dingy greenish hue, and there was about him a decided air of tarnished gentility very much out of character with the place and its inhabitants. Speaking excellent English, he invited me to accompany him to his house; and as dinner was nearly ready when we entered, he pressed me to remain and partake of it. The table was spread by an old lady quite as faded and decayed as himself. She was his sister, he told me; adding that she was very deaf, and so nervous that he hoped I would excuse her for not joining us at the repast. And so we two sat down quite companionably together to a dinner consisting of boiled pork and excellent potatoes and milk, with wild strawberries for a dessert.

The record of this old man's life was a strange one. He was born at Quebec, of Swiss parents, who took him with them, while he was yet a child, to Switzerland, in which country and in France he received his education and passed the earlier years of his life. Returning to Canada when a grown-up young man, he became a trader among the Indians, and was for some time in charge of a frontier post hard by where the city of Detroit now stands. After

various ups and downs in life, he joined his brothers at this old settlement, where they had a mill and a country store. That was nearly fifty years before, and he had never been out of the place since. His brothers were all dead, and the sister to whom I have referred was the only one of the family besides himself now left. Another sister had died only two months previously, and this accounted for the bit of black crape twisted round the old gentleman's little gallipot-shaped glazed hat, which he had lifted so politely when I met him on the road. One of his brothers was drowned by accident, and another had committed suicide, — a fact which he communicated to me in a hollow whisper, as we sat there in the dim old room. Fourteen members of his family were buried, he told me, under the shade of the pine-trees near the house. Two more graves must have been added to the row long since; and that is the end of a family which evidently had once enjoyed good social position, judging from the cultivated manners and conversation of the strange old man, who had been fossilizing for nearly half a century in this remote place.

Among the reminiscences imparted to me by the old man of the bay, I have note of the following.

While he was at the frontier post near Detroit, engaged in commerce with the savage tribes and pioneering trappers, there was a gathering of warriors at the place, — a sort of carnival in celebration of some event interesting to the red men. One day the Indians got drunker than usual, and, having exhausted their stock of liquor, a deputation of them entered the store of the trader, and demanded a fresh supply on credit, which was refused. Upon this the savages became insolent and abusive, and the trader's partner, a man of great determination and personal strength, struck down the leader of them with an axe-handle, just as the tomahawks began to gleam. The savages were now leaping forward to cut down the white man, who had in-

trenched himself among some barrels, when a fiendish yell rang through the building, seeming to paralyze them like an electric shock, and a short, thick-set Indian, of very dark complexion, suddenly made his appearance in the midst of them. Raising his tomahawk aloft, and uttering a few words in his native tongue, the dark-faced warrior pointed to the door, through which the cowed savages filed sullenly away and sought their wigwams. This was the renowned Tecumseh, and such was the influence he exercised over his people, even when they were maddened by drink.

From the rough and sterile nature of the country through which many of these north-shore Canadian rivers run, it seems unlikely that their solitudes will ever be converted into fields for the permanent civilization that agriculture alone can establish. Lumbering operations and the fisheries constitute their only inducements for settlers, and these branches of industry are chiefly carried on by a nomadic population, nearly as wild in their ways of life as the aborigines of the region. Sportsmen will be glad to know, however, that of late years the facilities for reaching these rivers have been much improved. Steamers now ply regularly upon the St. Lawrence, at least as far down as the Saguenay. Landing-piers have been built at many points where it was necessary, not many years ago, for passengers to wade ashore from their boats; and the roads over the capes and highlands — where any roads have yet been made — are of a less impracticable and aggravating character than formerly. The right of leasing the rivers for fly-fishing is vested in the government, from whose Superintendent of Fisheries at Quebec all desired

information on the subject can be obtained.

It is from Upper Canada that the curious old-time features of the country are passing rapidly away with the grand old woods. Within the present century the celebrated Joseph Brant, called Thayendenegea by the red men, held his half-barbaric court, as Chief of the Six Nations, at the very spot on the Grand River where the thriving town of Brantford now stands. Brant had seen European civilization, and was the friend and companion of English statesmen; and he curiously grafted that civilization upon the Six Nations' manners and customs when he returned to his strong-hold on the Grand River. Old men in Upper Canada yet spin yarns about the entertainments given by this chief at his hospitable mansion, where the guests were waited on by negro servants dressed in liveries of green and gold, and a gigantic Indian with a barrel-organ used to be stationed in the hall, to enhance the pleasures of the banquet with sweet music. This condition of things can never exist again, for which people have reason to be thankful, perhaps; but away into the past with the Indian and his gauds are vanishing the deer, and the wild-turkeys, and the creatures that men covet for their fur. Many of the deep, cold brooks, in which the speckled trout used to abound, are evaporating to mere threads as the country is cleared. Others have been poisoned by manufactures or choked up with the *débris* of saw-mills, to the extinction of the fish; and Upper Canada, on the whole, offers but a cheerless prospect now to the blighted young man of leisure who would forswear society and seek to live primitively in backwoods solitudes on the produce of his rod and gun.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY.

“COME forth!” my cat-bird calls to me,
“And hear me sing a cavatina,
That, in this old familiar tree,
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

“These buttercups shall brim with wine
Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massic;
May not New England be divine?
My ode to ripening Summer, classic?

“Or, if to me you will not hark,
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing,
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

“Come out beneath the unmastered sky,
With its emancipating spaces,
And learn to sing as well as I,
Unspoiled by meditated graces.

“What boot your many-volumed gains,
Those withered leaves forever turning,
To win, at best, for all your pains,
A nature mummy-wrapped in learning?

“The leaves wherein true wisdom lies
On living trees the sun are drinking,
Those white clouds drowsing through the skies
Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

“Come out! with me the oriole cries,
Escape the demon that pursues you!
And, hark, the cuckoo weather wise,
Still hiding, further onward woos you.”

“Ah, dear old friend, that, all my days,
Hast poured from that syringa thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season ticket,—

“A season ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,—
And who so oft my soul hast caught,
With morn and evening voluntaries,—

“Deem me not faithless, if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
Nor am, like thee, June’s pipe to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain,
And bubbling o'er with mingled fancies,
Gay, tragic, rapt,—right heart of Spain
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music vaults above me,
No falser friends, no truer foes,—
And does not Doña Clara love me ?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,
Then silence deep with breathless stars,
And overhead a white hand flashing.

"O, music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,
Where still between the Christian chimes
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly !

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

"Yes, friend, these singers dead so long,
And still, perhaps, in purgatory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory."

HOSPITAL MEMORIES.

II.

I N March, the first fresh fragrance of the Southern spring, and the merry songs of birds in the evergreen-trees, filled the soft air with a delusive promise that summer was near at hand. But cold, stormy weather tediously delayed its coming, and resulted calamitously for the soldiers of the Ninth Army Corps, who came from the bravely borne hardships and well-earned honors of the siege of Knoxville, as well as for many other regiments that joined them at Annapolis before starting on the last campaign of the war. Indeed,

throughout the war, it seemed as if the inception of an expedition was a signal for the elements to lash themselves into a fury in some remarkable manner. Sleet, snow, and bitter blasts did their worst for many weeks at this time ; and pneumonia in its most fearful forms, and rheumatism, attacked hundreds in their unavoidable exposure.

About seventy colored men, many Indians, and scores of others were brought into the hospital. I think that no one regiment sent more patients than the First Michigan Sharpshoot-

ers, who had come from Chicago in a violent storm in partially open cars. Their lieutenant-colonel lay in a critical state for several days with typhoid pneumonia. The officers and men of the regiment were continually coming in to inquire for him, and their words of interest and esteem bore witness to the beauty of a character of which his noble face was alone sufficient assurance. The disease of which he was apparently dying needs, perhaps more than any other, the closest watchfulness and good judgment. The doctors were indefatigable in their consultations. Ice held constantly in the mouth was the only nourishment he could take. When medicine had done its utmost, Dr. Vanderkeift sadly said, he feared that he must die. During five days and nights sleep had not at all calmed his delirious ravings, and nature seemed exhausted. "But you are determined that he shall not die," said one of the doctors to the lady in charge of the ward. "Not if good care can save his life," she answered. (And here let me record the uniform courtesy and respect with which suggestions from the ladies were received by the doctors. Their wishes were always acceded to, if possible, with a gentlemanly deference which showed they were not considered intrusive.) Life, however, seemed almost gone, and hope at an end for our patient, when at nightfall a group of doctors whispered together that there was no use in doing anything more, — that he could not live till morning. Then, with a pettinacity which could not yield, the lady in charge requested that a blister might be applied to the back of his neck. "It will do no harm, and, if it will be the slightest gratification to you, it shall be put on; but," added the doctors, "you had better make up your mind to lose him, for he must die." With what intense satisfaction, at five o'clock the next morning, was the doctor welcomed in the ward, and told that four hours of refreshing sleep had followed the application of the blister! He was surprised even to find the patient alive, and with joy pronounced

him much better. He ordered the strongest beef essence, with a fresh egg lightly beaten mixed with it, to be given by the teaspoonful every twenty minutes, alternating it with brandy and water. There was a wonderful improvement that day, and before his friends arrived on the next, the sick man was quite out of danger.

One of the most highly prized of all the various gifts which were offered in grateful remembrance to the ladies in the hospital was a volume of *Autograph Leaves of American Authors* from this patient. On the blank page was written: —

" — — — — — : — I owe you a better memento, but here is one that I know your good taste will appreciate.

"I met you first in my delirium; and knew you only in the purest and sweetest character a woman can exhibit, — a true and faithful Florence Nightingale, supporting and encouraging the weary, bathing the feverish brow of the brave soldier dying far from other friends.

"I never can forget, and I trust you never will, how you night and day kept watch over me when wife and father were yet far away, when fever and delirium were racking my brain and sapping life from my lungs, — how you bore with every impatience of mine, or kindly answered every severe word.

"Please accept this book from

"Your devoted friend,

" — — — — —."

There was a general commotion and eager haste in the hospital the day before the Ninth Army Corps left. The convalescents assured the doctors of their ability to go, but the doctors, differing in opinion, made many a brave man unhappy. One old soldier, John Paul, chief saddler of the Third Division of the Corps, insisted stoutly on the necessity of his joining his command. If the whole success of the undertaking had rested upon his shoulders, he could not have felt the responsibility more. At the last moment he was allowed to go.

All were ambitious to share the glory of the coming triumph, little dreaming of the terrible cost of life and limb with which it was to be achieved. Of those who went from the hospital, numbers were stricken down, never to need care again. How sadly the words "Shot through the head" looked opposite the name of Frank Wagner, in the first lists which came from the front! He was a spirited boy of seventeen, who by great care had been raised from a dangerous illness. But almost sadder than the death-lists were the names of those taken prisoners. We had learned but too well that it would be death in the end to most; to very few life worth having.

Back to the hospital, too, came letters, telling of long marches and hard fighting; and of the amount of sickness which would be kept off, and pain and misery saved, if there were two or three hundred Miss —s down there. The wounded might be counted, the letters said, by tens of thousands; the Ninth Army Corps had earned imperishable laurels, but they had lost heavily. The Michigan regiment from which we had had so many patients suffered severely; of the company of Indians, which started one hundred and ten in number, only six remained; and the other companies were hardly more fortunate. Dismay and anguish filled the land at the tidings of the desolation which was the price of victory.

Early in the spring another exchange of paroled prisoners was made. The New York came several times, bringing hundreds of starved men. Death had released many from their sufferings during the winter. The men had had no meat since New-Year's, and their tortures on Belle Isle and in Libby Prison had been excruciating. Small-pox had broken out among them. The dead had lain by the side of the living for days without burial.

Among the prisoners who came were twenty-five little drummer-boys. They had endured the hardships of exile better than the men, and were in the best

of spirits. A little flaxen-haired boy of about thirteen years of age, on being asked if he were not rather young to come to the war, answered, "O no, and there are plenty more just as able as I to come and help put down this Rebellion." There was a man by the name of Schwarz, who unfurled the flag of his regiment on landing. He was the color-bearer of the First Maryland, and had succeeded in concealing the flag, until now, with proud joy, he held it high once more in free air. His brother was the first man wounded in the war, at Fort Sumter.

General Neal Dow came at this time, having passed nearly a year in Libby Prison. He was able to come in and take tea with the ladies on his arrival, and to start for home the next day. He gave a graphic account of his prison-life in Virginia. The colored people he had always found good friends. Being without the news of the day was among the deprivations of Libby, and the prisoners were indebted to the colored attendants in the prison for an occasional newspaper. When any great victory had taken place on the Union side, there was always a stricter watch kept over our men, lest even this gleam of joy should brighten their dull life; and particular care was taken constantly to inform them that great battles had been fought, that the South had gained immense advantages, and that the North would soon be forced to give up the war. One morning a colored man came to General Dow and told him that there was a "mighty big piece of news," but that he was afraid to tell, lest he should be detected in giving information. But after the General had promised that he should not be betrayed, "Vicksburg is taken!" resounded in a loud whisper through the room. It was too good a secret to be kept in silence, and inspired their hearts with fresh courage to bear their hard lot.

Major Calhoun came too at this time. He was from Kentucky, a man of marked character and superior education. He had made an attempt to es-

cape, and, being caught, was taken back and confined in a cell, in which he could neither lie down nor stand up. For six weeks he was kept there, and then taken out with a brain-fever settled upon him, from which he had not fully recovered when brought to us. As his pale, thin face looked forth from the coarse brown blanket in which he was wrapped, it was as pitiable a sight as can be imagined. It was enough to melt the stoutest heart to hear him relate his woful experiences, and tell how many comrades he had left in misery. "Good by, Cap', — we 're glad you are going to God's land; but tell them at home how we fare here, and see if they can't get us away." These were the parting words from his sorrowful comrades.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

was often the piteous appeal of countenances among the returned prisoners, betraying a brain disturbed by depressing fancies or harrowing imaginations. In some cases the malady amounted to insanity, and then the patients were removed to an asylum. Homesickness was frequently the cause of the most unmanageable of cases. No medicine was effectual in giving an appetite or producing sound sleep. All attempts to cheer or amuse these childish patients were regarded by them as the evidence of a heartless want of sympathy. "Just think, I have been out four months, and not had a furlough yet!" said an officer one day at the conclusion of an hour's effort to divert his mind; and, with violent sobbings, he buried his face in the pillow. A leave of absence proved his cure.

There was a Pennsylvania man who had never before he became a soldier left his native farm, — a vigorous-looking youth, hearty and robust in stature. At night he would awake from dreams of haying-scenes or apple-gatherings, shouting out the names of his brothers; and when he found himself so far away, and in the hospital, he would break into the most grievous wails and lamentations. This of course disturbed the

other sick men seriously, and night after night the poor nurse strove in vain to soothe him. In the daytime a quieter kind of crying would satisfy him. There was nothing but talking about his home that would bring a gleam of gladness to his disconsolate countenance. Every time that the lady in charge of the ward left him was the occasion of a trembling lip and tearful eyes. At last it was proposed to treat him as if he were a child. "Now you must try and be a good boy, Joseph, and when you wake up not make such a noise and disturb the men; if you are quiet, you shall have something nice given you in the morning." This was a good-night promise. The experiment succeeded; for on our going into the ward in the morning, he said, "I have been real good, and only woke the men up once." And then he wondered what he should get. An orange satisfied his most ardent expectations; and then a promise of something more at noon, and again at night, if he continued his improved behavior, kept him happier through the day. This system was followed up for a few days, when he recovered his spirits, and was able to rejoin his regiment in a short time.

Where nostalgia was the only complaint, it would yield, but was almost hopeless if disease had undermined the constitution. There were two boys about seventeen years old in one ward, both dolefully sad, and pining continually for home and familiar faces. One was from Tennessee, the other from Connecticut. They were equally low, being among the worst cases from prison life. The father of one came to him; the sister whom the other talked constantly about could not even hear from him, the Rebels cutting off postal communication. The evening West's father came, he seemed nearer death than the little Tennessean, but his father's presence saved his life; he quickly rallied, the pressure of his melancholy was removed by hearing a home voice, his appetite returned, his strength was restored. But the other

boy sank lower and lower in despondency for which there was no remedy; and the last words he spoke were of his sister, — he would be content to die if he could only see her once more.

The enlivening music of a fine band was added this spring to the hospital organization. For an hour every morning and evening its animating strains stirred the martial spirit in the worn-out and suffering, and brought cheer and courage to hours of loneliness. The little "Knapsack," too, was merged into a printed sheet called "The Crutch," the weekly publication of which furnished an occasion for the patients to amuse themselves in writing articles in prose or verse.

A complete photographic establishment appeared in one corner of the hospital grounds at this time, and became the resort of hundreds of officers and men in their leisure hours of convalescence. The instrument was used in taking pictures of uncommon cases in surgery, and in faithfully delineating the spectral features of the returned prisoners.

The month of June found our hospital comparatively deserted: all the men who were able had left for their regiments, and all but two or three prisoners had gone to Camp Parole to await exchange, or had been laid beneath the sods of Maryland. In the wards were to be found patients who had been there for months, prostrated either by chronic illness or stubborn wounds, — mere human wrecks, bones and breath alone remaining of once rugged frames and constitutions.

Gently the balmy summer breezes creep into the tent wards, laden with the rich fragrance of roses, violets, and jasmine, offering their mute sympathy to those who shall never more walk forth to behold them growing in luxuriant beauty. William Miller, a boy of fifteen, is one of these. He is an orphan, and was the pet of fond grandparents, who consented to let him join the Union army to escape Rebel conscription. He is a mere child; his dark, deep, expressive eyes, shaded by long, droop-

ing lashes, light up with happiness his face of marble paleness, as he receives the comforts of life and the kindness of friends once more, after long months of homesickness and starvation. His spirit is buoyant with the anticipation of seeing his native State of Tennessee entirely rescued from the destroying hand of treason, and he is proud of having suffered for the flag of freedom. But at times those bright eyes are clouded; not that he for one moment regrets his experiences, bitter as they have been, in contrast with the doting care in which he was reared; yet he talks a good deal about that little home in the far-off mountains, and it is easy to discern that the tidings which cannot come from those he so dearly loves there would bring him great happiness. He is too manly in his patriotism, however, to give way to these restless longings, and stifles the secret unquiet of his heart by a bravely forced cheerfulness. The doctor is sure that he cannot live much longer, and thinks best that he should be told. It is a painful duty thus to blight all the hopes which cling to earth.

One day, as he was talking about his grandparents, and how much he should have to tell them when he got home, he was asked, "But suppose, Miller, that it was God's will for you not to get well, but to go to a better world above, how would you feel?" The awful possibility flashed upon him for the first time, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Must I die, and never see grandpapa and grandmamma again? . . . I can die for the country, but I do want to see them once more." After a little while, with a maturity and strength of character far beyond his years, he sweetly acquiesced in the will of the wise Disposer of our joys and sorrows, and transferred his thoughts to eternal realities. He was comforted by the thought that he should meet those he loved in the heavenly home. "And perhaps they may be there now," he said, "waiting for me." At another time, on being reminded that his best and most

loving Friend was always near him, he said that he wished that he loved him better, and knew how to pray to him aright. "Can't you say, God be merciful to me a sinner?" "O yes, but do you call that praying?" With his thin, white hands meekly clasped upon his breast, he would lie for hours repeating with his slowly moving lips this petition. God heard and answered it. A settled peace filled his soul, making those last few days the beginning of immortal glory to him, as he awaited with triumphant faith the hour of transition. To the end his patriotism glowed warmly; he asked, the day before he died, that a little flag which was in the tent might be put up where he could see it: "I would love to have that dear flag the last thing that my eyes shall rest upon on earth." Patiently he suffered until within a few hours of his death, when he sank into a deep sleep, to awake no more here. As we gazed at his little form in the coffin, with the flag he died for laid across his snowy shroud, that impressive, mysterious "Why?" which is so often asked in life, came to our thoughts. Why should one so pure and innocent be called to offer his young life in a struggle for which he was in no manner responsible? Eternity will unfold all the hidden reasons; but cannot we even now catch a glimpse of them, remembering that no devotion is too precious a sacrifice for the principles of truth and liberty, and that the longest life could not be crowned with loftier praise than the death of a child-patriot? A wreath of white rose-buds was woven for the funeral of our little loved one; a single pink rose was laid with tears on the flag-covered coffin by the soldier-nurse who had tenderly cared for him through his illness.

Impelled by an intense feeling of the importance of a speedy exchange of the large number of men who had been taken prisoners since the opening of the spring campaign, two of the ladies in the hospital went to Washington one day. They were kindly received by President Lincoln, and, in the few

minutes' interview they had with him, the pictures of some of the released prisoners were shown to him. As he gazed at them, a pitying sadness crossed his brow. He asked if indeed they could be correct, and gave a promise that those who were then in the hands of the enemy should be exchanged as soon as it was in his power to effect it. Could that time have sooner come, what unutterable tortures would have been saved to thousands!

Strawberry festivals were given to the men at this time; gingerbread, and a plentiful supply of fruit, adding a little variety to their every-day fare. The time afforded for such diversions by a less pressing amount of care than usual was cut short by the arrival of the steamer *Connecticut*, bringing six hundred of those most seriously wounded at the disastrous attack upon Petersburg on the 18th of June. These men were landed at midnight; their wounds had been carefully attended to before their arrival, and were found to be in good order. Yet many were in a dying state, and it was impossible to do for every man all that we desired on the morning that followed, and added by its heat to their weakness, thirst, and discomfort. Hastily the hospital attendants moved from one helpless sufferer to another, in the thickly crowded tent wards. One man would shriek, in frenzied agony, for a drink of water; another would beg to be fanned; while others would ask to be bathed with ice-water.

Among the newly arrived was General Chamberlain, the present Governor of Maine. Supposed to have been "mortally wounded," so terribly had a Minie-rifle-ball shattered his body, he was, after having been borne by painful and exhausting stages from the extreme front, landed in an almost dying condition. Leaving Bowdoin College as Colonel of the Maine Twentieth, he had already distinguished himself by dashing bravery in many of the great battles of the war. At Petersburg he was raised to the rank of General by Grant for gallantry in lead-

ing a charge, — the only case of actual promotion on the field during the war. Bravest in battle, his courage was not less evinced during months of intense and tedious suffering. Partially restored to health as by a miracle, he resumed his command five months from the day of his desperate wound. In Grant's last campaign he opened the attack on the left at Quaker Road and White Oak Road, for which he received the brevet of Major-General. Although several times wounded, he valiantly pressed on, fighting through the campaign, and taking a prominent and important part in the battle of Five Forks. His command, the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, was designated to receive the surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's army; and the flag that waved that day over a conquered rebellion now hangs in his peaceful study at Brunswick.

Of those who died on the morning after the arrival of the Connecticut was a young man belonging to the Rebel army. He had by chance been taken up among our wounded. He had his little Bible in his pocket, which he requested should be sent to his mother, with the message that he died happy, and hoped to meet her in a better world, but that he was a fool for having joined the army. As it was supposed that he might have some such regret in his last hours, he was asked if he were sorry that he had fought against the old flag. "Well, you need not say that," he said, "but that I was a fool ever to come to this war." With a smile of peace upon his countenance, he passed away. Several attempts have been made, in vain, since the close of the war, to find his mother; the Bible, and a ring taken from his finger, will possibly never reach her now.

Among the wounded were four men who had lost both legs; they were in the best of spirits, surely thinking to live, and earnestly planning for the future. Had the heat not been so excessive for the ten days after they came, they would probably have survived; but, one after another, they

died, suddenly overcome by fainting weakness. I remember, too, one boy, only sixteen years old, who had lost his right arm. "You have given a good deal for the country," was said to him. "Yes, and I would willingly give my other arm to help put down this Rebellion." Little did he think that within a few hours his life would be yielded in his country's cause.

Every day a funeral procession moved forth to the place of burial, the band playing the "Russian Dirge" or the "Dead March in Saul."

It seemed as if a special inspiration of silent endurance and courageous patience were given to the men who lingered in the most acute sufferings. Gangrene spread through the wards, and the remedy was like the application of fire to open wounds. Three times a day was this agony endured with a martyr's spirit. One man by the name of Hollenbeck would sing in joyous tones, —

"I'm glad I'm in this army,
I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle till the end.

"He will give me grace to conquer,
He will give me grace to conquer,
And keep me to the end."

While consciousness lasted, he firmly retained his self-control; but at last reason gave way, and the groans and distressing cries which for a few days preceded his death told over what a depth of agony his soul had triumphed, before his brain lost its power.

Not alone by the men themselves was this sublime fortitude shown. Mothers, who came to visit their sons, though crushed with grief at their hopeless state, would yet calmly and even cheerfully minister to their comfort.

There was one mother, especially, whom I remember, — a slight, fragile little woman, dressed in widow's mourning, for her husband had been killed in the war, and it was her third and last son who was now dying for the country. Her strength of mind and body was almost superhuman. She had an angelic expression of countenance, such as comes from learning the full and per-

fect love of God in the sharp lessons of suffering. She was only too thankful at being permitted to spend these last days and nights by the side of her son, — begging him to put his trust in the Saviour, and telling of the celestial glory prepared for him beyond the grave. She could hardly be persuaded to take even a few hours' sleep; she felt that she could not leave him with the nurse, but consented, if one of the ladies would stay with him, to take a little rest. It was my privilege to watch by him through that last night of restless pain, and then I found that he was in every way worthy of so noble a mother. He expressed his willingness to die, saying that it had been his duty to fight, and that now he gloried in dying for the nation. The tent sides' fluttering in the light breeze from the bay was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of that starry night, as in the solemn solitude the departing soul gathered fresh energy as the body grew weaker and weaker. Chapters of the Bible and Psalms were read over and over to him; he earnestly listened to each promise and benediction, and would at the low singing of hymns sleep gently for a few moments at a time. Early in the morning his mother resumed her place of loving care. In the afternoon she sent for two of the ladies to come over and sing to Frank. The chaplain was there, and life was fast ebbing away. After prayer, the hymn, "My heavenly home is bright and fair," was sung. As the dying boy thanked the ladies, he said that there was a hymn about "rest" that he would like to hear once more. "There is rest for the weary" having been sung, he folded his wasted hands, and said: "This is the last hymn I shall hear on earth. In a little while I shall know of that rest." He breathed for a few hours longer, and then his spirit was among the redeemed, "in the Christian's home in glory." The faithful, trusting mother only said, in the depth of her affliction, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him best."

Dr. Vanderkeift mingled with the pride of a surgeon the utmost kindness

toward each patient. He would, on examining a critical case, immediately after amputation, bend in the most fatherly manner over the man, and, patting him gently, would say, with his German accent: "Now, my dear fellow, do please to live. I am doing all I can for you, and will send you milk from my own Alderney every day."

Flowers were never more appreciated than in the hospital that summer. A bunch of these bright little treasures would make a man happy for hours, and would receive the most endearing care to preserve their beauty. On going in to see a wounded man one day, the attention of one of the ladies was attracted by a strange-looking object hanging from the tent. Her curiosity being excited, she inquired, "What have you here, John?" "Well, miss, it is a long while since I had seen any flowers before those you brought me in yesterday, and it was so warm that I was afraid water would n't keep them, and I hated to see them wither; so I got Evans to make me this calico bag and put some earth in it, and I am in hopes they will grow here by my side, if I keep them moist." Sure enough, when this admiring florist was able to leave on crutches in a few weeks, he carried these specimens of Maryland floriculture, all rooted and growing, to his Western home.

For the sake of convenience, the ladies usually dressed in dark attire; but when a light muslin appeared in the wards the effect was quite noticeable. I remember that one day a man asked the lady in charge of his own ward to get another lady, who was arrayed in pink, to come in from her ward and see him. "But what do you want with her? Can't I do everything for you?" "W-e-l-l, y-e-s; but then she is dressed up so nice; if she would only walk through the tent, it would make me feel better."

In July there was threatened an invasion of the city of Annapolis, which produced much excitement in the hospital. As there were between six and seven hundred officers there at the

time as patients, it was not deemed unlikely that Harry Gilmore, with his band of raiders, would, after burning Governor Bradford's house at Baltimore, make a dash in our direction, if only to terrify and then parole the officers and men. By degrees the telegraphic wires and railway lines were destroyed nearer and nearer to us, thus isolating the city, and giving rise to fearful anticipations. Outside the two entrances to the hospital were dug broad moats, protected by ramparts of earth and a very ludicrous structure of barrels; while about a mile off a line of rifle-pits was prepared, with cannon mounted in hastily made forts behind them. Every steamer, fishing-boat, or craft capable of carrying persons or property was put into requisition by the people of Annapolis, and kept constantly ready to start at the first appearance of the foe, and some of the valuable possessions of the hospital floated on the bay for a few days. Messages were left with us for home friends by the men hurrying off to the front, as we termed the spot of the impending encounter, as if the ladies were expected to be the sole survivors of the affair. Every man who could handle a spade or a pickaxe was required at this season of alarm. For three days and nights the reign of terror lasted, causing an injuriously nervous inquietude to the helpless and sick. It was useless to try to allay their apprehensions, for those who smiled at the idea of an attack were merely regarded as endowed with a Quixotic cheerfulness. When gunboats arrived to protect the city, a ray of hope dawned; and when the news reached us that the raiders had retreated across the Potomac, all felt safe once more. A man by the name of Beck, one of the most valued of the hospital attendants, was accidentally shot, though not fatally. He was the sole hero of this brief campaign of fight.

It was not until August that any of our wounded who had been taken prisoners were exchanged on parole. The New York came about the middle of the month, bringing six hundred.

Many said that their wounds had been slight, but that amputation had been performed with the assurance from the Rebels that they would fix them so that they would never fight any more. I think that these were exceptional victims of cruelty, for the almost universal testimony of our soldiers was that the surgeons were their best friends at the South. They would insist upon the necessity of more food being given to their patients, and remonstrate with the Rebel authorities, — unfortunately without success.

One of the officers who came at this time was Lieutenant F——, belonging to a New York regiment. He had lost a limb, and remained a few weeks in the hospital. The first letter of joyous welcome which he received from home told him that his family had been wearing mourning four months for him, and a printed funeral sermon which shortly followed the letter gave an account of his supposed death at the Battle of the Wilderness, and contained a eulogy upon his character.

I remember being particularly impressed by a description of hunger in the hospital at Libby, given by Lieutenant William Foy Smith, who came at this time. He belonged to the First Massachusetts Cavalry. He was shot through the lungs, and left for dead on the battle-field. By the kind care of colored women, who brought him milk, he was resuscitated — to find himself a prisoner. He said that often at night in Libby he would amuse himself by calculating how many places there were in Washington Street, Boston, where edibles were to be had, and he would fancy the people getting oysters and thousands of good things; and then he would muse over all the bountiful dinners that he used to have at home, and reproach himself for not having partaken more heartily, resolving, if ever he had another opportunity, that his gnawing appetite should forever do itself justice. Then he would wildly scrape the wall by which he was lying, and ravenously devour the atoms from it, until at last he would dream in his

sleep of happier days to come. After several months, Lieutenant Smith was able to rejoin his regiment, whose entrance into Richmond he thus describes: "I shall never repine again, while I have health; but who talks of repining after such a march as our last? I joined the regiment at Manchester, opposite Richmond. How often have I looked across the river to the field on which we camped, and longed for liberty! We passed in review through the city the next day. I cannot describe my sensations as I went by the old prison-house, with a good horse under me, — one seemed hardly sufficient, — health in my veins, and freedom, — it was too much. I had to shout. A lank, unshorn Rebel was looking through the bars where I had so often looked. We had the finest of music and the gayest of banners, but the people let us have them all to ourselves. But our glorious reception in Washington repaid us."

It was a great recompense for all his sufferings that this brave, modest young officer lived to see the day of victorious peace; but within a few months the wound from which he had partially recovered was the cause of his death.

Malarial fever was the prevalent disease in the hospital in the early autumn. Hundreds sank with it, after the hard marches and counter-marches with Sheridan in the hot Valley of the Shenandoah through the summer. Stimulating and nourishing diet came too late to many of these undermined constitutions, and disease worked its deadly ravages where ball and bayonet had missed their aim. Dr. Hunter, surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, lived but a short time in severe suffering. A man of strong character, his patriotism had responded when an urgent call for men had come from the War Department. Having no son to send to the war, he felt it to be his duty to leave a large practice and enlist as a private. He was immediately made surgeon of the regiment which he devotedly served for several months. His death-bed was the scene of the most serene peace. "Why should I stay longer below? I

am only too glad to depart and be with Christ: it is far better." These and similar words showed the tone of his mind. His earnest prayers for the nation were his last rich legacy of dying faith. He cheerfully gave his life as part of the ransom of liberty and peace.

On one of those autumnal days died, too, Major Butler. Wounded at Petersburg, one leg had been fractured in seven places, from the thigh to the ankle. Three months he lingered in distress which can be imagined, but to which his heroic spirit never gave utterance.

The hospital was brilliantly illuminated when the result of the Presidential election was made known, in November. * Music and shouts of rejoicing rent the air, and all were filled with exulting confidence that the beginning of the end had been accomplished by the overwhelming verdict of the people at home.

The National Thanksgiving was celebrated by a service in the chapel, and a fine dinner, which one man said he "could not have enjoyed better had he eaten it at his grandmother's, — only the folks would have been there."

At last, in December, the earnest entreaties of hearts breaking with wild anguish and suspense prevailed upon the authorities in Washington to effect the release of our prisoners. To no one person was this happy result so much due as to General Mulford, our Commissioner of Exchange. He was unceasing in his exertions to accomplish this end on almost any terms, for he knew what tortures our men were enduring, and how rapidly they were dying. The soldiers looked upon him as their deliverer, and with good reason. His arduous care and kindly manner deserved their warmest enthusiasm and gratitude. His personal watchfulness in receiving the men may be illustrated by a little incident. A man who was feebly walking fell down quite exhausted, just before reaching the New York; he lay behind a pile of wood, and could not make himself heard. Just as the boat

was about putting off, General Mulford stepped on shore to look round and be certain that no one was left. "I should have lain there till I died had he not in his kindness found me," said the man.

The first exchange was of ten thousand men. Large ocean steamers found their way up Chesapeake Bay, and our band played "Home again," "Home, Sweet Home," and other strains of welcome, to their ghastly passengers. As one man looked up, in landing, to the flag waving in the hospital grounds, he said earnestly, "We're glad to see you; we know there's grub enough under you." Such inexpressible relief and joy were never felt by mortals before. Libby Prison and Belle Isle had startled the ear of humanity by their records of woe, but the story of Andersonville far exceeded theirs. The revolting torments inflicted in that place are too well known to need repetition. Rather let us dwell upon the happiness of those fortunate enough to escape. The hospital was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many lived only a few minutes or hours after reaching the wards; others survived but a day or two, breathing their last in peace and comfort. An elderly man, quite pulseless when brought in, was resuscitated with brandy sufficiently to express his gratitude. "God has been very good in bringing me here," he said, as a beam of joy irradiated his wan face; "I can die willingly here, and lay my bones under the old flag, but I did n't want to die down there." And when asked if he had kept his faith in God while suffering so much at Andersonville: "O yes! He has been my leader these twenty years, and I thought He would bring me out all right." His name was John Buttery; he did not live long enough to hear from his wife and six children, in Connecticut.

Among the unknown was a boy apparently about seventeen years old, with clustering curls of auburn hair, and eyes, that once must have been full of life, now sending forth only a vacant stare. I worked over him, hoping to get

him to utter one word before he died that would give some hint of his name or home, but in vain.

That month of December, with its cold, leaden sky, and bleak, wintry winds, will never be forgotten. On going down one dreary morning, in the obscurity of early dawn, I found that a tent in which five men dangerously ill had been left the night before was not to be seen; at first I distrusted my senses,—it was surely the place where the tent had stood, but the only vestige left was the plank floor. On inquiry, I found that in the middle of the night the tent had blown over, and men, furniture, and all had been moved in a furious storm.

Sixty men were buried at one time, and several times over forty were borne in a long train of ambulances to the cemetery. The martial dirge, with the sound of its muffled drum, was daily mingled with the groans of the dying. Many a man who did not shrink from death still desired to live long enough to hear from his home once more, and died piteously lamenting his lot. Others, though dying, would cling to the hope of going home; and when told that the doctor feared they could not live an hour, and asked if they had any messages to leave, with their last gasp would say, "O, I shall live! I am going home to see my mother."

In contrast with such cases were others of calm fortitude. These lines were dictated at midnight by a man who had hoped to live, but whose strength suddenly failed:—

"DEAR WIFE:—I am on my death-bed. Get N—— E—— to settle our affairs, draw my pay, &c. If our daughter is still living, I want her to have a share of three hundred dollars. I die under the protecting folds of the starry banner of freedom. You must take good care of the little one. Trust in God, and meet me in heaven. I bid a last farewell to all my friends. I die happy. God bless you.

"Your husband,

"H. W. VARNEY."

The friends of many came as soon as they heard of their arrival and illness, but often failed to recognize them. One woman, on being taken into the ward where her husband was asleep, persisted in saying that she had never seen that man before; and on being shown his name and regiment on the card, she refused to be convinced, feeling sure that there must be some mistake, till he opened his eyes and greeted her by name.

On the evening of a day on which there had been a new arrival of men, I was sitting in the comfortably heated tent, while eight happy faces looked from the warmly blanketed beds. Each man had his own tale of prison experience to tell. "Not for all the gold that could be heaped into this tent would I voluntarily spend one more day at Andersonville." Another said, "We suffered enough in body; but the mental agony, the mental agony, no one can ever imagine." And so they went on, dwelling at last upon their anxiety for home friends, wondering if mothers, wives, and children were yet alive. Then one manly voice told, in earnest tones, how he could bless the Lord for the perilous trials through which he had passed; that he had been brought up religiously, but never had truly loved the Saviour until he became his only refuge. "His love in my heart is well worth all the discipline I have endured, and I can thank him for it." These words came from John S. Farnell, a Michigan boy of eighteen years of age. Since the battle of Gettysburg, seventeen months before, he had been a prisoner. He enjoyed reading his own little new Bible, and the meetings for prayer and singing held in his tent. He seemed to be gaining strength, until an attack of pneumonia occurred, when the utmost care failed to save his life. He talked peacefully of dying, in intervals of consciousness, but at last sank into a heavy stupor. Just as I closed his eyes, and while he ceased to breathe, the band struck up the strain, "Do they miss me at home?"

It needed a stout heart to turn from

the frequent scenes of death, at that gloomy time, to cheer and amuse the less dangerously ill. The coming of Christmas was a source of excitement for a few days. Some of the boys had never heard of Santa Claus and his visits down the chimney at this merry season; and when his descent through the pipes, and passage through the stove-doors, and appearance in the tents became possibilities, there was as much amusement and anticipation among them as ever gladdened a nursery full of children. On the morning of this happy festival every man found a sock hanging by his side stuffed with mittens, scarfs, knives, suspenders, handkerchiefs, and many little things. Out of the top of each sock peeped a little flag; and as the men awoke, one by one, and examined the gifts of Santa Claus, shouts of merriment rang through the wards, and they were satisfied that he was a friend worth having.

All that was possible under the pressure of the melancholy circumstances was done to make the day a happy one; but it was not celebrated with the same rejoicings as the year before, nor was there much time to be spared from the sick and dying. Steamers were constantly arriving, and filling up the vacant places with new patients.

On a ragged, soiled piece of paper which a man handed me on landing were these lines, written at Andersonville by a boy of sixteen who died there. They are surely worthy of remembrance.

"Will you leave us here to die?
When our country called for men,
We came from forge and store and mill,
The broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet, happy homes,
And ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union foes,
Or fall where others fell.
Now, in prisons drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
O ye who yet can save us,
Will you leave us here to die?"

"The voice of slander tells you
That our hearts were weak with fear,
That nearly every one of us
Was captured in the rear."

The scars upon our bodies
 From the musket-ball and shell,
 The missing legs and shattered arms
 A truer tale will tell.
 We have tried to do our duty
 In the sight of God on high :
 O ye who yet can save us,
 Will you leave us here to die ?

"There are hearts with hope still beating
 In our pleasant Northern homes,
 Waiting, watching for the footsteps
 That may never, never come.
 In Southern prisons pining,
 Meagre, tattered, pale, and gaunt,
 Growing weaker, weaker daily
 From pinching cold and want.
 Here brothers, sons, and husbands,
 Poor and hopeless, captured lie :
 O ye who yet can save them,
 Will you leave us here to die ?

"From out our prison gate,
 There 's a grave-yard close at hand,
 Where lie ten thousand Union men
 Beneath the Georgia sand.
 Scores and scores are laid beside them,
 As day succeeds to day ;
 And thus it ever will be
 Till they all shall pass away,
 And the last can say when dying,
 With upturned and glazing eye,
 Both love and faith are dead at home, —
 They have left us here to die !"

A proof of the humanity with which the Rebel prisoners were treated by our government is found in the fact of their reluctance to be exchanged ; they said that they were very comfortable, and would far rather remain at the North until the war was over. One general, who was having an artificial leg made, was forced to return against his will. His entreaties to be left behind prevailed for a few days ; but at last he was obliged to take passage on the transport for exchange, as one of our own generals was awaiting his return to come home.

Among the prisoners who came in January was Boston Corbett, of the Seventeenth New York Cavalry. Every name made public even in remote connection with the death of our beloved President becomes an object of interest. The following is a characteristic letter from the brave and earnest-heart-

ed patriot at whose hand the assassin met his doom : —

"VIENNA, VA., March 9, 1865.

"Miss — : — Many times I have thought I would write to acknowledge the kindness shown by you and the other good ladies of the hospital to us poor soldiers when we were brought from Savannah, Andersonville, and Millen. I remember with gratitude the first kind words expressed towards us, and how strange and good they sounded after being so long deprived of them. Although they might not seem much to the giver, yet I believe they will live in the memory of us soldier boys long after the war is over. I can never forget how much was done for us all on our return from prison to hospital ; but many thousands lie under the soil of Georgia, monuments of the cruelty and wickedness of this Rebellion, — the head of all the rebellions of earth for blackness and horror. Those only can feel the extent of it who have seen their comrades, as I have, lying in the broiling sun, without shelter, with swollen feet and parched skin, in filth and dirt, suffering as I believe no people ever suffered before in the world. But, thank God, these things have come, I hope, to an end. May they never exist again in the good land ! With kind regards to all,

"Very truly,

"BOSTON CORBETT."

The ravages of the malignant fever which had broken out in the hospital were not confined to the patients. Surgeons and chaplain yielded their lives at its deadly touch. Then, too, was the bond severed which had harmoniously united a happy sisterhood for many months. Of the six who went down to the brink of the river of death, five crossed over to the heavenly shore. She who alone remained gives these simple memories to the reader

MINOR ITALIAN TRAVELS.

I.

PISA.

I AM afraid that the talk of the modern railway traveller, if he is honest, must be a great deal of the custodians, the *vetturini*, and the *facchini*, whose agreeable acquaintance constitutes his chief knowledge of the population among which he journeys. We do not now-a-days carry letters recommending us to citizens of the different places. If we did, consider the calamity we should be to the be-travelled Italian communities we now bless! No; we buy our through-tickets, and we put up at the hotels praised in the hand-book, and are very glad of a little conversation with any native, however adulterated he may be by contact with the world to which we belong. I do not blush to own that I love the whole rascal race which ministers to our curiosity and preys upon us, and I am not ashamed to have spoken so often as I have done in former sketches of the lowly and rapacious but interesting porters who opened to me the different gates of that great realm of wonders, Italy. I doubt if they can be much known to the dwellers in the land, though they are the intimates of all sojourners and passengers; and if I have any regret in the matter, it is that I did not more diligently study them when I could. The opportunity, once lost, seldom recurs; they are all but as transitory as the Object of Interest itself. I remember that years ago, when I first visited Cambridge, there was an old man appeared to me in the character of Genius of the College Grounds, who showed me all the notable things in our city,—its treasures of art, its monuments,—and ended by taking me into his wood-house, and sawing me off from a wind-fallen branch of the Washington Elm a bit of the sacred wood for a remembrancer. Where now is that old man? He no longer exists for me,

neither he nor his wood-house nor his dwelling-house. Let me look for a month about the College Grounds, and I shall not see him. But somewhere in the regions of traveller's faery he still lives, and he appears instantly to the new-comer; he has an understanding with the dryads who keep him supplied with boughs from the Washington Elm, and his wood-house is full of them.

Among memorable cicerones in Italy was one whom we saw at Pisa, where we stopped on our way from Leghorn after our accident in the Maremma, and spent an hour in viewing the Quattro Fabbriche. The beautiful old town, which every one knows from the report of travellers, one finds possessed of the incommunicable charm which keeps old towns forever novel to the visitor. Lying on either side of the Arno, it mirrors in the flood architecture almost as fair and noble as that glassed in the Canalazzo, and its streets seemed to us as tranquil as the canals of Venice. Those over which we drove, on the day of our visit, were paved with broad flag-stones, and gave out scarcely a sound under our wheels. It was Sunday, and no one was to be seen. Yet the empty and silent city inspired us with no sense of desolation. The palaces were in perfect repair; the pavements were clean; behind those windows we felt that there must be a good deal of easy, comfortable life. It is said that Pisa is one of the few places in Europe where the sweet, but timid spirit of Inexpensiveness—everywhere pursued by Railways—still lingers, and that you find cheap apartments in those well-preserved old palaces. No doubt it would be worth more to live in Pisa than it would cost, for the history of the place would alone be to any reasonable sojourner a perpetual recompense and a princely income far exceeding his expenditure. To be sure, the Tower of Famine, with which we

chiefly associate the name of Pisa, has been long razed to the ground, and built piecemeal into the neighboring palaces ; but you may still visit the dead wall which hides from view the place where it stood, and you may thence drive on, as we did, to the great Piazza where stands the unrivalled group of architecture in the world after that of St. Mark's Place in Venice. There is the wonderful Leaning Tower, there is the old and beautiful Duomo, there is the noble Baptistery, there is the lovely Campo Santo. There, too,—somewhere lurking in portal or behind pillar, and keeping out an eagle eye for the marvellous stranger,—is the much experienced cicerone who shows you through the edifices. Yours is the fourteen-thousandth American family to which he has had the honor of acting as guide, and he makes you feel an illogical satisfaction in thus becoming a contribution to statistics.

We entered the Duomo in our new friend's custody, and we saw the things which it was well to see. There was mass, or some other ceremony, transacting, but, as usual, it was made as little obtrusive as possible, and there was not much to weaken the sense of proprietorship with which travellers view objects of interest. Then we ascended the Leaning Tower, skilfully preserving its equilibrium, as we went, by an inclination of our persons in a direction opposed to the tower's inclination, but perhaps not receiving a full justification of the Campanile's appearance in pictures till we stood again at its base, and saw its vast bulk and height as it seemed to sway and threaten in the blue sky above our heads. There the sensation was too terrible for endurance,—even the architectural beauty of the tower could not save it from being monstrous to us,—and we were glad to hurry away from it to the serenity and solemn loveliness of the Campo Santo.

Here are the frescos painted five hundred years ago to be ruinous and ready against the time of your arrival in 1864, and you feel that you are the

first to enjoy the joke of the Vergognosa,—that arch jade who peers through her fingers at the shameful condition of deboshed Father Noah, and seems to wink one eye of wicked amusement at you. Turning afterward to any book written about Italy during the time specified, you find your impression of exclusive property in the frescos erroneous, and your Muse naturally despairs where so many muses have labored in vain to give a just idea of the Campo Santo. Yet it is most worthy celebration. Those exquisitely arched and traceried colonnades seem to grow like the slim cypresses out of the sainted earth of Jerusalem ; and those old paintings enforce more effectively than their authors conceived the lessons of life and death, for they are themselves becoming part of the triumphant decay they represent. If it was awful once to look upon that strange scene where the gay lords and ladies of the chase come suddenly upon three dead men in their coffins, while the devoted hermits enjoy the peace of a dismal righteousness on a hill in the background, it is yet more tragic to behold it now, when the dead men are hardly discernible in their coffins, and the hermits are but the vaguest shadows of gloomy bliss. Alas ! Death mocks even the homage done him by our poor fears and hopes : with dust he wipes out dust, and with decay he blots the image of decay.

I assure the reader that I made none of these apt reflections in the Campo Santo at Pisa, but have written them out this morning, in Cambridge, because there happens to be an east wind blowing. No one could have been sad in the company of our cheerful and patient cicerone, who, although visibly anxious to get his fourteen-thousandth American family away, still would not go till he had shown us that monument to a dead enmity which hangs in the Campo Santo. This is the mighty chain which the Pisans, in their old wars with the Genoese, once stretched across the mouth of their harbor to prevent the entrance of the hostile gal-

leys. The Genoese with no great trouble carried the chain away, and kept it ever afterward till 1860, when Pisa was united to the kingdom of Italy. Then the trophy was restored to the Pisans, and with public rejoicings placed in the Campo Santo, an emblem of reconciliation and perpetual amity between ancient foes.* It is not a very good world, — *e pur si muove*.

The Baptistery stands but a step away from the Campo Santo, and our guide ushered us into it with the air of one who had till now held in reserve his great stroke and was ready to deliver it. Yet I think he waited till we had looked at some comparatively trifling sculptures by Niccolò da Pisa before he raised his voice and uttered a melodious species of howl. While we stood in some amazement at this, the conscious structure of the dome caught the sound, and prolonged it with a variety and sweetness of which I could not have dreamed. The man poured out in quick succession his musical wails, and then ceased, and a choir of heavenly echoes burst forth in response. There was a supernatural beauty in these harmonies of which I despair of giving any true idea. They were of such tender and exalted rapture that we might well have thought them the voices of young-eyed cherubim, singing as they passed through Paradise over that spot of earth where we stood. They seemed a celestial compassion that stooped and soothed, and rose again in lofty and solemn acclaim, leaving us poor and penitent and humbled.

We were long silent, and then broke forth with cries of admiration of which the marvellous echo at once made eloquence.

"Did you ever," said the cicerone

* I read in Mr. Norton's "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy," that he saw in the Campo Santo, as long ago as 1856, "the chains that marked the servitude of Pisa, now restored by Florence," and it is of course possible that our cicerone may have employed one of these chains for the different historical purpose I have mentioned. It would be a thousand pities, I think, if a monument of that sort should be limited to the commemoration of one fact only.

after we had left the building, "hear such music as that?"

"The papal choir does not equal it," we answered with one voice.

The cicerone was not to be silenced even with such a tribute, and he went on:—

"Perhaps, as you are Americans, you know Moshu Feelmore, the President? No? Ah, what a fine man! You saw that he had his heart actually in his hand! Well, one day he said to me here, when I told him of the Baptistery echo, 'We have the finest echo in the world in the Hall of Congress.' I said nothing, but for answer I merely howled a little,—thus! Moshu Feelmore was convinced. Said he, 'There is no other echo in the world besides this. You are right.' I am unique," pursued the cicerone, "for making this echo. But," he added with a sigh, "it has been my ruin. The English have put me in all the guide-books, and sometimes I have to howl twenty times a day. When our Victor Emanuel came here, I showed him the church, the tower, and the Campo Santo. Says the king, 'Pfui!'"—here the cicerone gave that sweeping outward motion with both hands by which Italians dismiss a trifling subject,—"'make me the echo!' I was forced," concluded the cicerone, with a strong sense of injury in his tone, "to howl half an hour without ceasing."

II.

COMO.

My visit to Lake Como has become to me a dream of summer,—a vision that remains faded the whole year round, till the blazing heats of July bring out the sympathetic tints in which it was vividly painted. Then I behold myself again in burning Milan, amidst noises and fervors and bustle that seem intolerable after my first six months in tranquil, cool, mute Venice. Looking at the great white Cathedral, with its infinite pinnacles piercing the cloudless blue, and gathering the fierce sun upon it, I half expect to see the

whole mass calcined by the heat, and crumbling, statue by statue, finial by finial, arch by arch, into a vast heap of lime on the Piazza, with a few charred English tourists blackening here and there upon the ruin, and contributing a smell of burnt leather and Scotch tweed to the horror of the scene. All round Milan smokes the great Lombard plain, and to the north rises Monte Rosa, her dark head coifed with tantalizing snows as with a peasant's white linen kerchief. And I am walking out upon that fuming plain as far as to the Arco della Pace, on which the bronze horses may melt any minute; or I am sweltering through the city's noonday streets, in search of Sant' Ambrogio, or the Cenacolo of Da Vinci, or what know I? Coming back to our hotel, "Alla Bella Venezia," and greeted on entering by the immense fresco which covers one whole side of the court, it appeared to my friend and me no wonder that Garibaldi should look so longingly from the prow of a gondola toward the airy towers and balloon-like domes that swim above the unattainable lagoons of Venice, where the Austrian then lorded it in coolness and quietness, while hot, red-shirted Italy was shut out upon the dusty plains and stony hills. Our desire for water became insufferable; we paid our modest bills, and at six o'clock we took the train for Como, where we arrived about the hour when Don Abbondio, walking down the lonely path with his book of devotions in his hand, gave himself to the Devil on meeting the bravos of Don Rodrigo. I counsel the reader to turn to *I Promessi Sposi*, if he would know how all the lovely Como country looks at that hour. For me, the ride through the evening landscape, and the faint sentiment of pensiveness provoked by the smell of the ripening maize, which exhales the same sweetness on the way to Como that it does on any Ohio bottom-land, have given me an appetite, and I am to dine before wooing the descriptive Muse.

After dinner, we find at the door of the hotel an English architect whom we

know, and we take a boat together for a moonlight row upon the lake, and voyage far up the placid water through air that bathes our heated senses like dew. How far we have left Milan behind! On the lake lies the moon, but the hills are held by mysterious shadows, which for the time are as substantial to us as the hills themselves. Hints of habitation appear in the twinkling lights along the water's edge, and we suspect an alabaster lamp in every casement, and in every invisible house a villa such as Claude Melnotte described to Pauline, and some one mouths that well-worn fustian. The rags of sentimentality flutter from every crag and olive-tree and orange-tree in all Italy, — like the wilted paper collars which vulgar tourists leave by our own mountains and streams, to commemorate their enjoyment of the landscape.

The town of Como lies, a swarm of lights, behind us; the hills and shadows gloom around; the lake is a sheet of tremulous silver. There is no telling how we get back to our hotel, or with what satisfied hearts we fall asleep in our room there. The steamer starts for the head of the lake at eight o'clock in the morning, and we go on board at that hour.

There is some pretence of shelter in the awning stretched over the after part of the boat; but we do not feel the need of it in the fresh morning air, and we get as near the bow as possible, that we may be the very first to enjoy the famous beauty of the scenes opening before us. A few sails dot the water, and everywhere there are small, canopied row-boats, such as we went pleasuring in last night. We reach a bend in the lake, and all the roofs and towers of the city of Como pass from view, as if they had been so much architecture painted on a scene and shifted out of sight at a theatre. But other roofs and towers constantly succeed them, not less lovely and picturesque than they, with every curve of the many-curving lake. We advance over charming expanses of water lying between lofty hills; and as the lake is

narrow, the voyage is like that of a winding river, — like that of the Ohio, but for the primeval wildness of the acclivities that guard our Western stream, and the tawinness of its current. Wherever the hills do not descend sheer into Como, a pretty town nestles on the brink, or, if not a town, then a villa, or else a cottage, if there is room for nothing more. Many little towns climb the heights half-way, and where the hills are green and cultivated in vines or olives, peasants' houses scale them to the crest. They grow loftier and loftier as we leave our starting-place farther behind, and as we draw near Colico they wear light wreaths of cloud and snow. So cool a breeze has drawn down between them all the way that we fancy it to have come from them till we stop at Colico, and find that, but for the efforts of our honest engine, sweating and toiling in the dark below, we should have had no current of air. A burning calm is in the atmosphere, and on the broad, flat valley, — out of which a marshy stream oozes into the lake, — and on the snow-crowned hills upon the left, and on the dirty village of Colico upon the right, and on the indolent beggars waiting to welcome us, and sunning their goitres at the landing.

The name Colico, indeed, might be literally taken in English as descriptive of the local insalubrity. The place was once large, but it has fallen away much from sickness, and we found a bill posted in its public places inviting emigrants to America on the part of a German steamship company. It was the only advertisement of the kind I ever saw in Italy, and I judged that the people must be notoriously discontented there to make it worth the while of a steamship company to tempt from home any of the home-keeping Italian race. And yet Colico, though undeniably hot, and openly dirty, and tacitly unhealthy, had merits, though the dinner we got there was not among its virtues. It had an accessible country about it; that is, its woods and fields were not impenetrably walled in from

the vagabond foot, and after we had dined we went and lay down under some greenly waving trees beside a field of corn, and heard the plumed and panoplied maize talking to itself of its kindred in America. It always has a welcome for tourists of our nation wherever it finds us in Italy, and sometimes its sympathy, expressed in a rustling and clashing of its long green blades, or in its strong, sweet perfume, has, as already hinted, made me homesick; though I have been uniformly unaffected by potato-patches and tobacco-fields. If only the maize could impart to the Italian cooks the beautiful mystery of roasting-ears! Ah! then indeed it might claim a full and perfect fraternization from its compatriots abroad.

From where we lay beside the corn-field, we could see, through the twinkling leaves and the twinkling atmosphere, the great hills across the lake, taking their afternoon naps, with their clouds drawn like handkerchiefs over their heads. It was very hot, and the red and purple ooze of the unwholesome river below "burnt like a witch's oils." It was indeed but a fevered joy we snatched from nature there; and I am afraid that we got nothing more comfortable from sentiment, when, rising, we wandered off through the unguarded fields toward a ruined tower on a hill. It must have been a relic of feudal times, and perhaps in the cool season it is haunted by the wicked spirits of such lords as used to rule in the terror of the people beside peaceful and happy Como. But in summer no ghost, however sultrily appointed in the other world, could feel it an object to revisit that ruined tower. A few scrawny blackberries and other brambles grew out of its fallen stones; harsh, dust-dry mosses painted its weather-worn walls with their blanched gray and yellow. From its foot, looking out over the valley, we saw the road to the Splügen Pass lying white-hot in the valley; and while we looked, the diligence appeared, and dashed through the dust that rose like a flame before. After that it was

a relief to stroll in dirty by-ways, past cottages of saffron peasants, and poor stony fields that begrudged them a scanty vegetation, back to the steamer blustering in the sun.

Now indeed we were glad of the awning, under which a silent crowd of people with sunburnt faces waited for the departure of the boat. The breeze rose again as the engine resumed its unappreciated labors, and, with our head toward Como, we pushed out into the lake. The company on board was such as might be expected. There was a German landscape-painter, with three heart's-friends beside him; there were some German ladies; there were the unfailing Americans and the unfailing Englishman; there were some French people; there were Italians from the meridional provinces, dark, thin, and enthusiastic, with fat, silent wives, and a rhythmical speech; there were Milanese with their families, out for a holiday,—round-bodied men, with blunt, square features, and hair and vowels clipped surprisingly short; there was a young girl whose face was of the exact type affected in rococo sculpture, and at whom one gazed without being able to decide whether she was a nymph descended from a villa gate, or a saint come from under a broken arch in a Renaissance church. At one of the little towns two young Englishmen in knickerbockers came on board, who were devoured by the eyes of their fellow-passengers, and between whom and our kindly architect there was instantly ratified the tacit treaty of non-intercourse which travelling Englishmen observe.

Nothing further interested us on the way to Como, except the gathering coolness of the evening air; the shadows creeping higher and higher on the hills; the songs of the girls winding yellow silk on the reels that hummed through the open windows of the factories on the shore; and the appearance of a flag that floated from a shallop before the landing of a stately villa. The Italians did not know this banner, and the Germans loudly debated its

nationality. The Englishmen grinned, and the Americans blushed in silence. Of all my memories of that hot day on Lake Como, this is burnt the deepest; for the flag was that insolent banner which in 1862 proclaimed us a broken people, and persuaded willing Europe of our ruin. It has gone down long ago from ship and fort and regiment, and they who used to flaunt it so gayly in Europe probably pawned it later in the cheap towns of South France, whither so much chivalry retired when wealth was to be wrung from slaves no more forever. Still, I say, it made Como too hot for us that afternoon, and even breathless Milan was afterwards a pleasant contrast.

III.

TRIESTE.

If you take the midnight steamer at Venice you reach Trieste by six o'clock in the morning, and the hills rise to meet you as you enter the broad bay dotted with the sail of fishing-craft. The hills are bald and bare, and you find, as you draw near, that the city lies at their feet under a veil of mist, or climbs earlier into view along their sides. The prospect is singularly devoid of gentle and pleasing features, and looking at those rugged acclivities, with their aspect of continual bleakness, you readily believe all the stories you have ever heard of that fierce wind called the Bora, which sweeps from them through Trieste at certain seasons. While it blows, ladies walking near the quays are sometimes caught up and set afloat, involuntary Galateas, in the bay, and people keep in-doors as much as possible. But the Bora, though so sudden and so savage, does give warning of its rise, and the peasants avail themselves of this characteristic. They station a man on one of the mountain-tops, and when he feels the first breath of the Bora, he sounds a horn, which is a signal for all within hearing to lay hold of something that cannot be blown away, and cling to it till the wind falls. This may happen

in three days or in nine, according to the popular proverbs. "The spectacle of the sea," says Dall' Ongaro, in a note to one of his ballads, "while the Bora blows, is sublime, and when it ceases the prospect of the surrounding hills is delightful. The air, purified by the rapid current, clothes them with a rosy veil, and the temperature is instantly softened, even in the heart of winter."

The city itself, as you penetrate it, makes good with its stateliness and picturesqueness your loss through the grimness of its environs. It is in great part new, very clean, and full of the life and movement of a prosperous port; but, better than this so far as the mere sight-seer is concerned, it wins a novel charm from the many public staircases by which you ascend and descend its hillier quarters, and which are made of stone, and lightly railed and balustraded with iron.

Something of all this I noticed in my ride from the landing of the steamer to the house of friends in the suburbs. There I grew better disposed toward the hills, which, as I strolled over them, I found dotted with lovely villas, and everywhere traversed by perfectly-kept carriage-roads, and easy and pleasant foot-paths. It was in the spring-time, and the peach-trees and almond-trees hung full of blossoms and bees; the lizards lay in the walks absorbing the vernal sunshine; the violets and cowslips sweetened all the grassy borders. The scene did not want a human interest, for the peasant-girls were going to market at that hour, and I met them everywhere, bearing heavy burdens on their own heads, or hurrying forward with their wares on the backs of donkeys. They were as handsome as heart could wish, and they wore that Italian head-dress which I have never seen anywhere in Italy except at Trieste and in the Roman and Neapolitan provinces, — a kerchief of dazzling white linen, laid square upon the crown, and dropping lightly to the shoulders. Later I saw these comely maidens crouching on the ground in the

market-place, and selling their wares, with much glitter of eyes, teeth, and ear-rings, and a continual babble of bargaining.

It seemed to me that the average of good looks was greater among the women of Trieste than among those of Venice, but that the instances of striking and exquisite beauty were rarer. At Trieste, too, the Italian type, so pure at Venice, is lost or continually modified by the mixed character of the population, which perhaps is most noticeable at the Merchants' Exchange. This is a vast edifice roofed with glass, where are the offices of the great steam navigation company, the Austrian Lloyds, — which, far more than the favor of the Imperial government, has contributed to the prosperity of Trieste, — and where the traffickers of all races meet daily to gossip over the news and the prices. Here a Greek or a Dalmat talks with an eager Italian, or a slow, sure Englishman; here the hated Austrian button-holes the Venetian or the Magyar; here the Jew meets the Gentile on common ground; here Christianity encounters the superstitions of the East, and makes a good thing out of them in cotton or grain. All costumes are seen here, and all tongues are heard, the native Triestines contributing almost as much to the variety of the latter as the foreigners. "In regard to language," says Cantù, "though the country is peopled by Slavonians, yet the Italian tongue is spreading into the remotest villages, where a few years since it was not understood. In the city it is the common and familiar language; the Slavonians of the North use the German for the language of ceremony; those of the South, as well as the Israelites, the Italian; while the Protestants use the German, the Greeks the Hellenic and Illyric, the employees of the civil courts the Italian or the German, the schools now German and now Italian, the bar and the pulpit Italian. Most of the inhabitants, indeed, are bi-lingual, and very many tri-lingual, without counting French, which

is understood and spoken from infancy. Italian, German, and Greek are written, but the Slavonic little, this having remained in the condition of a vulgar tongue. But it would be idle to distinguish the population according to language, for the son adopts a language different from the father's, and now prefers one language and now another; the women generally incline to the Italian; but many of the upper class prefer now German, now French, now English, as, from one decade to another, affairs, fashions, and fancies change. This in the salons; in the squares and streets, the Venetian dialect is heard."

And with the introduction of the Venetian dialect, Venetian discontent seems also to have crept in, and I once heard a Triestine declaim against the Imperial government quite in the manner of Venice. It struck me that this desire for union with Italy, which he declared prevalent in Trieste, must be of very recent growth, since even so late as 1848 Trieste had refused to join Venice in the expulsion of the Austrians. Indeed, the Triestines have fought the Venetians from the first; they stole the Brides of Venice in one of their piratical cruises in the lagoons; gave aid and comfort to those enemies of Venice, the Visconti, the Carraras, and the Genoese; revolted from St. Mark whenever subjected to his banner; and finally, rather than remain under his sway, gave themselves five centuries ago to Austria.

The objects of interest in Trieste are not many. There are remains of an attributive temple of Jupiter under the Duomo, and there is near at hand the museum of classical antiquities founded in honor of Winckelmann, murdered at Trieste by that ill-advised Pistoiese, Ancangeli, who had seen the medals bestowed on the antiquary by Maria Theresa and believed him rich. There is also a scientific museum founded by the Archduke Maximilian, and, above all, there is the beautiful residence of this unhappy prince, — the Miramare, where the half-crazed Empress of the

Mexicans vainly waits her husband's return from the experiment of paternal government in the New World. It would be hard to tell how art has there charmed rock and wave, until the spur of one of those rugged Triestine hills, jutting into the sea, has been made the seat of ease and luxury; but the visitor is aware of the magic as soon as he passes the gate of the palace grounds. These are in great part perpendicular, and are overclambered with airy stairways climbing to pensile arbors. Where horizontal, they are diversified with mimic seas for swans to sail upon, and summer-houses for people to lounge in and look at the swans from. On the point of land farthest from the acclivity stands the castle of Miramare, half at sea, and half adrift in the clouds above.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

I remember that a little yacht lay beside the pier at the castle's foot, and lazily flapped its sail, while the sea beat inward with as languid a pulse. That was some years ago, before Mexico was dreamed of at Miramare. Now, perchance, she who is one of the most unhappy among women looks down distraught from those high windows, and finds in the helpless sail and impassive wave the images of her baffled hope, and that immeasurable sea which gives back its mariners neither to love nor to sorrow. I think, though she be the wife and daughter of royalty, we may pity this poor Empress at least as much as we pity the Mexicans to whom her dreams have brought so many woes.

It was the midnight following the visit to Miramare when the fiacre in which I had quitted my friend's house was drawn up by its greatly bewildered driver on the quay near the place where the steamer for Venice should be lying. There was no steamer for Venice to be seen. The driver swore a little in the polyglot profanities of his native city, and, descending from his box, went and questioned different

lights — blue lights, yellow lights, green lights — to be seen at different points. To a light, they were ignorant, though eloquent, and, to pass the time, we drove up and down the quay, and stopped at the landings of all the steamers that touch at Trieste. It was a snug *fiacre* enough, but I did not care to spend the night in it, and I urged the driver to further inquiry. A wanderer whom we met declared that it was not the night for the Venice steamer; another admitted that it might be; a third conversed with the driver in low tones, and then leaped upon the box. We drove rapidly away, and before I had, in view of this mysterious proceeding, composed a fitting paragraph for the *Fatti Diversi* of the *Osservatore Triestino*, descriptive of the state in which the Guardie di Polizia should find me floating in the bay, exanimate and too clearly the prey of a *triste avvenimento*, the driver pulled up once more, and now beside a steamer. It was the steamer for Venice, he said, in precisely the tone which he would have used had he driven me directly to it without blundering. It was breathing heavily, and was just about to depart; but even in the hurry of getting on board I could not help noticing that it seemed to have grown a great deal since I had last voyaged in it. There was not a soul to be seen except the mute steward who took my satchel, and, guiding me below into an elegant saloon, instantly left me alone. Here again the steamer was vastly enlarged. These were not the narrow quarters of the Venice steamer, nor was this lamp, shedding a soft light on cushioned seats and panelled doors and wainscotings, the sort of illumination usual in that humble craft. I rang the small silver bell on the long table, and the mute steward appeared.

Was this the steamer for Venice?

Sicuro!

All that I could do in comment was to sit down; and in the mean time the steamer trembled, groaned, choked, cleared its throat, and we were under way.

"The other passengers have all gone to bed, I suppose," I argued acutely, seeing none of them. Nevertheless, I thought it odd, and it seemed a shrewd means of relief to ring the bell, and pretending drowsiness, to ask the steward which was my state-room.

He replied, with a curious smile, that I could have any of them. Amazed, I yet selected a state-room, and while the steward was gone for the sheets and pillow-cases I occupied my time by opening the doors of all the other state-rooms. They were empty.

"Am I the only passenger?" I asked, when he returned, with some anxiety.

"Precisely," he answered.

I could not proceed and ask if he composed the entire crew: it seemed too fearfully probable that he did.

I now suspected that I had taken passage with the Olandese Volante, but there was now nothing in the world for it, except to go to bed, and there, with the accession of a slight sea-sickness, my views of the situation underwent a total change. I had gone down into the Maelstrom with the Ancient Mariner, — I was a Manuscript Found in a Bottle!

Coming to the surface about six o'clock A. M., I found a daylight as cheerful as need be upon the appointments of the elegant cabin, and upon the good-natured face of the steward when he brought me the *caffè latte*, and the buttered toast for my breakfast. He said, "*Servitor suo!*" in a loud and comfortable voice, and I perceived the absurdity of having thought that he was in any way related to the Nightmare - Death-in-life-that-thicks-man's-blood-with-cold.

"This is not the regular Venice steamer, I suppose," I remarked to the steward as he laid my breakfast in state upon the long table.

No. Properly, no boat should have left for Venice last night, which was not one of the times of the tri-weekly departure. This was one of the steamers of the line between Trieste and Alexandria, and it was going at present

to take on an extraordinary freight at Venice for Egypt. I had been permitted to come on board because my driver said I had a return ticket, and would go.

Ascending to the deck, I found nothing whatever mysterious in the management of the steamer thus pressed for the first time, probably, into the service of an American citizen. The captain met me with a bow in the gangway; seamen were coiling wet ropes at different points, as they always are; the mate was promenading the bridge, and taking the rainy weather as it came, with his oil-cloth coat and hat on. The wheel of the steamer was as usual chewing the sea, and finding it unpalatable, and vainly expectorating.

We were in sight of the breakwater outside Malamocco, and a pilot-boat was making us from the land. Even at this point the fortifications of the Austrians began, and they multiplied as we drew near Venice, till we entered the lagoon, and found it a nest of fortresses, one within another.

Unhappily, the day being rainy, Venice did not spring resplendent from the sea, as I had always read she would. She rose slowly and languidly from the water,—not like a queen, but like the slovenly, heart-broken old slave she was.

IV.

CANOVA'S BIRTHPLACE.

FROM Venice to the city of Vicenza by rail it is two hours, and thence you must take a carriage if you would go to Bassano, which is an opulent and busy little grain mart of some twelve thousand souls, about thirty miles north of Venice, at the foot of the Alps. We reached the town at nine o'clock. It was moonlight; and as we looked out we saw the quaint, steep streets full of promenaders, and everybody in Bassano seemed to be making love. Young girls strolled about the picturesque way with their lovers, and tender couples were cooing at all the doors and windows. Bassano is the

birthplace of the painter Jacopo da Ponte, who was one of the first Italian painters to treat Scriptural story as accessory to mere landscape, and who had a peculiar fondness for painting Entrances into the Ark, because he could indulge without stint the taste for pairing-off early acquired from observation of the just-mentioned local customs in his native town. This was the theory offered by one who had imbibed the spirit of subtle speculation from Ruskin, and I think it reasonable. At least it does not conflict with the fact that there is at Bassano a most excellent gallery of paintings entirely devoted to the works of Jacopo da Ponte and his four sons, who are here to be seen to better advantage than anywhere else. As few strangers visit Bassano, the gallery is little frequented. It is in charge of a very strict old man, who will not allow people to look at the pictures till he has shown them the adjoining cabinet of geological specimens. It is in vain that you assure him of your indifference to these scientific *seccature*; he is deaf, and you are not suffered to escape a single fossil. He asked us a hundred questions, and understood nothing in reply, inasmuch that when he came to his last inquiry, "Have the Protestants the same God as the Catholics?" we were rather glad that he should be obliged to settle the fact for himself.

Underneath the gallery was a school of boys, whom, as we entered, we heard humming over the bitter honey which childhood is obliged to gather from the opening flowers of orthography. When we passed out, the master gave these poor busy bees an atom of holiday, and they all swarmed forth together to look at the strangers. The teacher was a long, lank man, in a black threadbare coat, and a skull-cap,—exactly like the schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village." We made a pretence of asking him our way somewhere, and went wrong, and came by accident upon a wide, flat space, bare as a brick-yard, beside which was lettered on a fragment of the old city wall, "Giuoco di Palla."

It was evidently the play-ground of the whole city, and it gave us a pleasanter idea of life in Bassano than we had yet conceived, to think of its entire population playing ball there in the spring afternoons. We respected Bassano as much for this as for her diligent remembrance of her illustrious dead, of whom she has very great numbers. It appeared to us that nearly every other house bore a tablet announcing that "Here was born," or "Here died," some great or good man of whom no one out of Bassano ever heard. There is enough celebrity there to supply the world; but as laurel is a thing that grows anywhere, I covet rather from Bassano the magnificent ivy that covers the portions of her ancient wall yet standing. The wall, where visible, is seen to be of a pebbly rough-cast, but it is clothed almost from the ground in glossy ivy, that glitters upon it like chain-mail upon the vast shoulders of some giant warrior. The bed of the moat is turned into a lovely promenade, bordered by quiet villas, with shepherds and shepherdesses carved in marble on their gates. Where the wall is built to the verge of the high ground on which the city stands, there is a swift descent to the wide valley of the Brenta, waving in corn and vines and tobacco.

It did not take a long time to exhaust the interest of Bassano; but we were sorry to leave the place, because of the excellence of the inn at which we tarried. It was called "Il Mondo," and it had everything in it that heart could wish. Our rooms were miracles of neatness and comfort; they had the freshness, not the rawness, of recent repair, and they opened into the dining-hall, where we were served with indescribable salads and *risotti*. During our sojourn we simply enjoyed the house; when we were come away we wondered that so much perfection of hotel could exist in so small a town as Bassano. It is one of the pleasures of by-way travel in Italy, that you are everywhere introduced in fanciful character, — that you become fictitious, and play a part as in a novel. To this inn of "The World" our

driver had brought us with a clamor and rattle proportioned to the fee received from us, and when, in response to his haughty summons, the *cameriere*, who had been gossiping with the cook, threw open the kitchen door, and stood out to welcome us in a broad square of forth-streaming ruddy light, amid the lovely odors of broiling and roasting, our driver saluted him with, "Receive these gentle folks, and treat them to your very best. They are worthy of anything." This at once put us back several centuries, and we never ceased to be lords and ladies of the period of Don Quixote as long as we rested in that inn.

It was a bright and breezy Sunday when we left "Il Mondo," and gayly journeyed toward Treviso, intending to visit Possagno, the birthplace of Canova, on our way. The road to the latter place passes through a beautiful country, that gently undulates on either hand, till in the distance it rises into pleasant hills and green mountain-heights. Possagno itself lies upon the brink of a declivity, down the side of which drops terrace after terrace, all planted with vines and figs and peaches, to a water-course below. The ground on which the village is built, with its quaint and antiquated stone cottages, slopes gently northward, and on a little rise upon the left hand of us coming from Bassano, we saw that stately religious edifice with which Canova has honored his humble birthplace. It is a copy of the Pantheon, and it cannot help being beautiful and imposing, but it would be utterly out of place in any other than an Italian village. Here, however, it consorted well enough with the lingering qualities of that old pagan civilization still perceptible in Italy. A sense of that past was so strong with us, as we ascended the broad stairway leading up the slope from the village to the level on which the temple stands at the foot of a mountain, that we might well have fancied we approached an altar devoted to the elder worship: through the open doorway and between the columns of the portico we could see the

priests moving to and fro, and the voice of their chanting came out to us like the sound of hymns to some of the deities long disowned; and I could but recall how Padre L—— had once said to me in Venice, "Our blessed saints are only the old gods baptized and christened anew." Within, as without, the temple resembled the Pantheon, but it had little to show us. The niches designed by Canova for statues of the saints are empty yet; but there are busts by his own hand of himself and his brother, the Bishop Canova. Among the people present was the sculptor's niece, whom our guide pointed out to us, and who was evidently used to being looked at. She seemed not to dislike it, and stared back at us amiably enough, being a good-natured, plump, comely, dark-faced lady of perhaps fifty years.

Possagno is nothing if not Canova, and our guide, a boy, knew all about him,—how, more especially, he had first manifested his wonderful genius by modelling a group of sheep out of the dust of the highway, and how an Inglese, happening along in his carriage, saw the boy's work and gave him a plateful of gold napoleons. I dare say this is as near the truth as most facts. And is it not better for the historic Canova to have begun in this way, than to have poorly picked up the rudiments of his art in the work-shop of his father, a maker of altar-pieces and the like for country churches? The Canova family has intermarried with the Venetian nobility, and probably would not believe those stories of Canova's beginnings which his townsmen so fondly cherish. I dare say they would even discredit the butter-lion with which the boy-sculptor is said to have adorned the table of the noble Falier, and first won his notice.

Besides the temple at Possagno, there is a very pretty gallery containing casts of all Canova's works. It is an interesting place, where Psyches and Cupids flutter, where Venuses

present themselves in every variety of attitude, where Sorrows sit upon hard, straight-backed classic chairs, and mourn in the society of faithful Storks; where the Bereft of this century surround death-beds in Greek costume appropriate to the scene; where Muses and Graces sweetly pose themselves and insipidly smile, and where the Dancers and Passions, though naked, are no wickeder than the Saints and Virtues. In all, there are a hundred and ninety-five pieces in the gallery, and among the rest the statue named George Washington which was sent to America in 1820, and afterwards destroyed by fire in the Capitol of North Carolina, at Raleigh. The figure is in a sitting posture; naturally, it is in the dress of a Roman general; and if it does not look much like George Washington, it does resemble Julius Cæsar.

The custodian of the gallery had been Canova's body-servant, and he loved to talk of his master. He had so far imbibed the spirit of family pride that he did not like to allow that Canova had ever been other than rich and grand, and he begged us not to believe the idle stories of his first essays in art. He was delighted with our interest in the imperial Washington, and our pleasure in the whole gallery, which we viewed with the homage due to the man who had rescued the world from Swaggering in sculpture. When we were tired, he invited us, with his mistress's permission, into the house of the Canovas adjoining the gallery; and there we saw many paintings by the sculptor,—pausing longest in a lovely little room decorated, after the Pompeian manner, with *scherzi* in miniature panels representing the jocose classic usualities,—Cupids escaping from cages, and being sold from them, and playing many pranks and games with Nymphs and Graces.

Then Canova was done, and Possagno was finished; and we resumed our way to Treviso.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

THE works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,
And soul of God are blended!

A WIFE BY WAGER.

ON a sunny afternoon in the middle of August, 1756, a gayly-dressed young gentleman of evident rank and wealth, apparently about twenty-three years old, sat in the doorway of the *Café de la Régence*, languidly surveying the passers-by, and occasionally vouchsafing a nod of recognition to some noble cavalier, or graciously waving from his perfumed handkerchief a sentimental salutation to some lively beauty of high estate or doubtful fame. So very inert and imperturbable was this gayly-dressed young gentleman, that it seemed that nothing could disturb his dainty suavity; but suddenly, and without apparent cause, his eyes were lighted with a feeble expression of vexation, and, by a petulant movement, he thrust back his chair as if anxious to avoid observation.

The object that kindled this momentary spark of animation was a tall, broad-chested man, whose appearance, as he sauntered along the promenade, casting glances of contempt, which might or might not be sincerely felt, at the fashionable vanities which surrounded him, presented a striking contrast to that of the majority of strollers on that summer afternoon. His dress, though neat, was simple, and almost sombre, being destitute of any species of decoration. His step was bold and vigorous, and, in his indifference to the gay panorama which glided past him, he held his chin so high in the air that the listless young gentleman hoped he might, in his loftiness, overlook him with the rest.

But possibly the new-comer's unconsciousness may not have been so absolute as he endeavored to make it appear; or possibly his attention may have been particularly attracted by the sounds of mirth issuing from the famous *Café*. At any rate, as he approached it, he turned his head, and, gazing a moment at the first-named gentleman, exclaimed, "Ah, my little *Fronsacquin*, is it really you?"

The "little *Fronsacquin*" rose with a vapid smile, from which every trace of annoyance had vanished. To be associated, even by a title of questionable compliment, with that social hero, the *Duc de Fronsac*, whose nimble caperings had been the admiration of Young France for nearly half a century, was sufficient to banish from his mind any other thoughts than those of proud complacency and self-content. He welcomed his interrogator with all the ardor of which he was capable. That is to say, he lifted his hat with one effort, inclined his body with a second, and motioned to a vacant chair beside him with a third, after which he sank back exhausted.

Rallying presently, he said, "You are soon back again, *M. de Montalvan*."

"Yes, *M. de Berniers*, our part of the fighting is over for the present."

"Then why not leave off your fighting dress?" said *M. de Berniers*. "You look as if you knew nothing of the age we are living in."

"My friend, we live in an age when nobody occupies himself with anything but the pleasures of life. One of the pleasures of my life is to wear a soldier's dress; and you very well know the reason why."

"Don't snarl, *M. de Montalvan*. Yes, I remember the reason now. Never mind. Some wine; and tell me about the great Duke. Is he really as gallant in the field as in the boudoir?"

"Hum. The great *Duc de Richelieu* looked on with remarkable bravery while we took *St. Philippe*. Yes, now that the *salons* refuse him for a hero, I suppose we must make a place for him in the camp."

"Ah! I have heard why you begrudge the *Maréchal* his fame. But it matters very little; even *Madame de Pompadour* has given him her acclamations at last."

"She knows when to hide her hatreds and how to cherish them. But

that's a dull subject, M. de Berniers; give me news of home. The Queen?"

"More virtuous than ever."

"And the King?"

"Less."

"Impossible!"

"Quite true."

"Some more wine, then. And the Pompadour?"

"Cold, but still powerful."

"I have heard," said M. de Montalvan, lowering his voice, "strange tales about the Parliament,—that it holds secret meetings, and that the court should keep itself prepared for some unexpected action."

"Bah!" said M. de Berniers, with a laugh, or rather a gentle inarticulate murmur of mockery; "put aside those notions, my dear M. de Montalvan. There is no power on earth can move the court of France."

"Good! And the theatres?"

"Intolerable. La Clairon has done something in a play by M. de Voltaire,—a play stolen from a Chinese tragedy, 'The Orphan of Tchao.' He calls it 'The Orphan of China.' It is dreary stuff. I wonder if our well-beloved king could not be induced to keep M. de Voltaire's plays in exile, as well as M. de Voltaire himself."

"Precisely," said M. de Montalvan.

"Some more wine."

"And yet," said M. de Berniers, whose usually pale face was flushed by the repeated draughts of Burgundy with which he had found it necessary to stimulate himself to the effort of conversation, "and yet Mlle. de Terville, they say, will hear of nothing but M. de Voltaire. We shall quarrel finely about that, for one thing,"—and his eyes gleamed with what would have been amusement if they had been capable of so definite an expression.

"Mlle. de Terville!" said M. de Montalvan in some surprise, which, however, the other did not observe; "do you know her?"

"Perfectly."

"Is it possible?"

"All about her."

"Tell me, how does she look?"

"Ah, now you ask too much. I have never seen her."

"But you say—"

"That I know all about her. Yes, I am to wed her in six weeks."

"The Devil and St. Philippe!"

"I don't wonder you are astonished, my dear De Montalvan. It's quite throwing myself away to marry any woman at my time of life. Think how many adventures I shall lose. I never intended to be married until I had risen to something like the glory of Richelieu. Imagine having two beauties fight a duel for you, for example! Richelieu was only twenty-two when Mesdames de Nesle and de Polignac fought for his favor. I am twenty-three, and no woman ever fought for me. At least, not that I am aware of."

"Courage, De Berniers; if you had lived in Richelieu's day you would have had forty duels upon your account instead of one."

"Quite likely. The age has degenerated. Somewine, De Montalvan. Yes, the affair was arranged by our relatives. Contiguous estates; enormous *dot*. I know very little about it myself, except that I am the victim. Apropos," added M. de Berniers, as energetically as was consistent with his sense of what a disciple of Fronsac owed himself, "you are at leisure. The contract is to be signed early in September. Come to Brittany, and help me through. They say Brittany is a fine country. I have never seen it, though I have a chateau there. Will you come?"

De Montalvan looked keenly at his companion, as if endeavoring to detect some hidden meaning in these last words, drank some more wine, and remained silent.

"Come, De Montalvan, an answer."

M. de Montalvan scowled, and drank again. He appeared to be considering in what manner he could most readily make himself offensive to M. de Berniers. Presently he remarked, in a tone which was intended to be deeply satirical, but which his frequent imbibitions rendered merely malicious,

"Have you made any wagers of late, my little friend?"

M. de Berniers's countenance fell into the same expression of discontent as that which it had displayed on his companion's first appearance. He essayed a frown,—a feat it would have been difficult for him to execute at any time, but which was now simply impossible. He was not equal even to a distortion. But he answered spitefully: "To the Devil with you and your wagers! But I will make it even yet. Perhaps another time you will not dare to compete so readily."

"Dare, Monsieur!" said De Montalvan, hastily. Then, checking himself, he added, more composedly: "But why should I quarrel with Fronsacquin? It is clear he knows nothing. If I must ease my mind by quarrelling, there are plenty hereabout," and he glared around quite savagely. His eye lighted upon a *brouette*, one of the small hand-carriages then in vogue, in which a large and heavily built young man was reclining, while the owner of the vehicle, a slender lad, toiled with difficulty before him. "Dare, is it, De Berniers? Do you see that sluggard, wasting this beautiful day in a lazy *brouette*? Ten louis that I have him out, and walking, as he ought, in less than five minutes."

"You are mad, M. de Montalvan."

"You decline?"

"No, I accept!" and De Berniers, who was not so tipsy but that he could plainly see De Montalvan was more so, wore upon his face what by one who was acquainted with him would have been understood as an air of triumph, but to a casual observer would convey no direct idea of any kind.

M. de Montalvan rose and advanced, hat in hand. "Pardon me, Monsieur," he began, "I have a few observations to address to you. It is a singular spectacle to behold a man of your health and vigor, and especially of your size, compelling a poor wretch like this to drag you through the streets in the midsummer heat."

"It is more singular, Monsieur, that you should venture to address me in

this manner," said the stranger, and he directed his attendant to move forward.

"No, Monsieur," said De Montalvan, placing himself in the way, "that is out of the question. I feel it my duty to object to your making use of a *brouette* on such a day as this."

"Ah, you object!"

"Most decidedly. In fact I will not allow it."

The stranger sprang with alacrity upon the sidewalk, and, drawing his sword, advanced upon his persecutor. "We shall see," he said, grimly.

"As you please, Monsieur," said De Montalvan, putting himself on guard.

But, as may be supposed, the soldier's hand was unsteady, and his eye uncertain. After a few rapid passes, he let fall his right arm, which had been sharply punctured above the elbow. M. de Berniers absolutely cackled with delight.

"Now, Monsieur," said the stout stranger, "you will probably suffer me to traverse the streets in the manner that best suits me."

"Pardon me again," responded De Montalvan; "you have fairly wounded me, but I am sure you are too gallant a gentleman to deprive a bleeding adversary of the most convenient means of reaching his home";—with which he quietly stepped into the *brouette* and was wheeled away, while the stranger gazed after him in stupefaction.

De Berniers would have gnashed his teeth, but that he had not yet recovered from the exertion of his previous cackle. For a week thenceforth he was the sport of Paris, and, to complete his disgust, the adventure was circulated by the celebrated *raconteur*, M. de Lugeac, in the *salons* of the Dauphine and elsewhere, with embellishments by no means favorable to his reputation as a *bel esprit*.

Raoul de Montalvan was a young gentleman of moderate fortune, who, at the age of twenty, sold his small estates in Avignon in order to equip a company and join the Chevalier de

Modène in the campaign of 1745, under the Maréchal Saxe. At Fontenoy he was acknowledged to have distinguished himself; but his recollections of that battle were embittered by the fact that the Comte de Lally had robbed him of the honor which he most coveted, — that of having detected, by a bold reconnoissance, the weak point in the enemy's front, by piercing which the field was ultimately won.* Nevertheless, he had been praised; and praise, at that period, was his best reward. With a light heart and high hopes he started for Paris, in further pursuit of fortune. In company with his patron, M. de Modène, he presented himself at court. The sentinel on duty curiously eyed their uniforms, and refused to admit them. The King, fatigued with war's alarms, and anxious to banish from court all memories of carnage and confusion, had ordered that no military dresses should appear in his *salons*. In vain the young soldiers represented that they had parted with all their possessions to serve their monarch, and that they had surrendered the last means of otherwise arraying themselves; in vain they insisted that the noblest decorations in the eyes of his Majesty should be the dust and blood of the field of Fontenoy. They were repulsed. De Modène revenged himself by the famous epigram which caused an order of arrest, and compelled his flight. De Montalvan, taking the insult more to heart, swore furiously that, excepting as a soldier and in soldier's dress, he would never enter the French court, and from that time had steadfastly persisted in the rigorous costume which excited M. de Berniers's criticism. There were, indeed, some who declared that he claimed as a virtue of obstinacy that which was only a necessity of poverty; but for such aspersions he cared little.

As a further mark of his disgust, he quitted France altogether, and, in his

* The Lieutenant-General Duc de Richelieu enjoyed the fame and received the reward of this important discovery, due really to an unknown adventurer. Even the claim of De Lally was set aside in favor of the illustrious impostor.

twenty-first year, joined the expedition of the Pretender; but as his fortunes were not materially improved by this enterprise,* he next year became loyal, and assisted M. de Belle-Isle in the extirpation of the Austrians from Dauphiny. In 1748 he again followed his old leader, M. de Saxe, to victory, after which, the war in France having ceased, he turned his attention to foreign fields of glory and profit. He served two years in India, with Dupleix, where he found that, although the glory was free to any man's clutch, the profit was sacred to a few. After Dupleix's fall, he joined the French troops in America, where, with his comrades, he assisted in the defeat of Lieutenant-Colonel Washington in the action which followed the massacre of M. de Jumonville. Finally, after ten years of military hardship and heroism, he returned to Paris, bringing with him as the result of his career a high repute for skill and courage, a well-worn sword, and a dozen deep scars.

It may be imagined that these ten years had not softened the asperity with which M. de Montalvan regarded the court and society. His manners were bizarre, his language was cynical, and his wilful deviations from the strict etiquette of the day could never have been tolerated excepting for the brilliant notoriety he had gained as a daring adventurer. He permitted himself to mingle in fashionable circles, that he might the better ridicule them, which he did audaciously. The edict against military dress was no longer in force, so that he was enabled to hover upon the outskirts of the court without sacrifice of dignity. But nothing in that effeminate world seemed to satisfy his turbulent instincts. *Homo erat*, — yet *everything* human, in that sphere, was foreign to him. At one of the court balls, however, an incident occurred which momentarily turned him from the course of his ill-humor.

Mlle. Virginie de Terville, a noble Nantaise, whose life, though not one of seclusion, had been judiciously kept apart from the corrupting influences

of the capital, was at Paris for the first time, with her uncle, an ex-officer of the king's household. To the fair neophyte the scene was one of rare enchantment; and although her keen instincts enabled her to conform with aptitude to the usages of the lively world around her, there was a freshness and a *naïveté* in her manner which contrasted charmingly with the effete and ceremonious forms of the experienced. M. de Montalvan met her at a masked ball, and was captivated with becoming rapidity. Although poor beyond description, his family was among the best, and he found no difficulty in making M. de Terville's acquaintance, and in due season that of his niece. For once he abandoned his acerbity, and returned to the character which had been natural to him ten years before. None could be more winning than M. de Montalvan if the impulse prompted him; and his graceful conversation, overflowing with anecdote and illustration which the homely wits of the home-keeping youth of Paris could not rival, made a vivid impression upon Virginie's imagination. They met only twice; for, just as M. de Montalvan was beginning to take serious thought of where this would lead him, he received an appointment from M. de Richelieu to the command of a company in the Minorca expedition, and was obliged to sail for Port Mahon without even the opportunity of a hasty adieu. Partly by good luck, partly by hard fighting, and partly owing to the blunders of Admiral Byng, the island was captured in a few months, and it was not long after his return from victory—as full of honors and as empty in purse as ever—that De Montalvan encountered his “little Fronsacquin” on the threshold of the Café de la Régence.

Louis de Berniers was the incarnation of aristocratic *niaiserie*. He was young, titled, not ill-looking, and had vast wealth at his command. But for this latter possession he might possibly have distinguished himself other-

wise than by his follies; for he was not without one or two good qualities,—for example, generosity. But with him generosity took the form of a reckless prodigality, which caused him to be surrounded by a swarm of flatterers and parasites, male and female, who so fed and pampered his raging vanity that he believed himself a Crichton at eighteen. His ambition soared only to the height of emulating the boudoir exploits of M. de Richelieu, and he fancied himself a master of all the social ceremonies of the capital. So far as his languid nature would allow him, he sought notoriety in every quarter. “No man's pie was free from his ambitious finger.” He had acted with Madame de Pompadour's company of amateurs at Versailles, and, though surrounded by clever gentlemen like D'Entragues and De Maillebois, firmly believed himself the only worthy supporter of Madame d'Etiolles. On the strength of his supposed supremacy, he had from time to time graciously volunteered his aid to Lekain and Mlle. Clairon in the preparation of their most difficult rôles. He had supplied the poet Beauverset with now and then a topic, and imagined himself to be the true source whence that incendiary rhymer drew his choicest inspirations. After the success of Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, he had driven the composer wild by his offers to assist him in the purification of his melodies. Nothing in the way of notoriety was too high or too low for him. He had laid out a plan for the replanting of the Trianon gardens, and was disgusted because Richard, the king's gardener, politely declined to adopt it; and he had been heard to say that in the composition of sauces and *vagoûts* he could easily rival his Majesty himself, and would prove his superiority, but for the fear of losing favor at court.

M. de Berniers and M. de Montalvan had met a short time before the attack upon Minorca. The gallant soldier was no flatterer, but the conceited little Parisian amused him sufficiently to oc-

cupy a good share of his leisure. He satirized De Berniers mercilessly from morning till night, to the latter's great astonishment, he having up to that time received only adulation and deference from his companions. But the name of "Fronsacquin," which De Montalvan had jestingly applied, so gratified his puerile vanity, that for a few days he looked upon the warlike adventurer almost with affection. Their intimacy had, however, been broken off a few days before De Montalvan's departure, in consequence of De Berniers's chagrin at losing a wager he had boastfully made. He had declared himself capable of securing the attention of any lady, however distinguished in appearance and however reserved in manner, that his friends might indicate, at a certain masked ball, and of bringing her openly to sup with them. De Montalvan defied him, and, selecting a fresh-faced lad from the opera, trained him to a perfect illustration of feminine modesty and simplicity, and set De Berniers upon him. Of course the farce was easily carried through. After the requisite preliminaries of shy evasion and coy resistance, the supposed fair one was led triumphantly to the supper-table, — the mask was removed, the secret exposed, and for ten humiliating days De Berniers was the laugh of the town.

It may be supposed that his peevishness was not diminished by the loss of a second public wager; but his opponent had been wounded, and that afforded him some comfort. Besides, he was still confident of winning his revenge, so he stifled his angry feelings, and renewed the request that De Montalvan would accompany him to Nantes. De Montalvan was moody, and swore he would go and join Montcalm in Canada. But his own recollection of the charms of Mademoiselle de Terville, added to the solicitations of De Berniers, — who was all unconscious that they had ever known one another, — induced him to change his resolution, and he half graciously consented.

Virginie de Terville, as has been said, was a different being, not only in the freshness and bloom of her beauty, but also by virtue of her domestic education, from the artificial goddesses of the Parisian sphere with whom she had been thrown into temporary contact. But her visit had not been long enough to reveal to her what lay beneath the glittering exterior of life at court. Her cautious uncle had cut short their sojourn at what he deemed a judicious period, and brought his ward back to the tranquil old chateau near Nantes, not entirely, it must be admitted, to her satisfaction. The splendors of the capital had just begun to fascinate her, and, what was more, she had been loath to think that that last brief interview with the handsome and eccentric captain, who had seen so much and told what he had seen so well, might never be repeated. Not that she cared to hear anything beyond his strange tales of adventure. Indeed no. He had lightly touched upon one or two other topics, during that same last interview, and she was sorry she had not checked him. Yet she *did* wonder what ever had become of him, and really would have been glad to know the result of his long journey through the tropical Indian forests with that beautiful Rajah's daughter of whom he had begun to tell her.

But these ideas did not occur to Virginie until after she had left Paris. While there, the constant succession of gayeties left no room for other than merry thoughts. She was a belle of high distinction, — an heiress, and a lovely one. For a month she was a leader of fashionable revels, and a very princess of masquerade. If it were known that at a particular ball she would appear as a heathen goddess, the *salons* were thronged with illustrations of mythology. When she wore the quaint dress of a Brittany peasant, all classes affected a rural simplicity. She had only to personate Joan of Arc, and a martial spirit fired the assembly; and when she crowned her triumphs by enacting a dashing young cavalier of the

period, women as well as men yielded their admiration and contended for her smiles. After so brilliant a career, what could she care for the applause which her dexterous disguises excited in the drowsy masquerades of Nantes. It served only to recall to her the vanished glories of the capital.

M. de Berniers, as chance would have it, was ignorant of the peculiar sensation which Virginie had created in the *beau monde*. During her month at Paris he had been hunting upon the estates of a noble friend in the East of France, and when he returned to his accustomed haunts, some time after, the fickle heart of society was fixed upon some new object of adoration, and cherished no recollection of the past. So he arrived at Terville with little knowledge of his intended *fiancée*, except that she was young, reputed good-looking, and the possessor of great riches. Leaving M. de Montalvan at the village inn, he rode over to the chateau the first morning after their arrival, to present himself in due form.

The fresh country atmosphere and the picturesque surroundings of the journey had done more to cheer M. de Montalvan's spirits than a college of physicians could have accomplished. The wound which he had received in his ridiculous duel was nearly healed, and he seemed more a man of the world than at any previous period in ten years, — always excepting the brief term of his acquaintance with Virginie. In spite of his natural hardihood, he was somewhat uneasy at the thought of again meeting that young lady, for whom he entertained, to say the least, a feeling of profound admiration; but curiosity was powerful within him, and he waited anxiously for the expected summons to the chateau. Any other sentiment than that of curiosity it would have been absurd for him to acknowledge. He was poor, and therefore unavailable in a matrimonial way. He had no domains adjoining the Terville estates, nor indeed anywhere else. He had nothing but his sword and his renown; and these would not

serve him in such a case. So, if ever the flame of hope had for a moment lighted his mind, he had summarily extinguished it, and flung aside, as it were, the tinder-box of every inflammable recollection.

The day before M. de Berniers's arrival, M. de Terville had been suddenly called to the South in consequence of the dangerous illness of a relative. The ceremony of welcome rested therefore with Mlle. Virginie. That young lady was far better acquainted with the habits and character of her proposed bridegroom than he imagined. She had heard much of him in Paris, and, since the project of an alliance had been submitted, contrived to learn more. Being a girl of spirit and intelligence, the information which she gained was not agreeable to her. She regretted not having met M. de Berniers in Paris, and longed for the opportunity of encountering him at least once or twice under other circumstances than those which now seemed inevitable. Upon the departure of her uncle, she set her wit to work; and as of wit she had no lack, there presently arose from the depths of her consciousness a scheme which promised to be successful.

"Mariotte," she said, summoning her waiting-maid, "bring me my cavalier's dress, — wig, buckles, stockings, everything."

"Yes, Ma'm'selle. Would Ma'm'selle wish to put them on?"

"Most certainly."

"But Monsieur de Berniers is expected this morning."

"Precisely."

"And Ma'm'selle will hardly have time —"

"I shall receive him *en cavalier*."

"*Seigneur Dieu du ciel!*" said Mariotte, astounded, "but that is impossible."

"Be reasonable, Mariotte," said Virginie, "and listen to me. M. de Berniers proposes to do me the honor of espousing me. I have never seen M. de Berniers, but I know something of him and I wish to know more. My

uncle earnestly desires this marriage, and it is my duty to oblige him. But he will not urge it against my inclination. If M. de Berniers, on arriving here, finds only the delicate and decorous young lady to whom he offers his hand, he will assume his best manner, conceal his faults, affect a hundred good qualities, and present nothing but a virtuously colored portrait of himself, which, I may afterward find out, bears little resemblance to the actual man. If, on the other hand, — do you see ?”

“Not exactly.”

“Mariotte, your stupidity pains me. You know that in my cavalier's dress nobody can distinguish me from a young gentleman of the court.”

“A very young gentleman, Ma'm'selle.”

“They are all mature at seventeen, now. At Paris I was taken for a man of fashion by half the ladies at the court ball, and even found myself with many a pretty quarrel on my hands. Well, M. de Berniers arrives; finds not me, but my cousin Charles, do you understand, who remains at the *château* to receive him in the temporary absence of M. and Mlle. de Terville. With one of his own sex he will have no concealments, and we shall soon know, my good Mariotte, what sort of gentleman we have to deal with.”

“Then you will be —”

“My cousin Charles.”

“O, impossible, Ma'm'selle! Think of the Count, your uncle.”

“Mariotte, think of me. It is I who am to be married, not the Count, my uncle. Consider, it is for my happiness.”

“One would almost think, Ma'm'selle, that you *wished* to detect some excuse for ridding yourself of M. de Berniers.”

“Perhaps.”

“Ah, ah! then there is a reason.”

“Possibly.”

“And that reason is —”

“Tall, brave, and handsome. Mariotte, do me justice; do you think it was for nothing that I used to dress with such double, triple care for the last few court balls at Paris?”

“Ma'm'selle, say no more; I consent.”

“A thousand thanks, Mariotte.”

“But it is dreadful to so deceive one's husband before marriage.”

“Much better than to deceive him after, Mariotte.”

This swept aside all Mariotte's hesitation, and the plot was carried out accordingly. M. de Berniers was received in due form by the fictitious cousin Charles, whose disguise a keener observer could not easily have penetrated. According to her expectation, the conceited Parisian soon became free and confidential.

“A neat little figure,” said De Berniers, patronizingly. “Come to court a year hence, and I will point you the way to any victory you please.”

“Ah, M. de Berniers, it is easy to point the way; but there are few who can follow it so triumphantly as you. I am not so young but that I have heard of your conquests.”

“True,” said De Berniers, affecting indifference; “a few countesses here and there, and once in a way a duchess or two. But of course Mlle. de Terville suspects nothing of that sort.”

“I suspect she knows it all as well as I.”

“Fancy this adventure,” began De Berniers, languidly. “Only eight or ten nights ago —”

“Pardon, Monsieur,” interrupted Virginie, who began to think she had opened a questionable game, “let me order some refreshment.”

“No, I breakfasted at the inn. As I was saying, only eight or ten nights ago —”

“At least, take some wine,” broke in Virginie again; and she rose and summoned Mariotte, who had been listening, and who entered not without perturbation.

“Thanks,” said De Berniers. “Eight or ten nights ago —”

But the impending peril was averted by Mariotte, who dexterously spilled a glass of wine over M. de Berniers's wig, causing him to rage after an impotent fashion, and to drawl an oath.

Virginie was greatly confused at the unexpected and awkward prospect which this attempt at conversation opened to her; but her thoughts were presently diverted by the startling intelligence that Raoul de Montalvan had accompanied her suitor, and was in attendance at the inn. Her first sensation was one of pleasure, — unaccountable pleasure, she thought; for why should the mere knowledge that the handsome captain was near her occasion any particular joy? Ah! she knew; she could now have the end of that mysterious and interesting story of the Rajah's daughter, with whom De Montalvan had travelled through the tropical forests.

But her next feeling was one of deep embarrassment. How could she meet M. de Montalvan in that dress? In the first place, he might have seen her wear it in Paris, and in that case would at once detect her; perhaps he would detect her under any circumstances, not being a vain, blind fool like De Berniers. But, beyond that, she could not bear the idea of such a masquerade with him. Of course she did not know why, but there was the fact, fixed and unblinkable.

She was relieved in the way she would least have expected, and by M. de Berniers himself. That gentleman, who was not fecund in ideas, and who, even after becoming conscious of the existence of one within him, was obliged to struggle with more violence than suited his temper in order to give it birth, had, immediately after mentioning De Montalvan's name, sunk into a profound revery. He gazed through his eye-glass from head to foot at Virginie, until she began to fear he had discovered her secret. At last his brow cleared, and, with a smile of self-congratulation, he said, "I have it now! I have it now!"

Then he confided, not without a pang of wounded *amour-propre*, the fact that, in the merry conflicts of wit at the capital, he had sometimes — not often, like the others — suffered defeat. He related the anecdote of the masquerade wager which he had lost to De Montalvan,

and exhorted his new friend to assist him in an appropriate revenge.

"You are young," he said; "not too tall; your complexion is as delicate as need be; you can easily borrow one of your cousin's dresses, and, without the slightest difficulty, could transform yourself into one of the most charming young ladies in the world."

"But, Monsieur," hesitated Virginie.

"Say no more," added De Berniers; "I count upon your friendship. Aha! M. de Montalvan, now we shall see. O, it is easily done, my little friend. I will ride over for De Montalvan myself. You shall be ready when we return. Of course I will first see you alone, and give you a few suggestions. The principal thing, you understand, is to fascinate him to the last extremity."

Virginie smiled, possibly with an inward conviction that she had already learned the way to do that.

"By all means fascinate him. Spare no methods. He is a rough soldier, and will suspect nothing. Make him declare his passion, if you can; and perhaps we may bring him to the point — who knows? ha! ha! — of offering marriage.

Virginie fluttered a little at this comprehensive announcement of her guest's design, but she was amused at the unexpected turn the affair was taking, and, without much delay, consented to array herself in feminine apparel.

M. de Berniers returned to the inn, with exultation in his heart. While riding with De Montalvan to the castle, he said, carelessly, "These rosy-cheeked peasants are delightful, my friend. Are you on the watch for adventure?"

"Not especially," said De Montalvan.

"Listen," said De Berniers. "Who knows but that in the country I might have better fortune than at Paris. Change of scene may bring me change of luck."

"In what respect?"

"De Montalvan, I have a fancy to renew some of our old wagers. If I fail here, nobody will know it."

"And if you succeed, you will send an express to Paris to publish the news."

"I don't say no; but I am willing to undertake to ensnare you as you deluded me last year at the court ball. And that during our visit here, or at any rate before we go back to the world."

"As you please," said De Montalvan, indifferently.

"Is it a wager, then?" asked De Berniers, half trembling with impatience.

"Yes."

"For ten louis?"

"Very well."

On arriving at the chateau, M. de Berniers sought his fellow-conspirator alone, and, finding her duly attired, proceeded to criticise.

"Hum, another patch on the left cheek, I should say. But no matter. Pray be careful of your voice. Nothing is so difficult to disguise as the voice. I always detect a man instantly by his voice; though, to be sure, De Montalvan is not experienced, like me, and there will be no trouble in deceiving him. Now let me see you walk."

Virginie took a few steps to and fro.

"My dear friend, don't stride like that," said De Berniers; "short steps, in this manner, if you please";—and he mincingly illustrated, to Virginie's intense gratification.

"Now, a salutation," he added.

Virginie courtesied.

"Bad, bad," said De Berniers; "it is clear you are not used to this sort of thing. Try this";—and he executed a profound feminine obeisance.

"That 's better," he remarked, approvingly, as she affected to imitate him; "and now these shoulders. Ah, but these shoulders are very bad. You should curve them forward, thus,"—with which he seized Virginie's shoulders, and endeavored to press them into what he conceived to be the proper position.

"Take your hands away, Monsieur," screamed the young lady, springing from him with great precipitation.

"Ticklish, I see," he quietly remarked. "And now there is one thing more. Whatever else you do, speak

low, and do not swear. I have known many a comedy of this sort to be ruined by an inadvertent oath."

"I will try, Monsieur."

Then De Montalvan was brought, and was in proper form presented. At sight of him, Virginie faintly blushed, which circumstance enchanted De Berniers. "The rascal does better than I could have expected," he thought. After a short conversation, he contrived an excuse to leave them alone together,—his accomplice and his dupe.

"At last, Mademoiselle," said De Montalvan, dismissing the pretence of reserve which he had maintained during his friend's presence,— "at last we meet again; but how unexpectedly, and under what strange circumstances!"

"Indeed, Monsieur, I am hardly less surprised at seeing you again, than I was at your mysterious disappearance from Paris, some months ago."

"But were you not aware —"

"Of what?"

"That I was ordered to accompany M. de Richelieu to Port Mahon?"

"The orders of M. de Richelieu must be very imperative."

"To a soldier they are, Mademoiselle. But at present I am not a soldier. The expedition is gloriously ended, and I submit myself to your orders, and to yours only."

During the few days that intervened before M. de Terville's return, De Berniers labored heart and soul—that is to say, with as much of either as was in him—to still further entangle his misguided and infatuated friend. It was clear to him that De Montalvan was hopelessly in love, and, since he had so well succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise, he saw no reason why he might not conduct it to a more triumphant conclusion than he had at first thought possible. He took counsel with Virginie, and besought the supposed cousin to send a messenger to M. de Terville, explaining the case, and asking his co-operation. He even stimulated De Montalvan's passion by pri-

vately declaring that the prospect of marriage was irksome to him, suggesting that he should transfer his claims, and offering to intercede with Mlle. de Terville's uncle, if De Montalvan could assure himself of the young lady's favor.

While this bungling disciple of *Mephistopheles* was digging his own pit-fall, Virginie was in some perplexity. She did not reveal to her admirer that De Berniers was hoping to entrap him; for that, she said to herself, there was no immediate necessity; and the days were passing so agreeably that she shrunk from making any explanation that might disturb their tranquillity. De Berniers, pursuing his scheme, kept himself resolutely in retirement. From the treasures of his varied experience, De Montalvan exhumed volumes of adventurous history for the young girl's amusement. "The dangers he had passed" endeared him to her, and, though his apparel was still sombre, there fortunately was no black face to interfere with the pleasant growth of her regard; for the ladies of Louis the Fifteenth's time were not generally so indifferent to personal appearance as the fair Venetian was said to be. And then she had obtained the sequel of the story of the Rajah's daughter, whom Raoul had protected in the Indian forests; and it was satisfactory to know that his guardianship over her, though gallant and chivalrous, had not been prompted by too ardent an emotion. Her only apprehension was in regard to what might occur upon her uncle's return. That he would not urge her to espouse a man whom she thoroughly detested, she very well knew; but whether he would sanction her betrothal to a poor soldier of fortune, was a question which she hardly dared to ask herself. Not knowing what to do, she did nothing, and, with considerable anxiety, waited for events to work their own solution.

M. de Terville did not appear until the day fixed for the signing of the contract, when he arrived in great haste, accompanied by a notary, and expressed his wish that the ceremony should not be delayed, as he was

obliged to return at once to the South of France. As soon as it was known that he was within the chateau, De Berniers sought Virginie, and inquired whether her uncle had received due warning; to which she answered that he knew all that was necessary. She then prepared to surrender herself to destiny; for, though a spirited girl, she had not courage enough even now to take the control of affairs into her own hands, and could only indulge a vague hope that some beneficent interposition of fortune might smoothly shape the course of her true love.

The two young gentlemen joined M. de Terville and the notary in the library, where the blank contract and writing-materials were conspicuously displayed. De Berniers wore an air of almost supernatural intelligence, at which the noble Count marvelled, though he was too hurried to seek an explanation. On greeting M. de Montalvan, he expressed regret at not having immediately recognized him. De Berniers, fully convinced that the Count was in the plot, took this as a piece of by-play, not, however, thoroughly understanding its purport. De Montalvan was wretchedly ill at ease, but gathered a little reassurance from De Berniers's declaration that he would voluntarily renounce his pretensions, and abdicate in favor of his friend.

"Now, Monsieur, if you please, as follows," said M. de Terville to the notary—"between Monsieur Louis de Berniers and—"

"Excuse me," interrupted De Berniers, making singular and inexplicable signs to the Count, "Monsieur Raoul de Montalvan, if you please."

"How, Monsieur," exclaimed the Count, with hauteur.

"But surely you understand," whispered De Berniers, hastily; "of course you must understand."

"Explain your observation," said the Count, aloud.

"Most extraordinary!" thought De Berniers. "He will spoil everything." Then again, in an undertone, "You know he is supposed to take my place."

"Monsieur," said the Count, more stiffly than ever, "I do not understand this enigma."

"How stupid I am!" said De Berniers suddenly to himself. "To be sure, it is necessary for him to affect surprise and indignation. The fact is, he acted it too well; for a moment he almost deceived me." Then turning to Raoul, he exclaimed: "M. de Montalvan, the Count shall know all. Learn, M. de Terville, that, finding a total absence of sympathy between myself and your charming niece, and feeling that I could in no way insure her happiness, I have determined to ask you to receive, instead of my own, the addresses of my noble friend, M. Raoul de Montalvan."

"The proposition, Monsieur, is scandalous. I refuse to entertain it. My niece would never listen to it."

"You are wrong, Monsieur; Mlle. de Terville joins us in this request."

"Impossible. Am I to understand, Monsieur," said the Count, addressing De Montalvan, "that my niece has indicated a preference for you over this gentleman?"

"I hardly dare to avow it, Monsieur, but —"

"Enough!" interposed the Count, turning with rage upon De Berniers. "And as for you, Monsieur, your conduct is nothing better than an insult to me."

"Saperlotte!" said De Berniers to himself, "but he acts better than Cousin Charles."

"I will deal with you presently, Monsieur," continued the Count. "M. de Montalvan, you love my niece?"

"Devotedly," said De Montalvan.

"O, frantically!" cried De Berniers.

The Count cast a withering glance upon the unfortunate plotter. "It is sufficient," he said; "the contract shall be drawn as you desire, if only to punish this imbecile. But I have no disposition to control my niece's wishes. She shall have perfect liberty to sign, or not, as she chooses."

"That is all we ask," said De Berniers, essaying a comical grimace, which

tempted M. de Terville to order his ejection by the domestics. In fact, he suddenly did summon a servant, but, after a moment's reflection, merely directed him to notify Mlle. Virginie that her attendance was requested.

Three persons awaited her appearance with vivid emotions. Raoul's hope was higher than his expectation, and, notwithstanding his ten years of exposure to every kind of mortal peril, he now felt for the first time the physical panic of fear. M. de Terville was not less curious than angry; and he was by no means indisposed to see his niece complete De Berniers's humiliation by accepting the new rival. As for De Berniers himself, he was reveling in all the ecstasies of satisfied revenge, and could hardly restrain his exultation long enough to witness the *coup de grâce*.

Of course, Virginie signed without hesitation. The fate to which she trusted had been as kind as she could wish. As her pen left the parchment, a remarkable scene ensued. De Berniers actually laughed aloud, seized the Count affectionately by the hand, and so far forgot the laws of decorum as to slap the notary upon the shoulder. He would next have embraced Virginie with effusion, had not De Montalvan interposed.

"You shall answer for this, Monsieur," cried M. de Terville, furiously. "Another such offence, and I will have you expelled by the lackeys."

"My dear Count," said De Berniers, "the comedy is finished, and we can all drop our rôles, except M. de Montalvan, who, I imagine, will continue to hold his longer than he desires. And now, where is Mlle. Virginie?"

"Is he mad?" said De Terville.

"Mlle. Virginie is here, at your service," said the lady, coolly.

"That's very well," replied De Berniers, "but I tell you the curtain has fallen. Poor M. de Montalvan is puzzled enough already. Let us send for Mlle. Virginie, and show him his error."

"No more of this senseless jesting," said the Count; "Mlle. Virginie is

here; say what you desire, respectfully, and allow us to wish you good day and a comfortable journey."

De Berniers's head began to swim. "But this is her cousin, not herself," he exclaimed.

"My niece has no cousin," said the Count.

"The fact is," said Virginie, "that my cousin Charles and I are one; and my reason for the little masquerade was —"

But De Berniers heard no more. He rushed frantically from the library, straight to the stables, mounted his horse, and galloped wildly away to the inn, whence he departed for Paris within an hour.

M. de Terville was as much mystified as he was outraged by De Berniers's behavior; but Virginie, although she at once confided the secret to De Montalvan, thought it prudent to conceal it for a while from her uncle, who

remained unacquainted with all the details until after the marriage, which was not long deferred.

It is a lamentable fact, that M. de Berniers never paid this wager. He even contemplated sending M. de Montalvan, instead of the ten louis, an invitation to mortal combat; but the friends whom he consulted convinced him that he had no just cause of complaint against the captain. The only person by whom he had really been aggrieved was Mlle. de Terville; M. de Montalvan could not in decency be held responsible for the non-success of a conspiracy of which he was to have been the victim. So M. de Berniers had to accept all the ridicule of the position, without the consolation of directing his vengeance against anybody. He did not pay the ten louis, but it was never said that M. de Montalvan felt dissatisfied with the result of his third wager.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN has been fortunate in finding unappropriated, untried even, a dramatic subject of well-defined and completed historical interest, for the treatment of which his taste and talents give him an extraordinary adaptation. He has rightfully asserted his claims to be regarded as occupying the whole of a field whose scope and contents he has so ably mastered, and portions of which he has wrought to such good purpose. He has for many years had in view a series of historical narratives,—each complete and independent in itself, though having an organic relation to the others,—which should present the whole story of early French and English enterprise and rivalry in North America. Under the title of "Pioneers

of France in the New World," published two years ago, and noticed at the time in these pages, we had a volume which initiated the full development of the results of his labors as far as they dealt with the earliest events and actors connected with French enterprise on this continent. In his "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," published sixteen years ago, Mr. Parkman had already given us the last act in a drama of intense interest.

"The Jesuits in North America" is the title of a new volume, and of a well-rounded and nobly-wrought theme. The English reader had nothing within his reach before from which he could learn what is offered to him here. Rich as the subject actually is in documentary and printed materials of prime

* The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

authenticity, and in the infinite minuteness of detail in their contents, these materials were widely scattered and not readily accessible. Mr. Parkman has either copied or procured the copying of many thousand pages of manuscripts illustrating his theme. He has gathered all the pamphlets, volumes, and maps which have any relation to it. He has put himself in communication with officials, custodians, and antiquarian students, who could help him in his researches, and, by visits of exploration and inquiry to the localities which form the scene of his narratives, he has faithfully met all the conditions external to his own more special qualifications for the exacting work which he has undertaken, and, so far, so successfully accomplished.

We have intimated that Mr. Parkman has special qualifications, taste, and talents for the line of historical studies to which he has devoted his life, and in which—in spite of most discouraging and embarrassing impediments of ill-health and physical suffering in eye and limb, and the sympathetic demands of the brain for rest and inaction except at long intervals and for short efforts—he has already done enough to give him place in our foremost literary ranks. We might emphasize our assertion of these special aptitudes and talents of his even up to a point which to those who are not familiar with his pages would seem enthusiastic or exaggerated. The curiosity, or sympathy, or reference to his own historical purposes,—call it and regard it which of these motive influences we will,—which has led Mr. Parkman to seek the closest contact with many of the Indian tribes in our domains,—to share their life, to be domiciled in their dirty lodges, to partake of their unappetizing feasts, to listen to their traditional and tribal lore, and to endeavor to put himself into communication with the inner workings of their thought and being,—has accrued most helpfully to the benefit of his readers. We feel that he is for us a faithful and competent interpreter and commentator

of Indian life, manners, superstitions, and fortunes. He has a marvellous skill in observing and describing the phenomena of nature,—the features and scenes of the wilderness amid which they roved. Those gentle or strong touches for shading and blending, for bringing into bold relief, or for suggesting what is alone for the thought and not for the sight, which the skillful painter uses in his service, are paralleled by Mr. Parkman in the felicity of his verbal delineations. We know of no writer whose pages are so real and vivid in qualities harmonizing with his theme as are his. The abundant material to which we have referred required just that elucidation and illustration which he has given to it by familiarity with the scenes and subjects embraced in it. In some very important points the author, by his thoroughness, candor, and judicial spirit, corrects some false impressions generally accepted, and substitutes fact for the fancies of romance.

Ad majorem Dei gloriam,—"For the greater glory of God,"—the noble motto of the Society of Jesus, had inspiration enough in its sublime simplicity and fulness of aim to consecrate any great enterprise into which piety and zeal and self-sacrificing toil could throw themselves, under whatever limitations of ignorance or superstition. All the perplexing questions, shifting and deepening from age to age, and finding more adequate answers as to *what consists with the glory of God*, may help to train a more intelligent and practical judgment in the estimate of means and ends. But no comparative allowance of this sort can reduce the tribute due to devotion and heroism in an untried service for a holy cause, however bewildered and futile the endeavor. Mr. Lecky confronts us with the perhaps undeniable, but still unwelcome fact, that ardor and zeal cool proportionately as intelligent and practical aims direct the humane or the religious activities of men. Enthusiasm has an affinity, if not with superstition, yet with exaggerated and ill-adjusted estimates of the

relations between the body and the soul, the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the eternal.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the missionary Jesuits, whose life was so sore a martyrdom that they must have found relief even in a cruel death inflicted by the Indians, did balance their view of what would consist with the glory of God by some equivalent benefit which they thought to secure for the barbarians. It has become very desirable, for various good reasons, to concentrate all the efforts of thorough research and of discriminating judgment upon the actual condition of the native tribes on the northern part of this continent when European enterprise or zeal introduced among them new and potent agencies for good or ill. Is their decay, their extermination, to be ascribed to the cupidity and heartlessness of the white man, with his skilled and calculating arts for overmastering the rude children of nature? Were they a happy, contented race, supported by the forest and the stream, and sharing among themselves such relations as served for their uses in the stead of the more elaborate and artificial institutions of civilization? Did their compensatory advantages balance to any extent the rude and stern conditions of their existence? Did the white man try, even with moderate humanity and sympathy, to lift them to an equality with himself, and to share peacefully and with mutual benefit their old domain? Was their destruction a foredoomed conclusion, a calculated purpose, an acknowledged necessity from the first? or was it slowly and reluctantly accepted as an inevitable destiny decided by conditions which overruled and thwarted every scheme and device of philanthropy? Were the Indians in the way of self-development, working upwards to intelligent improvement in their means and ways of life? Would they have retained their heritage here up to this day, had the white man never come among them? These and many similar questions may be asked, either by curiosity or in the in-

terest of humanity, or in the service of ethnologic science. Mr. Parkman contributes more abundant and more instructive means for discussing and for deciding these questions in the light of authenticated facts, and of fair deductions from them, than do all who have preceded him on the subject.

In an Essay, introductory to his present volume, he embodies the results of many years of study, research, and personal observation concerning our Northern aborigines,—their tribal, treaty, and confederate relations, their distribution and numbers, their government, their family life, their customs, modes of subsistence, and warfare, their character and traits, their intellectual stage, their superstitions, their religious notions and observances. It is evident that his task, to this extent, was made an exacting one, not only by its inherent difficulties and complications, but by the misleading and guess-work representations of other writers who have been accepted as authorities. He makes stupendous reductions from the romance which has invested Indian character and life. "The noble savage," the ideal of so much fanciful and morbid sentimentality, becomes in his pages the representative of quite other qualities than those ascribed to him. In all that constitutes and ennobles manhood, and in all the conditions which should elevate the human above the brute creature, the savage and his lot are wanting.

Mr. Parkman says of the Huron-Iroquois family, that, from average capacity, superior cranium, and such advancement as is indicated by what we must call their mode of government, we might look to them, if to any of the aborigines, for examples of the higher traits popularly ascribed to Indians. But if we so look, we look in vain. Rather do we find in them the more repulsive and hideous qualities of the fiercest and the foulest brutes and reptiles,—a relentless and untamable ferocity and a homicidal frenzy. From the calm and exhaustive analysis of the philosophy of his theme, as well as from

the tragic story which fills his thrilling pages, it is evident that Mr. Parkman traces to the nature and circumstances of the savage himself the prime causes of his extermination. Independently of the white man's agency, — saving only the sale of guns by the Dutch traders at Albany to the Iroquois, — the decay of the Indian tribes is to be ascribed to their own incapacity for civilization, and to their own homicidal passion. One might as well expect to neutralize the game flavor in the deer or the sea-fowl, as to bring an Indian tribe under the conditions of what we call culture and civilization. Mr. Everett, in his address in commemoration of the massacre at Bloody Brook, near Deerfield, Massachusetts, vindicated the general course of the white men towards the aborigines of these regions, by claiming for it an accordance with the manifest will of Providence from an economical point of view. The Indian was a wasteful, wretched, improvident consumer and spoiler of the means of subsistence and enjoyment for communities of civilized men. So reckless and ruthless was he, so idle and thriftless, that he required for his precarious and beastly subsistence a domain which would furnish cities with all their comforts and luxuries. A thousand white men might subsist in comfort through the whole year where five Indians could find but enough with which to gorge themselves for a small part of the year, while for the rest of it they suffered for lack of food, fire, and shelter.

Undeniable, also, is the fact that, according to the measure of what represented Christianity to themselves, and the form and degree of benefit which they personally by experience derived from it, the earliest European comers labored sincerely, and at cost, to impart the blessing to the Indians. They made this attempt with equal fidelity under the inspiration and guidance respectively of the two very different forms in which Christianity, as a religion, was accepted by themselves, and divided the range of Christendom. Eliot and the Mayhews stand, and will ever stand, as

exponents of the purest, most patient and persistent zeal of Protestantism, matched only, but not surpassed, by the chivalrous devotion, constancy, and martyr-heroism of the subjects of Mr. Parkman's volume, in all the aims and toils of their impracticable work. The Protestant offered the Gospel to the Indians through intellectual teachings; the Romanist tried the experiment through a symbolism which one might, at first thought, regard as admirably adapted to the nature and circumstances of the savage. Success of a certain sort seemed to have secured, in both experiments, the promise of an ultimate reward for labor.

Happily, too, the Jesuit and the Protestant might alike find comfort in referring the disastrous overthrow of their hopes, not to the failure of their work, nor even to the inconstancy of their respective converts, but to the fortunes of the ferocious warfare by which the native tribes exterminated each other. Mr. Parkman first, or most lucidly and emphatically among our historians, and without a particle of special pleading, but simply by the fidelity of his narrative, makes it appear that the common impression as to the prime or fatal agency of the white man in visiting so ruthless a destiny on the Indians is exaggerated, if not substantially false. The tragic element in his pages, deep and plaintive as it is, comes in to show how Christian zeal and humane effort were thwarted by animosities and passions working among the Indian tribes before the continent was occupied by Europeans.

One of the most suggestive exercises to which the perusal of Mr. Parkman's book will quicken the minds of many of his readers, and for the more intelligent pursuit of which his pages will be found to afford the most helpful material, will be a comparison or contrast, not only of the genius of the Catholic and the Protestant religions in the work of missions among barbarians, but of the less spiritual and more homely qualities of the French and English proclivities,

as exhibited in their respective relations with the savages. The French came more closely and familiarly into sympathy and intercourse with them. The English never could fraternize with them. If an Englishman of the lowest grade took a squaw for his partner, he sank to the level of barbarism himself. It was quite otherwise with the Frenchman. After the permanent occupation of Canada was secured, a race of half-breeds constituted, so to speak, a very respectable, as well as the most efficient, element in its population. It was enough if the squaw of the Frenchman had been the subject of Christian baptism. But that ordinance, however effective for the life to come, did not qualify a native woman for English wedlock. Sir William Johnson, indeed, made no disguise of his manner of life, which the complexion of the daughters who sat at his table with his most honored guests would have rendered rather difficult; but their mother—or mothers—were not presentable.

A very engaging episode in Mr. Parkman's narrative—we propose it to our artists as a subject of rare and novel interest, and rich in capacity—presents us two noble specimens of Christian zeal, in the persons of a Jesuit and a Protestant missionary in amicable intercourse with each other. Would that we had a more detailed account of the interview, and of the conversation which must have given it the highest charm of courteous sympathy, though with reserve, between two men who represented the sharpest antagonisms of creed, while a common faith may have proved an inner attraction for their hearts. The Colony of Massachusetts had applied to the French at Quebec, in negotiations looking toward a reciprocity of trade. The Jesuit missionary Drulletes was sent in that behalf to Boston. His diplomatic character saved him from the penalty of the halter, which Puritan law had pronounced upon any one of his profession who should be caught in this jurisdiction. He arrived in the autumn of 1650,

and had a most hospitable and kindly reception, though he failed in his object. The scene we have proposed to a painter is that which finds Drulletes a welcome and honored guest in the humble dwelling of the apostle Eliot, at Roxbury, who invited the Jesuit to remain through the winter. We are sure they met and communed as friends,—high-souled, respecting each other, recognizing in each other aims and purposes, and the experience, alike in success and failure, of the arduous nature of a work which brought into a true communion of piety the spirits consecrated by it.

Not quite a score of years—from 1634 to 1650—suffice for the dates of the chief events in the profoundly interesting and saddening story of effort and failure which Mr. Parkman rehearses with such masterly ability. Starting with the renewed occupancy of Quebec in 1634, and the accession of the Jesuits to the abortive enterprise of the Recollet Fathers, he traces out for us the history of the Mission to the Hurons, giving us the characters of all its agents, an account of the settlements established, and the methods pursued till the work was frustrated.

It is but a sad and painful story—in some of its incidents harrowing and revolting—which Mr. Parkman has to tell us. So far as strict fidelity to his subject would admit, he has had regard to the sensibilities of his readers, and where he could neither hide nor soften, he has contented himself with intimating and suggesting what it would have been simply shocking for him to follow into further details.

With an acute skill in the reading of human nature, and a cosmopolitan spirit of his own which identifies religious toleration and charity with common sense, Mr. Parkman, in a few paragraphs crowded with facts and philosophy, takes us into the inner organization of Jesuitism, indicates the spring and aliment of its vitality, and explains to us how it reconciles the abnegation of the will with the concentration of resolve in obedience. Starting from Que-

bec as a centre of operation, and the place where French supplies and Indian traders were brought into contact in the spring of each year, the Fathers, following the direction of their Provincial at home, through their Superior resident, Le Jeune, radiated towards the dismal localities where each looked to live and die, as the majority of them did. We ought to have their names before us. The first six of them at Quebec were Le Jeune, Brébeuf, Masse, Daniel, Davost, and De Nouë. To these were added Buteux, Bressani, Ragueneau, Chabanel, Garreau, Garnier, Lalemant, Jogues, Chaumonot, and Vimont. Most of them were very young men, of noble lineage, and with the finest prospects of worldly success had they sought the prizes of courts and of civilized life. With few exceptions, they were not robust, but delicate. Eight of them died under Indian torture. Not one of them failed in purpose or in courage.

It is not possible for the pen of either Romanist or Protestant to make a Jesuit a lovely or attractive object to a Protestant. The flaw, if not the falsehood, in their claim to the loftiest homage, vitiates the appeal of the disciples of Loyola to the profoundest regard of the human heart, independently of the antipathies of creed. It is enough to know that their fellow-Romanists of other orders share to the full the sentiment of distrust towards them which no pleading in their defence has weakened in the common Protestant mind. Their devotion, their heroism, their stern constancy to the recognized principles of their severe discipline, does not neutralize, even if it qualifies, the persuasion, which has not lacked evidence to support it, that, in the service of God, they have been willing to learn art and subtlety from the Devil. True, we are told that a generous candor will always enable and dispose us to honor and reverence self-sacrifice with a sincere purpose, even when folly, instead of necessity, crowns it with martyrdom. The plausibility of this plea lies in a vague use of the word *sincere*.

The honors of martyrdom are yielded by a fine discrimination, as graduated by a scale recognizing a varying proportion of truth and value in the purpose for which the self-sacrifice is made. Every grain of superstition, duplicity, or recklessness reduces — every element of loftiness, high-thinking, and wise-purposing exalts — the honors rendered to a sufferer and a victim. We think that Mr. Parkman has held a fair balance in those almost alternate sentences in which, with a terse and comprehensive way of communicating his judgment, he recognizes the personal devotion, and compassionates the puerility and aimless toil, of the Jesuit missionaries. They might be pardoned for believing that the direction which the soul of a dying Indian child would take, either for heaven or for hell, was decided by their being able to cross a moistened finger upon its face. But to turn that saving charm into an act of jugglery, deceiving or falsifying to the parents, was an act which reduced the performer of it, either in intelligence or honesty, below the level of the sorcerer.

Mr. Parkman sets up no plea, positive or comparative, in behalf of that remarkable — we cannot say engaging — class of all-enduring men whose grim toils and sufferings he so faithfully narrates. Yet we have been spell-bound, and deeply stirred, as we have slowly read and mused over his pages. So graphic and skilful is his method, so animated is his style, so vivid and real does he make the scenes, the surroundings, and the phenomena of his subject, that, while we might dispense wholly with the exercise of the imagination, we find that it has actually beguiled us into its most effective exercise by persuading us that we have seen and shared in many of the personages and incidents of the narrative.

The rules of the Order required of the missionaries something in the nature of a diary, or journal, which, passing through the hands of the local Superior, should reach the Provincial at

Paris. From these official papers, entering into the fullest minuteness of detail, confidential in their contents, and of the utmost trustworthiness, were composed "The Relations," which, annually made public, were of double service,—in reporting the hopeful labors of those already in the hard and dreary field, and in quickening the fervent zeal for new accessions to it. From these Relations, and from the voluminous and equally rich private correspondence between the missionaries and their European friends, Mr. Parkman, contributing what he has learned from other sources, is able to construct for us a continuous narrative, which anticipates every question we might ask, and informs us fully on every point of interest in his theme. He describes to us the Jesuit living on visions and dreams, reinforcing his spirit by meditations, and keeping his enthusiasm up to the needed point by assuring himself, on emergencies, of the direct interposition of the saints in his behalf. He makes us join the travelling party of the missionary as he avails himself of an Indian escort to penetrate into the wilderness, sharing its perils and its annoyances, aggravated always, even when not created, by the shiftlessness of his companions. We are initiated into all the methods and appliances of travel, of hunting, of encamping, of lodge-building, of feasting and starving, on the

trail and in the village. The resources of forest life as presented by Thoreau, who had houses into which he might bring up at night, the furnishings of a wardrobe, and the comfort of salt, will be found on comparison to obtrude many broad contrasts with the realities encountered by the Jesuits and their entertainers. These all-enduring, patient men, born amid the luxuries of civilized life, left all behind them when they embarked in the canoe which was itself, with its contents, to be carried as a burden over the frequent portages connecting streams or avoiding cataracts. The first care of the "Black-Robes" was to provide the vessels and materials for the mass, with paper, pen, and ink. A few trinkets, and perhaps some implements of the rudest home-use, completed their outfit. They were disgusted, all but infuriated, by the filth and vermin, the loathsome familiarities, and the blinding smoke of the wigwam. Their feelings as civilized men were outraged by the fiendish barbarities of which they were spectators. Their lives always hung on a thread, at the mercy of caprice, jealousy, superstition, and hate, which were always active in savage breasts. Yet they toiled and suffered and persevered and hoped, as men can do and will do only when they believe themselves working for heaven,—to obtain heaven for themselves and to fit others for it.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers." — *New York Tribune.*

BY the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead ; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Under the one, the Blue ;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet ; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Under the laurel, the Blue ;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe ; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Under the roses, the Blue ;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch, impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Brodered with gold, the Blue ;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain ; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won ; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

FUGITIVES FROM LABOR.

YOUNG America in on the anxious-seat. An imploring cry comes up from the hearts of thousands, "What shall we do to be saved — from work?"

In the happy days of the Adamases, as Professor Agassiz has taught us to say, when every vine was a lodging rent-free, and the fig-trees furnished ready-made clothing, life was a pleasant pastime. But this is an age of cash or barter. The old common-law maxim concerning pains and penalties is the rule of modern society: *Qui non habet in crumena, luat in corpore*, — "He who cannot pay his fare must work his passage." To evade this law, to shirk the forecastle, and to devise some means of climbing into the cabin-windows, is the problem that the youth of this generation are trying to solve.

The United States offer so many *unprospected* or half-worked placers to sharp eyes, that we must look for a great deal of vagabondry. Gold-miners do not settle themselves down to crushing quartz, so long as there are nuggets to be picked up. Rare chances

lie hidden in the by-paths of this broad country, to tempt men to straggle from the ranks of the steady workers and turn foragers and *bummers*.

And in this generation money has attained an extraordinary value. Since Dr. Johnson announced, in his Tour to the Hebrides, that the feudal system was giving way to wealth, most other social distinctions have yielded to it, — particularly in America, where there were few barriers to break down, — and money has become the chief good. Our standard of position in society is financial worth. Our patents of nobility are railway bonds, stock certificates, and mortgages. The income-return list of the United States Internal Revenue Department is the *Libro d'Oro* of the American Venice. In this age of scepticism, the excellence of accumulated capital is the one thing no man doubts; and when I take off my hat to a rich man, which I always do when I meet him, I feel that I cannot be mistaken in paying respect to something demonstrable, tangible, real.

Money furnishes all the blessings of

life in this Western World, — health, beauty, wisdom, virtue, consideration; and some theologians have held that even the eye of the needle may expand to admit the camel who has dropped enough of his precious burden upon their premises.

If wealth cannot always give health, it can help to preserve it; it is the best of physicians.

There is nothing so becoming as property. "Handsome is who handsome has," is the accepted modern version of the old saw.

If a rich man does not pass for sensible and good, it is his own fault. Wisdom can be bought, generally at low prices; and virtue is always assumed to be an attribute of Fortune except in moral didactic treatises. A cubic ounce of gold can be beaten to cover fourteen hundred and sixty-six square feet; and a skilful capitalist can make it hide quite as large an area of meanness.

What weight an income adds to a man's sayings and doings! Your lucky broker, who has just turned a corner in stocks with a fortune, thinks Two Shillings has no right to an opinion when Half a Dollar is in the room. Although a man with a threadbare coat may say anything now-a-days, in spite of the Roman satirist, he can get no one to listen to him. Even genuine wit, like a good picture, shows better in a gilt frame with the varnish of success upon it.

It is not surprising that young men want money, and much of it, and quickly.

There is another stumbling-block in the path of steady work. Politically our progress in democracy is complete; but socially we hang back. The aristocracies of Europe despised trade; with us trade is an aristocracy that looks down upon manual labor, — an aristocracy with its gradations of rank and of titles, from merchant-prince to pedler. All who buy and sell consider themselves as belonging to the peerage of business. And as the *petite noblesse* of France liked to take a better title

and gayer armorials than belonged to them, so our lesser nobility and gentry are fond of using a brevet business-title considerably above the position they really fill. They are ashamed of the old English words that have designated their callings for centuries. We all know that shops and shopkeepers are not to be found in the United States. Even thread-and-needle establishments and apple-stands are stores. Within sight of where I write, a maker of false calves, and other cotton or sawdust contrivances to supply the padding which careless Nature often forgets to furnish, calls his workshop a studio. If I were to use the word "slops" in a "ready-made clothing depot," the Sir Piercie Shafton who keeps it would summarily expel me for my lack of euphemism. As a general rule, everybody is above his business, and thinks manual labor mean, and only fit for emigrants.

It is said that our mechanics are nearly all foreigners, and that an American apprentice is an extinct species, like the cave bear or the dodo. Farmers' sons prefer any way of getting their bread to working with their hands. The pedler's caste ranks higher than the manly independence of the plough. A country store is an object of ambition, where the only toil is to deal out a glass of wretched tippie to the village sots who haunt those castles of indolence to drink, to smoke, and to twaddle over stale village news. Some young fellows solicit subscriptions for maps or for great American works, or drum for fruit nurseries, patent clothes-wringers, or baby-jumpers. Others aspire to enter the religious mendicant orders of America, as paid brethren. They are too proud to work, but not ashamed to beg. Beg is perhaps a hard word; but solicitation is begging when the solicitor personally profits by it.

The sons of trading fathers despise the old tiresome roads to wealth of their class. Ledgers and law-books are too slow. All are in search of the short cut to fortune. They believe in the philosopher's stone as implicitly as the

alchemists; they seek for it as earnestly. It is a jewel that will last forever, but its composition varies with each generation.

We of the press get scores of letters from young men, who spread out therein what they imagine to be their qualifications and accomplishments,—and plenty of them, for self-satisfaction is really the first law of Nature. Then follow their hopes and wishes and askings for advice, which, stripped of the flimsy rhetorical wrappers they feel obliged to use in deference to the old prejudice in favor of steady industry, come simply to this: "What is the minimum of work on which a clever creature like myself can live? And what kind of work is the least irksome and the most respectable?"

My colleague Tarbox, justly celebrated as a local reporter, belongs to the earnest school, and wishes me to take high ground, and write a sermon on the holiness and dignity of labor. He is always ready with his *laborare est orare*, and has by heart a passage from a German professor, who, writing of the manners of the Romans in an epoch of their history not unlike this of ours, says: "When a man works merely in order to attain as quickly as possible to enjoyment, it is a mere accident that he does not become a criminal."

But I tell Tarbox that these foreigners never understand the working of our institutions, nor the genius of our people. As to the dignity of labor, I have written a good deal on that text, particularly just before elections. The phrase sounds well in leading articles and on the stump, and may carry some comfort to a hard-working man. But I doubt if he believes it in his heart. I certainly do not. It is not true. There is no dignity in labor. Honesty, wisdom, manliness, there may be in labor, but not dignity. Dignity is in repose; the proverb is as old as Julius Cæsar. I might perhaps serve out some cut-and-dried bits of morality that have been prescribed as specifics for such complaints since the days of the Seven Wise Men. We keep them "set

up" and ready for use. The only fault of these excellent old remedies is, that they never cure chronic cases of inefficiency, whether it be constitutional or contracted. They are good for nothing unless as a mild tonic for people who could do well enough without them. Now the cases we have to deal with are generally constitutional. When a young man writes to a stranger to ask upon what career in life he shall enter, he sends a diagnosis of his character in his letter. You know at once to what subdivision of the species he belongs. The hunting British squire recognizes only three orders of animals,—game, vermin, and stock. The human race may be divided in the same way. Game men take care of themselves; the vermin make others take care of them; and the stock, useful, harmless, and insignificant, except as an aggregate, furnish the first class with tools and the second with victims, and hitherto have done most of the drudgery of the world. Our correspondents belong to a sluggish but ambitious variety of the stock, that is seeking for some respectable or semi-respectable method of avoiding the primeval labor curse. Their own ingenuity failing them, they apply for the use of ours. The robust men, who have "the wrestling thews that throw the world," know how to get what they want, and ask no one to teach them. Indeed, to ask advice at any time is an indication of weakness. We feel kindly to those who consult us. It is a compliment that we were chosen, and not another; but I do not think that we respect them the more for it.

It is evident that the heroic remedies recommended by my colleague are likely to do harm rather than good to young persons who have outgrown their moral strength. It would be more humane to prescribe a treatment which, though it cannot cure, may alleviate their most distressing symptoms, and enable them to bear the burden of life without too much suffering. I shall, therefore, exhibit some of the methods by which young fellows of tolerable education and address may get along

without undue exertion,—*Disce puer fortunam ex me, verumque laborem ex aliis*. For a youngster of good nerves and hopeful temperament there is nothing better than speculation,—as gambling without pasteboard and ivory is called. Up to-day and down to-morrow is as pleasant and exciting to men of that mould as seesaws and swings to children with strong stomachs. But let those made of feebler stuff beware. Between the two millstones of winning and losing they will be ground into despair, or into shameless roguery. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

There is no simpler way of "achieving honorable maintenance" than to marry an heiress. But to seek fortune in matrimony is almost like looking for it in a lottery. By some mysterious law of Providence, rich people draw the high prizes. Money is apt to fall in love with money. The female dollar prefers the attentions of her own kind. Cupid, "once a god," as Tennyson writes, "is now a lawyer's clerk," with sharp eyes wide open; and suits *in forma pauperis* are as little likely to succeed in courts of love as in courts of law.

Politics being a subject everybody understands by instinct, young men will naturally turn their attention that way. The number of offices with salaries make this country almost that Frenchman's Utopia imagined by Madame de Staël, where every adult male was to be a public officer paid by the state. We have even more than this. When all other hopes break down, there is the custom-house,—that last infirmity of noble minds who have failed in every attempt to cure the aches that empty pockets are heirs to. No doubt the profession of politics is generally remunerative; but where I live, a foreign order of nature's nobility rules us. We Saxons have fought our battle of Hastings at the polls, and have lost it; and no one can hope to hold office here, unless he came over with Murphy the Conqueror. Even should he combine

in his person that profitable conjunction of knavery, impudence, and laziness which we call a politician, with the physical requisites described by a philosopher of the last century,—*Vox stentoria, sempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo*,—it would profit him nothing.

The poet Gray makes Jemmy Twitcher marry Divinity, after being refused by Law and Physic. These two smile only upon serious admirers. They who follow the law—at a distance, as some one remarks, never pick up a living. And in medicine, unless the indolent practitioner can invent a pill or a syrup, and can borrow enough to publish lying certificates from country clergymen, and to hire bill-stickers to dirty the face of Nature with the names of his specifics and the wonders they work, he will never earn his daily bread. But Divinity is more easily pleased. It was usual in the generation now passing away to recommend the Church to young gentlemen of moderate energy without capital. And indeed the path seemed easy, and the prospect pleasant.

A year or two in a seminary, a white cravat, a "call" made audible by a salary, Paley's advice in the matter of sermons,—to make one and to steal three,—all the young women of the parish sitting at his feet, working worsted slippers for them, and swinging their intoxicating little censers of flattery under his nose,—such was the imaginary programme of his career. Certainly a tolerable existence while it lasted. But it seldom did last. The "young probationer and candidate for heaven" married. He selected—destiny always seemed to impel him to it—a "sweet woman," who overstocked his parsonage, and, like the magician's apprentice in the ballad, could not rule the young spirits she had evoked. The salary did not increase with the family, and sweet women are never good housekeepers. The congregation began to criticise the old sermons; a jury of stern matrons, who spoke what minds they had, sat in perpetual session on his doctrines, his wife's dress,

and his children's behavior; — and the end of that man was dreary, if he was only a drone in the hive of the Lord. In our day the Church is militant, and needs her ministers in the field. Those who are not able to fight will be sent to garrison some remote post, where there is no danger and little pay.

Art offers many more inducements to our young friends. If they have a knack for sketching and a "feeling for color," as the slang goes, they need not waste much time in preparatory study. Let them devote themselves to landscape. It is easy to draw a tree that will not shock the eye of an ordinary observer. Little outlay is needed to hire a room; none whatever to call it a studio. This magical word furnishes it at once, and covers every deficiency in chairs, tables, and carpet. Studio, Artist, — excellent, well-sounding names! In them is often the secret of the whole business.

An artist has this advantage over other men, — he may indulge in whatever amusements his means can afford him, and no one will find fault. Every class has its own standard of manners and conduct. The measure and rule for artists have come over the sea, condensed from French *feuilletons* and *Vies de Bohème*. They are supposed to belong, by right of profession, to a reckless, witty, singing, and carousing guild. It is almost needless to say that the real life of the hard-working men who have earned fame by the brush is as unlike all this as possible. But these vague, ultra-marine notions of fun and revelry have taken possession of the American mind, just opening to art, and established the standard for artists here. It exists in fact only in the imagination; for, excepting a few ebullitions in the way of hair, beards, and black sombreros, our artists are as saturnine as the rest of us, and not as good company around the mahogany as a judicious combination of clergymen and lawyers. Nevertheless, so powerful is the conventional, when it has once taken root in the imagination, that some of our younger artists believe themselves to be wild, rollicking fellows, who despise the humdrum ex-

istence of the rest of us, although they are sober and economical, pay their bills weekly, and talk their morning paper like other people. Young correspondents! you will perceive what a chance is here for you. If a kind public, in its youthful enthusiasm for art, invests these steady-going citizens with such delightful romantic qualities, it will of course wink at any irregularities of conduct on your part, as in strict keeping with the character.

In addition, you will always find us of the press your trusty friends. Although behind the scenes myself, the peculiar connection that exists between items-men and artists is as inexplicable to me as the partnership of the owl and the prairie-dog in their dwellings on the plains. Why, when we make every other calling pay roundly for a notice, we puff the artists gratis in the most conspicuous columns of the paper, is a puzzle to me. But the fact exists. Hire your studio, nail up your name on the door, and we will make a pet of you at once, and pat you encouragingly on the back. You shall have little paragraphs of this kind: "Salvator Smith is studying atmospheric effects in the Brooklyn Mountains"; or, "Smith, our own Salvator, is making studies from nature near Roxbury"; or, "He has a grand classical picture on his easel in Green Street, representing a celebrated American in the character of the infant Hercules, strangling the British lion with one hand and the Gallic cock with the other." Few of our readers may have heard of Smith, but they read these iterated notices, and soon believe Smith to be somebody. And he has the sweet sensation of seeing his name in print at no expense to himself, and the rare luck of fame before it is earned. In the circle he adorns he will be looked upon as a judge in all matters æsthetical. It is only necessary to have painted a poor picture in order to be an authority in architecture, music, poetry, dress, decoration, furniture, private theatricals, and fancy balls.

At this moment the fashionable world is an oyster, which with his spatula an

artist may open. A picture mania rages. Good works bring enormous prices, and any discoloration of canvas in a gilt frame finds a ready purchaser, if signed by a known name. We are a commercial people, and are satisfied with a first-rate indorsement. The patron of art can soon educate himself for the position. The pet little phrases—"chalky," "sketchy," "tone," "repose," "opaque coloring," and all the rest of the technical vocabulary—are soon learned; and then if Lorenzo is able and willing to give ten thousand dollars for a picture, he may hold a court of artists and be sure of having a number of pleasant fellows about him. They, too, will be sure of champagne and oysters. All the schools, however different their theories of art may be, agree, I believe, that both of these compositions are excellent.

Lastly, I should like to say a few words in favor of my own noble profession, newspaper editing. Mr. Carlyle may spitefully call it "the California of the spiritually vagabond," but there is a proud pleasure in knowing that we gentlemen of the press furnish the great American people with their ideas and their phrases ready made, just as Brooks Brothers and Oak Hall provide them with their clothes. All very much alike, it is true,— "our spring style,"—and often ill-fitting and graceless; but we seem to fill a national want. Our names may be unknown outside of our offices, but the great planets are perceptibly influenced in their courses by little asteroids invisible to the naked eye, and many a celebrity who appears daily in large type is moved by the strings we pull, and knows it not. My comrade Tarbox says: "The oracles that became dumb in the year of our Lord were re-

ally a necessity to mankind, and consequently were made vocal again by the agency of Renaudot, who invented newspapers. The Delphis and Dodonas of the nineteenth century are newspaper offices." This may explain why young men in search of a profitable career write to us instead of applying to rich merchants or to dashing brokers. How fortunate that those who consult us never see the shrine or the priests! No gold or silver glitters in the modern *adytum*, or editor's room, and the tripod from which we distribute our *afflatus* to the compositors is a wooden three-legged stool, unpainted and uncushioned. That great oracle, Tarbox himself, was not long ago a noble savage who ran wild in the woods near some country college. Caught and caged in that institution, he devoted three years to pipes, and one to *belles lettres*, and receiving from a good-natured Faculty some sort of a degree, probably that of tobacco-laureate, came thence to town; where, inspired by a salary of ten dollars a week, he enlightens the public on finance and politics, art and literature, manners and taste, and writes those brilliant articles the world willingly lets die. When the California gold mines were first discovered, a clever fellow said that he knew of no opening for a young man like the Southwest Pass. That is still true for rough, coarse, self-asserting characters; but for delicate, refined, stay-at-home natures, who have wishes without wills, there are many ways of getting their porridge without selling their birthright of doing as little as possible. If they cannot float buoyantly on the surface, at least they need not sink far beneath it, but may enjoy a quiet, water-logged kind of existence, not devoid of comfort.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

May-Day and other Pieces. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE wonder whether those who take up Mr. Emerson's poem now, amid the glories of the fading summer, are not giving the poet a fairer audience than those who hurried to hear his song in the presence of the May he celebrates. As long as spring was here, he had a rival in every reader; for then we all felt ourselves finer poets than ever sang of the season, and did not know that our virtue was but an effect of Spring herself, — an impression, not an expression of her loveliness, which must pass with her. Now, when the early autumn is in every sense, and those days when the year first awoke to consciousness have grown so far away, we must perceive that no one has yet been allowed to speak so well for the spring of our New World as this poet. The very irregularity of Mr. Emerson's poem seems to be part of its verisimilitude, and it appears as if all the pauses and impulses and mysterious caprices of the season, — which fill the trees with birds before blossoms, and create the soul of sweetness and beauty in the May-flowers under the dead leaves of the woodlands, while the meadows are still bare and brown — had so entered into this song, that it could not emulate the deliberation and consequence of art. The "May-Day" is to the critical faculty a succession of odes on Spring, celebrating now one aspect and now another, and united only by their title; yet since an entire idea of spring is evolved from them, and they awaken the same emotions that the youth of the year stirs in us, we must accept the result as something undeniably great and good. Of course, we can complain of the way in which it is brought about, just as we can unbraid the New England climate, though its uncertain and desultory April and May give us at last the most beautiful June weather in the world.

The poem is not one that invites analysis, though it would be easy enough to instance striking merits and defects. Mr. Emerson, perhaps, more than any other modern poet, gives the notion of inspiration; so that one doubts, in reading him, how much to praise or blame. The most exquisite effects seem

not to have been invited, but to have sought production from his unconsciousness; graces alike of thought and of touch seem the unsolicited gifts of the gods. Even the doubtful quality of occasional lines confirms this impression of unconsciousness. One cannot believe that the poet would wittingly write,

"Boils the world in tepid lakes,"

for this statement has, for all that the reader can see to the contrary, the same value with him as that preceding verse, telling how the waxing heat

"Lends the reed and lily length,"

wherein the very spirit of summer seems to sway and droop. Yet it is probable that no utterance is more considered than this poet's, and that no one is more immediately responsible than he. We must attribute to the most subtle and profound consciousness the power that can trace with such tenderness and beauty the alliance he has shown between earth and humanity in the exultation of spring, and which can make matter of intellectual perception the mute sympathies that seemed to perish with childhood: —

"The pebble loosened from the frost
Asks of the urchin to be tost.
In flint and marble beats a heart,
The kind Earth takes her children's part,
The green lane is the school-boy's friend;
Low leaves his quarrel apprehend,
The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
The air rings jocund to his call,
The brimming brook invites a leap,
He dives the hollow, climbs the steep."

Throughout the poem these recognitions of our kindred with external nature occur, and a voice is given to the blindly rejoicing sense within us when the poet says,

"The feet that slid so long on sleet
Are glad to feel the ground";

and thus celebrates with one potent and satisfying touch the instinctive rapture of the escape from winter. Indeed, we find our greatest pleasure in some of these studies of pure feeling, while we are aware of the value of the didactic passages of the poem, and enjoy perfectly the high beauty of the pictorial parts of it. We do not know where we should match that strain beginning,

"Why chidest thou the tardy spring?"

Or that,

"Where shall we keep the holiday,
And duly greet the entering May?"

Or this most delicate and exquisite bit of description, which seems painted a *tempera*, — in colors mixed with the transparent blood of snowdrops and Alpine harebells: —

"See, every patriot oak-leaf throws
His elfin length upon the snows,
Not idle, since the leaf all day
Draws to the spot the solar ray,
Ere sunset quarrying inches down,
And half-way to the mosses brown;
While the grass beneath the rime
Has hints of the propitious time,
And upward pries and perforates
Through the cold slab a hundred gates,
Till green lances, piercing through,
Bend happy in the welkin blue."

There is not great range of sentiment in "May-Day," and through all the incoherence of the poem there is a constant recurrence to the master-theme. This recurrence has at times something of a perfunctory air, and the close of the poem does not seal the whole with any strong impression. There is a rise — or a lapse, as the reader pleases to think — toward a moral at the close; but the motion is evidently willed of the poet rather than the subject. It seems to us that, if the work have any climax, it is in those lines near the end in which the poet draws his reader nearest his own personality, and of which the delicately guarded and peculiar pathos scarcely needs comment: —

"There is no bard in all the choir,
Not Homer's self, the poet sire,
Wise Milton's odes of pensive pleasure,
Or Shakespeare, whom no mind can measure,
Nor Collins' verse of tender pain,
Nor Byron's clarion of disdain,
Scott, the delight of generous boys,
Or Wordsworth, Pan's recording voice, —
Not one of all can put in verse,
Or to this presence could rehearse,
The sights and voices ravishing
The boy knew on the hills in spring,
When pacing through the oaks he heard
Sharp queries of the sentry-bird,
The heavy grouse's sudden whirr,
The rattle of the kingfisher;
Saw bonfires of the harlot flies
In the lowland, when day dies;
Or marked, benighted and forlorn,
The first far signal-fire of morn.
These syllables that Nature spoke,
And the thoughts that in him woke,
Can adequately utter none
Save to his ear the wind-harp lone.
And best can teach its Delphian chord

How Nature to the soul is moored,
If once again that silent string,
As erst it wont, would thrill and ring.

"Not long ago, at eventide,
It seemed, so listening, at my side
A window rose, and, to say sooth,
I looked forth on the fields of youth:
I saw fair boys bestriding steeds,
I knew their forms in fancy weeds,
Long, long concealed by sundering fates,
Mates of my youth, — yet not my mates,
Stronger and bolder far than I,
With grace, with genius, well attired,
And then as now from far admired,
Followed with love
They knew not of,
With passion cold and shy."
O joy, for what recoveries rare!
Renewed, I breathe Elysian air,
See youth's glad mates in earliest bloom, —
Break not my dream, obtrusive tomb!
Or teach thou, Spring! the grand recoil
Of life resurgent from the soil
Wherein was dropped the mortal spoil."

Among the other poems in this volume, it appears to us that "The Romany Girl," "Voluntaries," and "The Boston Hymn" are in their widely different ways the best. The last expresses, with a sublime colloquiality in which the commonest words of every-day parlance seem cut anew, and are made to shine with a fresh and novel lustre, the idea and destiny of America. In "Voluntaries" our former great peril and delusion — the mortal Union which lived by slavery — is at first the theme, with the strong pulse of prophecy, however, in the mournful music. Few motions of rhyme so win and touch as those opening lines, —

"Low and mournful be the strain,
Haughty thought be far from me;
Tones of penitence and pain,
Moanings of the tropic sea," —

in which the poet, with a hardly articulate sorrow, regards the past; and Mr. Emerson's peculiarly exalted and hopeful genius has nowhere risen in clearer and loftier tones than in those stops which open full upon us after the pathetic pleasing of his regrets: —

"In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

"Blooms the laurel which belongs
To the valiant chief who fights ;
I see the wreath, I hear the songs
Lauding the Eternal Rights,
Victors over daily wrongs :
Awful victors, they misguide
Whom they will destroy,
And their coming triumph hide
In our downfall, or our joy :
They reach no term, they never sleep,
In equal strength through space abide ;
Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and creep,
The strong they slay, the swift outstride :
Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,
And rankly on the castled steep, —
Speak it firmly, these are gods,
All are ghosts beside."

It is, of course, a somewhat Emersonian Gypsy that speaks in "The Romany Girl," but still she speaks with the passionate, sudden energy of a woman, and flashes upon the mind with intense vividness the conception of a wild nature's gleeful consciousness of freedom, and exultant scorn of restraint and convention. All sense of sylvan health and beauty is uttered when this Gypsy says, —

"The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies."

"Terminus" has a wonderful didactic charm, and must be valued as one of the noblest introspective poems in the language. The poet touches his reader by his acceptance of fate and age, and his serene trust of the future, and yet is not moved by his own pathos.

We do not regard the poem "The Adirondacks" as of great absolute or relative value. It is one of the prosiest in the book, and for a professedly out-of-doors poem has too much of the study in it. Let us confess also that we have not yet found pleasure in "The Elements," and that we do not expect to live long enough to enjoy some of them. "Quatrains" have much the same forbidding qualities, and have chiefly interested us in the comparison they suggest with the translations from the Persian: it is curious to find cold Concord and warm Isbahan in the same latitude. Others of the briefer poems have delighted us. "Rubies," for instance, is full of exquisite lights and hues, thoughts and feelings; and "The Test" is from the heart of the severe wisdom

without which art is not. Everywhere the poet's felicity of expression appears; a fortunate touch transfuses some dark enigma with color; the riddles are made to shine when most impenetrable; the puzzles are all constructed of gold and ivory and precious stones.

Mr. Emerson's intellectual characteristics and methods are so known that it is scarcely necessary to hint that this is not a book for instant absorption into any reader's mind. It shall happen with many, we fancy, that they find themselves ready for only two or three things in it, and that they must come to it in widely varying moods for all it has to give. No greater wrong could be done to the poet than to go through his book running, and he would be apt to revenge himself upon the impatient reader by leaving him all the labor involved in such a course, and no reward at the end for his pains.

But the case is not a probable one. People either read Mr. Emerson patiently and earnestly, or they do not read him at all. In this earnest nation he enjoys a far greater popularity than criticism would have augured for one so unflattering to the impulses that have heretofore and elsewhere made readers of poetry; and it is not hard to believe, if we believe in ourselves for the future, that he is destined to an ever-growing regard and fame. He makes appeal, however mystically, only to what is fine and deep and true and noble in men, and no doubt those who have always loved his poetry have reason to be proud of their pleasure in it. Let us of the present be wise enough to accept thankfully what genius gives us in its double character of bard and prophet, saying, when we enjoy the song, "Ah, this is the poet that now sings!" and when the meaning is dark, "Now we have the seer again!"

An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By HENRY C. LEA. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

THIS exhaustive treatise of Mr. Lea upon ecclesiastical celibacy we take to possess, like his excellent work upon "Superstition and Force," all the capital requisites of an historical monograph, — an immense body of information and of reference on the subject in hand, a sufficiently cool and dispassionate manner of presenting facts, and a

severe adherence to the central question. The amount of research and indeed of scholarship involved in the preparation of this volume is such as to command the warmest recognition. In these days of "picturesque" histories, of hasty criticism, and of precipitate generalizations, it is very gratifying to encounter a writer who construes his obligations with such austerity as Mr. Lea. He is content to marshal his facts and his *data* into such an order that under a close inspection no one of them conceals the half-genuine look of its neighbor. He lets them tell their own story for good or for evil, and is never guilty, through the wish to be vivid and effective, of spreading his colors outside of the lines drawn by his authorities. Within these lines even his tints are sober and discreet, and careful not to depart too widely from those somewhat neutral hues which, wherever man's knowledge of the past rests upon accidentally preserved documents and monuments, must continue to be the colors of history. Nevertheless, with all the various merits of a well-executed monograph, Mr. Lea's work has certain of the corresponding defects. Perhaps, indeed, it were more just to say that these defects correspond to the limitations of the general reader's knowledge, rather than to any imperfection in the author's programme. In the course of a special history executed on such a scale as the present one, and with all its soberness of style, so little mechanical in spirit, and so free from chronological dryness, it is almost inevitable that the reader's impressions should become somewhat overbalanced. He is likely to forget that he is taking a partial view of a great subject, and that he must hold his opinions liable to correction when he has surveyed the whole field. A dishonest writer, we conceive, may readily take advantage of this perfectly logical error. He has accumulated an immense mass of material bearing on a particular point, extracted and expressed, by long labor, from a field in which it has lain inter-fused with material of a very different, and even of a directly opposite significance. There are a hundred literary arts by which a writer may put forward his fractional gleanings as a representation of the whole. In this matter of ecclesiastical celibacy, for instance, the result of Mr. Lea's researches is that practically the thing has never existed in the Christian Church. That is to say, the regulations enforcing it have at all times been more violated and eluded

than obeyed. With the Reformation a large section of the Church ceased to admit its needfulness, and the field of its enforcement was very much curtailed. But the Catholic Church continued to cling to it as almost the central principle of its being, and continued likewise to connive at an inveterate system of escape from its harsh conditions. Mr. Lea's volume is a long record of reiterated legislation and exhortation against unchastity, formal and actual, and of a series of equally uninterrupted disclosures of the futility of such legislation. And, nevertheless, there is no doubt that, during all the long ages of its history, the Church was the abode and the refuge of a vast deal of purity and continence, to say nothing of the various other virtues by which its members have been distinguished. But the reader sees only the obverse of the medal: he sees a custom of prodigious bearings, if duly carried out, honored chiefly in the breach; and he will be very apt to close the book with an impression that the Church has been through all time a sink of incurable corruption. It is superfluous to say that this impression will be quite as erroneous as it would be to assert that, on the other hand, its practice has kept pace with its high pretensions. Neither view of the case is just. If there is one thing that strikes us more than another, in reading Mr. Lea's work, it is that, on the whole, the Church must have been at any moment a tolerably faithful reflection of the manners and feelings of the time. Its empire was practicable only by means of a constant renewal of the exquisite and everlasting compromise between man's transient interests and his external destiny. Taken as a whole, it never pretended to ride rough-shod over his natural passions and instincts. It pretended to convert them to its own service and aggrandizement. It respected them, it handled them gently. And as these passions and instincts have never been exclusively evil or exclusively good, so the Church has never been wholly corrupt or wholly pure. It has been animated by the average moral enlightenment of the time, and it has grown with men's moral growth. Reared, as it was, upon the primitive needs of men's nature, it is difficult to see how the result should have been different. And if the Catholic Church has lost that firmness of grasp upon human affection which it once possessed, it is not that laymen have become more virtuous than priests; it is that they have

become more intelligent. The intellectual growth of the Church has lagged behind its moral growth. Secular humanity is perfectly willing to admit that its sacerdotal counterpart observes the Decalogue equally well with itself; but it contests the right of an institution, of whose long spiritual efforts this insignificant accomplishment is the only surviving result, to impose itself further upon men's respect and obedience. The reader has only to remember, then, that Mr. Lea's volume is not a history of the Church at large, but only a history of a single province, and he will find it full of profit and edification.

It is no exaggeration to repeat, as we have said, that the Church never achieved anything like complete celibacy. A rapid survey of the ground under Mr. Lea's guidance will confirm and explain this statement. During the first three centuries there is no evidence that celibacy was deemed essential to the clerical character, or even that it was thought especially desirable. It was natural that during the early years of the Church, and under the stress of persecution, it should not multiply the restrictions placed upon the freedom of its adherents. Up to the period of the Council of Nicæa, therefore, the virtues of chastity were maintained only by isolated groups of ascetics, animated by that spirit of Puritanism which seems to have existed in every faith in every stage of its history. When men are looking about them for means to mortify the flesh and to stifle the heart, a prohibition of marriage is the first expedient that suggests itself. Until this is done away with, further severities are impossible. Marriage, however, was not condemned at a single blow. The first step was to forbid second marriages. A bachelor in holy orders might marry with impunity; a widower did so at his peril. Having effected this concession, the ascetic spirit found means to increase its influence. It received a strong impulse at the close of the second century, as Mr. Lea affirms, by the rise of the Neoplatonic philosophy, with all its mystical and stoical tendencies, and by the introduction into Europe and the rapid spread of the great Manichæan heresy. In the view of this doctrine, man's body was the work of the Devil, and condemned as such to ceaseless abuse and mortification by his soul. Among the ascetic excesses which were the logical consequences of such a dogma, inveterate chastity was, of course,

not the last to be enjoined. Manichæism was an object of violent detestation to the Church; but as the latter could not afford to let itself be outdone in austerity by a vulgar heresy, it began to adopt a similar uncompromising attitude towards marriage. The Council of Nicæa was held in 325. This body, however, was chiefly occupied with debates upon Arianism, and is responsible but for a single enactment bearing on the subject in hand. The bearing of this enactment is, moreover, indirect, inasmuch as Mr. Lea conclusively proves that it refers not to lawful wives, (as in later ages of the Church it became needful to assume that it *did* refer,) but to female companions of the unlicensed sort. For more than half a century after the Nicæan Council, the movement of the celibatarian spirit is lost sight of in the all-absorbing disputes on the Arian heresy. A strong reaction, however, is signalized by the issue, under Pope Damasus, in the year 385, of the first definite command imposing perpetual celibacy as an absolute rule of discipline on the ministers of the altar. This was very well as an injunction, but it was nothing without enforcement. More than half a century again elapsed before the new discipline was substantially acknowledged. By the mass of the servants of the Church — among which several names stand apart as those of its more eminent opponents — it was received with bitter resentment and incomppliance. But it had the popular favor for it on one side, and on the other the passionate energies of the three great Latin fathers, — Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome. The people had not yet reached that state of mind when it clamored imperiously either for priestly marriage, or, in simple self-defence, for an organized substitute. Mr. Lea at this point devotes a chapter to the Eastern Church, of which it is sufficient for us to say, that in this establishment the question of celibacy was less violently agitated than among its neighbors, and that a final decision was more speedily reached. Early in the sixth century, Justinian published an edict which still forms the basis of its celibatarian discipline. Marriage in orders is forbidden, and men who have been twice married are inadmissible. Monks are of course bound to chastity, but the lower grades of the secular clergy are free to marry.

The rise of the monastic orders in the West dates from the close of the fifth century, when St. Benedict founded in the

Latian Apennines the community which subsequently became famous as the Convent of Monte Cassino. With this enterprise begins the real growth of the Church, which, of course, we do not propose to trace. With each succeeding century its area expanded, its power increased, and its responsibilities multiplied. It was called to preside at the organization of a new Europe, to witness and to accelerate the extinction of the Roman Empire and the foundation of the new nationalities, to save whatever was worth saving from the wreck of the old society, to stand firm against the Barbarians, to prosecute constant and wholesale conversions, and to preserve in the midst of these various cares the integrity of the idea of sacerdotal chastity. The idea, we say; for we may be sure that the practice was left to take care of itself. We are told that the Barbarian invaders were inexpressibly shocked by the licentiousness and immorality of the Latin civilization; and if this were so, it promised well for a thorough purgation of the Church in proportion as the new-comers were admitted into its fold. But as we continue to read, we see that, although upon society at large their arrival may have produced in certain directions a healthful and renovating effect, they speedily became converted to the general tolerance of ecclesiastical laxity. Italy and France, up to the domination of Charlemagne, were the only important countries in Europe. The history of France from Clovis to Charlemagne is a long record of disorder and iniquity, in which, if the Church plays no worse part than the state, it at least plays no better. In Italy religion and politics are involved in an inextricable tangle of convulsions and dissensions. During this time there is no better proof of the practical neglect into which the canon of celibacy had fallen, than the continual iteration to which it is subjected by councils and synods. Gregory the Great, in his conscientious efforts in the seventh century to enforce sacerdotal chastity at least, — or rather to check the flagrant violation of it, — in default of celibacy, had to contend, where France was concerned, with the powerless imbecility of the Merovingian monarchs.

His successors found more effectual assistance in the first strong-handed Carolingians. Pope Zachary, in concert with Carloman, and St. Boniface, the great apostle of the Saxons, for the first time attached the penalties of deposition, degra-

dation, and penance to proved impurity of life. This was the beginning of a series of reforms, of which Boniface was the leading spirit, and Pepin and Charlemagne the rigid guardians. But, although sacerdotal marriage became really the exception rather than the rule, in consequence of these enactments, it is doubtful whether morality was improved. It was a licentious age, and the clergy as well as the laity belonged to their age. In the tenth century clerical marriage began again to prevail, and again the strong hands of Gregory VII., and of the Popes who reigned under his direction, were needed to restore some degree of discipline. But vigorous as were their measures, and persevering their efforts, it was restored chiefly in name. Gregory's dissensions with the Empire offer Mr. Lea an occasion to exhibit the condition of morality in the German Church. We are unable to see that at this moment, as for some time to come, it differed materially in any of the countries of Europe. In many outlying provinces — in Wales, in Bohemia, in Sweden — lawful marriage took the place of simple cohabitation; but in the great central states the vices of the laity were still those of the clergy. If there was one spot indeed where these vices were more flourishing than elsewhere, all through the Middle Ages and into recent times, that spot was the very head-quarters of sanctity, — Rome itself. But this circumstance admits doubtless of a sufficiently logical explanation. Rome was the spiritual head of Christendom, but she was also a great temporal power, and to a great extent the social metropolis of the world. This character necessarily involved a vast deal of magnificent corruption.

In the course of the Middle Ages it is apparent that the clergy not only continued to possess their share of the general unchastity, but to carry it to excesses by which they alone were distinguished. The amount of legislation bearing on this subject, recorded by Mr. Lea with immense patience and care, is such as to defy memory and imagination, and almost to challenge belief. There can be assuredly no better proof of the very imperfect observation of the canons than this unceasing repetition of them. By the time the Middle Ages had passed away, and the masses had emerged into the comparatively brilliant light of the Renaissance, sacerdotal unchastity had grown into an enormous evil. The disparity between the theory of the priestly

character and its actual form had become too flagrant to be endured. Popular protests accordingly became frequent. The abuse of those intimate relations into which the priest is brought with the life of families, and that of the confessional more especially, acquires horrible proportions. And as the question grows more complex on the side of the people, so it grows more complex with regard to the general government of the Church. This government had long since made up its mind, with a firmness destined to be proof against even the most formidable remonstrance, that, whatever might be the manners of its servants, they were to remain inviolably single. The mere ascetic and sentimental reason for celibacy had long been supplanted by good logical and material reasons. A wife and children were speedily found to be incompatible with the exclusive service of the Church. To it alone, if the ambition of its great rulers was to be fulfilled, its ministers were to be devoted. When, with the development of the feudal system, the transmission of property and of functions from father to sons became the groundwork of social order, ecclesiastical benefices were disposed of in the same way as manors and baronies, to the utter prejudice of the temporality of the Church. With this tendency the Church waged a long and violent contest, in which she was finally victorious. But she purchased her victory only at the price of the most scandalous concessions; and by the system of immorality reared upon these concessions she found her hands almost fatally entangled at the Reformation. Dispensation to unchastity in her ministers had become a prominent feature among those various indulgences against which the consciences of the early Reformers rose in wrath. In every country in Europe the people had grown weary of crying out for the abolition of these dispensations, and the reintroduction of marriage. In Germany, accordingly, the marriage of apostate monks and priests was among the foremost measures of the more ardent Reformers. Luther, whose discretion was as great as his courage, was content to wait; but he, too, finally gave in, and united himself with a nun. It is characteristic of the English people, that the monarchs under whose guidance they embraced the Reformation should have shown in this particular more than the hesitation of Luther. Henry VIII. broke short off with Rome, over-

turned the monasteries, and filled the land with the beggared servants of the old ecclesiastical order, but he would not hear of the marriage of the Reformed clergy. It was certainly not from a general disapproval of the institution. Under Edward, the old restrictions on this matter were done away; but under Mary they were of course restored with a high hand. With Elizabeth they were eventually removed forever; but it is known that the measure had very little sympathy from the queen, and that her assent was grudgingly bestowed.

The Council of Trent was expected to do great things toward the pacification of the Reformers and the healing of the great schism, and among others to pave the way for the gradual abolition of clerical celibacy. The measure had the approval of Charles the Fifth, and of Ferdinand and Maximilian, his successors. The Council of Trent did very little that was expected of it, however, and least of all did it accomplish this. It contented itself with a reenactment of certain obsolete and threadbare canons in favor of chastity, and launched an anathema against all those who affirmed the validity of such marriages as had been made or should yet be made by the apostate clergy. This was the last word of the Catholic Church for some time to come upon this important subject. Animated with a new vitality by the great Jesuit reaction, she had no apprehension that her hour had come, and that she was brought so low as to be compelled to belie the sagacity of her great founders and lawgivers. For the past three hundred years she has firmly adhered to the principle of celibacy, and assuredly with incontestable wisdom. With the universal elevation of the moral tone throughout Europe, she has been less frequently mortified by having to look with indulgence upon the licentious manners of her priests.

It seems to us that this rapid survey of the immense subject treated by Mr. Lea is calculated to confirm rather than to enfeeble an unprejudiced reader's sense of the marvellous achievements of the Church. The enumeration, made in the volume before us, of its enactments with regard to celibacy and chastity, constitutes a chapter in its internal history. This is, to our perception, the worst that can be said of them and of the state of things which they reveal. If the Catholic Church is to be pronounced an institution of the past, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, it is not on these

grounds alone, or on any exclusive grounds, but from a broadly comprehensive point of view. Every human institution has a private history which is very different from its public one. In some respects the former is the more, in others the less, admirable of the two. In the present case, the element in the picture which appeals to our admiration is the heroic patience and perseverance, the fortitude, the tact, and the courage with which the Church applied herself to the healing of her internal wounds when they were curable, and to the enduring of them when they were not, in order that, at any cost, she might produce upon the world the impression of unity, sanity, and strength.

Ten Months in Brazil; with Incidents of Voyages and Travels, Descriptions of Scenery and Character, Notices of Commerce and Productions, &c. By JOHN CODMAN. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

THE title of this book leaves its reviewer little to say in explanation of its purposes. It is a lively enough book, and a book well enough written, with a good deal of dash and piquancy in the style; and yet, like the blameless dinner to which Doctor Johnson objected that it was not a dinner to ask a man to, it is not a book to advise one to read. It does not appear to us, after reading it, that we are wiser concerning Brazil than before; even the facts in it we greeted, in many cases, with the warmth due to old statistical acquaintances. The philosophy of the author seems to be that the Brazilians are a bad set, and that they have become so mainly by mingling their blood with that of their negroes, — a race never so useful and happy as when in the discipline of slavery. Mr. Codman contrasts their hopeless state on the lands of a good-hearted Scotchman in Brazil, who intends to let them earn their freedom by working for him, with their condition on the neighboring estate of a sharp, slave-driving Yankee, who acquiesces uncomplainingly in the purposes of Providence; "his theory being, that, as labor is their condition, the greatest amount of work compatible with their health and fair endurance is to be got from them. With this end in view, there is a judicious distribution of rewards and punishments." Mr. Codman finds the charm of novelty in these just and simple ideas, but we think we have in past years met with the same ingenious reasoning in Southern

speeches and newspapers; and we suspect the system was one commonly adopted in our slave States, where the occasional omission of punishments was economically made to represent the judicious distribution of rewards.

In fact, Mr. Codman seems to have travelled and written too late to benefit his generation. Six or seven happy years ago, an enlightened public sentiment would have received his views of slavery with acclaim; but we doubt if they would now sell a copy of his book even in Charleston.

A Story of Doom, and other Poems. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PEOPLE who remember things written as long ago as five years have a certain stiffness in their tastes which disqualifies them for the enjoyment of much contemporaneous achievement; and it is fortunate for the poets that it is the young who make reputations. Miss Ingelow's first volume, indeed, had something in it that could please not only the inexperience of youth, for which nothing like it existed, but even the knowledge of those arrived at the interrogation-point in life, who felt that here there was a movement toward originality in much familiar mannerism and uncertain purpose. If there was not a vast deal for enjoyment, there was a reason for hope. It was plain that the author's gift was not a great one, but it was also clear that she had a gift. She was a little tedious and diffuse; she was often too long in reaching a point, and sometimes she never reached it at all. But then she wrote "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and the "Songs of Seven," and "Divided," — none of them perfect poems, yet all very good and fresh, — and showed a true feeling for nature, and some knowledge of humanity as women see it. In this second volume, however, she abandons her maturer admirers to their fate, and seeks the favor of the young ladies and gentlemen who have begun to like verses since Mr. Tennyson's latest poems were written, and the old balladists and modern poetical archaists ceased to be read. In fact, it is amazing to see how this author, who had a talent of her own, has contentedly buried it, and gone to counterfeiting the talents of others. The "Story of Doom" here given is an unusually dreary copy of the unrealism of Mr. Tennyson's "Idyls

of the King," and makes the history of Noah more than ever improbable; while "Laurance," mimicking all the well-known effects and smallest airs and movements of the laureate's poems of rustic life, is scarcely to be read without laughter. "Winstanley" presents an incident that, if told in simple contemporary English, would have made a thrilling ballad; but what with its quoth-he's, brave skippers, good master mayors, ladies gay, and red suns, it is factitious, and of the library only, — it came from Percy's "Reliques" and "The Ancient Mariner," not from the poet's heart. It seems worthy of the sentimental purpose with which it was written; but we doubt if any child in the National School in Dorsetshire learned it by heart as his forefathers did the old ballads.

In pleasant contrast with its affectations is the beautiful little song entitled "Apprenticed," which the author tells us is in the old English manner, but which we find full of a young feeling and tenderness belonging to all time, expressed in diction quite of our own. This, and that one of the Songs with Preludes entitled "Wedlock," seem to us the best, if not the only, poems in the book. Miss Ingelow's forte is not in single lines and detachable passages, and her efforts are apt to be altogether successful or unsuccessful. In the long rhyme called "Dreams that came True," there is but one inspired line, and that is merely descriptive, —

"In eddying rings the silence seemed to flow"

round him that waked suddenly from an awful dream. There is an inglorious ease in the sarcasm, but we must express our regret that Miss Ingelow did not leave this story in the prose which she says first received it.

We suppose we need scarcely call the reader's attention to the fact that certain faults of Miss Ingelow's first book are exaggerated in this. The rush of half-draped figures, and the pushing and crowding of weak and unruly fancies, are too obviously unpleasant for comment. Perhaps they are most unpleasant in the Song with a Prelude

which opens with the bewildering statement that

"Von moored mackerel fleet
Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
Or a clustering village street
Foundationless built on the seas."

Critical and Social Essays. Reprinted from the New York "Nation." New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THESE brief papers very fairly represent the quality of the excellent journal from which they are taken, and treat subjects suggested by literary events and social characteristics with a bright intelligence and an artistic feeling only too uncommon in our journalism. All the essays are good, and several are of quite unique merit. The first in the volume, entitled "The Glut in the Fiction Market," is full of a felicitous badinage and an exquisite power of travesty, which we should not know how to match elsewhere. The author of this admirable paper wrote also, as we imagine, the essays on "Some of our Social Philosophers," "Critics and Criticism," and "Voyages and Travels," which are the best of the humorous articles in the volume. The graver essays are almost as good in their way as these, and we especially like "Why we have no Saturday Reviewers," "Popularizing Science," "Something about Monuments," and "American Ministers abroad." The paper on "The European and American Order of Thought" considers the subject with an originality and penetration which we would willingly have had applied in a more extended study of it.

In fine, we like all these articles from "The Nation," for the reasons that we like "The Nation" itself, which has been, in a degree singular among newspapers, conscientious and candid in literary matters; while in affairs of social and political interest it has shown itself friendly to everything that could advance civilization, and notably indifferent to the claims of persons and parties.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

MINE AND COUNTERMINE.

WHAT the nature of the telegram was which had produced such an effect on the feelings and plans of Mr. William Murray Bradshaw nobody especially interested knew but himself. We may conjecture that it announced some fact, which had leaked out a little prematurely, relating to the issue of the great land-case in which the firm was interested. However that might be, Mr. Bradshaw no sooner heard that Myrtle had suddenly left the city for Oxbow Village, — for what reason he puzzled himself to guess, — than he determined to follow her at once, and take up the conversation he had begun at the party where it left off. And as the young poet had received his quietus for the present at the publisher's, and as Master Gridley had nothing specially to detain him, they too returned at about the same time, and our old acquaintances were once more together within the familiar precincts where we have been accustomed to see them.

Master Gridley did not like playing the part of a spy, but it must be remem-

bered that he was an old college officer, and had something of the detective's sagacity, and a certain cunning derived from the habit of keeping an eye on mischievous students. If any underhand contrivance was at work, involving the welfare of any one in whom he was interested, he was a dangerous person for the plotters, for he had plenty of time to attend to them, and would be apt to take a kind of pleasure in matching his wits against another crafty person's, — such a one, for instance, as Mr. Macchiavelli Bradshaw.

Perhaps he caught some words of that gentleman's conversation at the party; at any rate, he could not fail to observe his manner. When he found that the young man had followed Myrtle back to the village, he suspected something more than a coincidence. When he learned that he was assiduously visiting The Poplars, and that he was in close communication with Miss Cynthia Badlam, he felt sure that he was pressing the siege of Myrtle's heart. But that there was some difficulty in the way was equally clear to him, for he ascertained, through channels which the attentive reader will soon have

means of conjecturing, that Myrtle had seen him but once in the week following his return, and that in the presence of her dragons. She had various excuses when he called, — headaches, perhaps, among the rest, as these are staple articles on such occasions. But Master Gridley knew his man too well to think that slight obstacles would prevent his going forward to effect his purpose.

"I think he will get her, if he holds on," the old man said to himself, "and he won't let go in a hurry. If there were any real love about it — but surely he is incapable of such a human weakness as the tender passion. What does all this sudden concentration upon the girl mean? He knows something about her that we don't know, — that must be it. What did he hide that paper for a year ago and more? Could that have anything to do with his pursuit of Myrtle Hazard to-day?"

Master Gridley paused as he asked this question of himself, for a luminous idea had struck him. Consulting daily with Cynthia Badlam, was he? Could there be a conspiracy between these two persons to conceal some important fact, or to keep something back until it would be for their common interest to have it made known?

Now Mistress Kitty Fagan was devoted, heart and soul, to Myrtle Hazard, and ever since she had received the young girl from Mr. Gridley's hands, when he brought her back safe and sound after her memorable adventure, had considered him as Myrtle's best friend and natural protector. These simple creatures, whose thoughts are not taken up, like those of educated people, with the care of a great museum of dead phrases, are very quick to see the live facts which are going on about them. Mr. Gridley had met her, more or less accidentally, several times of late, and inquired very particularly about Myrtle, and how she got along at the house since her return, and whether she was getting over her headaches, and how they treated her in the family.

"Bliss your heart, Mr. Gridley," Kit-

ty said to him, on one of these occasions, "it's ahltogether changed intirely. Sure Miss Myrtle does jist iverythin' she likes, an' Miss Withers niver middles with her at ahl, excip' jist to roll up her eyes an' look as if she was the hid-moorner at a funeril whiniver Miss Myrtle says she wants to do this or that, or to go here or there. It's Miss Badlam that 's ahlwiz after her, an' a-watchin' her, — she thinks she 's cunnin'er than a cat, but there 's other folks that 's got eyes an' ears as good as hers. It's that Mr. Bridshaw that 's a puttin' his head together with Miss Badlam for somethin' or other, an' I don't believe there 's no good in it, — for what does the fox an' the cat be a whisperin' about, as if they was thaves an' incind'ries, if there ain't no mischief hatchin'?"

"Why, Kitty," he said, "what mischief do you think is going on, and who is to be harmed?"

"O Mr. Gridley," she answered, "if there ain't somebody to be chated somehow, then I don' know an honest man and woman from two rogues. An' have n't I heard Miss Myrtle's name whispered as if there was somethin' goin' on agin' her, an' they was afraid the tahlk would go out through the doors, an' up through the chimbley? I don't want to tell no tales, Mr. Gridley, nor to hurt no honest body, for I 'm a poor woman, Mr. Gridley; but I comes of dacent folks, an' I vallies my repitation an' charácter as much as if I was dressed in silks and satins instead of this mane old gown, savin' your presence, which is the best I 've got, an' niver a dollar to buy another. But if iver I hears a word, Mr. Gridley, that manes any kind of a mischief to Miss Myrtle, — the Lard bliss her soul an' keep ahl the divils away from her! — I 'll be runnin' straight down here to tell ye ahl about it, — be right sure o' that, Mr. Gridley."

"Nothing must happen to Myrtle," he said, "that we can help. If you see anything more that looks wrong, you had better come down here at once, and let me know, as you say you will.

At once, you understand. And, Kitty, I am a little particular about the dress of people who come to see me, so that if you would just take the trouble to get you a tidy pattern of gingham or calico, or whatever you like of that sort for a gown, you would please me; and perhaps this little trifle will be a convenience to you when you come to pay for it."

Kitty thanked him with all the national accompaniments, and trotted off to the store, where Mr. Gifted Hopkins displayed the native amiability of his temper by tumbling down everything in the shape of ginghams and calicos they had on the shelves, without a murmur at the taste of his customer, who found it hard to get a pattern sufficiently emphatic for her taste. She succeeded at last, and laid down a five-dollar bill as if she were as used to the pleasing figure on its face as to the sight of her own five digits.

Master Byles Gridley had struck a spade deeper than he knew into his first countermines, for Kitty had none of those delicate scruples about the means of obtaining information which might have embarrassed a diplomatist of higher degree.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. BRADSHAW CALLS ON MISS BADLAM.

"Is Miss Hazard in, Kitty?"

"Indade she 's in, Mr. Bridshaw, but she won't see nobody."

"What's the meaning of that, Kitty? Here is the third time within three days you've told me I could n't see her. She saw Mr. Gridley yesterday, I know; why won't she see me to-day?"

"Y' must ask Miss Myrtle what the rason is,—it's none o' my business, Mr. Bridshaw. That's the order she give me."

"Is Miss Badlam in?"

"Indade she 's in, Mr. Bridshaw, an' I'll go cahll her."

"Bedad," said Kitty Fagan to herself, "the cat an' the fox is goin' to

have another o' thim big takhs together, an' sure the old hole for the stove-pipe has niver been stopped up yet."

Mr. Bradshaw and Miss Cynthia went into the parlor together, and Mistress Kitty retired to her kitchen. There was a deep closet belonging to this apartment, separated by a partition from the parlor. There was a round hole high up in this partition through which a stove-pipe had once passed. Mistress Kitty placed a stool just under this opening, upon which, as on a pedestal, she posed herself with great precaution in the attitude of the goddess of other people's secrets, that is to say, with her head a little on one side, so as to bring her liveliest ear close to the opening. The conversation which took place in the hearing of the invisible third party began in a singularly free-and-easy manner on Mr. Bradshaw's part.

"What the d is the reason I can't see Myrtle, Cynthia?"

"That's more than I can tell you, Mr. Bradshaw. I can watch her goings on, but I can't account for her tantrums."

"You say she has had some of her old nervous whims,—has the doctor been to see her?"

"No indeed. She has kept to herself a good deal, but I don't think there 's anything in particular the matter with her. She looks well enough, only she seems a little queer,—as girls do that have taken a fancy into their heads that they're in love, you know,—absent-minded,—does n't seem to be interested in things as you would expect after being away so long."

Mr. Bradshaw looked as if this did not please him particularly. If he was the object of her thoughts she would not avoid him, surely.

"Have you kept your eye on her steadily?"

"I don't believe there is an hour we can't account for,—Kitty and I between us."

"Are you sure you can depend on Kitty?"

["Depind on Kitty, is it? O, an' to

be sure ye can depind on Kitty to kape watch at the stove-pipe hole, an' to tell all y'r plottin's an' contrivin's to them that 'll get the cheese out o' y'r mouse-trap for ye before ye catch any poor cratur in it." This was the inaudible comment of the unseen third party.]

"Of course I can depend on her as far as I trust her. All she knows is that she must look out for the girl to see that she does not run away or do herself a mischief. The Biddies don't know much, but they know enough to keep a watch on the —"

"Chickens." Mr. Bradshaw playfully finished the sentence for Miss Cynthia.

"[An' on the foxes, an' the cats, an' the wazels, and the hen-hahks, an' ahl the other bastes," added the invisible witness, in unheard soliloquy.]

"I ain't sure whether she's quite as stupid as she looks," said the suspicious young lawyer. "There's a little cunning twinkle in her eye sometimes that makes me think she might be up to a trick on occasion. Does she ever listen about to hear what people are saying?"

"Don't trouble yourself about Kitty Fagan, for pity's sake, Mr. Bradshaw. The Biddies are all alike, and they're all as stupid as owls, except when you tell 'em just what to do, and how to do it. A pack of priest-ridden fools!"

The hot Celtic blood in Kitty Fagan's heart gave a leap. The stout muscles gave an involuntary jerk. The substantial frame felt the thrill all through, and the rickety stool on which she was standing creaked sharply under its burden.

Murray Bradshaw started. He got up and opened softly all the doors leading from the room, one after another, and looked out.

"I thought I heard a noise as if somebody was moving, Cynthia. It's just as well to keep our own matters to ourselves."

"If you wait till this old house keeps still, Mr. Bradshaw, you might as well wait till the river has run by. It's as full of rats and mice as an old cheese is

of mites. There's a hundred old rats in this house, and that's what you hear."

"[An' one old cat; that's what I hear." Third party.]

"I told you, Cynthia, I must be off on this business to-morrow. I want to know that everything is safe before I go. And, besides, I have got something to say to you that's important, — very important, mind you."

He got up once more and opened every door softly and looked out. He fixed his eye suspiciously on a large sofa at the other side of the room, and went, looking half ashamed of his extreme precaution, and peeped under it, to see if there was any one hidden there to listen. Then he came back and drew his chair close up to the table at which Miss Badlam had seated herself. The conversation which followed was in a low tone, and a portion of it must be given in another place in the words of the third party. The beginning of it we are able to supply in this connection.

"Look here, Cynthia; you know what I am going for. It's all right, I feel sure, for I have had private means of finding out. It's a sure thing; but I must go once more to see that the other fellows don't try any trick on us. You understand what is for my advantage is for yours, and, if I go wrong, you go overboard with me. Now I must leave the — you know — behind me. I can't leave it in the house or the office: they might burn up. I won't have it about me when I am travelling. Draw your chair a little more this way. Now listen."

"[Indade I will," said the third party to herself. The reader will find out in due time whether she listened to any purpose or not.]

In the mean time Myrtle, who for some reason was rather nervous and restless, had found a pair of half-finished slippers which she had left behind her. The color came into her cheeks when she remembered the state of mind she was in when she was working

on them for the Rev. Mr. Stoker. She recollected Master Gridley's mistake about their destination, and determined to follow the hint he had given. It would please him better if she sent them to good Father Pemberton, she felt sure, than if he should get them himself. So she enlarged them somewhat, (for the old man did not pinch his feet, as the younger clergyman was in the habit of doing, and was, besides, of portly dimensions, as the old orthodox three-deckers were apt to be,) and worked E. P. very handsomely into the pattern, and sent them to him with her love and respect, to his great delight; for old ministers do not have quite so many tokens of affection from fair hands as younger ones.

What made Myrtle nervous and restless? Why had she quitted the city so abruptly, and fled to her old home, leaving all the gayeties behind her which had so attracted and dazzled her?

She had not betrayed herself at the third meeting with the young man who stood in such an extraordinary relation to her,—who had actually given her life from his own breath,—as when she met him for the second time. Whether his introduction to her at the party, just at the instant when Murray Bradshaw was about to make a declaration, saved her from being in another moment the promised bride of that young gentleman, or not, we will not be so rash as to say. It looked, certainly, as if he was in a fair way to carry his point; but perhaps she would have hesitated, or shrunk back, when the great question came to stare her in the face.

She was excited, at any rate, by the conversation, so that, when Clement was presented to her, her thoughts could not at once be all called away from her other admirer, and she was saved from all danger of that sudden disturbance which had followed their second meeting. Whatever impression he made upon her developed itself gradually,—still, she felt strangely drawn towards him. It was not simply in his good looks, in his good manners, in his

conversation, that she found this attraction, but there was a singular fascination which she felt might be dangerous to her peace, without explaining it to herself in words. She could hardly be in love with this young artist; she knew that his affections were plighted to another,—a fact which keeps most young women from indulging unruly fancies; yet her mind was possessed by his image to such an extent that it left little room for that of Mr. William Murray Bradshaw.

Myrtle Hazard had been just ready to enter on a career of worldly vanity and ambition. It is hard to blame her, for we know how she came by the tendency. She had every quality, too, which fitted her to shine in the gay world; and the general law is, that those who have the power have the instinct to use it. We do not suppose that the bracelet on her arm was an amulet, but it was a symbol. It reminded her of her descent; it kept alive the desire to live over the joys and excitements of a by-gone generation. If she had accepted Murray Bradshaw, she would have pledged herself to a worldly life. If she had refused him, it would perhaps have given her a taste of power that might have turned her into a coquette. This new impression saved her for the time. She had come back to her nest in the village like a frightened bird; her heart was throbbing, her nerves were thrilling, her dreams were agitated; she wanted to be quiet, and could not listen to the flatteries or entreaties of her old lover.

It was a strong will and a subtle intellect that had arrayed their force and skill against the ill-defended citadel of Myrtle's heart. Murray Bradshaw was perfectly determined, and not to be kept back by any trivial hindrances, such as her present unwillingness to accept him, or even her repugnance to him, if a freak of the moment had carried her so far. It was a settled thing: Myrtle Hazard must become Mrs. Bradshaw; and nobody could deny that, if he gave her his name, they had a chance, at least, for a brilliant future.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISTRESS KITTY FAGAN CALLS ON MASTER
BYLES GRIDLEY.

"I'd like to go down to the store this mornin', Miss Withers, please. Sure I've niver a shoe to my fut, only jist these two that I've got on, an' one other pair, and thim is so full of holes that whin I'm standin' in 'em I'm outside of 'em intirely."

"You can go, Kitty," Miss Silence answered, funereally.

Thereupon Kitty Fagan proceeded to array herself in her most tidy apparel, including a pair of shoes not exactly answering to her description, and set out straight for the house of the Widow Hopkins. Arrived at that respectable mansion, she inquired for Mr. Gridley, and was informed that he was at home. Had a message for him,—could she see him in his study? She could if she would wait a little while. Mr. Gridley was busy just at this minute. Sit down, Kitty, and warm yourself at the cooking-stove.

Mistress Kitty accepted Mrs. Hopkins's hospitable offer, and presently began orienting herself, and getting ready to make herself agreeable. The kind-hearted Mrs. Hopkins had gathered about her several other pensioners besides the twins. These two little people, it may be here mentioned, were just taking a morning airing in charge of Susan Posey, who strolled along in company with Gifted Hopkins on his way to "the store."

Mistress Kitty soon began the conversational blandishments so natural to her good-humored race. "It's a little blarney that 'll jist suit th' old lady," she said to herself, as she made her first conciliatory advance.

"An' sure an' its a beautiful kitten you've got there, Mrs. Hopkins. An' it's a splindid mouser she is, I'll be bound. Does n't she look as if she'd clane the house out o' them little bastes,—bad luck to 'em!"

Mrs. Hopkins looked benignantly upon the more than middle-aged tabby,

slumbering as if she had never known an enemy, and turned smiling to Mistress Kitty. "Why, bless your heart, Kitty, our old puss would n't know a mouse by sight, if you showed her one. If I was a mouse, I'd as lieves have a nest in one of that old cat's ears as anywhere else. You could n't find a safer place for one."

"Indade, an' to be sure she's too big an' too handsome a pussy to be after wastin' her time on them little bastes. It's that little tarrier dog of yours, Mrs. Hopkins, that will be after worryin' the mice an' the rats, an' the thaves too, I'll warrant. Is n't he a fust-rate-lookin' watch-dog, an' a rig'lar rat-hound?"

Mrs. Hopkins looked at the little short-legged and short-winded animal of miscellaneous extraction with an expression of contempt and affection, mingled about half and half. "Worry 'em! If they wanted to *sleep*, I rather guess he would worry 'em! If barkin' would do their job for 'em, nary a mouse nor rat would board free gratis in my house as they do now. Noisy little good-for-nothing tike,—ain't you, Fret?"

Mistress Kitty was put back a little by two such signal failures. There was another chance, however, to make her point, which she presently availed herself of,—feeling pretty sure this time that she should effect a lodgement. Mrs. Hopkins's parrot had been observing Kitty, first with one eye and then with the other, evidently preparing to make a remark, but awkward with a stranger. "That's a beautiful par't y've got there," Kitty said, buoyant with the certainty that she was on safe ground this time; "and takhs like a book, I'll be bound. Poll! Poll! Poor Poll!"

She put forth her hand to caress the intelligent and affable bird, which, instead of responding as expected, "squawked," as our phonetic language has it, and, opening a beak imitated from a tooth-drawing instrument of the good old days, made a shrewd nip at Kitty's forefinger. She drew it back with a jerk.

"An' is that the way your par't tahks, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"Talks, bless you, Kitty! why, that parrot has n't said a word this ten year. He used to say Poor Poll! when we first had him, but he found it was easier to squawk, and that 's all he ever does now-a-days, — except bite once in a while."

"Well, an' to be sure," Kitty answered, radiant as she rose from her defeats, "if you 'll kape a cat that does n't know a mouse when she sees it, an' a dog that only barks for his livin', and a par't that only squawks an' bites an' niver spakes a word, ye must be the best-hearted woman that 's alive, an' bliss ye, if ye was only a good Catholic, the Holy Father 'd make a saint of ye in less than no time."

So Mistress Kitty Fagan got in her bit of Celtic flattery, in spite of her three successive discomfitures.

"You may come up now, Kitty," said Mr. Gridley, over the stairs. He had just finished and sealed a letter.

"Well, Kitty, how are things going on up at The Poplars? And how does our young lady seem to be of late?"

"Whisht! whisht! your honor."

Mr. Bradshaw's lessons had not been thrown away on his attentive listener. She opened every door in the room, "by your lave," as she said. She looked all over the walls to see if there was any old stove-pipe hole or other avenue to eye or ear. Then she went, in her excess of caution, to the window. She saw nothing noteworthy except Mr. Gifted Hopkins and the charge he convoyed, large and small, in the distance. The whole living fleet was stationary for the moment, he leaning on the fence with his cheek on his hand, in one of the attitudes of the late Lord Byron; she, very near him, listening, apparently, in the pose of *Mignon aspirant au ciel*, as rendered by Carlo Dolce Scheffer.

Kitty came back, apparently satisfied, and stood close to Mr. Gridley, who told her to sit down, which she did, first making a catch at her apron to dust the chair with, and then remem-

bering that she had left that part of her costume at home. — Automatic movements, curious.

Mistress Kitty began telling in an undertone of the meeting between Mr. Bradshaw and Miss Badlam, and of the arrangements she made for herself as the reporter of the occasion. She then repeated to him, in her own way, that part of the conversation which has been already laid before the reader. There is no need of going over the whole of this again in Kitty's version, but we may fit what followed into the joints of what has been already told.

"He cabled her Cynthy, d'ye see, Mr. Gridley, an' tahked to her jist as asy as if they was two rogues, and she knowed it as well as he did. An' so, says he, I 'm goin' away, says he, an' I 'm goin to be gahn several days, or perhaps longer, says he, an' you 'd better kape it, says he."

"Keep *what*, Kitty? What was it he wanted her to keep?" said Mr. Gridley, who no longer doubted that he was on the trail of a plot, and meant to follow it. He was getting impatient with the "says he's" with which Kitty double-led her discourse.

"An' to be sure ain't I tellin' you, Mr. Gridley, jist as fast as my breath will let me? An' so, says he, you 'd better kape it, says he, mixed up with your other paäpers, says he," (Mr. Gridley started,) "an' thin we can find it in the garret, says he, whinever we want it, says he. An' if it ahl goes right out there, says he, it won't be lahnq before we shall want to find it, says he. And I can dipind on you, says he, for we 're both in the same boat, says he, an' you knows what I knows, says he, an' I knows what you knows, says he: And thin he taks a stack o' papers out of his pocket, an' he pulls out one of 'em, an' he says to her, says he, that 's the paper, says he, an' if you die, says he, niver lose sight of that day or night, says he, for its life an' dith to both of us, says he. An' then he asks her if she has n't got one o' them paäpers — what is 't they cahls 'em? — divilops, or some sich kind of a name — that

they wraps up their letters in; an' she says no, she has n't got none that 's big enough to hold it. So he says, give me a shate o' paäper says he. An' thin he takes the paäper that she give him, an' he folds it up like one o' them — divilops, if that 's the name of 'em; and then he pulls a stick o' salin'-wax out of his pocket, an' a stamp, an' he takes the paäper an' puts it into th' other paäper, along with the rest of the paäpers, an' thin he folds th' other paäper over the paäpers, and thin he lights a candle, an' he milts the salin'-wax, and he sales up the paäper that was outside th' other paäpers, an' he writes on the back of the paäper, and thin he hands it to Miss Badlam."

"Did you see the paper that he showed her before he fastened it up with the others, Kitty?"

"I did see it, indade, Mr. Gridley, and it 's the truth I 'm tellin' ye."

"Did you happen to notice anything about it, Kitty?"

"I did, indade, Mr. Gridley. It was a longish kind of a paäper, and there was some blotches of ink on the back of it,—an' they looked like a face without any mouth, for, says I, there 's two spots for the eyes, says I, and there 's a spot for the nose, says I, and there 's niver a spot for the month, says I."

This was the substance of what Master Byles Gridley got out of Kitty Fagan. It was enough,—yes, it was too much. There was some deep-laid plot between Murray Bradshaw and Cynthia Badlam, involving the interests of some of the persons connected with the late Malachi Withers; for that the paper described by Kitty was the same that he had seen the young man conceal in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, it was impossible to doubt. If it had been a single spot on the back of it, or two, he might have doubted. But three large spots—"blotches" she had called them, disposed thus ••—would not have happened to be on two different papers, in all human probability.

After grave consultation of all his mental faculties in committee of the

whole, he arrived at the following conclusion,—that Miss Cynthia Badlam was the depositary of a secret involving interests which he felt it his business to defend, and of a document which was fraudulently withheld and meant to be used for some unfair purpose. And most assuredly, Master Gridley said to himself, he held a master-key, which, just so certainly as he could make up his mind to use it, would open any secret in the keeping of Miss Cynthia Badlam.

He proceeded, therefore, without delay, to get ready for a visit to that lady, at The Poplars. He meant to go thoroughly armed, for he was a very provident old gentleman. His weapons were not exactly of the kind which a house-breaker would provide himself with, but of a somewhat peculiar nature.

Weapon number one was a slip of paper with a date and a few words written upon it. "I think this will fetch the document," he said to himself, "if it comes to the worst.—Not if I can help it,—not if I can help it. But if I cannot get at the heart of this thing otherwise, why, I must come to this. Poor woman! — Poor woman!"

Weapon number two was a small phial containing spirits of hartshorn, *sal volatile*, very strong, that would stab through the nostrils, like a stiletto, deep into the gray kernels that lie in the core of the brain. Excellent in cases of sudden syncope or fainting, such as sometimes require the opening of windows, the dashing on of cold water, the cutting of stays, perhaps, with a scene of more or less tumultuous perturbation and afflux of clamorous womanhood.

So armed, Byles Gridley, A. M., champion of unprotected innocence, grasped his ivory-handled cane and sallied forth on his way to The Poplars.

CHAPTER XXX.

MASTER BYLES GRIDLEY CALLS ON MISS CYNTHIA BADLAM.

MISS CYNTHIA BADLAM was seated in a small parlor which she was accus-

tomed to consider her own during her long residences at The Poplars. The entry stove warmed it but imperfectly, and she looked pinched and cold, for the evenings were still pretty sharp, and the old house let in the chill blasts, as old houses are in the habit of doing. She was sitting at her table with a little trunk open before her. She had taken some papers from it, which she was looking over, when a knock at her door announced a visitor, and Master Byles Gridley entered the parlor.

As he came into the room, she gathered the papers together and replaced them in the trunk, which she locked, throwing an unfinished piece of needle-work over it, putting the key in her pocket, and gathering herself up for company. Something of all this Master Gridley saw through his round spectacles, but seemed not to see, and took his seat like a visitor making a call of politeness.

A visitor at such an hour, of the male sex, without special provocation, without social pretext, was an event in the life of the desolate spinster. Could it be— No, it could not—and yet— and yet! Miss Cynthia threw back the rather common-looking but comfortable shawl which covered her shoulders, and showed her quite presentable figure, arrayed with a still lingering thought of that remote contingency which might yet offer itself at some unexpected moment; she adjusted the carefully plaited cap, which was not yet of the *lasciate ogni speranza* pattern, and as she obeyed these instincts of her sex, she smiled a welcome to the respectable, learned, and independent bachelor. Mr. Gridley had a frosty but kindly age before him, with a score or so of years to run, which it was after all not strange to fancy might be rendered more cheerful by the companionship of a well-conserved and amiably disposed woman,— if any such should happen to fall in his way.

That smile came very near disconcerting the plot of Master Byles Gridley. He had come on an inquisitor's

errand, his heart secure, as he thought, against all blandishments, his will steeled to break down all resistance. He had come armed with an instrument of torture worse than the thumb-screw, worse than the pulleys which attempt the miracle of adding a cubit to the stature, worse than the brazier of live coals brought close to the naked soles of the feet,—an instrument which, instead of trifling with the nerves, would clutch all the nerve-centres and the heart itself in its gripe, and hold them until it got its answer, if the white lips had life enough left to shape one. And here was this unfortunate maiden lady smiling at him, setting her limited attractions in their best light, pleading with him in that natural language which makes any contumacious bachelor feel as guilty as Cain before any single woman. If Mr. Gridley had been alone, he would have taken a good sniff at his own bottle of *sal volatile*; for his kind heart sunk within him as he thought of the errand upon which he had come. It would not do to leave the subject of his vivisection under any illusion as to the nature of his designs.

"Good evening, Miss Badlam," he said, "I have come to visit you on a matter of business."

What was the internal panorama which had unrolled itself at the instant of his entrance, and which rolled up as suddenly at the sound of his serious voice and the look of his grave features? It cannot be reproduced, though pages were given to it; for some of the pictures were near, and some were distant; some were clearly seen, and some were only hinted; some were not recognized in the intellect at all, and yet they were implied, as it were, behind the others. Many times we have all found ourselves glad or sorry, and yet we could not tell what thought it was that reflected the sunbeam or cast the shadow. Look into Cynthia's suddenly exalted consciousness and see the picture, actual and potential, unroll itself in all its details of the natural, the ridiculous, the selfish, the pitiful, the human. Glimpses, hints, echoes, sug-

gestions, involving tender sentiments hitherto unknown, we may suppose, to that unclaimed sister's breast, — pleasant excitement of receiving congratulations from suddenly cordial friends; the fussy delights of buying furniture and shopping for new dresses, — (it seemed as if she could hear herself saying, "*Heavy silks, — best goods, if you please,*") — with delectable thumping down of flat-sided pieces of calico, cambric, "rep," and other stuffs, and rhythmic evolution of measured yards, followed by sharp snip of scissors, and that cry of rending tissues dearer to woman's ear than any earthly sound until she hears the voice of her own first-born, — (much of this potentially, remember,) — thoughts of a comfortable settlement, an imposing social condition, a cheerful household, and by and by an Indian summer of serene widowhood, — all these, and infinite other involved possibilities had mapped themselves in one long swift flash before Cynthia's inward eye, and all vanished as the old man spoke those few words. The look on his face, and the tone of his cold speech, had instantly swept them all away, like a tea-set sliding in a single crash from a slippery tray.

What could be the "business" on which he had come to her with that solemn face? she asked herself, as she returned his greeting and offered him a chair. She was conscious of a slight tremor as she put this question to her own intelligence.

"Are we like to be alone and undisturbed?" Mr. Gridley asked. It was a strange question, — men do act strangely sometimes. She hardly knew whether to turn red or white.

"Yes, there is nobody like to come in at present," she answered. She did not know what to make of it. What was coming next, — a declaration, or an accusation of murder?

"My business," Mr. Gridley said, very gravely, "relates to this. I wish to inspect papers which I have reason to believe exist, and which have reference to the affairs of the late Malachi

Withers. Can you help me to get sight of any of these papers not to be found at the Registry of Deeds or the Probate Office?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Gridley, but may I ask you what particular concern you have with the affairs of my relative, Cousin Malachi Withers, that's been dead and buried these half-dozen years?"

"Perhaps it would take some time to answer that question fully, Miss Badlam. Some of these affairs do concern those I am interested in, if not myself directly."

"May I ask who the person or persons may be on whose account you wish to look at papers belonging to my late relative, Malachi Withers?"

"You can ask me almost anything, Miss Badlam, but I should really be very much obliged if you would answer my question first. Can you help me to get a sight of any papers relating to the estate of Malachi Withers, not to be found at the Registry of Deeds or the Probate Office, — any of which you may happen to have any private and particular knowledge?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gridley; but I don't understand why you come to me with such questions. Lawyer Penhallow is the proper person, I should think, to go to. He and his partner that was — Mr. Wibird, you know — settled the estate, and he has got the papers, I suppose, if there are any, that ain't to be found at the offices you mention."

Mr. Gridley moved his chair a little, so as to bring Miss Badlam's face a little more squarely in view.

"Does Mr. William Murray Bradshaw know anything about any papers, such as I am referring to, that may have been sent to the office?"

The lady felt a little moisture stealing through all her pores, and at the same time a certain dryness of the vocal organs, so that her answer came in a slightly altered tone which neither of them could help noticing.

"You had better ask Mr. William Murray Bradshaw yourself about that,"

she answered. She felt the hook now, and her spines were rising, partly with apprehension, partly with irritation.

"Has that young gentleman ever delivered into your hands any papers relating to the affairs of the late Malachi Withers, for your safe keeping?"

"What do you mean by asking me these questions, Mr. Gridley? I don't choose to be catechised about Murray Bradshaw's business. Go to him, if you please, if you want to find out about it."

"Excuse my persistence, Miss Badlam, but I must prevail upon you to answer my question. Has Mr. William Murray Bradshaw ever delivered into your hands any papers relating to the affairs of the late Malachi Withers, for your safe keeping?"

"Do you suppose I am going to answer such questions as you are putting me because you repeat them over, Mr. Gridley? Indeed I sha'n't. Ask him, if you please, whatever you wish to know about his doings."

She drew herself up and looked savagely at him. She had talked herself into her courage. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eye; she looked dangerous as a cobra.

"Miss Cynthia Badlam," Master Gridley said, very deliberately, "I am afraid we do not entirely understand each other. You must answer my question precisely, categorically, point-blank, and on the instant. Will you do this at once, or will you compel me to show you the absolute necessity of your doing it, at the expense of pain to both of us? Six words from me will make you answer all my questions."

"You can't say six words, nor sixty, Mr. Gridley, that will make me answer one question I do not choose to. I defy you!"

"I will not say one, Miss Cynthia Badlam. There are some things one does not like to speak in words. But I will show you a scrap of paper, containing just six words and a date,—not one more nor one less. You shall read them. Then I will burn the paper in the flame of your lamp. As

soon after that as you feel ready, I will ask the same question again."

Master Gridley took out from his pocket-book a scrap of paper, and handed it to Cynthia Badlam. Her hand shook as she received it, for she was frightened as well as enraged, and she saw that Mr. Gridley was in earnest and knew what he was doing.

She read the six words, he looking at her steadily all the time, and watching her as if he had just given her a drop of prussic acid.

No cry. No sound from her lips. She stared as if half stunned for one moment, then turned her head and glared at Mr. Gridley as if she would have murdered him if she dared. In another instant her face whitened, the scrap of paper fluttered to the floor, and she would have followed it but for the support of both Mr. Gridley's arms. He disengaged one of them presently, and felt in his pocket for the *sal volatile*. It served him excellently well, and stung her back again to her senses very quickly. All her defiant aspect had gone.

"Look!" he said, as he lighted the scrap of paper in the flame. "You understand me, and you see that I must be answered the next time I ask my question."

She opened her lips as if to speak. It was as when a bell is rung in a vacuum,—no words came from them,—only a faint gasping sound, an effort at speech. She was caught tight in the heart-screw.

"Don't hurry yourself, Miss Cynthia," he said, with a certain relenting tenderness of manner. "Here, take another sniff of the smelling-salts. Be calm, be quiet,—I am well disposed towards you,—I don't like to give you trouble. There, now, I must have the answer to that question; but take your time,—take your time."

"Give me some water,—some water!" she said, in a strange hoarse whisper. There was a pitcher of water and a tumbler on an old marble side-board near by. He filled the tumbler, and Cynthia emptied it as if she had

just been taken from the rack, and could have swallowed a bucketful.

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

"I wish to know all that you can tell me about a certain paper, or certain papers, which I have reason to believe Mr. William Murray Bradshaw committed to your keeping."

"There is only one paper of any consequence. Do you want to make him kill me? or do you want to make me kill myself?"

"Neither, Miss Cynthia, neither. I wish to see that paper, but not for any bad purpose. Don't you think, on the whole, you have pretty good reason to trust me? I am a very quiet man, Miss Cynthia. Don't be afraid of me; only do what I ask,—it will be a great deal better for you in the end."

She thrust her trembling hand into her pocket, and took out the key of the little trunk. She drew the trunk towards her, put the key in the lock, and opened it. It seemed like pressing a knife into her own bosom and turning the blade. That little trunk held all the records of her life the forlorn spinster most cherished;—a few letters that came nearer to love-letters than any others she had ever received; an album, with flowers of the summers of 1840 and 1841 fading between its leaves; two papers containing locks of hair, half of a broken ring, and other insignificant mementos which had their meaning, doubtless, to her,—such a collection as is often priceless to one human heart, and passed by as worthless in the auctioneer's inventory. She took the papers out mechanically, and laid them on the table. Among them was an oblong packet, sealed with what appeared to be the office-seal of Messrs. Penhallow and Bradshaw.

"Will you allow me to take that envelope containing papers, Miss Badlam?" Mr. Gridley asked, with a suavity and courtesy in his tone and manner that showed how he felt for her sex and her helpless position.

She seemed to obey his will as if she

had none of her own left. She passed the envelope to him, and stared at him vacantly while he examined it. He read on the back of the package: "*Withers Estate*—old papers—of no account apparently. Examine hereafter."

"May I ask when, where, and of whom you obtained these papers, Miss Badlam?"

"Have pity on me, Mr. Gridley,—have pity on me. I am a lost woman if you do not. Spare me! for God's sake, spare me! There will no wrong come of all this, if you will but wait a little while. The paper will come to light when it is wanted, and all will be right. But do not make me answer any more questions, and let me keep this paper. O Mr. Gridley! I am in the power of a dreadful man—"

"You mean Mr. William Murray Bradshaw?"

"I mean him."

"Has there not been some understanding between you that he should become the approved suitor of Miss Myrtle Hazard?"

Cynthia wrung her hands and rocked herself backward and forward in her misery, but answered not a word. What *could* she answer, if she had plotted with this "dreadful man" against a young and innocent girl, to deliver her over into his hands, at the risk of all her earthly hopes and happiness?

Master Gridley waited long and patiently for any answer she might have the force to make. As she made none, he took upon himself to settle the whole matter without further torture of his helpless victim.

"This package must go into the hands of the parties who had the settlement of the estate of the late Malachi Withers. Mr. Penhallow is the survivor of the two gentlemen to whom that business was intrusted.—How long is Mr. William Murray Bradshaw like to be away?"

"Perhaps a few days,—perhaps weeks,—and then he will come back and kill me,—or—or—worse! Don't take that paper, Mr. Gridley,—he is n't like you; you would n't—but he would

—he would send me to everlasting misery to gain his own end, or to save himself. And yet he is n't every way bad, and if he did marry Myrtle she'd think there never was such a man, — for he can talk her heart out of her, and the wicked in him lies very deep and won't ever come out, perhaps, if the world goes right with him." The last part of this sentence showed how Cynthia talked with her own conscience; all her mental and moral machinery lay open before the calm eyes of Master Byles Gridley.

His thoughts wandered a moment from the business before him; he had just got a new study of human nature, which in spite of himself would be shaping itself into an axiom for an imagined new edition of "Thoughts on the Universe," — something like this, — *The greatest saint may be a sinner that never got down to "hard pan."* — It was not the time to be framing axioms.

"Poh! poh!" he said to himself; "what are you about, making phrases, when you have got a piece of work like this in hand?" Then to Cynthia, with great gentleness and kindness of manner: "Have no fear about any consequences to yourself. Mr. Penhallow must see that paper, — I mean those papers. You shall not be a loser nor a sufferer if you do your duty now in these premises."

Master Gridley, treating her, as far as circumstances permitted, like a gentleman, had shown no intention of taking the papers either stealthily or violently. It must be with her consent. He had laid the package down upon the table, waiting for her to give him leave to take it. But just as he spoke these last words, Cynthia, whose eye had been glancing furtively at it while he was thinking out his axiom, and taking her bearings to it pretty carefully, stretched her hand out, and, seizing the package, thrust it into the sanctuary of her bosom.

"Mr. Penhallow must see those papers, Miss Cynthia Badlam," Mr. Gridley repeated calmly. "If he says they or any of them can be returned to your keeping, well and good. But see them he must, for they have his office seal and belong in his custody, and, as you see by the writing on the back, they have not been examined. Now there may be something among them which is of immediate importance to the relatives of the late deceased Malachi Withers, and therefore they must be forthwith submitted to the inspection of the surviving partner of the firm of Wibird and Penhallow. This I propose to do, with your consent, this evening. It is now twenty-five minutes past eight by the true time, as my watch has it. At half past eight exactly I shall have the honor of bidding you good evening, Miss Cynthia Badlam, whether you give me those papers or not. I shall go to the office of Jacob Penhallow, Esquire, and there make one of two communications to him; to wit, these papers and the facts connected therewith, or another statement, the nature of which you may perhaps conjecture."

There is no need of our speculating as to what Mr. Byles Gridley, an honorable and humane man, would have done, or what would have been the nature of that communication which he offered as an alternative to the perplexed woman. He had not at any rate miscalculated the strength of his appeal, which Cynthia interpreted as he expected. She bore the heart-screw about two minutes. Then she took the package from her bosom, and gave it with averted face to Master Byles Gridley, who, on receiving it, made her a formal but not unkindly bow, and bade her good evening.

"One would think it had been lying out in the dew," he said, as he left the house and walked towards Mr. Penhallow's residence.

THEMISTOCLES.

S O! Ye drag me, men of Athens,
Hither to your council-hall,
Armed with judges and informers,
That your doom on me may fall, —
Doom that Athens oft hath levelled
On her noblest sons of yore, —
Doom that made her foes triumphant,
And each heart that loved her sore.
Oft, as I have seen her heroes
Brought to this ignoble end,
Have I pondered, — when should Fortune
To my lips the cup commend?

Read the foul indictment, falsehood
After falsehood rolling on;
Far away my thoughts shall wander,
Thinking of the moments gone,
When with tears and prayers ye dragged me
Hither to your council-hall,
Young and old, and wives and children,
Echoing one despairing call, —
“Speak some word of comfort, Archon,
Ere the Persian dig our grave!
Speak, Themistocles, and save us, —
Thou alone hast power to save!”

Is it over? Let me hear it, —
Let me hear once more the end, —
“For Themistocles betrays us,
And is sworn the Persian’s friend —”
No, not that! Take back the falsehood!
Curse the hand that wrote the lie;
Charge what deadly crime it lists you,
’Tis no dreadful thing to die.
But shall all my free devotion,
All my care for Athens’ weal,
Turn to treason and corruption,
Stamped with such a lying seal?
Was’t for Persia then I led you
Up to proud Athena’s height, —
Bade you view this barren country,
And the sea to left and right, —
Bade you leave your plain and mountain, —
Save to dig their shining ore, —
Bade you grasp the ocean’s sceptre,
Spoil the wealth of every shore,
Spread your white sails to the breezes,
Unrestrained like them and free,

Lords of no contracted city,
But the monarchs of the sea !

Persia's friend ! Have ye forgotten
How the lord of Persia came,
Bridging seas, and cleaving mountains,
With the terrors of his name, —
How he burst through Tempe's portal,
Trode the dauntless Spartan down,
Dragged the vile Bæotian captive,
Dared e'en Delphi's sacred crown ?
And the craven wail of terror
Rang through Athens' every street ;
Then ye came and begged for counsel,
Kneeling, clinging to my feet.
Then I bade you leave your city,
Leave your temples and your halls,
Trusting, as the god gave answer,
To your country's wooden walls.
And the Persian, entering proudly,
Found a city of the dead ;
Athens' corpse his only victim,
Her immortal soul had fled !

Was 't for Persia in the council
With your false allies I toiled,
Bade the Spartan, "Strike, but hear me,"
Ere my country should be spoiled ?
Or that all that night their galleys
In the narrow strait I kept ?
For we felt the Persian closing,
And no son of Athens slept.
But when broke the golden dawning
O'er Pentelicus afar,
Rose the glad Hellenic pæan,
Bursting with the morning star.
For we saw the Persian squadrons
Ship on ship in thousands pour,
And we knew the pass was narrow
'Twixt the island and the shore.
Calmly, as no foe were near us,
All our morning tasks we wrought,
Lying there in silent order,
As though fight we never fought.
But we grasped our oars all eager
Till the tough pine burned each hand,
Watching till the steersman's signal
For the onset gave command.
Then we smote the sea together,
And our galleys onward flew,
While from all the Hellenic navy,
As we dashed along the blue,

Pealed one loud, triumphant war-cry, —
 “ Now, ye sons of Hellas, come,
 Conquer freedom for your country,
 Freedom each one for his home,
 Freedom for your wives and children,
 For the altars where ye bow,
 For your fathers’ honored ashes,
 For them all ye ’re fighting now ! ” *

On the mountain height the tyrant
 Bade them set his golden throne,
 And in pitch of pride surveyed them, —
 All the fleet he called his own, —
 Heard the war-cry far resounding,
 Heard the oars’ responsive dash,
 And the shock of squadrons smiting
 Beak to beak with sudden clash, —
 Saw them locked in wild confusion,
 Prow on prow and keel on keel, —
 Heard the thundering crash of timbers,
 And the ring of clanging steel, —
 Saw his ponderous ships entangled
 In the close and narrow strait,
 And our light-winged galleys darting
 Boldly in the jaws of fate, —
 Saw the mad disorder seize them,
 As we grappled fast each prow,
 Leaped like tigers on the bulwarks,
 Hurled them to the depths below, —
 Saw his bravest on the island
 Slaughtered down in deadly fight,
 Whom he fondly placed to crush us,
 If perchance we turned to flight, —
 Saw one last despairing struggle, —
 Then the shout that all was lost,
 And his matchless navy turning,
 Fleeing from the hated coast, —
 Saw them stranded on the island,
 Rent and shattered on the main, —
 Heard the shrieks of myriads wounded,
 Saw the heaps of thousands slain,
 While the sea was red with carnage,
 And the air with shouts was wild,
 “ Woe to Persia’s slaves and tyrant !
 Hail to Athens, ocean’s child ! ”

No, ye have not all forgotten,
 All your hearts have not grown cold,
 When of Athens’ countless triumphs,
 This, the noblest tale, is told.

* The foregoing description is nearly a translation from the *Perse* of Æschylus.

Oft perchance my acts have wronged you,
 But ye dare not charge me this,
 That the Persian is my master,
 When ye think of Salamis.
 More I might; but it sufficeth, —
 Here I wait the word of doom;
 Strike! But think that I, the culprit,
 Raised your city from the tomb.

* * * * *

Guilty! Well! The fate of others
 Now at length descends on me;
 Envy strikes the loftiest ever,
 As the lightning on the tree.
 Banished! Athens aye hath willed it
 For her truest souls of yore;
 Now I know thee, Aristides,
 As I never knew before.
 O forgive me, gallant rival,
 If I e'er have wrought thee ill;
 Think but of the glorious morning
 When we stood on yonder hill,
 When Miltiades arrayed us
 In the central ranks to stand,
 When we charged adown the mountain
 On the motley Persian band,
 When the shouting wings swept forward,
 And we stood, like sea-cliffs fast,
 Smiling to behold the nations
 Break in foam upon us cast;
 When we chased them to the galleys,
 Slaughtered thousands by the wave,
 Sent them back in rout to Susa,
 Heaped the mound above our brave,
 And forever through the ages
 Sounds our glory, rolling on,
 For Miltiades and Athens,
 For ourselves and Marathon.

Men of Athens! By your sentence
 I am banished from your state;
 Humbly to that doom I bow me,
 And I leave you to your fate.
 Not to me thine awful ending,
 Athens, shall the years unfold;
 Long shall night have closed these eyelids
 Ere that ruin men behold.
 Still, when I am long forgotten,
 Shall thy haughty sway extend,
 Isles and cities, lords and kingdoms,
 Forced to court, to sue, to bend,

As, from year to year increasing,
Still thy marts new wealth enclose,
And thy far-resplendent treasures
Dazzle e'en thy fiercest foes.
Wider ports and swifter navies,
Broader fields and richer mines,
Deadlier fights and braver armies,
Statelier halls and fairer shrines,
Loftier accents poured in council,
Nobler thoughts in sweeter song,
Loud proclaim the crown of Hellas
Doth of right to thee belong ;
Till thy heart be drunk with glory,
And thy brain be crazed with power,
And the gods o'erhear thy boasting
In some mad, triumphant hour.

Then, when one by one thy subjects
Turn and beard thee in despair,
Calling Sparta to the rescue,
In thy death and spoil to share, —
When thy vines and groves lie desert,
And within thy crowded wall
Pest and famine slay thy chosen,
Slay the foremost chief of all, —
When thy armies throng the dungeons,
And thy shipwrecks heap the strand, —
When thine ancient strain of heroes
Gives no more the proud command,
But thy wisest heads turn faithless,
And thy truest hearts grow dull,
Making all thy counsel folly,
All thy desperate valor null, —
When each fond and mad endeavor,
Clutching at thy fallen crown,
Deeper in the roaring whirlpool
Of perdition sucks thee down, —
When at last thy foes surround thee,
Dig the trench, and hem thee in, —
When the dreadful word is spoken,
Which to whisper were a sin, —
When at length, in vile subjection,
Unto Sparta thou shalt sue,
Swearing thou wilt humbly serve her,
Will she but thy life renew, —
In that hour of keenest torture,
When thy star is sunk in night,
Think ! — but not of me, whose valor
Thou so foully didst requite ; —
Think not of thine outraged heroes,
But of her who banished these,
Think of Athens, false and fickle,
Think not of Themistocles.

But if e'er, in after ages,
 Once again thy star *should* rise, —
 If some noble son *should* save thee,
 Like a god that left the skies,
 If thy shackles should be broken,
 And thou leap to new renown,
 Then remember me, my darling,
 City of the violet crown!
 Then shall endless shouts of triumph
 Sound the glories of thy name,
 And the songs of generations
 All thy matchless gifts proclaim;
 Then be every wrong forgotten,
 Then be every debt repaid,
 And the wreath of every hero
 On Athena's altar laid.

BEN JONSON.

AUTHORS are apt to be popularly considered as physically a feeble folk, — as timid, nervous, dyspeptic rhymers or proser, unfitted to grapple with the rough realities of life. We shall endeavor, in the following pages, to present our readers with the image of one calculated to reverse this impression, — the image of a stalwart man of letters, who lived two centuries and a half ago, in the greatest age of English literature, — who undeniably had brawny fists as well as forgetive faculties, — one who could handle a club as readily as a pen, hit his mark with a bullet as surely as with a word, and, a sort of cross between the bully and the bard, could shoulder his way through a crowd of prize-fighters to take his seat among the tuneful company of immortal poets. This man, Ben Jonson, commonly stands next to Shakespeare in a consideration of the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth; and certainly, if the "thousand-souled" Shakespeare may be said to represent mankind, Ben as unmistakably stands for English-kind. He is "Saxon" England in epitome, — John Bull passing from a name into

a man, — a proud, strong, tough, solid, domineering individual, whose intellect and personality cannot be severed, even in thought, from his body and personal appearance. Ben's mind, indeed, was rooted in Ben's character; and his character took symbolic form in his physical frame. He seemed built up, mentally as well as bodily, out of beef and sack, mutton and Canary; or, to say the least, was a joint product of the English mind and the English larder, of the fat as well as the thought of the land, of the soil as well as the soul of England. The moment we attempt to estimate his eminence as a dramatist, he disturbs the equanimity of our judgment by tumbling head-foremost into the imagination as a big, bluff, burly, and quarrelsome man, with "a mountain belly and a rocky face." He is a very pleasant boon companion as long as we make our idea of his importance agree with his own; but the instant we attempt to dissect his intellectual pretensions, the living animal becomes a dangerous subject, — his countenance flames, his great hands double up, his thick lips begin to twitch with impend-

ing invective; and while the critic's impression of him is thus all the more vivid, he is checked in its expression by a very natural fear of the consequences. There is no safety but in taking this rowdy leviathan of letters at his own valuation; and the relation of critics towards him is as perilous as that of the juries towards the Irish advocate, who had an unpleasant habit of challenging them to personal combat whenever they brought in a verdict against any of his clients. There is, in fact, such a vast animal force in old Ben's self-assertion, that he bullies posterity as he bullied his contemporaries; and while we admit his claims to rank next to Shakespeare among the dramatists of his age, we beg our readers to understand that we do it under intimidation.

The qualities of this bold, racy, and brawny egotist can be best conveyed in a biographical form. He was born in 1574, the grandson of a gentleman who, for his religion, lost his estate, and for a time his liberty, in Queen Mary's time, and the son of a clergyman in humble circumstances, who died about a month before his "rare" offspring was born. His mother, shortly after the death of her husband, married a master-bricklayer. Ben, who as a boy doubtless exhibited brightness of intellect and audacity of spirit, seems to have attracted the attention of Camden, who placed him in Westminster School, of which he was master. Ben there displayed so warm a love of learning, and so much capacity in rapidly acquiring it, that, at the age of sixteen, he is said to have been removed to the University of Cambridge, though he stated to Drummond, long afterwards, that he was "master of arts in both the Universities, by their favor, not his studie." His ambition at this time, if we may believe some of his biographers, was to be a clergyman; and had it been gratified, he would probably have blustered his way to a bishopric, and proved himself one of the most arrogant, learned, and pugnacious disputants of the English Church Militant,—

perhaps have furnished the type of that peculiar religionist compounded of bullily, pedant, and bigot which Warburton was afterwards, from the lack of models, compelled to originate. But after residing a few months at the University, Ben, deserted by his friends and destitute of money, found it impossible to carry out his design; and he returned disappointed to his mother's house. As she could not support him in idleness, the stout-hearted student adopted the most obvious means of earning his daily bread, and for a short time followed the occupation of his father-in-law, going to the work of bricklaying, according to the tradition, with a trowel in one hand, but with a Horace in the other. His enemies among the dramatists did not forget this when he became famous, but meanly sneered at him as "the lime-and-mortar poet." When we reflect that in the aristocratic age of good Queen Bess, play-writing, even the writing of Hamlets and Alchemists, was, if we may trust Dr. Farmer, hardly considered "a creditable employ," we may form some judgment of the position of the working classes, when a mechanic was thus deemed to have no rights which a playwright "was bound to respect."

We have no means of deciding whether or not Ben was foolish enough to look upon his trade as degrading; that it was distasteful we know from the fact that he soon exchanged the trowel for the sword; and we hear no more of his dealing with bricks, if we may except his questionable habit of sometimes carrying too many of them in his hat. At the age of eighteen he ran away to the Continent, and enlisted as a volunteer in the English army in Flanders, fully intending, doubtless, that, as fate seemed against his being a Homer or an Aristotle, to try if fortune would not make him an Alexander or a Hannibal. As ill-luck would have it, however, his abundant vitality had little scope in martial exercise. He does not appear to have been in any general engagement, though he signalized his personal prowess in a manner which

he was determined should not be forgotten through any diffidence of his own. Boastful as he was brave, he was never weary of bragging how he had encountered one of the enemy, fought with him in presence of both armies, killed him, and triumphantly "taken *opima spolia* from him."

After serving one campaign, our Ajax-Thersites returned, at the age of nineteen, to England, bringing with him, according to Gifford, "the reputation of a brave man, a smattering of Dutch, and an empty purse." To these accomplishments he probably added that of drinking; for, as "our army in Flanders" ever drank terribly as well as "swore terribly," it may be supposed that Ben there laid, deep and wide, the foundation of his bacchanalian habits. Arrived in London, and thrown on his own resources for support, he turned naturally to the stage, and became an actor in a minor play-house, called the Green Curtain. Though he was through life a good reader, and though at this time he was not afflicted with the scurvy, which eventually so punched his face as to make one of his satirists compare it, with witty malice, to the cover of a warming-pan, he still never rose to any eminence as an actor. He had not been long at the Green Curtain when a quarrel with one of his fellow performers led to a duel, in which Jonson killed his antagonist, was arrested on a charge of murder, and, in his own phrase, was brought "almost at the gallows,"—an unpleasant proximity which he hastened to increase by relieving the weariness of imprisonment in discussions on religion with a Popish priest, also a prisoner, and by being converted to Romanism. As the zealous professors of the old faith had passed, in Elizabeth's time, from persecutors into martyrs, Ben, the descendant of one of Queen Mary's victims, evinced more than his usual worldly prudence in seizing this occasion to join their company, as he could reasonably hope that, if he escaped hanging on the charge of homicide, he still might contrive to be beheaded on

a charge of treason. In regard, however, to the original cause of his imprisonment, it would seem that, on investigation, it was found the duel had been forced upon him, that his antagonist had taken the precaution of bringing into the field a sword ten inches longer than his own, and thus, far from intending to be the victim of murder, had not unsagaciously counted on committing it. Jonson was released; but, apparently vexed at this propitious turn to his fortunes, instead of casting about for some means of subsistence, he almost immediately married a woman as poor as himself,—a wife whom he afterwards curtly described as "a shrew, yet honest." A shrew, indeed! As if Mrs. Jonson must not often have had just occasion to use her tongue tartly!—as if her redoubtable Ben did not often need its acrid admonitions! They seem to have lived together until 1613, when they separated.

Absolute necessity now drove Jonson again to the stage, probably both as actor and writer. He began his dramatic career, as Shakespeare began his, by doing job-work for the managers; that is, by altering, recasting, and making additions to old plays. At last, in 1596, in his twenty-second year, he placed himself at a bound among the famous dramatists of the time, by the production, at the Rose Theatre, of his comedy of "Every Man in his Humor." Two years afterwards, having in the mean time been altered and improved, it was, through the influence of Shakespeare, accepted by the players of the Blackfriars' Theatre, Shakespeare himself acting the characterless part of the Elder Knowell.

Among the writers of the Elizabethan age, an age in which, for a wonder, there seemed to be a glut of genius, Ben is prominent more for racy originality of personal character, weight or understanding, and quickness of fancy, than for creativeness of imagination. His first play, "Every Man in his Humor," indicates to a great extent the quality and the kind of power with which he was endowed. His promi-

nent characteristic was will, — will carried to self-will, and sometimes to self-exaggeration almost furious. His understanding was solid, strong, penetrating, even broad, and it was well furnished with matter derived both from experience and books; but, dominated by a personality so fretful and fierce, it was impelled to look at men and things, not in their relations to each other, but in their relations to Ben. He had reached that ideal of stormy conceit in which, according to Emerson, the egoist declares, "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity." Even the imaginary characters he delineated as a dramatist were all bound, as by tough cords, to the will that gave them being, lacked that joyous freedom and careless grace of movement which rightfully belonged to them as denizens of an ideal world, and had to obey their master Ben, as puppets obey the showman. His power of external observation was pitilessly keen and searching, and it was accompanied by a rich, though somewhat coarse and insolent vein of humor; but his egotism commonly directed his observation to what was below, rather than above himself, and gave to his humor a scornful, rather than a genial tone. He huffs even in his hilarity; his fun is never infectious; and his very laughter is an assertion of superior wisdom. He has none of that humanizing humor which, in Shakespeare, makes us like the vagabonds we laugh at, and which insures for Dogberry and Nick Bottom, Autolychus and Falstaff, warmer friends among readers than many great historic dignities of the state and the camp can command.

In regard to the materials of the dramatist, Jonson, in his vagrant career, had seen human nature under many aspects; but he had surveyed it neither with the eye of reason, nor the eye of imagination. His mind fastened on the hard actualities of observation, without passing to what they implied or suggested. Deficient thus in philosophic insight and poetic insight, his shrewd, contemptuous glance rarely penetrated beneath the manners and

eccentricities of men. His attention was arrested, not by character, but by prominent peculiarities of character, — peculiarities which almost transformed character into caricature. To use his own phrase, he delineated humors rather than persons, that is, individuals under the influence of some dominant affectation, or whim, or conceit, or passion, that drew into itself, colored, and mastered the whole nature, — "an acorn," as Sir Thomas Browne phrases it, "in their young brows, which grew to an oak in their old heads." He thus inverts the true process of characterization. Instead of seeing the trait as an offshoot of the individual, he individualizes the trait. Every man is *in* his humor, instead of every humor being in its man. In order that there should be no misconception of his purpose, he named his chief characters after their predominant qualities, as Morose, Surly, Sir Amorous La Fool, Sir Politic Would Be, Sir Epicure Mammon, and the like; and, apprehensive even then that his whole precious meaning would not be taken in, he appended to his *dramatis personæ* further explanations of their respective natures.

This distrust of the power of language to lodge a notion in another brain is especially English; but Ben, of all writers, seems to have been most impressed with the necessity of pounding an idea into the perceptions of his countrymen. His mode resembles the attempt of that honest Briton, who thus delivered his judgment on the French nation: "I hate a Frenchman, sir. Every Frenchman is either a puppy or a rascal, sir." And then, fearful that he had not been sufficiently explicit, he added, "Do you take my idea?"

With all abatements, however, the comedy of "Every Man in his Humor" is a remarkable effort, considered as the production of a young man of twenty-three. The two most striking characters are Kiteley and Captain Bobadil. Give Jonson, indeed, a peculiarity to start with, and he worked it out with logical exactness. So intense was his conception of it, that he clothed it in

of the whole is something like dulness, as the object of the whole is to exalt himself and depress others. But in these plays, in strange contrast with their general character, we have a few specimens of that sweetness of sentiment, refinement of fancy, and indefinite beauty of imagination, which, occupying some secluded corner of his large brain, seemed to exist apart from his ordinary powers and passions. Among these, the most exquisite is this Hymn to Diana, which partakes of the serenity of the moonlight, whose goddess it invokes.

"Queen and huntress chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

"Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close.
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

"Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-gleaming quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe how short soever, —
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright."

If, as Jonson's adversaries maliciously asserted, "every line of his poetry cost him a cup of sack," we must, even in our more temperate days, pardon him the eighteen cups which, in this melodious lyric, went into his mouth as sack, but, by some precious chemistry, came out through his pen as pearls.

It was inevitable that the imperious attitude Jonson had assumed, and the insolent pungency of his satire, should rouse the wrath of the classes he lampooned, and the enmity of the poets he ridiculed and decried. Among those who conceived themselves assailed, or who felt insulted by his arrogant tone, were two dramatists, Thomas Dekkar and John Marston. They soon recriminated; and as Ben, was better fitted by nature to dispense than to endure scorn and derision, he in 1601 produced "The Poetaster," the object of which was to silence for-

ever, not only Dekkar and Marston, but all other impudent doubters of his infallibility. The humor of the thing is, that, in this elaborate attempt to convict his adversaries of calumny in taxing him with self-love and arrogance, he ostentatiously exhibits the very qualities he disclaims. He keeps no terms with those who profess disbelief in Ben. They are "play-dressers and plagiaries," "fools or jerking pedants," "buffoon barking wits," tickling "base vulgar ears with beggarly and barren trash," while his are

"The high raptures of a happy Muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven's gate with her bright hoofs."

Dekkar retorted in a play called "Satiromastrix; or, the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet"; but, though the scurrility is brilliantly bitter, it is less efficient and hearted than Jonson's. This literary controversy, conducted in acted plays, had to the public of that day a zest similar to that we should enjoy if the editors of two opposing political newspapers should meet in a hall filled with their subscribers, and fling their thundering editorials in person at each other's heads. The theatre-goers seem to have declared for Dekkar and Marston; and Ben, disgusted with such a proof of their incapacity of judgment, sulked and growled in his den, and for two years gave nothing to the stage. He had, however, found a patron, who enabled him to do this without undergoing the famine of insufficient meat, and the still more dreadful drought of insufficient drink; for, in a gossiping diary of the period, covering these two years, we are informed, "B. J. now lives with one Townsend, and scorns the world." While, however, pleasantly engaged in this characteristic occupation, for which he had a natural genius, he was meditating a play which he thought would demonstrate to all judging spirits his possession equally of the acquirements of the scholar and the talents of the dramatist. In the con-

clusion of the Apologetic Dialogue which accompanies "The Poetaster," he had hinted his purpose in these energetic lines:—

"Once I'll say,—

To strike the ears of Time in these fresh strains,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
And more despair to imitate their sound.
I that spend half my nights and all my days
Here in a cell, to get a dark, pale face,
To come forth with the ivy and the bays,
And in this age can hope no better grace,—
Leave me! There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's
hoof!"

Accordingly, in 1603, he produced his weighty tragedy of "Sejanus," at Shakespeare's theatre, The Globe,—Shakespeare himself acting one of the inferior parts. Think of Shakespeare laboriously committing to memory the blank verse of Jonson!

Though "Sejanus" failed of theatrical success, its wealth of classic knowledge and solid thought made it the best of all answers to his opponents. It was as if they had questioned his capacity to build a ship, and he had confuted them with a man-of-war. To be sure, they might reiterate their old charge of "filching by translation," for the text of "Sejanus" is a mosaic; but it was one of Jonson's maxims that he deserved as much honor for what he made his own by *Jonsonizing* the classics as for what he originated. Indeed, in his dealings with the great poets and historians of Rome, whose language and whose spirit he had patiently mastered, he acted the part, not of the pickpocket, but of the conqueror. He did not meanly crib and pilfer in the territories of the ancients: he rather pillaged, or, in our American phrase, "annexed" them. "He has done his robberies so openly," says Dryden, "that one sees he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in any other poet is only victory in him."

One incident connected with the bringing out of "Sejanus" should not

be omitted. Jonson told Drummond that the Earl of Northampton had a mortal enmity to him "for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders"; and he adds, that Northampton had him "called before the Councill for his Sejanus," and accused him there both of "Poperie and treason."

Jonson's relations with Shakespeare seem always to have been friendly; and about this time we hear of them as associate members of the greatest of literary and the greatest of convivial clubs,—the club instituted by Sir Walter Raleigh, and known to all times as the "Mermaid," so called from the tavern in which the meetings were held. Various, however, as were the genius and accomplishments it included, it lacked one phase of ability which has deprived us of all participation in its wit and wisdom. It could boast of Shakespeare, and Jonson, and Raleigh, and Camden, and Beaumont, and Selden, but, alas! it had no Boswell to record its words,

"So nimble, and so full of subtle flame."

There are traditions of "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Jonson; and doubtless there was many a discussion between them touching the different principles on which their dramas were composed; and then Ben, astride his high horse of the classics, probably blustered and harangued, and graciously informed the world's greatest poet that he sometimes wanted art and sometimes sense, and candidly advised him to check the fatal rapidity and perilous combinations of his imagination,—while Shakespeare smilingly listened, and occasionally put in an ironic word, deprecating such austere criticism of a playwright like himself, who accommodated his art to the humors of the mob that crowded the "round O" of The Globe. There can be no question that Shakespeare saw Ben through and through, but he was not a man to be intolerant of foibles, and probably enjoyed the hectoring egotism of his friend as much as he appreciated his

real merits. As for Ben, the transcendent genius of his brother dramatist pierced through even the thick hide of his self-sufficiency. "I did honor him," he finely says, "this side of idolatry, as much as any other man."

On the accession of James of Scotland to the English throne, Jonson was employed by the court and city to design a splendid pageant for the monarch's reception; and, with that absence of vindictiveness which somewhat atoned for his arrogance, he gave his recent enemy, Dekkar, three fifths of the job. About the same time he was reconciled to Marston; and in 1605 assisted him and Chapman in a comedy called "Eastward Hoe!" One passage in this, reflecting on the Scotch, gave mortal offence to James's greedy countrymen, who invaded England in his train, and were ravenous and clamorous for the spoils of office. Captain Seagul, in the play, praises what was then the new settlement of Virginia, as "a place without sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are; and, for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here." This bitter taunt, which probably made the theatre roar with applause, was so represented to the king, that Marston and Chapman were arrested and imprisoned. Jonson nobly insisted on sharing their fate; and as he had powerful friends at court, and was esteemed by James himself, his course may have saved his friends from disgraceful mutilations. A report was circulated that the noses and ears of all three were to be slit. and Jonson tells us, that, in an entertainment he gave to Camden, Selden, and other friends after his liberation, his old mother exhibited a paper full of "lustie strong poison," which she said she in-

tended to have mixed *in his drink*, in case the threat of such a shameful punishment had been officially announced. The phrase "his drink" is very characteristic; and, whatever liquid was meant, we may be sure that it was not water, and that the good lady would have daily had numerous opportunities to mix the poison with it.

The five years which succeeded his imprisonment carried Jonson to the height of his prosperity and glory. During this period he produced the three great comedies on which his fame as a dramatist rests, — "The Fox," "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchymist," — and also many of the most beautiful of those Masques, performed at court, in which the ingenuity, delicacy, richness, and elevation of his fancy found fittest expression. His social position was probably superior to Shakespeare's. He was really the Court Poet long before 1616, when he received the office, with a pension of a hundred marks. We have Clarendon's testimony to the fact that "his conversation was very good, and with men of the best note." Among his friends occurs the great name of Bacon.

In 1618, when "Ben Jonson" had come to be familiar words on the lips of all educated men in the island, he made his celebrated journey on foot to Scotland, and was hospitably entertained by the nobility and gentry around Edinburgh. Taylor, the water poet, in his "Pennylesse Pilgrimage" to Scotland, has this amiable reference to him. "At Leith," he says, "I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Jonson, at one Master John Stuart's house. I thank him for his great kindness; for, at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two-and-twenty shillings' value, to drink his health in England." One object of Jonson's journey was to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. He passed three or four weeks with Drummond at Hawthornden, and poured out his mind to him without reserve or stint. The finical and fastidious poet was somewhat startled at this irruption

of his burly guest into his dainty solitude; took notes of his free conversation, especially when he decried his contemporaries; and further carried out the rites of hospitality by adding a caustic, though keen, summary of his qualities of character. Thus, according to his dear friend's charitable analysis, Ben "was a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen have said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself." It is not much to the credit of Jonson's insight, that, after flooding his pensively taciturn host with his boisterous and dogmatic talk, he parted with him under the impression that he was leaving an assured friend. Ah! your demure listeners to your unguarded conversation, — they are the ones that give the fatal stabs!

A literal transcript of Drummond's original notes of Jonson's conversations, made by Sir Robert Sibbald about the year 1710, has been published in the collections of the Shakespeare Society. This is a more extended report than that included in Drummond's works, though still not so full as the reader might desire. The stoutness of Ben's character is felt in every utterance. Thus he tells Drummond that "he never esteemed of a man for the name of a lord," — a sentiment which he had expressed more impressively in his published epigram on Burleigh: —

"Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?"

He had, it seems, "a minde to be a churchman, and, so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter sould

befall him; for he would not flatter though he saw Death." Queen Elizabeth is the mark of a most scandalous imputation, and the mildest of Ben's remarks respecting her is that she "never saw herself, after she became old, in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermillion her nose." "Of all styles," he said, "he most loved to be named Honest, and hath of that one hundred letters so naming him." His judgments on other poets were insolently magisterial. "Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter"; Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, but no poet; Donne, though "the first poet in the world in some things," for "not keeping of accent, deserved hanging"; Abram Fraunce, "in his English hexameters, was a foole"; Sharpam, Day, and Dekkar were all rogues; Francis Beaumont "loved too much himself and his own verses." Some biographical items in the record of these conversations are of interest. It seems that the first day of every new year the Earl of Pembroke sent him twenty pounds "to buy bookes." By all his plays he never gained two hundred pounds. "Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes," that is, sold them to supply himself with necessaries. When he was imprisoned for killing his brother actor in a duel, in the Queen's time, "his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains, to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper"; and he added, as if the revenge was as terrible as the offence, "of the spies he hath ane epigrame." He told a few personal stories to Drummond, calculated to moderate our wonder that Mrs. Jonson was a shrew; and, as they were boastingly told, we must suppose that his manners were not so austere as his verse. But perhaps the most characteristic image he has left of himself, through these conversations, is this: "He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks,

Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination."

Jonson's fortunes seem to have suffered little abatement until the death of King James, in 1625. Then declining popularity and declining health combined their malice to break the veteran down; and the remaining twelve years of his life were passed in doing battle with those relentless enemies of poets, — want and disease. The orange — or rather the lemon — was squeezed, and both court and public seemed disposed to throw away the peel. In the epilogue to his play of "The New Inn," brought out in 1630, the old tone of defiance is gone. He touchingly appeals to the audience as one who is "sick and sad"; but, with a noble humility, he begs they will refer none of the defects of the work to mental decay.

"All that his weak and faltering tongue doth crave
Is that you not refer it to his brain;
That's yet unhurt, although set round with pain."

The audience were insensible to this appeal. They found the play dull, and hooted it from the stage. Perhaps, after having been bullied so long, they took delight in having Ben "on the hip." Charles the First, however, who up to this time seems to have neglected his father's favorite, now generously sent him a hundred pounds to cheer him in his misfortunes; and shortly after he raised his salary, as Court Poet, from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds, adding, in compliment to Jonson's known tastes, a tierce of Canary, — a wine of which he was so fond as to be nicknamed, in ironical reference to a corpulence which rather assimilated him to the ox, "a Canary bird." It is to this period, we suppose, we must refer his testimony to his own obesity in his "Epistle to my Lady Coventry."

"So you have gained a Servant and a Muse:
The first of which I fear you will refuse,
And you may justly; being a tardy, cold,
Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to break chairs or crack a coach.
His weight is twenty stone, within two pound;
And that 's made up, as doth the purse abound."

As his life declined, it does not appear that his disposition was essentially modified. There are two characteristic references to him in his old age, which prove that Ben, attacked by palsy and dropsy, with a reputation perceptibly waning, was Ben still. One is from Sir John Suckling's pleasantly malicious "Session of the Poets": —

"The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepared before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were called works where others were but
plays.

Apollo stopped him there, and bade him not go on;
'T was merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offered to go out."

That is a saucy touch, — that of Ben's rage when he is told that presumption is not, before Apollo, to take the place of merit, or even to back it!

The other notice is taken from a letter from Howel to Sir Thomas Hawk, written the year before Jonson's death: —

"I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, — that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapor extremely by himself, and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own Muse. For my part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that time has snowed upon his pericranium."

But this snow of time, however it may have begun to cover up the solid qualities of his mind, seems to have left untouched his strictly poetic faculty. That shone out in his last hours, with more than usual splendor, in the beautiful pastoral drama of "The Sad Shepherd"; and it may be doubted if, in his whole works, any other passage can be found so exquisite in sentiment, fancy, and expression as the opening lines of this charming product of his old age: —

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:

The world may find the Spring by following her ;
 For other print her airy steps ne'er left :
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
 Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk !
 But like the soft west-wind she shot along,
 And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
 As she had sowed them with her odorous foot !

Before he completed "The Sad Shepherd," he was struck with mortal illness ; and the brave old man prepared to meet his last enemy, and, if possible, convert him into a friend. As early as 1606 he had returned to the English Church, after having been for twelve years a Romanist ; and his penitent death-bed was attended by the Bishop of Winchester. He died in August, 1637, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The inscription on the common pavement stone which was laid over his grave still expresses, after a lapse of two hundred years, the feelings of all readers of the English race, —

"O RARE BEN JONSON !"

It must be admitted, however, that this epithet is sufficiently indefinite to admit widely differing estimates of the value of his works. In a critical view, the most obvious characteristic of his mind is its bulk ; but its creativeness bears no proportion to its massiveness. His faculties, ranged according to their relative strength, would fall into this rank : — first, BEN ; next, understanding ; next, memory ; next, humor ; next, fancy ; and last and least, imagination. Thus, in the strictly poetic action of his mind, his fancy and imagination being subordinated to his other faculties, and not co-ordinated with them, his whole nature is not kindled, and his best masques and sweetest lyrics give no idea of the general largeness of the man. In them the burly giant becomes gracefully *petite* ; it is Fletcher's Omphale "smiling the club" out of the hand of Hercules, and making him, for the time, "spin her smocks." Now the greatest poetical creations of Shakespeare are those in which he is greatest in reason, and greatest in passion, and greatest in knowledge, as well as

greatest in imagination, — his poetic power being

"Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty."

His mind is "one entire and perfect chrysolite," while Jonson's rather suggests the pudding-stone. The poet *in* Ben, being thus but a comparatively small portion of Ben, works by effort, rather than efficiency, and leaves the impression of ingenuity rather than inventiveness. But in his tragedies of "Sejanus" and "Catiline," and especially in his three great comedies of "The Fox," "The Alchymist," and "The Silent Woman," the whole man is thrust forward, with his towering individuality, his massive understanding, his wide knowledge of the baser side of life, his relentless scorn of weakness and wickedness, his vivid memory of facts and ideas derived from books. They seem written with his fist. But, though they convey a powerful impression of his collective ability, they do not convey a poetic impression, and hardly an agreeable one. His greatest characters, as might be expected, are not heroes or martyrs, but cheats or dupes. His most magnificent cheat is Volpone, in "The Fox" ; his most magnificent dupe is Sir Epicure Mammon, in "The Alchymist" ; but in their most gorgeous mental rioting in imaginary objects or sense, the effect is produced by a dogged accumulation of successive images, which are linked by no train of strictly imaginative association, and are not fused into unity of purpose by the fire of passion-penetrated imagination.

Indeed, it is a curious psychological study to watch the laborious process by which Jonson drags his thoughts and fancies from the reluctant and resisting soil of his mind, and then lays them, one after the other, with a deep-drawn breath, on his page. Each is forced into form by main strength, as we sometimes see a pillar of granite wearily drawn through the street by a score of straining oxen. Take, for example, Sir Epicure Mammon's detail of the luxuries he will revel in when his possession of the philosopher's stone shall have

given him boundless wealth. The first cup of Canary and the first tug of invention bring up this enormous piece of humor : —

“ My flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines
That I can get for money.”

Then another wrench of the mind, and, it is to be feared, another inlet of the liquid, and we have this : —

“ My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.”

Glue that on, and now for another tug : —

“ My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs ; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.”

And then, a little heated, his imagination is stung into action, and this refinement of sensation flashes out : —

“ My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins perfumed
With gums of *Paradise and Eastern air*.”

And now we have an extravagance jerked violently out from his logical fancy : —

“ I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed ;
Down is too hard.”

But all this patient accumulation of particulars, each costing a mighty effort of memory or analogy, produces no cumulative effect. Certainly, the word “strains,” as employed to designate the effusions of poetry, has a peculiar significance as applied to Jonson's verse. No hewer of wood or drawer of water ever earned his daily wages by a more conscientious putting forth of daily labor. Critics — and among the critics Ben is the most clamorous — call upon us to admire and praise the construc-

tion of his plays. But his plots, admirable of their kind, are still but elaborate contrivances of the understanding, all distinctly thought out beforehand by the method of logic, not the method of imagination ; regular in external form, but animated by no living internal principle ; artful, but not artistic ; ingenious schemes, not organic growths ; and conveying the same kind of pleasure we experience in inspecting other mechanical contrivances. His method is neither the method of nature nor the method of art, but the method of artifice. A drama of Shakespeare may be compared to an oak ; a drama by Jonson, to a cunningly fashioned box, made of oak-wood, with some living plants growing in it. Jonson is big ; Shakespeare is great.

Still we say, “O rare Ben Jonson !” A large, rude, clumsy, English force, irritable, egotistic, dogmatic, and quarrelsome, but brave, generous, and placable ; with no taint of a malignant vice in his boisterous foibles ; with a good deal of the bulldog in him, but nothing of the spaniel, and one whose growl was ever worse than his bite ; — he, the bricklayer's apprentice, fighting his way to eminence through the roughest obstacles, capable of wrath, but incapable of falsehood, willing to boast, but scorning to creep, still sturdily keeps his hard-won position among the Elizabethan worthies as poet, playwright, scholar, man of letters, man of muscle and brawn ; as friend of Beaumont and Fletcher and Chapman and Bacon and Shakespeare ; and as ever ready, in all places and at all times, to assert the manhood of Ben by tongue and pen and sword.

UNCHARITABLENESS.

I HOLD society responsible for a great deal.

I wondered once where all the disconsolate came from, — where all the human wrecks tossed up by the waves of misfortune received their injuries, and what became of those who sailed from port in early youth and were never heard of more. I marvelled, too, that there were so many unhappy bachelors, so many forlorn maids, so many neither wife nor maid; but at all these things I wonder no longer. I have solved the problem I set myself. Society makes them all.

I am not going to analyze society to please any one. I make mine own. Hyacinth, I dare swear, makes his. Why shall I paint it? It is you, it is I, it is both of us, and many more. Can I sketch the figures in a kaleidoscope ere they change? If I could, I might say what society is or was. To-day members of circles marry, or are given in marriage. Disease comes and war decimates; foul tongues asperse, and the unity that was perfect is so no longer. The whole world is society, and I believe there was not so much confusion at the Tower of Babel after all. Men speak in different tongues, but their motives are the same in all climes.

I love or I hate my Celtic friend. The sea rolls between us, but from afar the same sun warms us. If he does a good deed, I shall applaud it; or, if he is mean, shall I not smite him? The world looks on, and puts us all to the test alike. We love or we hate.

Are there no Procrustean couches in these days? If my neighbor is too short, what shall I do but stretch him? If he is too long, I am the one who shall hack off his superfluous inches.

Ah! believe me, sceptic, there is a mote in thine eye, but in mine there is no beam. It is I who am immaculate. "The king can do no wrong." I am a

king unto myself; but, whether king or commoner, how lenient I am to my own faults, — how intensely alive to my neighbor's!

If Kubla Khan decide to build his pleasure dome, — nay, if he but hint at it, — I set myself to wonder where he can possibly have obtained the funds. Not in commerce surely. Not in that vulgar little furnishing-store in which he has toiled early and late for twenty years. He is doubtless a spy of the government, — a detective of some kind; and, now that I recall it, he certainly was away some time during the Rebellion. In short, there are many ways by which he may have procured this money dishonestly. Rather than believe my neighbor quite honest and beyond reproach, I discuss the topic of his supposed fall from virtue with our mutual neighbors, until at last I bring them to the conclusion I have long ago arrived at, which is, if the truth were known, that Kubla Khan is no better than the law compels him to be.

I do this, of course, solely from a regard for virtue, from a sense of duty. The times, I say in my discussions, are such that one must know his associates thoroughly; and so I believe, or profess to believe, K. K. to be a rogue rather than an honest, upright man.

I have a right to my opinion, have I not? Most unquestionably. While this tongue and beard can wag, I will assert the privilege of free speech. But have I a right to traduce my neighbor? What business is it of mine if he has money, and sees fit to build a house with it? Am I his banker, that I give heed to his concerns? Why cannot I look on with delight, and even help select the site of the future edifice? All of his previous life has been blameless and without reproach; but now I suddenly discover that my neighbor is not trustworthy. Is this charity?

Perhaps I do not touch upon Kubla Khan and his prospective chateau at

all. My neighbors in the house adjoining engross my attention. Come! let us watch for the butcher and the baker, that we may see what our neighbors' fare is. I will engage that I can fix to a shilling the amount of their weekly bills. Such meanness are some people guilty of, that they live upon a sum that would not keep my boy in tarts. I am certain that our neighbors take ice but every other day in the summer, and if the milk they buy is not swill-fed, then I am no judge. The steaks are not porter-house, but rump-steaks. Last Saturday night I saw Pater-familias bring home a smoked shoulder, — not a *ham*, because that is much dearer; and — will it be believed? — the bonnets the girls wear are revamped from those of last year. Young Thread-paper dances attendance upon them, and I am sure of all low things a man milliner is the lowest. Two weeks ago Pater-familias rode down town with me, and I saw upon his shoe an immense patch, while his hat was so shiny, with frequent caressings from a silk handkerchief, that it seemed to be varnished and polished.

His clothes are very unfashionable, too. He is invariably a year behind the style; and how can one respect a person who does not wear garments of the prevalent cut?

There must be something mysterious about this man. If there is, I am the one to ferret it out. Let me see. His manner is reticent. From this I deduce the fact that he has at some time been a convict. All men who have been incarcerated are just so quiet. I was once in a jail in Massachusetts, with other persons, and one poor fellow, taking advantage of our presence, whispered to his neighbor, whereat the jailer swore awfully, and punished him; but the rest were very quiet, just like my neighbor. It is certainly suspicious.

He is economical, too. Ah! that follows quite naturally. Remorse has seized him, and he is now endeavoring to pay off his indebtedness, or do something else which I cannot fathom just

now; thus making his family suffer doubly for his misdeed.

O, I cry in the pride of my heart, truly "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children," and I not only fix the nature of my neighbor's transgression, but the very jail in which he was incarcerated.

Fool and blind that I am! If I had but a tithe of that intuition I boast, I might have discerned that my neighbor was one of those rare individuals we sometimes read of in tracts, but seldom meet in the flesh, — one of those heroes who fight daily battles with trial, temptation, suffering, and privation in many shapes, that he may live honorably before men, and leave a heritage of honor to his children when he goeth to his long home. I might have seen that this man worked early and late without complaint, that he might pay debts his dead father incurred for his education, and that the poor decrepit old lady whom no physician can cure is his mother. She costs him a pretty penny for her support, I warrant me, and accuses him in her dotage with harboring a desire to get rid of her. What wonder if he is reticent to the world? Look in his eye. It is the eye of an honest man. Take his hand. 'T is a true palm, and many a beggar shall be refused at Dives's door, but not at his.

But he is poor; he looks downcast. Come, let us beslime him with the breath of suspicion. Let us gossip about him. Let us look askance at him, and direct our children to avoid him, — when they play their little hour, to run swiftly past that wretched abode of silence.

Silence! said I. Ah! that is a queer silence which reigns in my neighbor's dwelling. When he comes to his family there are shouts and laughter, and rosy-mouthed roisterers stand ready to pillage the plethoric pockets laden to the flaps with bananas and oranges he has starved himself to procure. I do not hear that he discusses his neighbor's affairs, or that he distils into his oolong one drop of bitter scandal by way of flavor. Nay, I am certain that

I might lose five hundred dollars per diem, and the world would be none the wiser through him.

So much for externals.

How sharply we see things which have no existence! How quickly we discern faults in our neighbors, but how slow we are to find out our own!

Now I look at it, there is a grievous rent in my neighbor's doublet; but look at mine own. How it fits! Is it not immaculate? I have a suit of character in which I am triply armed, — a coat of mail of reputation which I defy slander to pierce. The man who wrote

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is up no pride,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide,"

knew nothing about human nature. I fancy I could teach that genius a thing or two. The springs of human action are not concealed to me. Ah, no! I see them all, in my own conceit, and no mean motive of other people escapes me.

But how shall my neighbor fare at my hands in argument? Well, I trust, if he agree with me. That is, provided he sees things as I do. If he sees the shield to be gold, and I see it so also, what sagacity he has! what judgment! "A man of fine talents," I say to my son. "See that you emulate him. Mark how quickly he grasps the same points that I did, — with what nice discrimination he avoids irrelevant matters, and treats only the main idea." Next to myself, I say in my heart, there is no one but my neighbor who could have solved this riddle so quickly.

But let him dare to disagree with me, — let him say the shield is gold when I say it is silver, or brass if I like, — and what depth of stultification is too deep for him, — what pit of error too dark for him to stumble in? He is a sophisticator, a casuist; he chases every paltry side-issue until his brains are so muddled that he cannot tell what he does think; he is a mole, an owl, a bat; he is a blockhead, to boot.

What! differ from *me*? — the idiot!

I say the shield *is* silver; how can it be gold? Is it not white? doth it not glisten? hath it not lustre? what else can it be?

My neighbor suggests sportively that it is tin; whereupon I impugn my neighbor's good-sense; and that is a logical conclusion of the controversy. It does not occur to me that a man may differ in opinion from his fellows, and yet not be a convicted felon or a disturber of the peace. His views are his; foolish, perhaps, from my standpoint; yet, because he is not so wise as I, is he any the less entitled to courtesy, to consideration and charity, — is he the less a fond father, a patriot, or an honorable man? Why insist that of all the world I am sagest and always right?

Why shall I break the images men set up? Iconoclast that I am, reflection would show me what long years ago my copy-book told me, *Humanum est errare*, — and that violence, intolerance, and discourtesy are poor weapons to fight prejudice and bigotry with. Come! let us throw them aside hereafter; let none be persecuted or derided in social circles for their opinions' sake. There are more forcible arguments than vituperation and personality, and if we cannot convince, let us be content.

The world is made for all. When my Uncle Toby took the fly and let him out, he did as men should to others who differ in opinion. Go! I say to the sceptic, the world is wide enough for thee and me.

At the commencement of this paper, I said it was no mystery where the disconsolate came from, — society made them; and I reassert it as my conviction that the supply is far ahead of the demand. I say too many in society are hollow and false, and not true to themselves, nor to the instinct planted in every human breast.

By word or deed I convey to my *vis-à-vis* in the crowded *salon* my opinion that our host's daughter is a failure; the money spent upon her education is thrown away. She has no air, no man-

ner, no tone. My *vis-à-vis* understands me, and, taking her cue, goes to the cherished of her heart, and straightway repeats the slander, and we smile and smile and are villains.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the Preacher," and I say after him, Is there nothing but nettles in the world's garden, — nothing but noxious weeds? Have we no traits and sentiments which are lofty and ennobling? Why cannot we see these and talk about them? But whoever went to a party where the guests talked of virtue?

Here is Straitleace. His wife is in the country; he will therefore bear watching. Come! let us invent and suppose, let us pry and peek. Ah, ha! I see a letter, — a *billet-doux*, a delicately scented one, and he is so close to me in the cars that, by the merest accident I assure you, I am able to read the beginning, — "Dearest of my soul."

There, that is quite enough. Dearest of her soul, indeed! Do wives begin letters in that way? Not many. Shocking! Dreadful! And then my comrades and I roll the sweet morsel under our tongues, when, after all, the model husband was only reading his model wife's letter.

Or look at this phase of uncharitableness. What a happy faculty my countrymen have for finding out each other's business. I move into some country village, where a small but select community meet and agitate various topics for the moral regeneration of all. I am from the city, and therefore have some ways easily noticed. I am unquestionably "stuck up," and am hardly settled in my place before a tea-party is held, not to do me honor, but to sit in inquest upon me and my family.

Are our virtues discussed at the inquest? Have we any good qualities? Are we not almost outcasts? How we drawl our words, for example. We wear white skirts, when balmorals are good enough for most folks. We starve our children, too, because they get only bread and milk for tea, and no pies or

cakes. In short, how very far below our neighbors we are in social standing!

Go to, ye shallow dissemblers, retailers of scandal, disturbers of the peace! Leave *us* in peace, and possess your souls in patience. We are human, and frail even as you are. We have faults and virtues. Why not extend the hand of friendship to us? Why not be courteous, instead of making us detest your presence, — instead of souring our tempers, and making us feel as though every one's hand was against us?

There is that Abigail, whom I have often seen lounging at the next door below. She snuffeth scandal from afar. She heareth the whisperings and innuendoes of them that traffic in reputations, and she loseth little time ere she adorns the secret meetings of the conspirators with her presence. Away with her to the scaffold! she is chiefest among the malefactors. Offer her up a sacrifice to charity, and let none say nay!

Suppose I stand by when the tale-bearer begins his monotonous song, what am I to lose by keeping silent, as he tears my neighbor to pieces?

There were two maidens, saith the fable, one of whom was lovely to look upon, while the other was plain; but when the former spake, toads and serpents fell from her lips, while from the unlovely lips came diamonds and pearls. I know which I should have wooed, and I hope won, for I value more a quiet life than false lips and a tongue that speaketh lies.

"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." I shall be silent when the detractor begins his tale.

"Teach me to hide the faults I see,
And feel for others' woe,"

saith the poet, and, though he may be accused of uttering a platitude, I subscribe to it. I am willing to forgive and forget, instead of enlarging upon all the flaws, all the weaknesses, of human nature. I shall not thunder on the roor of some hapless wretch who has stumbled, fallen by the wayside, and cry, "Come out! come out! thou villain, and

do penance for thy sin." I will rather give him my hand and help him arise. I will set him up again, and I will back him against all takers that he never slips again.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," saith another poet; but he meant good, not bad nature, for he knew full well how to set communities by the ears with his sharp sayings.

To-day it is the sister against her brother, the son against his father, and the world is so full of evil, if we might believe the scandal-mongers, that no good will ever exist again in it.

"Let those who dance pay the piper," says Wordly-mindedness, and he chuckles as he says it for a sharp thing. But there are some who like dancing that have not the wherewithal, and to those I offer my purse. If a man fall down, I am not going to jump upon his back and jeer him. He has danced, and cannot pay now; but what of that? Some day he will.

Here is one hand and one heart that shall never betray. Come to me, ye scandal-torn and society-ridden. Come to me, ye whom venomous tongues have harried, and ye whose characters hang in shreds about you, come also. Ye have faults, and so have I. Somewhere ye have good traits, and these are what I respect.

Let us defy the "they-says," and as for those whose shibboleth is, "I have it upon good authority," we will give them the go-by.

We will laugh to see the tribulation

of them that sit in council, and hold foul revelry over their neighbors' shortcomings; they shall read of our resolutions, and there shall be no comfort in the cup of tea any more which Tabbies sip delectably, while they tear Miss Bright-eyes to pieces. There shall lurk a maggot in the shreds of dried beef which these modern ghouls rend, as they rend my fair name; and may the biscuits be as heavy upon their stomachs as tale-bearing shall one day be upon their consciences.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

If I am unlike you, gentle reader, guiltless of this crying sin, I know you will not condemn me, will not decry me, make little of me, or seek to poison men's minds against me. You will have that charity for me which is not puffed up; and where I err, or you are ignorant of my motive, hold your peace.

To-day there are dear ones in exile, or in the bonds of sin, for this very practice. There are lives hopelessly lost to virtue, and others imbibited forever. Families are separated, and high hopes and aspirations crushed, while the fountains of affection which should be filled to the brim afford only a trickling stream, or, worse still, foul lees which never will subside. There are shadows in many homes, and empty chairs that never will be filled. The child on the floor misses its playfellow, the wife her husband, the mother her son, the betrothed her lover, and still the tale-bearers go upon their rounds, and their feet never, never rest.

THE ROSE ROLLINS.

PART I.

THERE lived a few years ago in one of the small seaport towns of New England a solitary, friendless man, of the name of John Chidlaw, — a gray-headed, stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested person of about fifty years of age at the time our story begins. He was sober, steady, and industrious, and always had been so since his first appearance in the place, but somehow he never got ahead. He was thriftless, people used to say, and they got in the habit of calling him "Johnny," and then "Old Johnny," until nobody called him anything else, unless it were here and there some poor child or sympathetic woman, who said "Uncle Johnny," with that sort of gentle kindness that is never bestowed on the prosperous.

He did not resent anything, even pity, but took his hard fortune as a matter of course, and the heavier the burden, why, the more he bent his shoulders, but he did not complain. Nobody had ever asked his history, — the history of a man who has patches at his knees, and whose elbows are out, is not, by those more fortunate persons who have no patches at their knees, and whose elbows are not out, generally supposed to be of an interesting character. John Chidlaw was, therefore, never bothered with questions.

Could he lift a heavy log? Could he tend a saw-mill? Could he drive a team, or carry a hod of bricks? These, and the like, were the questions that were asked him mostly; and as he could say yes to any and all of these, and as people did not require him to say more, he seldom did say more, but lifted the log, or drove the team, as the case might be, in silence.

He looked a good deal older than he was, — not that his head was so gray, and not that his shoulders bent

so much, but the rather that there was an utter absence of buoyancy, an indurated and inflexible style and expression about the whole man, as if, in fact, he had been born old. You could not think of him as having ever been a boy, with cherry cheeks, and laughing eyes, and steps that were careless and fleet as the wind, but he had had his boyhood and his boyhood's dream, as will appear by and by.

It had happened to him at one time that a saw had gone into his hand, and left a jagged and ugly scar across the back; another time it had happened that his horse had run away, upsetting his cart, and breaking one of his legs, so that he limped thereafter, and was disabled from some of the harder kinds of work he had been used to do. He had been dismissed by one and another, in consequence of his inability to make a full day's work, and was sitting one day on a pile of bricks in the outer edge of the town where he lived, quite down-hearted, and chewing, not the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, but, instead thereof, a bit of pine stick, which he held partly in and partly out of his mouth.

His eyes looked solemnly out from under his gray eyebrows as now and then a whistling teamster drove by, throwing a whole cloud of hot, suffocating dust over him. Sometimes a pedler, or some stroller with a monkey on his shoulder and an organ on his back, would nod to him as he passed; but the pedler did not think of exhibiting his wares, nor the organ-man of grinding out a tune, or of setting his monkey to playing tricks, for the like of old Johnny. The sun was growing large toward the setting, and nothing had turned up, when all at once there was a wild whirl of wheels, and a crying and shouting and holding up of hands by all the men and

boys along the road. A horse was running away. On he came, galloping furiously, while the old heavy-topped buggy to which he was attached rattled and creaked and swayed from side to side frightfully, — frightfully, because it was in imminent danger of being crushed all to pieces; and sitting still and solemnly upright, swaying with the buggy, and in imminent danger of being crushed to pieces too, was a child, — a beautiful little girl, with a cloud of yellow curls rippling down her bare shoulders. Her white dress fluttered in the wind, and her hat was swimming on the pond half a mile in the rear; but still she sat, sober and quiet as though she had been on her mother's knees, and not so much as puckering her pretty lip for all the tumult and fright.

A dozen men were in the road, some with rails in their arms, with which they no doubt intended to intercept the mad creature; but the best intentions fail sometimes, and the men with rails in their arms threw them down, and got themselves out of the way, as soon as the danger came near them.

John Chidlaw went into the road among the rest, but without a rail in his arms. He did not, however, get himself out of the way, — not he. He threw himself with might and main upon the neck of the frightened beast, and there he held, and was dragged along, — half the time, as it seemed, under his very feet.

"That's you, Johnny!" "Go it!" "Good for you!" were the cheers and calls of encouragement that followed him. The horse was valuable, and he was in danger of breaking his neck; and what matter about John Chidlaw! He had no friends!

He required not to be thus stimulated, if they had but known it: he had been stimulated sufficiently already, by the tossing hair and fair face of the little girl, to peril his life, and he was not the man to look back when he had his hand to the plough.

The blood besmeared his face, and

streamed down his neck, and wet his shirt-bosom and sleeves, and still the voices cried, "Hold on, Johnny!" They thought he was being battered to death, though the blood was from the mouth of the horse, for the entire weight of the man was being dragged by the bit.

At the toll-gate an old woman ran out with a broom, — she could have shut the gate, but did not, — and when Johnny had stopped the horse, which he did a little farther on, she told him that but for his being in the way she could have stopped the beast at once, and that, if he was as badly battered as he seemed, she would be at the pains of getting the poor-house cart, and seeing that he was carted away! The old carriage was surrounded in a few minutes, and the child lifted out, and kissed and coaxed, and petted and praised, and fed with candies and cakes, and handed from the arms of one to another; and the feet and legs of the horse were carefully examined, and he was dashed with cool water, and combed and rubbed, and petted and patted, and given a variety of either grand or endearing names; but nobody looked after Johnny, and the only kindness shown him was that of the old woman with the broom.

But even Fortune tires of frowning at last, and the time of her relenting toward John Chidlaw was at hand.

He was washing the blood from his face in a wayside puddle, when the man who owned the horse and buggy came breathlessly up. "My good friend," he said, slapping him on the shoulder, "you have saved my child's life!" And then his hand slipped from shoulder to waist, and he positively hugged the astonished Johnny, who was almost awe-struck at first, for the hugger was well to do, and he that was hugged was exceeding poor, as the reader knows.

"My name," he said, introducing himself, "is Hilton, David Hilton, and I keep the ferry at the lower end of the town; should n't wonder if I could put business in your way! You can

turn your hand to a'most anything, I reckon,—a man of your build mostly can."

A fortnight later, and John Chidlaw was the master of a little black sail-boat not much bigger than a canoe, and his business was to carry butchers' meat, bread, poultry, and vegetables from the market-town in which he lived to the great hotels situated on the hills above the opposite shore. His boat had, therefore, in his eyes, somewhat the dignity of a merchant-man; and as he was entitled to a part of the profits of the trade he carried on, he was at once a proud and a happy man. He had christened his boat "The Rose Rollins," and kept her as neat and trim as she could be. He wore a sailor's jacket, from professional pride, and used all the nautical phrases he could muster. His shoulders got the better of their stoop, and his chest of its hollowness, in a wonderfully short time; and one day, when he was asked about the scar on his hand, he answered that he had been bitten by a whale when he was a young man at sea. It will be perceived that he was gaining confidence, and growing in worldly wisdom. The questioner was a very timid person, but she said she guessed she could trust herself with an old sailor like that, and at once went aboard. She was a milliner, laden with boxes for the ladies in the opposite hotels, and was the first female passenger the master of the Rose had had;—for his legitimate trade was merchandise, and not the transportation of men and women; but occasionally, as his confidence grew, he had taken a passenger or two across the ferry, on his own hook, as he phrased it.

"I took such a violent fancy to the name o' your wessel," says the milliner, "and that is how I come to take passage with you. Ain't she a nice little thing, though?"

"Trim as a gal o' sixteen!" says John. "But had n't you better unlade yourself o' your merchandise, and fix to enjoy the sail some?"—and

he began taking the boxes from her lap.

"O sir, you're wery good!" says the milliner, quite blushing. "And then she adjusted her skirts, and flirted them about as she adjusted them, and then she untied her bonnet-strings and knotted them up again, for nothing in the world but the pleasure of tying knots in ribbon apparently; but John Chidlaw thought he had never in his life seen such a graceful and enchanting performance. He brought his jacket directly, and offered to spread it over the board on which she was sitting.

"Oh, you're wery good, wery good, I am sure, sir,—but I'm a-givin' you too much trouble!"—and, saying so, she partly rose and allowed the seat to be cushioned as proposed. The wind caught the bright ribbons, and fluttered them in the man's face as he was thus employed.

"Oh!" says the milliner, with a little start; and then she says, "The nasty winds have such a vulgar way of catchin' up a body's things"; and she pulls back the innocent strings and holds them against her bosom by main force.

"Pray, miss, don't hafl 'em round that way on my account; they did n't hurt me none! Why, I thought 't was a butterfly at fust, and then I thought 't was a hummin'-bird, and them was allers pleasin' things to me, both on 'em."

The woman was flattered. In the first place she was not young,—not much younger than he, in fact,—and he had addressed her as "miss"; and in the next place his comparing her ribbons to butterflies and humming-birds seemed the same as a personal compliment.

"O Captain!" she says, coloring up, "did you think so, weryly?"—and then she changes the subject, and talks about the appearance of the clouds, and the prospect of rain. "I suppose you old sailors can tell, purty much," she says, "whether it's a-goin' to rain, or whether the clouds will ewaporate into

mist; and I should really value your judgment, for if my things should git wet, you see, it would cost me a wery considerable sum!"

"I'll just take an observation!" says John; and he set his foot on a bread-basket, and cocked up one eye. He had never given the sound of *w* to his *v* before, but he had noticed that his fair passenger did so, and he adopted the pronunciation, partly in gallantry, partly because it struck him as elegant. While he was taking the observation, a bright thought came to him. "I guess we shall have foul weather afore long," says he. "When the clouds hev sich disjinted shapes as they hev this mornin', it's generally portentous; but I can knock up a canvas kiver in a minute, and if it still looks like fur rain when we go into port, why, I would advise you just to stay aboard,—it sha'n't cost you a cent more, not if you make a dozen trips!"

"I'm sure I'm wery much obliged, Captain, and I'll take your advice when we come to port, and if the weather still looks wacillating, I won't wenter ashore. It would n't be worth while to risk my goods,—some of 'em welwets, too, of great value!"

"The keepin' on 'em aboard sha'n't cost you nothin'," says John, "if that'll be any object to you."

He wished to convey the idea, that, to a person of her fabulous wealth, dealing in velvets and the like, a fare more or less could not possibly be an object, and at the same time to show a magnanimous disposition on his own part.

"Money is money," says the milliner, "there is no denying of that; and it has its advantages, on account o' which I set a certain value upon it; but just for its own sake I can't say that I do value it,—not over and above!"

"I hev n't hed no great on 't," says John, "but I've hed enough, sense I've come into business, to know that if I hed to keep it a-chinkin' into my pocket I should n't value it much."

Then he corrected himself, and said *value*.

"I'll tell you how money is valuable

to me," says the milliner, "if I may wenter so far?"

"Most certainly!" exclaimed John. You could n't wenter nothin' that would n't be to your credit,—I'll vouch a fippenny bit on that!"

Then he repeated himself, substituting *wenter*, and *wouch*, in the places of the words previously used.

"Dear me! I should become wain o' myself if I thought your compliment was valid," says the milliner, dropping her eyes; but the next moment she gives her bonnet-strings a little flirt, and goes on in the sprightliest way about a hundred trifles,—one of which had no connection with another.

"You've forgot what you sot out on!" says John, interrupting her at last; "and you kerried me away so, I was a-forgittin' on 't too. Howsever, it's no odds, as I know on,—you make whatever you touch so interestin'!"

"O Captain! how you do warnish me up! I shall certainly wacate the premises when we come to port, if you don't stop sich things!—that is, if there's a single westige o' clear sky. But we were talking of the value of money, was n't we?" She cast down her eyes again, and spoke with a sweet seriousness. "I value money," she says, "when I see I can make another happy with it." And then she says her lot in life has been a wery lonely and sad one,—wersatile, but on the whole lonely, sometimes to the wery verge of despair!

"You don't say?" says John. "I certainly should n't 'a' thought it possible! Why, you don't mean to say you've allers been alone in the world?"

Then she tells him how she thought she fell in love, at seventeen, with a green-grocer that turned out to be a miserable wagabond, investing all her earnings in whiskey and rum, and drinking them himself.

"The villain!" cried John;—and then, finding that he had not done justice to his feelings, he repeated, with great stress of indignation, "The villain! the black-hearted villain! But

he never dared to lay violent—violent, I mean—hands onto you!”

“Dear me, how my heart vibrates!” says the woman,—“not so much with the memory of what I have suffered as that—that anybody should manifest such a—such a wery kind feeling toward me now!”

“How anybody that seen you should ‘a’ helped from doin’ on ‘t,” says the boatman, “is awful curus to me!”

“Law mercy, how selfish I am, never offering you a seat all this while!” says the artful woman. And she hitched along, and smoothed out the jacket.

“Well, whatever your trouble’s been,” says John, “I hope your red on ‘t!”

It was an ingenious method of saying he hoped the vagabond was out of the way.

He turned toward her as he spoke, and the wind once more fluttered the gay ribbons in his face. She lifted her hand to draw them back. “Don’t you be a-mindin’ on ‘em,” says John; “they ‘re just as sweet as rose-leaves, and I like to hev em a-blowin’ over me so.”

You may smile, reader, if you will, but you would not smile if you had seen the soul yearning in the eyes of the man, if you had heard the pleading in the sad sincerity of his tone. He was fifty years old now, and I dare say a woman’s ribbon had never touched him till then. He was wrinkled and gray, and old to look upon, but his heart in its tender sentiment was as fresh and young as a boy’s.

So, with the ribbons fluttering on his cheek, and his boat drifting as it would, John Chidlaw listened to the story of the woman’s life, and as Desdemona loved the Moor for the dangers he had passed, so he loved her for the sorrows she had borne.

“Yes, Captain,” she says, “my troubles is over now, pretty much. I’ve been a widder this ten year,”—(he hitched a little closer.)—“I’ve been a widder, and I’ve had peace o’ mind, and I’ve laid up money; but, law me when a body has nobody to lay up for, what’s the use?”

“Sure enough, what is the use on ‘t?” says John.

“Why, it’s no use,” she answers; “it’s wanity and wexation! that’s what it is!”

“Wanity and wexation!” he repeats.

And then she says, if anybody had ever showed a warm heart toward her, she ‘d ‘a’ been a different woman to what she is.

“A different woman!” says John.

“How different to what you be?” He could not conceive of the possibility of a difference for the better.

“Why, I would ‘a’ been ten year younger and ten year smarter,” says the widow, “and then may be somebody might ‘a’ took a notion to me! Who knows? We women never cease to hope, you know!”

“And hev n’t they, as ‘t is?” says John, eagerly bending toward her.

“What a saucy Captain you are, to ask me such questions!”—and she put him gently back with her white hand. “But here we are almost ashore!”—and she began gathering up her hand-boxes and paper parcels with great energy.

“I thought you said you was a-goin’ to take my advice?” says John, with a soft reproach in his voice.

“Did I? O, then I will!” she answers, with the most innocent air possible, and leaning quite across his knee to replace one of her boxes. “What is your advice, now? But you must bear in mind the value of the welwets. I’ve one bonnet in the lot, of a wermilion color, that’s worth a wast deal; and you know welwet, when it’s once wet, looks just like a drowned cat. No dressing can make anything of it. Some ladies wears it, but *my* ladies does n’t.”

“I never knew clouds look like them,” says John, “when it did n’t pour; and, if you take my advice, you ‘ll stay just where you be.”

“I ‘ll take your advice,” says the widow, touching his hand lightly with her soft fingers, and smiling upon him with that unpremeditated coquetry that always makes a woman charming. It was especially charming to this man,

for no woman had ever smiled upon him like that; and then to think she had asked and accepted his advice, withal! It was enough to turn his head, and it did.

"I'll take your advice, Captain," she says, "and keep the welwets dry, for it would cost a pretty penny to replace that wermilion, to be sure! I shall lose some time by it; and time is money. But what's money but vanity and vexation, when nobody has a warm heart toward us?"

John Chidlaw sighed a long, long sigh, and then he turned his boat about and they sailed back again. By and by, as if to push him toward his fate, there flashed down a few big drops of rain. The sun was shining all the while, but he bestirred himself, and worked with a will, and the widow lent her little hindering help, and directly the canvas was spread and securely drawn down, and they were sitting beneath it, side by side, cosy as could be. She became more communicative now, and told him in what street she was born and who her father was.

"What! not — Street, of our town here? And your father's name Peter Rollins, too?"

"Yes, Peter Rollins, coffin-maker, satin-lined and silver-screwed! The very tiptop. None but quality come to him. When I was a little girl, I used to get into 'em, when we played hide and seek. Why, if you believe me, I've been into many a hundred-dollar one, and had my head into the satin pillar of it! That's the way I happened to cultivate a taste for satins and welwets and the like, I guess."

She did not heed the intimation of her companion that he had known her father, but went on for half an hour without once stopping to take breath.

"Ah, Captain," she says, "I've been dethroned in the world! I was born to riches and a proud position, but I married beneath me, a poor green-grocer that turned out a wagabond; and in my trials with him, I lost all my good looks; for I may say, without vanity, that I was good-looking in my girlish

days, and lost all my wivacity, and come to be the sober, staid old woman you see me."

"Old woman, to be sure!" says John. "Why, nobody would think o' callin' you old. You look a'most like a girl o' sixteen to me!"

"O Captain!" says the widow; and then she says his sight must be failing, though his eyes do look so uncommon bright; and then she says, with a little sigh, that she is upwards of forty.

She had observed John's wrinkled face, and her confession was not without method, though she might have added five to the forty years, if she had chosen to be very accurate.

"Up'ards o' forty!" says John, charmed alike with her sincerity and her well-preserved beauty. "Why, I snum, you might marry a man o' twenty-five any day, if you had a mind."

"Ah, Captain, but I have n't the mind. I want a man — that is, if I ever wenter to marry agin — who is older than myself, — say from ten to fifteen year older. I would n't be so wery particular." And then she says to John, — for a possibility crosses her mind, — "Does your family live hereabouts?"

John blushed up to his eyes. "Family!" says he. "I never was so fortunate as to hev one."

"Not even a wife, to be sure?"

"No, miss." And then he says he never expects to hev one.

"Law, Captain, why? if I may wenter."

"Cause nobody 'd hev me, miss; and to say truth, I never thought on 't much till sense we've been a-takin' this voyage"; and he glanced at her slyly, and touched the ends of her ribbon.

"And what could 'a' put it into your head now, Captain Chidlaw?"

"Can you ask me that in airnest?" says John, still holding the ribbons as for dear life. "Then I must tell you to just look into the glass, and you'll see what."

"O Captain, you ought to be ashamed to plague a poor lone woman like me

that way; it's wery bad of you, wery, and I've a great mind to box your ears!" and she put out her little hand to him in a sweetly menacing manner.

John seized the hand and kissed it, and then, frightened at himself, ran to the other end of the boat and looked hard at the clouds.

"O, come back! come back!" screamed the widow; "the boat 'll upset, with me at one end and you at the other!"

"Sure enough!" says John, and he went sheepishly back, and again seated himself by her side.

She gave him a little tap on the ear, and asked him if he would promise never to run away and frighten her so again.

John said he would promise her anything in the world that was in his power to grant; and he looked at her with such adoration that the woman overcame the coquette, or the coquette the woman, — which shall I say? — and she went as far from the "dangerous edge of things" as possible, and told him demurely that the only promise she exacted was, that he should listen to the long and techin' story of her life. It all came back upon her, and she felt as if she must tell it to somebody. "May be, though, you don't want to hear it?" says she.

"May be I don't want to hear it! How can you?" says John, edging up. And she began: —

"I told you, Captain, that I had been dethroned, and I have, — wilely dethroned, and brought low, by my own voluntary act."

"Dear heart!" says John, "so much the worse, if it was voluntary, so few pities you."

"Ah, that 's it," says the widow; "nobody pities me, — nobody in the wide world has got a warm heart toward me." She broke quite down, and the tears came to her eyes.

"What may your name be?" says John, seizing both her hands and gazing tenderly in her face.

"Why do you ask? I'm but a transient visitor to your boat; you can't

have no interest in me; and, besides, my name is hateful to me."

"But I must call you somethin'!"

"Well, then, inwent a name. My maiden name reminds me of the royal hours when my father's position gave me rank, and before the wicissitudes of fortune brought me low; I cannot therefore consent to be called by that; and my married name is the name of a wagabond, and I despise it. O sir, inwent a name, for mercy's sake!"

"I'll inwent it for love's sake," says John, slipping his arm round her waist, and drawing her close to him; "and I'll call you my dove, coz you see you've got all the timidity and gentleness o' that lovely bird, and your voice is sweeter than the turtle's, I'm sure."

"O Captain, my voice is n't a nice voice now-a-days, — my voice went with the rest of my attractions when I was dethroned. I had a nice voice once. If we could have met then!"

"My dove!" says John, "whatever your voice hes ben, I would n't hev it no sweeter than what it is now; it kerries me back to the years that hed hope in 'em, — the years when I was a boy, and in love."

"Say no more," says the widow; "my heart already tells me that you love another," — and she began to pout.

"Lord bless us!" says John; "our boat is aground. I was so took up with you, Rose, that I did n't see she was driftin' down stream, and here we be, high and dry, and a storm a-comin' on; but you can't blame me so ha'shly, my dear Rose, as what I blame myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" cries the widow, reproachfully. "Can you forget that I am an undertaker's daughter?"

This speech did not convey any very clear meaning to the mind of John Chidlaw; but he attributed that to his own dulness, and as this struck him as being very great, somehow or other, though he could not tell how, he bowed his head in shamefaced silence.

In spite of what he had said about being in love in his youth, the widow took great courage. He had said "our

boat" instead of "my boat," and he had called her Rose,—her real name,—how should he know that? She could not tell, but somehow she augured favorably from it; besides, they were aground, and must wait for the rising of the tide, and in the intervening time who knew what might be done? She would tell all her story; and its pathos, she fancied, must subjugate the most obdurate heart.

"Yes," she renewed, "I am, or rather was, an undertaker's daughter, with the most brilliant prospects before me that ever allured a wile wagabond of a fortune-hunter, for such he was who stole me from the satin pillers my young head had played among, and give me a piller of husks, and cold wittles, and vulgar lodgings."

"The wretch!" cries John. "The wile wretch! if he yet lived, I would wov myself to wengeance!" And, like Jacob of old, he lifted up his voice and wept.

"Don't take on so," says the widow. "I would not cause you a moment's sorrow for the world."

"To think any man should have abused the like o' you!" says John. "But surely he never laid wiolet hands ont' you? I think I shall lose my senses if you say that."

"Then I won't say it," says the widow, tenderly stroking his hand.

"That touch is wivifying," says John; "so, dear Rose, you may go on and tell the wust on't."

Then the widow came to the worst; for after all the trials she had with the old wagabond, she said, she could have put up with him but for one nasty habit,—he walked into his sleep! "And now a man that walks into his sleep," says she, "is a trial and a torment to his wife which there is no tongue can tell it."

"Ah, to be sure," says John, "you ought to hev been divorced, and to have recovered big damages into the bargain. To think that the willain dared to walk into his sleep, and frighten a poor timid dove like you! But the hearts o' some does seem manufactured

o' flints, and his'n was one on 'em, I guess."

"Yes, as you say wisely, some is flint," says the widow; "but then some is n't!" And she dropped her eyes, and gave his hand a confiding little squeeze. And then she says that, once married, diworce is n't got for the asking,—“you are tied for good and all.” And then she says, that brings her to the p'int.

"To be dethroned was bad enough," says she; "and then to see my royal dowery converted into whiskey, which it was dewoured by him, the same being took continual; but what was most intolerable of all was that he walked into his sleep! I tried every way to contrawene the wile habit that could be invented. I coaxed and I scolded, and I got up late, and I give him hot winegar with a little whiskey into it,—he would swaller anything that had a drop of whiskey into it,—and I prewailed on him to sing psalms, and, that failing, I prewailed onto him to invest into a violin and play onto that till late into the midnight, thinking by that means his witality would be exhausted, and he would lie into his bed like any other man; but lo and behold! he invested into the violin a-Monday, and a-Monday night he played till along towards ten o'clock, and I got clean wore out, and, says I, 'Do leave off playing onto that violin,' says I, 'for my head aches like all possess'; and with that he up and went to bed, and after a while I hears something fingering the latch, and I riz onto my elbow, and says, in a whisper, 'Dan'l, there's a man a-trying to break in, as sure as you're alive!' He did n't answer, and thinks says I, the violin has done it, and he is a-sleeping with a wengeance, and then I feels along, and says I, 'Dan'l, Dan'l!' but still no answer; then I felt for the piller, and there was no head onto it, and I scraped a match, and it went out, and I scraped another, and it went out, and I scraped another, and a leetle blue flame just started and flickered, and before I could see what it was a-fumbling at the door, it went

out. Thinks says I, I'll make sure work now; and I took two of the nasty things into my hand and scraped so hard I crushed them all up together, and they flashed out and seared my finger-ends and burnt a hole into my nightgown-sleeve, and, seeing I was like to burn up, I slapped my arm with all my might, and at last I slapped the flame down, and at last, by persewérance, I slapped it out; and yet I had n't seen a thing, but I could feel the hole into my nightgown-sleeve, and my arm all burnt into a light blister. 'Dan'l!' says I again; but Dan'l didn't answer, and then I was full sure it was him, and I scraped with a steadier hand, and the match—it was one of them nasty lucifers, may be you know—"

"Yes, I've heerd tell on 'em," says John.

And the wretched woman went on: "It was one of them nasty lucifers, and it choked me so I could not find the candle; and though I could just see a ghostly object at the door, I could not tell at all whether it was Dan'l or not, for he never looked like himself when he walked into his sleep; and the match—they are nothing but splinters, you know—was burning closer and closer to my fingers, and I just dabs it wiolently into the washbowl, and puts it out. And then says I, 'Dan'l! Dan'l!' again; and this time he answers, and says he, 'You wixen,' says he, 'shut up your mouth!'"

"There was no mistaking that, and all in the dark I wentered after him, and grabbed and ketched him by the end of his neck-tie, and hild with all my might; and at that he began to wociferate at the top of his voice, and, thinks says I, better than rouse all the neighbors and have them broke o' their rest, I'll just let him go and walk into his sleep till he's satisfied. I took the key out of the door, and then I tried to find my way back, for, thinks says I, I'll retire and take my rest anyhow, and, if you believe it, I was so turned round I could n't find

the pillar! So I went feeling here and there, and every minute I come back to him, and every time I touched him he wociferated at the top of his voice; and then I'd say, 'Dan'l, it was n't woluntary!' and then I'd feel and feel by the chairs and the wall, and by one thing and another, as a body will when they can't see, and the first thing I'd know I'd be right back to him agin. My blistered arm, meantime, was a-burning like fire, but, thinks says I, it's no use, I can't find the water-pitcher, I'm so turned round; and I just sot down where I was, and there I sot till daylight, blowing all my breath away onto my arm, and the minute I could see I made for the pitcher; but, happening to take it by the snout instead of the handle, away it went, and spilt all the water, and broke the pitcher past all mending,—and a fine pitcher, too!—one that my own father give me in cholera times, when his business was at the best."

"I declare," says John Chidlaw, "it's enough to make a body's blood run cold!" And then he says he does n't wonder she's agin matrimony!

Now the widow had said nothing of the sort, and stoutly protested that she had not, but that, on the contrary, she thought it an advantage to any woman to be married, provided she could find an individual that had a warm heart toward her; to which John replied that she had found such a one; and she answered, "How you do go on!" and resumed her story.

"Well, a-Tuesday night he took to the violin again, and played and played and played and played all the old dancing tunes in creation, and I sot by and never said a word till 'leven o'clock come, and then till twelve o'clock come, and then till one o'clock come, and then till two o'clock come, and at last, thinks says I, my brain will go wild, and says I, 'Dan'l, I ain't a bit sleepy, but I do feel some as if I could go to sleep if you'd just keep on a-playing; I've got kind o' used to it, and I don't believe I can go to sleep without it.' With this he flung the

violin into the cradle, — my father had presented me with a cradle that he had made out of some boards that had been used once and rejected on account of knots, but just as good, you know, — and then he flounced into bed, and he never walked into his sleep that night!”

“You cunnin’ little thing!” cries John, overcome with her smartness, and hugging her close. “Who but you would ever ‘a’ thought on ‘t? Such a sleek deception!”

“Well, a-Wednesday night he would n’t touch his violin, and that night, or rather along towards morning, he walked into his sleep, and a-Thursday night he would n’t play a stroke agin; in wain I put the violin into his sight; and that night he just dewoted himself to walking, — making himself wisible to the neighbors, even. So thinks says I, this won’t do; and a-Friday night, says I, I says to him, says I, ‘I hate the old violin,’ says I; ‘and I’ve a good notion to burn it up!’

“‘You just wenter!’ says he, and he takes it up and slants it agin his shoulder, and turns his head kind a sideways, all the time a-keeping his eye onto me, and he seesaws and seesaws till I falls asleep into my chair, and then he seesaws and seesaws till I wakes and rubs my eyes, and still his head is kind a sideways, and his violin agin his shoulder, aslant like, just as if he had n’t moved; and then I pertends to sleep, and I pertends and pertends and pertends, and at last pertence is clear wore out, and I wakes up like, and I says, says I, ‘Dan’l, it must be a’most ten o’clock, ain’t it?’ — I knew it was daylight. And all at once his wisage changed, and the violin fairly dropt from his shoulder, and he hild up his head that had been kind a sideways all that while, and went to bed peaceable as a lamb, he did, and for the rest of the night he did n’t walk into his sleep at all!”

“You angel!” says John, — “to get round him so.”

“Just wait,” says the widow;

“there’s something a-coming that’ll make you open your eyes. A-Saturday night says I, ‘I feel like dancing,’ says I; ‘so, Dan’l, give us one of your liveliest tunes!’ and with that I began to hop about like a lark. Of course he was took in, and the violin was n’t touched; but O how he did walk into his sleep! Wisible to everybody! In wain I argued that walking into sleep was vulgar, in wain I coaxed, and in wain I cried, — though tears will sometimes prevail when nothing else will, that is, if they ain’t too voluntary. Some women seems to shed ‘em voluntary, and then they are not so prewailing, which it was never my case, Captain, never! I cried for sheer spite and for nothing else; it was always the way with me, especially after I was dethroned; and when tears did n’t prevail, thinks says I, I must take advice, which I took it, — advice here and advice there, — and one advised one thing and one another; but the advice I took was advice that it liked to have landed me where I never should have seen the light of this blessed day, nor seen, nor seen, nor seen — you!”

John put both arms round her instead of one, and held her fast, lest she might vanish like a phantom.

“You seem so like a sweet wision of the night!” he said. And then he asked her what was the vicious advice.

“I do feel as if I’d wanish, sure enough,” says the widow, “if it was n’t for your wine-like arms a-holding me up so nice, for I never can repeat this part of my sufferings without being quite wanquished, — just a leetle closer, if you please; now your shoulder, so that it will catch my head if it should happen to fall. You have wisely called the advice which I was advised to vicious,” says she; “but what will you say when you hear the advice which I was advised? Nerve yourself up, Captain, but don’t let go of me, not the least bit, I am so liable to be wanquished by my feelings, There, that’ll do, — the dear knows it’s all because of my fear. Well, the

advice I was advised was, as you wisely said, vicious,—indeed it was very vicious,—and yet the woman that she advised the advice was a woman of vast experience,—the wife of a violent drinker, and the mother of fourteen children. More than this, her father had been constable once, and she wore French thread-lace altogether! Would you suppose, Captain, considering her advantages, especially as regards her father and her laces, that she could have advised me with advice that it was unadvisable?"

"No, I should n't a-dreamt on 't," says the Captain; "but what was the advice that she advised you that warn't advisable?"

"I really can't get my consent to tell," says the widow, "now that I've

sot out, for I never expected to reveal it to anybody, unless it was to—well, to some one that either was, or was like to be, my husband. Dear me, I've undertook too much!"

"There," says the enraptured lover; "now can't you go on?"

"I don't know," says the widow, blushing, but not withdrawing her cheek.

"Try, for my sake!" says the Captain, "it's so interestin'. You've undertook a good deal, but whatever concerns you concerns me."

"Well, I won't vacillate no more,—not if it plagues you!" And the widow looked fondly in his face, and then, quite supporting herself upon his arm, she drooped her eyelids modestly and resumed.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THERE is an American lady living at Hartford, in Connecticut, whom the United States has permitted to be robbed by foreigners of \$200,000. Her name is Harriet Beecher Stowe. By no disloyal act has she or her family forfeited their right to the protection of the government of the United States. She pays her taxes, keeps the peace, and earns her livelihood by honest industry; she has reared children for the service of the Commonwealth; she was warm and active for her country when many around her were cold or hostile;—in a word, she is a good citizen.

More than that: she is an illustrious citizen. The United States stands higher to-day in the regard of every civilized being in Christendom because she lives in the United States. She is the only woman yet produced on the continent of America to whom the world assigns equal rank in literature with the great authoresses of Europe. If, in addition to the admi-

nable talents with which she is endowed, she had chanced to possess one more, namely, the excellent gift of plodding, she had been a consummate artist, and had produced immortal works. All else she has,—the seeing eye, the discriminating intelligence, the sympathetic mind, the fluent word, the sure and happy touch; and these gifts enabled her to render her country the precise service which it needed most. Others talked about slavery: she made us *see* it. She showed it to us in its fairest and in its foulest aspect; she revealed its average and ordinary working. There never was a fairer nor a kinder book than "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; for the entire odium of the revelation fell upon the Thing, not upon the unhappy mortals who were born and reared under its shadow. The reader felt that Legree was not less, but far more, the victim of slavery than Uncle Tom, and the effect of the book was to concentrate wrath upon the system which

tortured the slave's body and damned the master's soul. Wonderful magic of genius! The hovels and cotton-fields which this authoress scarcely saw she made all the world see, and see more vividly and more truly than the busy world can ever see remote objects with its own unassisted eyes. We are very dull and stupid in what does not immediately concern us, until we are roused and enlightened by such as she. Those whom we call "the intelligent," or "the educated," are merely the one in ten of the human family who by some chance learned to read, and thus came under the influence of the class whom Mrs. Stowe represents.

It is not possible to state the amount of good which this book has done, is doing, and is to do. Mr. Eugene Schuyler, in the preface to the Russian novel which he has recently done the public the service to translate, informs us that the publication of a little book in Russia contributed powerfully to the emancipation of the Russian serfs. The book was merely a collection of sketches, entitled "*The Memoirs of a Sportsman*"; but it revealed serfdom to the men who had lived in the midst of it all their lives without ever seeing it. Nothing is ever *seen* in this world, till the searching eye of a sympathetic genius falls upon it. This Russian nobleman, Turgenev, noble in every sense, saw serfdom, and showed it to his countrymen. His volume was read by the present Emperor, and *he* saw serfdom; and he has since declared that the reading of that little book was "one of the first incitements to the decree which gave freedom to thirty millions of serfs." All the reading public of Russia read it, and *they* saw serfdom; and thus a public opinion was created, without the support of which not even the absolute Czar of all the Russias would have dared to issue a decree so sweeping and radical.

We cannot say as much for "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," because the public opinion of the United States which per-

mitted the emancipation of the slaves was of longer growth, and was the result of a thousand influences. But when we consider that the United States only just escaped dismemberment and dissolution in the late war, and that two great powers of Europe were only prevented from active interference on behalf of the Rebellion by that public opinion which "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" had recently revived and intensified, we may at least believe, that, if the whole influence of that work could have been annihilated, the final triumph of the United States might have been deferred, and come only after a series of wars. That book, we may almost say, went into every household in the civilized world which contained one person capable of reading it. And it was not an essay; it was a vivid exhibition;—it was not read from a sense of duty, nor from a desire to get knowledge; it was read with passion; it was devoured; people sat up all night reading it; those who could read read it to those who could not; and hundreds of thousands who would never have read it saw it played upon the stage. Who shall presume to say how many soldiers that book added to the Union army? Who shall estimate its influence in hastening emancipation in Brazil, and in preparing the amiable Cubans for a similar measure? Both in Cuba and Brazil the work has been read with the most passionate interest.

If it is impossible to measure the political effect of this work, we may at least assert that it gave a thrilling pleasure to ten millions of human beings,—an innocent pleasure, too, and one of many hours' duration. We may also say, that, while enjoying that long delight, each of those ten millions was made to see, with more or less clearness, the great truth that man is not fit to be trusted with arbitrary power over his fellow. The person who afforded this great pleasure, and who brought home this fundamental truth to so many minds, was Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, where she keeps

house, educates her children, has a book at the grocery, and invites her friends to tea. To that American woman every person on earth who read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" incurred a personal obligation. Every individual who became possessed of a copy of the book, and every one who saw the story played in a theatre, was bound, in natural justice, to pay money to her for service rendered, unless she expressly and formally relinquished her right,—which she has never done. What can be clearer than this? Mrs. Stowe, in the exercise of her vocation, the vocation by which she lives, performs a professional service to ten millions of people. The service is great and lasting. The work done is satisfactory to the customer. What can annul the obligation resting upon each to render his portion of an equivalent, except the consent of the authoress "first had and obtained"? If Mrs. Stowe, instead of creating for our delight and instruction a glorious work of fiction, had contracted her fine powers to the point of inventing a nut-cracker or a match-safe, a rolling-pin or a needle-threader, every individual purchaser could have been compelled to pay money for the use of her ingenuity, and everybody would have thought it the most natural and proper thing in the world so to do. There are fifty American inventions now in use in Europe from which the inventors derive revenue. *Revenue!*—not a sum of money which, once spent, is gone forever, but that most solid and respectable of material blessings, a sum per annum! Thus we reward those who light our matches. It is otherwise that we compensate those who kindle our souls.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," like every other novelty in literature, was the late-maturing fruit of generations. Two centuries of wrong had to pass, before the Subject was complete for the Artist's hand, and the Artist herself was a flower of an ancient and gifted family. The Autobiography of Lyman Beecher has made known this remarkable fam-

ily to the public. We can all see for ourselves how slowly and painfully this beautiful genius was nourished,—what a narrow escape it had from being crushed and extinguished amid the horrors of theology and the poverty of a Connecticut parsonage,—how it was saved, and even nurtured, by that extraordinary old father, that most strange and interesting character of New England, who could come home, after preaching a sermon that appalled the galleries, and play the fiddle and riot with his children till bedtime. A piano found its way into the house, and the old man, whose geniality was of such abounding force that forty years of theology could not lessen it, let his children read *Ivanhoe* and the other novels of Sir Walter Scott. Partly by chance, partly by stealth, chiefly by the force of her own cravings, this daughter of the Puritans obtained the scanty nutriment which kept her genius from starving. By and by, on the banks of the Ohio, within sight of a slave State, the Subject and the Artist met, and there, from the lips of sore and panting fugitives, she gained, in the course of years, the knowledge which she revealed to mankind in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When she had done the work, the United States stood by and saw her deprived of three fourths of her just and legitimate wages, without stirring a finger for her protection. The book sold to the extent of two millions of copies, and the story was played in most of the theatres in which the English language is spoken, and in many French and German theatres. In one theatre in New York it was played eight times a week for twelve months. Considerable fortunes have been gained by its performance, and it is still a source of revenue to actors and managers. We believe that there are at least three persons in the United States, connected with theatres, who have gained more money from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than Mrs. Stowe. Of all the immense sums which the exhibition of this story

upon the stage has produced, the authoress has received nothing. When Dumas or Victor Hugo publishes a novel, the sale of the right to perform it as a play yields him from eighty thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand francs. These authors receive a share of the receipts of the theatre, — the only fair arrangement, — and this share, we believe, is usually one tenth; which is also the usual percentage paid to authors upon the sale of their books. If a French author had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he would have enjoyed, — 1. A part of the price of every copy sold in France; 2. A share of the receipts of every theatre in France in which he permitted it to be played; 3. A sum of money for the right of translation into English; 4. A sum of money for the right of translation into German. We believe we are far within the truth when we say, that a literary success achieved by a French author equal to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have yielded that author half a million dollars in gold; and that, too, in spite of the lamentable fact, that America would have stolen the product of his genius, instead of buying it.

Mrs. Stowe received for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the usual percentage upon the sale of the American edition; which may have consisted of some three hundred thousand copies. This percentage, with some other trifling sums, may have amounted to forty thousand dollars. From the theatre she has received nothing; from foreign countries nothing, or next to nothing. This poor forty thousand dollars — about enough to build a comfortable house in the country, and lay out an acre or two of grounds — was the product of the supreme literary success of all times! A *corresponding* success in sugar, in stocks, in tobacco, in cotton, in invention, in real estate, would have yielded millions upon millions to the lucky operator. To say that Mrs. Stowe, through our cruel and shameful indifference with regard to the rights of authors, native and foreign, has been kept out of two hundred

thousand dollars, honestly hers, is a most moderate and safe statement. This money was due to her as entirely as the sum named upon a bill of exchange is due to the rightful owner of the same. It was for "value received." A permanently attractive book, moreover, would naturally be more than a sum of money; it would be an estate; it would be an income. This wrong, therefore, continues to the present moment, and will go on longer than the life of the authoress. While we are writing this sentence, probably, some German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, or English bookseller is dropping into his "till" the price of a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the whole of which he will keep, instead of sending ten per cent of it to Hartford on the 1st of January next.

We have had another literary success in these years, — Mr. Motley's *Histories of the Dutch Republic and of the United Netherlands*. As there are fifteen persons in the world who can enjoy fiction to one that will read much of any other kind of literary production, the writers of fiction usually receive some compensation for their labors. Not a fair nor an adequate compensation, but *some*. This compensation will never be fair nor adequate until every man or woman in the whole world who buys a copy of a novel, or sees it played, shall, in so doing, contribute a certain stipulated sum to the author. Nevertheless, the writers of fiction do get a little money, and a few of them are able to live almost as well as a retired grocer. Now and then we hear of an author who gets almost as much money for a novel that enthalls and enchants two or three nations for many months, as a beardless operator in stocks sometimes wins between one and two P. M. It is not so with the heroes of research, like Motley, Buckle, Bancroft, and Carlyle. Upon this point we are ready to make a sweeping assertion, and it is this. No well-executed work, involving original research, can pay expenses, unless the author is protected

in his right to the market of the world. This is one of the points to which we particularly wish to call attention. Give us international copyright, and it immediately becomes possible in the United States for a man who is not rich to devote his existence to the production of works of permanent and universal value. Continue to withhold international copyright, and this privilege remains the almost exclusive portion of men of wealth. For, in the United States, there is scarcely any such thing as honest leisure in connection with business or a salaried office.

Now, with regard to Mr. Motley, whose five massive volumes of Dutch History are addressed to the educated class of all nations, — before that author could write the first sentence of his work he must have been familiar with six languages, English, Latin, Dutch, French, German, and Spanish, besides possessing that general knowledge of history, literature, and science which constitutes what is called culture. He must also have spent five laborious years in gaining an intimate knowledge of his subject, in the course of which he must have travelled in more than one country, and expended large sums in the purchase of books and documents, and for copies of manuscripts. Living in the cheap capitals of Continental Europe, and managing his affairs with economy, he may have accomplished his preparatory studies at an expenditure of ten thousand dollars, — two thousand dollars a year. The volumes contain in all about three thousand five hundred large pages. At two pages a day, which would be very rapid work, and probably twice as fast as he did work, he could have executed the five volumes, and got them through the press (a year's hard labor in itself), in seven years. Here are twelve years' labor, and twenty-four thousand dollars' necessary expenditure. Mr. Motley probably expended more than twelve years, and twice twenty-four thousand dollars; but we choose to estimate the work at its necessary cost. Two other

items must be also considered: —

1. The talents of the author, which, employed in another profession, would have brought large returns in money and honor; 2. The intense and exhausting nature of the labor. The production of a work which demands strict fidelity to truth, as well as excellence in composition, — which obliges the author, first, to know all, and, after that, to impart the essence of his knowledge in an agreeable and striking manner, — is the hardest continuous work ever done by man. It is at times a fierce and passionate joy; it is at times a harrowing anxiety; it is at times a vast despair; but it is always very hard labor. The search after a fact is sometimes as arduous as the chase after a deer, and it may last six weeks, and, after all, there may be no such fact, or it may be valueless. And when all is done, — when the mountain of manuscript lies before the author ready for the press, — he cannot for the life of him tell whether his work is trash or treasure. As poor Charlotte Brontë said, when she had finished *Jane Eyre*, "I only know that the story has interested *me*." Finally comes the anguish of having the work judged by persons whose only knowledge of the subject is derived from the work itself.

No matter for all that: we are speaking of money. This work, we repeat, cost the author twenty-four thousand dollars to produce. Messrs. Harper sell it at fifteen dollars a copy. The usual allowance to the author is ten per cent of the retail price, and, as a rule, it ought not to be more. Upon works of that magnitude, however, it often is more. Suppose, then, that Mr. Motley receives two dollars for every copy of his work sold by his American publishers. A meritorious work of general interest, i. e. a book not addressed to any class, sect, or profession, that costs fifteen dollars, is considered successful in the United States if it sells three thousand copies. Five thousand is decided success. Seven thousand is brilliant success. Ten thousand copies, sold in the lifetime of the author, is all

the success that can be hoped for. Ten thousand copies would yield to the author twenty thousand dollars, which is four thousand dollars less than it cost him.

But Mr. Motley's work is of universal interest. It does not concern the people of the United States any more than it does the people of England, France, and Germany, nor as much as it does the people of Spain and Holland. Wherever, in the whole world, there is an intelligent, educated human being, there is a person who would like to read and possess Motley's Histories, which relate events of undying interest to all the few in every land who are capable of comprehending their significance. Give this author the market of the world, and he is compensated for his labor. Deny him this right, and it is impossible he should be. England buys a greater number of fifteen-dollar books than the United States, because, in England, rich men are generally educated men, and in the United States the class who most want such books cannot buy them. Our clergy are poor; our students are generally poor; our lawyers and doctors are not rich, as a class; our professors and schoolmasters are generally very poor; our men of business, as a class, read little but the daily paper; and our men of leisure are too few to be of any account. Nor have we yet that universal system of town and village self-sustaining libraries, which will, by and by, abundantly atone for the ignorance and indifference of the rich, and make the best market for books the world has ever seen. England would readily "take" ten thousand copies of a three-guinea book of first-rate merit and universal interest. A French translation of the same would sell five thousand in France, and, probably three thousand more in other Continental countries. A German translation would place it within the reach of nations of readers, and a few hundreds in each of those nations would become possessors of the work. Or, in other words, an International Copyright would multiply the gains of an

author like Mr. Motley by three, possibly by four. $20,000 \times 3 = 60,000$.

We are far from thinking that sixty thousand dollars would be a compensation for such work as Mr. Motley has done. We merely say, that the reasonable prospect of even such a partial recompense as that would make it possible for persons not rich to produce in the United States works of universal and permanent value. The question is, Are we prepared to say that such works shall be attempted here only by rich men, or by men like Noah Webster, who lived upon a Spelling-Book while he wrote his Dictionary? Generally, the acquisition of an independent income is the work of a lifetime, and it ought to be. But the production of a masterpiece, involving original research, is also the work of a lifetime. Not one man in a thousand millions can do both. Give us International Copyright, and there are already five publishers in the United States who are able and willing to give an author the equivalent of Gibbon's sixteen hundred pounds a year, or of Noah Webster's Spelling-Book, or Prescott's thousand dollars a month; i. e. maintenance while he is doing that part of his work which requires exclusive devotion to it. Besides, a man intent upon the execution of a great work can contrive, in many ways, to exist—just exist—for ten years, provided he has a reasonable prospect of moderate reward when his task is done. There are fifty men in New England alone who would deem it an honor and a privilege "to invest" in such an enterprise.

Mr. Bancroft's is another case in point. Mr. Buckle remarks, that there is no knowledge until there is a class who have conquered leisure, and that, although most of this class will always employ their leisure in the pursuit of pleasure, yet a few will devote it to the acquisition of knowledge. These few are the flower of their species,—its ornaments and benefactors,—for the flower issues in most precious fruit, which finally nourishes and exalts the whole. We are such idle and pleasure-loving

creatures, and civilization places so many alluring delights within the reach of a rich man, that it must ever be accounted a merit in one of this class if he devotes himself to generous toil for the public good. George Bancroft has spent thirty years in such toil. His *History of the United States* has stood to him in the place of a profession. His house is filled with the most costly material, the spoils of foreign archives and of domestic chests, the pick of auction sales, the hidden treasure of ancient bookstores, and the chance discoveries of dusty garrets. His work has been eminently "successful," and he has received for it about as much as his material cost, and perhaps half a dollar a day for his labor. When the third volume of the work was about to appear, a London publisher offered three hundred pounds for the advance sheets, which were furnished, and the money was paid. The same sum was offered and paid for the advance sheets of the fourth volume. Then the London publisher discovered that "the courtesy of the trade" would suffice for his purpose, and he forbore to pay for that which he could get for nothing. Six hundred pounds, therefore, is all that this American author has received from foreign countries for thirty years' labor. His work has been translated into two or three foreign languages, and it is found in all European libraries of any completeness, whether public or private; but this little sum is all that has come back to *him*. Surely, there cannot be one reader of this periodical so insensible to moral distinctions as not to feel that this is wrong. The happy accident of Mr. Bancroft's not needing the money has nothing to do with the right and wrong of the matter. No man is so rich that he does not like to receive money which he has honestly earned; for money honestly earned is honor as well as reward, and it is not for *us*, the benefited party, to withhold his right from a man because he has been generous to us. And the question again occurs, Shall we sit down content with an arrangement which

obliges us to wait for works of permanent and universal interest until the accident occurs of a rich man willing and able to execute them? It is not an accident, but a most rare conjunction of accidents. First, the man must be competent; secondly, he must be willing; thirdly, he must be rich. This fortunate combination is so little likely to occur in a new country, that it must be accounted honorable to the United States that in the same generation we have had three such men, — Bancroft, Motley, and Prescott. Is it *such* persons that should be singled out from the mass of their fellow-citizens to be deprived of their honest gains? Besides, riches take to themselves wings. A case has occurred among us of a rich man devoting the flower of his days to the production of excellent works, and then losing his property.

It will be of no avail to adduce the instance of Dr. J. W. Draper. We have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Draper relate the history of his average day. Up at six. Breakfast at seven. An hour's ride to the city. Busy at the New York University from nine to one. Home in cars to dinner at three. At four P. M. *begins* his day's literary work, and keeps steadily on till eleven. Then, bed. Not one man in many millions could endure such a life, and no man, perhaps, ought to endure it. Dr. Draper happens to possess a most sound and easy-working constitution of body and mind, and he has acquired a knowledge of the laws which relate to its well-being. But, even in his case, it is questionable whether it is well, or even right, to devote so large a part of his existence to labor. It is probable, too, that an International Copyright would, ere this, have released him from the necessity of it, or the temptation to it.

Few of us are aware of the extent to which American works are now reprinted in England. We noticed, the other day, in an English publication, a page of advertisements containing the titles of thirteen volumes announced to be sold at "1s." or "1s. 6d." Twelve of the thirteen were American. Among

them, we remember, were Mrs. Stowe's "Little Foxes," Dr. Holmes's "Humorous Poems," and Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers." The cheap publication stores of Great Britain are heaped with such reprints, the sale of which yields nothing to the authors. We have even seen in England a series of school writing-books, the invention of a Philadelphia writing-master, the English copies of which betrayed no trace of their origin. Nor have we been able, after much inquiry, to hear of one instance in which an English publisher has paid an American author, resident in America, for anything except advance sheets. Mr. Longfellow, whose works are as popular in England as in America, and as salable, has derived, we believe, considerable sums for advance sheets of his works; but, unless we are grossly misinformed, even he receives no percentage upon the annual sale of his works in Great Britain.

And the aggravating circumstance of all this spoliation of the men and women who are the country's ornament and boast is, that it is wholly our fault. We force the European publishers to steal. England is more than willing, France is more than willing, Germany is quite willing, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia are willing, to come at once into an international arrangement which shall render literary property as sacred and as safe in all civilized lands as tobacco and whiskey. All the countries we have named are now obliged to steal it, and do steal it. Who would have expected to find the Essays of Mr. Emerson a topic in the interior of Russia? We find them, however, familiarly alluded to in the Russian novel "Fathers and Sons," recently translated. If authors had their rights, a rill of Russian silver would come trickling into Concord, while a broad and brimming river of it would inundate a certain cottage in Hartford. How many modest and straitened American homes would have new parlor carpets this year, if henceforth, on the first days of January and July, drafts to their address were to be dropped in the mail in every capital of

the world which the work done in those homes instructs or cheers! Nor would new carpets be all. Many authors would be instantly delivered from the fatal necessity of over-production, — the vice that threatens literature with annihilation.

There is another aggravating circumstance, — most aggravating. The want of an International Copyright chiefly robs our best and brightest! A dull book protects itself; no foreigner wants it. An honest drudge, who compiles timely works of utility, or works which appease a transient curiosity, and which thousands of "agents" put under the nose of the whole population, can make a fortune by one or two lucky hits. There are respectable gentlemen not far off, who, with pen and scissors, in four months, manufactured pieces of merchandise, labelled "Life of Abraham Lincoln," of which a hundred thousand copies each were sold in half a year, and which yielded the manufacturer thirty thousand dollars. This sum is probably more than twice as great as the sum total of Mr. Emerson's receipts from his published works, — the fruit of forty years of study and meditation. It is chiefly our dear Immortals and our best Ephemerals who need this protection from their country's justice. It is our Emersons, our Hawthornes, our Longfellows, our Lowells, our Holmeses, our Bryants, our Curtises, our Beechers, our Mrs. Stowes, our Motleys, our Bancrofts, our Prescotts, whom we permit all the world to plunder. We harmless drudges and book-makers are protected by our own dullness. We are panoplied in our insignificance. The stupidest set of school-books we ever looked into has yielded, for many years, an annual profit of one hundred thousand dollars, and is now enriching its third set of proprietors. No one, therefore, need feel any concern for *us*. We can do pretty well if only we are stupid enough, and "study to please." But, O honorable members, spare the few who redeem and exalt the country's name, and who keep alive the all but extinguished celestial fire! If Ameri-

can property abroad must be robbed, let cotton and tobacco take a turn, and see how *they* like it. Invite Manchester to come to the Liverpool Docks and help itself. Let there be free smoking in Europe. Summon the merchants of London to a scramble for American bills of exchange. Select for spoliation anything but the country's literature.

The worst remains to be told. It is bad to have your pocket picked; but there is something infinitely worse,—it is to pick a pocket. Who would not rather be stolen from, than steal? Who would not rather be murdered, than be a murderer? Nevertheless, in depriving foreign authors of their rights, it is still ourselves whom we injure most. The great damage to America, and to American literature, from the want of an international copyright law, is not the thousands of dollars per annum which authors lose. This is, in fact, the smallest item that enters into the huge sum total of our loss.

It maims or kills seven tenths of the contemporary literature that must be translated before it is available for publication here. Charles Reade, in that gallant and brilliant little book of his, "The Eighth Commandment," quotes from a letter written in Cologne, in 1851, the following passage:—

"About thirty years ago the first translations from English were brought to the German market. The Waverley Novels were extensively circulated, and read with avidity by all classes. Next came Bulwer, and after him Dickens and other writers. Rival editions of the same works sprang up by the half-dozen; the profits decreased, and the publishers were obliged to cut down the pay of the translators. I know that a translation-monger at Grimm pays about £6 for a three-volume novel.

"These works, got up in a hurry, and printed with bad type on wretched paper, are completely flooding the market; and, as they are much cheaper than original works, they are a serious obstacle to our national literature.

Thus much for our share in the miseries of free trade* in translations.

"Now for yours. There are able men in Germany, who, were it made worth their while, could and would put the master works of your novelists and historians into a decent German garb. But under the present system these men are elbowed out of the field."

Change a few names in this passage, and it describes, with considerable exactness, the state of the translation market in the United States. Works, which in France charm the *boudoir* and amuse the whole of the educated class, sink, under the handling of hasty translators and enterprising publishers, into what we call "Yellow-Covered Literature," which is to be found chiefly upon the wharves. Respectable publishers have a well-founded terror of French and German translations; since, after incurring the expense of translation, they have no protection against the publication of another version except "the courtesy of the trade,"—a code of laws which has not much force in the regions from which the literature of the Yellow Cover emanates. We are not getting half the good we ought from the contemporary literature of France, Germany, Sweden, Russia, Holland, Italy, and we never shall, until American publishers can acquire property in it by fair purchase, which the law will protect. The business of furnishing the American public with good translations from the French would of itself maintain two or three great publishing houses. There is a mine of wealth there waiting for the removal of the squatters and the recognition of the rightful title-deeds. What would California have been worth to us, or to itself, or to anybody, if its treasures had been *left* to the hurried scratchings over the surface of uncapitalised prospectors? Capital and skill wait until the title is clear. Then they go in, with their ponderous engines, and pound the

* Upon this expression Mr. Reade justly remarks: "This is a foolish and inapplicable phrase. Free trade is free buying and selling, not free stealing."

rocks till the gold glitters all over the heap.

Messrs. Appleton, of New York, have recently ventured to publish good translations and good editions of Madame Mühlbach's historical novels. The name of this lady being new to America, the enterprise was a risk, — a risk of many thousand dollars, — a risk which only a wealthy house would be justified in assuming. The *great* expense of such an undertaking is incurred in making the new name known, in advertising it, in shouting it into the ears of a public deafened with a thousand outcries. An enormous sum of money may easily be spent in this way, when advertising costs from twenty cents to two dollars a line. Suppose the efforts of the publishers are successful, see how beautifully the present system works! The more successful they are, the more perilous their property becomes! It is safe only as long as it is worthless. Just as soon as they have, by the expenditure of unknown thousands, created for the works of this German lady a steady demand, which promises to recompense them, they are open to the inroads of the Knights of the Yellow Cover! See, too, the effects upon the Berlin authoress. Playing such a dangerous and costly game as this, the American publisher dare not, cannot treat with her in the only proper and honorable way, — open a fair bargain, so much for so much. Messrs. Appleton did themselves the honor, the other day, to send her a thousand dollars, gold, which was an act as wise as it was right. We enjoyed an exquisite pleasure in looking upon the lovely document, duly stamped and authenticated, which has ere this given her a claim upon a Berlin banker; and we have also a prodigious happiness in committing the impropriety of making the fact public. Nevertheless, it is not thus that authors should be paid for their own. All we can say of it is, that it is better than nothing to her, and the best a publisher can do under the circumstances.

This business of publishing books is

the most difficult one carried on in the world. It demands qualities so seldom found in the same individual, that there has scarcely ever been an eminent and stable publishing house which did not consist of several active and able men. Failure is the rule, success the rare exception. The shores of the business world are strewn thick with the wrecks of ventures in this line that gave every promise of bringing back a large return. It has been proved a task beyond the wisdom of mortals, to decide with any positive degree of certainty whether a heap of blotted manuscript is the most precious or the most worthless of all the productions of human industry. Young publishers think they can tell: old publishers know they cannot. This is so true, that for a publisher to have a knowledge of the commodity in which he deals is generally a point against his success as a publisher; and it will certainly ruin him, unless he has a remarkably sound judgment, or a good, solid, unlearned partner, whose intuitive sense of what the public wants is unbiased by tastes of his own.

It is this terrible uncertainty as to the value of the commodity purchased, which renders publishing a business so difficult, precarious, and unprofitable; and the higher the character of the literature, the greater the difficulty becomes. Publishers who confine themselves chiefly to works of utility and necessity, or to works professional and sectarian, have an easy task to perform compared with that of a publisher who aims to supply the public with pure science and high literature. If any business can claim favorable consideration from those who have in charge the distribution of the public burdens, surely it is this. If in any way its perils can be justly diminished by law, surely that protection ought not to be withheld. We believe it could be shown that the business of publishing what the trade calls "miscellaneous books," i. e. books which depend solely upon their intrinsic interest or merit, yields a smaller return for the capital and talent invested in it than any other.

The Harpers have a grand establishment,—one of the wonders of America. Any one going over that assemblage of enormous edifices, and observing the multitude of men and women employed in them, the vast and far-reaching enterprises going forward,—some of which involve a large expenditure for years before any return is possible,—the great numbers of men of ability, learning, and experience who are superintending the various departments, and the amazing quantities of merchandise produced, the mere catalogue of which is a large volume,—any one, we say, observing these things, would naturally conclude, that the proprietors must be in the receipt of Vanderbiltian incomes. The same amount of capital, force, experience, and talent employed in any other branch of business could not fail to put the incomes of the proprietors high up among those which require six figures for their expression. Compare the returns of these monarchs of the “trade” with those of our dry-goods magnates, and our mighty men in cotton, tobacco, and railroads. A dealer in dry-goods in the city of New York has returned as the *income* of a single year a sum half as large as the whole capital invested in the establishment of the Harpers. If the *signal* successes of publishing—successes which are the result of the rarest conjunctions of talent, capital, experience, and opportunity—are represented by incomes of twenty and thirty thousand paper dollars a year, what must be the general condition of the trade? But it is the difficulty of conducting the business at all, not the slenderness of its profits, upon which we now desire the reader to reflect. That difficulty, we repeat, arises from the fact that a publisher buys his pig in a poke. He generally knows not, and cannot know, whether what he buys is worth much, little, or nothing.

But there is one branch of his business which does not present this difficulty,—the reprinting of works previously published in a foreign country. He has the advantage of holding in his

hand the precise article which he proposes to reproduce,—a printed volume, which he can read with ease and rapidity; and this is nearly as great an advantage as a manager has who sees a play performed before buying it. He has the still greater advantage of a public verdict upon the book. It has been tried upon a public; and it is a rule almost without exception, that a book which sells largely in one country will not fail in another. Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, Miss Mulock, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, Dumas, Hugo, George Sand, have in all foreign countries a popularity which bears a certain proportion to that which they enjoy in their own; and even the Chinese novel published some years ago in England was a safe speculation, because it was universally popular in China. The Russian novel before alluded to was a prudent enterprise, because Russia had previously tasted and enjoyed it. Literature of high character is always pervaded with the essence of the nationality which produced it, but it is, for that very reason, the more interesting to other nations. Don Quixote has more Spain in it than all the histories of Spain; but in the library of the German collector of Cervantes, whose death has been recently announced, there were more than twice as many foreign editions as Spanish. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, there were 400 editions in Spanish, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish, 6 in Danish, 13 in Swedish, and 5 in Latin. Poor Cervantes! How eloquently this list pleads for International Copyright!

It is, then, in the republication of foreign works that our publishers ought to find an element of certainty, which cannot appertain to the publication of original and untried productions. But it is precisely here that chaos reigns. In the issue of native works, there is but a single uncertainty; in the republication of foreign, there are many. No man knows what his rights are; nor whether he has any rights; nor whether

there *are* any rights; nor, if he has rights, whether they will be respected. This chaos has taken to itself the pleasant and delusive name of "Courtesy of the Trade." Before the "reign of law" is established in any province of human affairs, we generally see men feeling their way to it, trying to find something else that will answer the purpose, endeavoring to reduce the chaos of conflicting claims to some kind of rule. The publishers of the United States have been doing this for many years, and the result is the unwritten code called the Courtesy of the Trade, — a code defective in itself, with neither judge to expound it, jury to decide upon it, nor sheriff to execute it. This code consisted at first of one rule, — If a publisher issues a foreign work, no other American publisher shall issue it. But it often happened that two or three publishers began or desired to begin the printing of the same book. To meet this and other cases, other laws were added, until at present the code, as laid down by the rigorists, consists of the following rules: —

1. If a publisher issues an edition of a foreign work, he has acquired an exclusive right to it for a period undefined.

2. If a publisher is the first to announce his intention to publish a foreign work, that announcement gives him an exclusive right to publish it.

3. If a publisher has already issued a work of a foreign author, he has acquired thereby an exclusive right to the republication of all subsequent works by the same author.

4. The purchase of advance sheets for publication in a periodical gives a publisher the exclusive right to publish the same in any other form.

5. All and several of these rights may be bought and sold, like any other kind of property.

There is a kind of justice in all these rules. If we could concede that a foreign author *has* no ownership of the coinage of his brain, — if anything but that author's free gift or purchased consent *could* convey that property to an-

other, — if foreign literature *is* the legitimate spoil of America, — then some such code as this would be the only method of preventing the business from degenerating into a game of unmitigated grab. In its present ill-defined and most imperfect state, this system of "courtesy" scarcely mitigates the game at all; and, accordingly, in "the trade," instead of the friendly feeling that would naturally exist among honorable men in the highest branch of business, we find feuds, heart-burnings, and a grievous sense of wrongs unredressed and unredressable. Some houses "announce" everything that is announced on the other side of the Atlantic, so as to have the first choice. Smaller firms, seeing these announcements, dare not undertake any foreign work, even though the great house never decides to publish the book upon which the smaller had fixed its attention. It is only under the reign of law that the rights of the weak have any security. In the most exquisitely organized system of piracy, no man can rely upon the enjoyment of a right which he is not strong enough personally to defend. It is not every house that can crush a rival edition by selling thousands of expensive books at half their cost. Between the giant houses that tower above him, and the yellow-covered gentry that prowl about his feet, an American publisher of only ordinary resources has a game to play which is really too difficult for the limited capacities of man. Who can wonder that most of them lose it?

One effect of this courtesy system is, that many excellent works, which it would be a public benefit to have reprinted here are not reprinted. Another is, that corrected or improved editions cannot be given to the American reader without bringing down upon the publisher the enmity or the vengeance of a rival. It is not common in Europe for the first editions of important works to be stereotyped; but in America they always are. The European author frequently makes extensive additions and valuable emendations in each successive edition; un-

til, in the course of years, his work is essentially different from, and far superior to, the first essay. *We* cannot have the advantage of the improved version. There is a set of old and worn stereotype plates in the way, the proprietor of which will not sacrifice them, nor permit another publisher to produce the corrected edition, which would as completely destroy their value as though they were melted into type metal. Who can blame him? No one likes to have a valuable property suddenly rendered valueless. "It is not human nature." Mr. Lewes is not justified in so bitterly reproaching Messrs. Appleton for their cold entertainment of his offer to them of the enlarged version of his "History of Philosophy."

"I felt," says Mr. Lewes, "that Messrs. Appleton, of New York, had, in courtesy, a prior claim, on the ground of their having reprinted the previous edition in 1857. Accordingly I wrote to them, through their London agent, stating that I considered they had a claim to the first offer, and stating, further, that the new edition was substantially a new book. [As this is an important element in the present case, allow me to add, that the edition of 1857 was in one volume 8vo, published at sixteen shillings, whereas the new edition is in two volumes 8vo, published at thirty shillings; and the work is so considerably altered and enlarged that a new title has been affixed to it, for the purpose of marking it off from its predecessors.] Questions of courtesy are, however, but ill understood by some people, and by Messrs. Appleton so ill understood that they did not even answer my letter. After waiting more than three months for an answer, I asked a friend to see their London agent on the subject, and thus I learned that Messrs. Appleton—*risum teneatis, amici?*—'considered they had a right to publish all future editions of my work without payment,' because ten years ago they had given the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds to secure themselves against rivals for the second edition."

The omission to answer the author's letter, we may assume, was accidental. It is not correct to say that the publishers founded their claim to issue the new edition upon their payment of twenty-five pounds. The real difficulty was, that Messrs. Appleton possessed the plates of the first edition, and could not issue the enlarged edition without, first, destroying a property already existing, and, secondly, creating a new property at an expenditure about four times as great as the sum originally invested. The acceptance of Mr. Lewes's offer would have involved an expenditure of several thousand dollars, at a time when, for a variety of reasons, works of that character could hardly be expected to return the outlay upon them. The exclusive and certain ownership of the work might well justify its republication, even now, when it costs exactly three times as much to manufacture a book in the United States as it did seven years ago. But nothing short of this would warrant a publisher in undertaking it. The real sinners, against whom Mr. Lewes should have launched his sarcasm, are the people of the United States, who permit their instructors, both native and foreign, to be robbed of their property with impunity. Thus we see that a few hundred pounds of metal are likely to bar the entrance among us of a work which demonstrates, in the clearest and most attractive manner, the inutility of all that has hitherto gone by the name of "metaphysics," and which also indicates the method of investigation from which good results are to be rationally hoped for.

It is the grossest injustice to hold American publishers responsible for the system of ill-regulated plunder which they have inherited, and which injures them more immediately and palpably than any other class, excepting alone the class producing the commodity in which they deal. There are no business men more honorable or more generous than the publishers of the United States, and especially honorable and considerate are they toward authors. The relation usually

existing between author and publisher in the United States is that of a warm and lasting friendship,—such as that which subsisted for so many years between Irving and Putnam, and which now animates and dignifies the intercourse between the literary men of New England and Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, and which gathers in the well-known room of the Harpers a host of writers who are attached friends of the “House.” The relation, too, is one of a singular mutual trustfulness. The author receives his semiannual account from the publisher with as absolute a faith in its correctness as though he had himself counted the volumes sold; and the publisher consigns the manuscript of the established author to the printer almost without opening it, confident that, whether it succeeds or fails, the author has done his best. We have heard of instances in which a publisher had serious cause of complaint against an author, but never have we known an author to be intentionally wronged by a publisher. We have known a publisher, in the midst of the ruin of his house, to make it one of the first objects of his care to save authors from loss, or make their inevitable losses less. How common, too, it is in the trade for a publisher to go beyond the letter of his bond, and, after publishing five books without profit, to give the author of the successful sixth more than the stipulated price! Let every one speak of the market as he finds it. For our part, after fifteen years of almost daily intercourse with publishers, we have no recollections of them that are not agreeable, and can call to mind no transaction in which they did not show themselves to be men of honor as much as men of business. We have not the least doubt that Mr. Peterson honestly thought he had acquired a right, by fair purchase, to sell the property of Charles Dickens in the United States as long as he should continue in business, and then to dispose of that right to his successor.

We are equally confident that Messrs. Harper felt themselves completely justified in endeavoring to crush the Diamond Edition of Thackeray. All this chaos and uncertainty, all these feuds and enmities, have one and the same cause,—the existence in the world of a kind of property which is at once the most precious, the easiest stolen, and the worst protected.

Almost to a man, our publishers are in favor of an International Copyright. We have been able to hear of but one exception, and this is the publisher of but one book,—Webster's Dictionary,—the work of all others now in existence that would profit most from just protection in foreign countries. There is an impression in many circles that the Harpers are opposed to it. We are enabled to state, upon the authority of a member of that great house, that this is not now, and never has been, the case. Messrs. Harper comprehend, as well as we do, that they would gain more from the measure than any other house in the world; because it is the natural effect of law, while it protects the weak, to legitimate and establish the dominion of the strong. International Copyright would benefit every creature connected with publishing, but it would benefit most of all the great and wealthy houses. The Harpers have spent tens of thousands in enforcing the observance of the courtesy of the trade, but they cannot enforce it. It is a work never done and always beginning. It cost them four hundred of our ridiculous dollars for the advance sheets of each number of Mr. Dickens's last novel; and within forty-eight hours of the publication of the Magazine containing it, two other editions were for sale under their noses. The matter for “Harper's Magazine” often costs three or four thousand dollars a number; can any one suppose that the proprietors *like* to see Blackwood and half a dozen other British magazines sold all over the country at a little more than the cost of paper and printing? They like it as little as the pro-

prietors of Blackwood like it. This is a wrong which injures two nations and benefits one printer; and that printer would himself do better if he could obtain exclusive rights by fair purchase. No; Messrs. Harper, we are happy to state, are decidedly in favor of an International Copyright, and so is every other general publishing house in the country of which we have any knowledge.

Consider the case of our venerable and beloved instructor, "The North American Review," conducted with so much diligence, energy, and tact by the present editors. Not a number of it has appeared under their management which has not been a national benefit; and no country more needs such a periodical than the United States, now standing on the threshold of a new career. The time has passed when a review could consist chiefly of the skilfully condensed contents of interesting books, which men could execute in the intervals of professional duty, and think themselves happy in receiving one dollar for a printed page, extracts deducted. At the present time, a review must initiate as well as criticise, and do something itself as well as comment upon the performances of others. We believe that no number of the North American Review now appears, the matter of which costs as little as a thousand dollars. But it has to compete, not only with the four British Reviews sold here at the price of paper and printing, but with several periodicals made up of selections from the reviews and magazines of Europe. Nor is this all. A public accustomed to buy books and periodicals at a price into which nothing enters but manual labor and visible material is apt to pause and recoil when it is solicited to pay the just value of those commodities. A man who buys a number of the Westminster Review for half a dollar is likely to regard a dollar and a half as an enormous price for a number of the North American, though he gets for his money

what cost a thousand dollars before the printer saw it. For forty years or more we have all been buying our books and reviews at thieves' prices,—prices in which everybody was considered except the creators of the value; and the consequence is, that we turn away when a proper price is demanded for a book, and regard ourselves as injured beings. How monstrous for a volume of Emerson to be sold for a dollar! In England and France, when the price is to be fixed upon works of that nature, the mere cost of paper and printing is hardly considered at all. Such trifles are felt, and rightly felt, to have little to do with the question of price. The publisher knows very well that he has to dispose of one of those rare and beautiful products which only a very few thousands of his countrymen will care to possess, or could enjoy if it were thrust upon them. He fixes the price with reference to the facts of the case,—the important facts as well as the trivial, the rights of the author as well as the little bill of the printer,—and that price is half a guinea. The want of an International Copyright, besides lowering and degrading all literature, has demoralized the public by getting it into the habit of paying for books the price of stolen goods. And hence the North American Review, which would naturally be a most valuable property, has never yielded a profit corresponding to its real value. People stand aghast at the invitation to pay six dollars a year for an article, the mere unmanufactured ingredients of which cost a thousand times six dollars.

Good contemporary books cannot be very cheap, unless there is stealing *somewhere*, for a good book is one of the most costly products of nature. Fortunately, they need not be cheap, for it is not necessary to own many of them. As soon as an International Copyright has given tone to the business of writing and publishing books, and has restored the prices of them to the just standard, we shall see a great increase of those facilities for purchas-

ing the opportunity to read a book without buying it, which have placed the whole literature of the world at the command of an English farmer who can spare a guinea or two per annum. It is not necessary, we repeat, to possess many new books; it is only necessary to read them, get the good of them, and give a hearty support to the library from which we take them. The purchase of a book should be a serious and well-considered act, not the hasty cramming of a thin, double-columned pamphlet into a coat-pocket, to be read and cast aside at the bottom of a book-case. It is an abominable extravagance to buy a great and good novel in a perishable form for a few cents; it is good economy to pay a few dollars for one substantially bound, that will amuse and inform generations. A good novel, play, or poem can be re-read every five years during a long life. When a book is to be selected out of the mass, to become thenceforth part and parcel of a home, let it be well printed and well bound, and, above all, let it be of an edition to which the author has set the seal of his consent and approbation. No one need fear that the addition of the author's ten per cent to the price of foreign books will make them less accessible to the masses of the people. It will make them more accessible, and it will tend to make them better worth keeping.

When we consider the difficulties which now beset the publication of books in the United States, we cannot but wonder at the liberality of American publishers toward foreign authors, — a liberality which has met no return from publishers in Europe. The first money that Herbert Spencer ever received in his life from his *books* was sent to him in 1861 by the Appletons as his share of the proceeds of his "Essays upon Education"; and every year since he has received upon all his works republished here the percentage usually paid to native authors. This is so interesting a case, and so forcibly illustrates many aspects of our subject, that we will dwell upon it for a moment.

It will occasionally happen that an author is produced in a country who is charged with a special message for another country. There will be something in the cast of his mind, or in the nature of his subject, which renders his writings more immediately or more generally suitable to the people of a land other than his own. We might cite as an example Washington Irving, who, though a sound American patriot, was essentially an English author, and whose earlier works are so English that many English people read them to this day, we are told, who do not suspect that the author was not their countryman. Washington Irving owed his literary career to this fact! His seventeen years' residence abroad enabled him to enjoy part of the advantage which all great authors would derive from an International Copyright, that is to say, he derived revenue from *both* countries. During the first half of his literary career, he drew the chief part of his income from England; during the second half, when his Sketch-Book vein was exhausted, and he was again an American resident, he derived his main support from America. If he had never resided abroad, we never should have had a Washington Irving; if he had not returned home, he would have been sadly pinched in his old age. Alone among the American authors of his day or of any day, he had the market of the world for his works; and he only, of excellent American authors, has received anything like a compensation for his labor. The entire proceeds of his works during his lifetime were \$205,383, of which about one third came to him from England. His average income, during the fifty years of his authorship, was about four thousand dollars a year. Less than any other of our famous authors he injured his powers by over-production, and it was only the unsteadiness of his income, the occasional failure of his resources, or the dread of a failure, that ever induced him to take up his pen when exhausted nature cried, Forbear! Cooper, on the contrary, who was read

and robbed in every country, wrote himself all out, and still wrote on, until his powers were destroyed and his name was a by-word.

A case similar in principle to that of Irving was Audubon, the indefatigable and amiable Audubon. The exceeding costliness of his "Birds of America" protected that work as completely as an International Copyright could; and, but for this, we never could have had it. Audubon enjoyed the market of the world! The price of his wonderful work was a thousand dollars, and, at that period, neither Europe nor America could furnish purchasers enough to warrant him in giving it to the press. But Europe *and* America *did*, — each continent taking about eighty copies. The excellent Audubon, therefore, was not ruined by his brave endeavor to honor his country and instruct mankind. He ended his days in peace in that well-known villa on the banks of the Hudson, continuing his useful and beautiful labors to the last, and leaving to his sons the means of perfecting what he left incomplete.

But to return to Herbert Spencer, the author of "Social Statics"; or, as we call it, Jeffersonian Democracy, illustrated and applied. Unconnected with the governing classes of his own country, escaping the universities, bred to none of the professions, and inheriting but a slender patrimony, he earned a modest and precarious livelihood by contributing to the periodicals, and wrung from his small leisure the books that England needed, but would not buy. An American citizen, Professor Youmans, felt all their merit, and perceived how adapted they were to the tastes and habits of the American mind, and how skilfully the ideas upon which America is founded were developed in them. He also felt, as we have heard him say, that, next to the production of excellent works, the most useful thing a man can do in his generation is to aid in giving them currency. Aided by other lovers of his favorite author, he was soon in a position to

bear part of the heavy expense of stereotyping Mr. Spencer's works; and thus Messrs. Appleton were enabled, not only to publish them, but to afford the author as large a share of the proceeds as though he had been a resident of the United States. Thus Herbert Spencer, by a happy accident, enjoys part of the advantage which would accrue to all his brethren from an International Copyright; and we have the great satisfaction of knowing, when we buy one of his volumes, that we are not defrauding our benefactor.

Charles Scribner habitually pays English authors a part of the profit derived from their republished works. Max Müller, Mr. Trench, and others who figure upon his list, derive revenue from the sale of their works in America. Mr. Scribner considers it both his duty and his interest to acquire all the right to republish which a foreign author can bestow; and he desires to see the day when the law will recognize and secure the most obvious and unquestionable of all rights, the right of an author to the product of his mind.

We trust Messrs. Ticknor and Fields will not regard it as an affront to their delicacy if we allude here to facts which recent events have in part disclosed to the public. This house, on principle, and as an essential part of their system, send to foreign authors a share of the proceeds of their works, and this they have habitually done for twenty-five years. The first American edition of the Poems of Mr. Tennyson, published by them in 1842, consisted of one thousand copies, and it was three years in selling; but upon this edition a fair acknowledgment in money was sent to the poet. Since that time, Mr. Tennyson has received from them a certain equitable portion of the proceeds of all the numerous editions of his works which they have issued. Mr. Fields, with great labor and some expense, collected from periodicals and libraries a complete set of the works of Mr. De Quincey, which the house published in twenty-two volumes, the sale of which was barely

remunerative; but the author received, from time to time, a sum proportioned to the number of volumes sold. Mr. Fields has been recently gathering the "Early and Late Papers" of Mr. Thackeray, one volume of which has been published, to the great satisfaction of the public. Miss Thackeray has already received a considerable sum for the sale of the first edition. Mr. Browning, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Reade, the Country Parson, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dr. John Brown, Mr. Mayne Reid, Mr. Dickens, have been dealt with in a similar manner; some of them receiving copyright, and others a sum of money proportioned to the sale or expected sale of their works. Nor has the appearance of rival editions been allowed to diminish the author's share of the profits realized upon the editions published with their consent. Mr. Tennyson counts upon the American part of his income with the same certainty as upon that which he derives from the sale of his works in England, although he cannot secure his Boston publishers the exclusive market of the United States. We dare not comment upon these facts, because, if we were to indulge our desire to do so, the passage would be certain "to turn up missing" upon the printed page, since Messrs. Ticknor and Fields live two hundred miles nearer the office of the *Atlantic Monthly* than we do. Happily, comment is needless. Every man who has either a conscience or a talent for business will recognize either the propriety or the wisdom of their conduct. Upon this rock of fair-dealing the eminent and long-sustained prosperity of this house is founded.

The following note appeared recently in "*The Athenæum*":—

"May I, without egotism, mention in your paper that Messrs. Harper, of New York, have sent me, quite unsolicited, a money acknowledgment for reprinting, in their cheap series, two of my novels, 'Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg' and 'Sowing the Wind.' At a time when so many complaints are being made of American

publishers, it is pleasant to be able to record this voluntary act of grace and courtesy from so influential a house.

"E. LYNN LINTON."

Complaints, then, are made of American publishers! This is pleasant. We say again, that, after diligent inquiry, we cannot hear of one instance of an English publisher sending money to an American author for anything but advance sheets. Mr. Longfellow is as popular a poet in England as Mr. Tennyson is in America, and he has, consequently, as before remarked, received considerable sums for early sheets, but nothing, we believe, upon the annual sale of his works, nothing from the voluntary and spontaneous justice of his English publishers. We have no right, perhaps, to censure men for not going beyond the requirements of law; but still less can we withhold the tribute of our homage to those who are more just than the law compels, and this tribute is due to several publishers on this side of the Atlantic. But then there remains the great fact against us, that England is willing to-day, and we are not, to throw the protection of international law around this most sacred interest of civilization.

Would that it were in our power to give adequate expression to the mighty debt we owe, as a people, to the living and recent authors of Europe! But who can weigh or estimate the invisible and widely diffused influence of a book? There are sentences in the earlier works of Carlyle which have regenerated American souls. There are chapters in Mill which are reforming the policy of American nations. There are passages in Buckle which give the key to the mysteries of American history. There are lines in Tennyson which have become incorporated into the fabric of our minds, and flash light and beauty upon our daily conversation. There are characters in Dickens which are extinguishing the foibles which they embody, and pages of Thackeray which kill the affectations they depict. What

a colossal good to us is Mr. Grote's "History of Greece"! Miss Mulock, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charlotte Brontë, Kinglake, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Ruskin, Macaulay,—how could we spare the least of them? Take from our lives the happiness and the benefit which we have derived from the recent authors of Europe; take from the future the silent, ceaseless working of their spirits,—so antidotal to all that remains in us of colonial, provincial, and superstitious,—and what language could state, ever so inadequately, the loss we and posterity should experience? And let us not lay the mean unction to our souls that money cannot repay such services as these. It can! It can repay it as truly and as fully as sixpence pays for a loaf of bread that saves a shipwrecked hero's life. The baker gets his own; he is satisfied, and holy justice is satisfied. This common phrase, "making money," is a poor, mean way of expressing an august and sacred thing; for the money which fairly comes to us, in the way of our vocation, is, or ought to be, the measure of our worth to the community we serve. It is honor, safety, education, leisure, children's bread, wife's dignity and adornment, pleasant home, society, an independent old age, comfort in dying, and solace to those we leave behind us. Money is the representative of all the substantial good that man can bestow on man. And money justly earned is never withheld without damage to the withholder and to the interest he represents.

We often think of the case of Dion Boucicault, the one man now writing the English language who has shown a very great natural aptitude for telling a story in the dramatic form. For thirty years we have been witnessing his plays in the United States. A fair share of the nightly receipts of the theatres in which they were played would have enriched him in the prime of his talent, or, in other words, have delivered him from that temptation to over-production which has wellnigh

destroyed his powers. He never received any revenue from us until he came here and turned actor. He gets a little money now by associating with himself an American friend, who writes a few sentences of a play, then brings it to New York and disposes of it to managers as their joint production. But what an exquisite shame it is for us to compel an artist to whom we owe so many delightful hours to resort to an artifice in order to be able to sell the product of his talent! Our injustice, too, damages ourselves even more than it despoils him; for if we had paid him fairly for "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," if he had found a career in the production of plays, he might not have been lured from his vocation, and might have written twenty good plays, instead of a hundred good, bad, indifferent, and atrocious. We cheat him of our part of the just results of his lifetime's labor, and he flings back at us his anathema in the form of a "Flying Scud." Think of Sheridan Knowles, too, deriving nothing from our theatres, in which his dramas have been worn threadbare by incessant playing! To say that they are trash is not an infinitesimal fraction of an excuse; for it is just as wrong to steal paste as it is to steal diamonds. We liked the trash well enough to appropriate it. Besides, he really had the knack of constructing a telling play, which, it seems, is one of the rarest gifts bestowed upon man, and the one which affords the most intense pleasure to the greatest number of people.

Why, we may ask in passing, did the English stage languish for so many years? It was because the money that should have compensated dramatists enriched actors; because the dramatist that wrote "Black-eyed Susan" was paid five pounds a week, and the actor that played William received four thousand pounds during the first run of the play. In France, where the drama flourishes, it is the actor who gets five pounds a week, and the dramatist who gets the

thousands of pounds for the first run ; and this just distribution of profits is infinitely the best, in the long run, for actors.

There is still an impression prevalent in the world, that there is no connection between good work and good wages in this kind of industry. There was never a greater mistake. A few great men, exceptional in character as in circumstances, blind like Milton, exiled like Dante, prisoners like Bunyan and Cervantes, may have written for solace, or for fame, or from benevolence ; but, as a rule, *nothing gets the immortal work from first-rate men but money*. We need only mention Shakespeare, for every one knows that he wrote plays simply and solely as a matter of business, to draw money into the treasury of his theatre. He was author and publisher, actor as well, and thus derived a threefold benefit from his labors. Molière, too, the greatest name in the literature of France, and the second in the dramatic literature of the world, was author, actor, and manager. Play-writing was the career of these great men. It was their business and vocation ; and it is only in the way of his business and vocation that we can, as a rule, get from an artist the best and the utmost there is in him. Common honesty demands that a man shall do his best when he works for his own price. His honor and his safety are alike involved. All our courage and all our cowardice, all our pride and all our humility, all our generosity and all our selfishness, all that can incite and all that can scare us to exertion, may enter into the complex motive that is urging us on when we are doing the work by which we earn our right to exist. Nothing is of great and lasting account, — not religion, nor benevolence, nor law, nor science, — until it is so organized that honest and able men can live by it. Then it lures talent, character, ambition, wealth, and force to its support and illustration. The whole history of literature, so far as it is known, shows that literature flourishes when it is

fairly rewarded, and declines when it is robbed of its just compensation. Mr. Reade has admirably demonstrated this in his "Eighth Commandment," a little book as full of wit, fact, argument, eloquence, and delicious audacity as any that has lately appeared.

There has been but one country in which literature has ever succeeded in raising itself to the power and dignity of a profession, and it is the only country which has ever enjoyed a considerable part of the market of the world for its literary wares. This is France, which has a kind of International Copyright in its language. Educated Russia reads few books that are not French, and in every country of Christendom it is taken for granted that an educated person reads this language. Wherever in Europe or America or India or Australia many books are sold, some French books are sold. Here in New York, for example, we have had for many years an elegant and well-appointed French bookstore, in which the standard works of French literature are temptingly displayed, and the new works are for sale within three weeks after their publication in Paris. Many of our readers, too, must have noticed the huge masses of French books exhibited in some of the second-hand bookstores of Nassau Street. French books, in fact, form a very considerable part of the daily business of the bookstores in every capital of the world. Nearly one hundred subscribers were obtained in the United States for the *Nouvelle Biographie*, in forty-six volumes, the total cost of which, bound, was more than two hundred of our preposterous dollars. Besides this large and steady sale of their works in every city on earth, French authors enjoy a protection to their rights at home which is most complete, and they address a public accustomed to pay for new books a price, in determining which the author was considered. Mr. Reade informs us that a first-rate dramatic success in Paris is worth to the author six thousand pounds sterling, and that this six thousand pounds is very frequently drawn from the the-

atre after a larger sum has been obtained for the same work in the form of a novel.

What is the effect? Literature in France, as we have said, is one of the liberal professions. Literary men are an important and honorable order in the state. The press teems with works of real value and great cost. The three hundred French dramatists supply the theatres of Christendom with plays so excellent, that not even the cheat of "adaptation" can wholly conceal their merit. Great novels, great histories, great essays and treatises, important contributions to science, illustrated works of the highest excellence, compilations of the first utility, marvellous dictionaries and statistical works, appear with a frequency which nothing but a universal market could sustain. In whatever direction public curiosity is aroused, prompt and intelligent efforts are made to gratify it. Nothing more surprises an American inquirer than the excellent manner in which this mere task-work, these "booksellers' jobs," as we term them, are executed in Paris. That *Nouvelle Biographie* of which we have spoken is so faithfully done, and is so free from any perverseness or narrowness of nationality, that it would be a good enterprise in any of the reading countries to publish a translation of it just as it stands. French literature follows the general law, that, as the volume of business increases, the quality of the work done improves. The last French work which the pursuit of our vocation led us to read was one upon the *Mistresses of Louis XV.*, by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. We need not say how such a subject as this would be treated by the cheated hirelings of the Yellow Cover. This work, on the contrary, is an intelligent historical study of a period when mistresses governed France; and the passages in the work which touch upon the adulterous tie which gave fair France over to these vampires are managed with a delicacy the most perfect. The present hope of France is in her literature. Her literary men

are fast educating that interesting and virtuous people to the point when they will be able to regain their freedom and keep it safe from nocturnal conspirators. They would have done it ere now, but for the woful fact that only half of their countrymen can read, and are thus the helpless victims of a perjured Dutchman and his priests.

What the general knowledge of the French language has done for French literature, all of that, and more than that, an International Copyright law would do for the literature of Great Britain and the United States. Here are four great and growing empires, Great Britain, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the states of Australia, in which the same language is spoken and similar tastes prevail. In all these nations there is a spirit abroad which will never rest content until the whole population are readers, and those readers will be counted by hundreds of millions. Already they are so numerous, that one first-rate literary success, one book excellent enough to be of universal interest, would give the author leisure for life, if his rights were completely protected by international law. What a field for honorable exertion is this! And how can these empires fail to grow into unity when the cultivated intelligence of them all shall be nourished from the same sources, and bow in homage to the same commanding minds? Wanting this protection, the literature of both countries languishes. The blight of over-production falls upon immature genius, masterpieces are followed by labored and spiritless repetitions, and men that have it in them to inform and move mankind grind out task-work for daily bread. One man, one masterpiece, that is the general law. Not one eminent literary artist of either country can be named who has not injured his powers and jeopardized his fame by over-production. We do not address a polite note to Elias Howe, and ask him how much he would charge for a "series" of inventions equal in importance to the sewing-machine. We

merely enable him to demand a dollar every time that *one* conception is used. Imagine Job applied to for a "series" of Books of Job. Not less absurd is it to compel an author to try and write two Sketch-Books, two David Copperfields, two Uncle Toms, two Jane Eyres, or two books like "The New-comers." When once a great writer has given such complete expression of his experience as was given in each of those works, a long time must elapse before his mind fills again to a natural overflow. But, alas! only a very short time elapses before his purse empties.

It was the intention of the founders of this Republic to give complete protection to intellectual property, and this intention is clearly expressed in the Constitution. Justified by the authority given in that instrument, Congress has passed patent laws which have called into exercise an amount of triumphant ingenuity that is one of the great wonders of the modern world; but under the copyright laws, enacted with the same good intentions, our infant literature pines and dwindles. The reason is plain. For a labor-saving invention, the United States, which abounds in everything but labor, is field enough, and the inventor is rewarded; while a great book cannot be remunerative unless it enjoys the market of the whole civilized world. The readers of excellent books are few in every country on earth. The readers of any one excellent book are usually very few indeed; and the purchasers are still fewer. In a world that is supposed to contain a thousand millions of people, it is spoken of as

a marvel that two millions of them bought the most popular book ever published,—one purchaser to every five hundred inhabitants.

We say, then, to those members of Congress who go to Washington to do something besides make Presidents, that time has developed a new necessity, not indeed contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, yet covered by the Constitution; and it now devolves upon them to carry out the evident intention of their just and wise predecessors, which was, to secure to genius, learning, and talent the certain ownership of their productions. We want an international system which shall protect a kind of property which cannot be brought to market without exposing it to plunder,—property in a book being simply the right to multiply copies of it. We want this property secured, for a sufficient period, to the creator of the value, so that no property in a book can be acquired anywhere on earth unless by the gift or consent of the author thereof. There are men in Congress who feel all the magnitude and sacredness of the debt which they owe, and which their country owes, to the authors and artists of the time. We believe such members are more numerous now than they ever were before,—much more numerous. It is they who must take the leading part in bringing about this great measure of justice and good policy; and, as usual in such cases, some one man must adopt it as his special vocation, and never rest till he has conferred on mankind this immeasurable boon.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS.

A MAN should live in a garret, I think,
And have few friends, and be poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the wind in the chink,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now!—
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell,—
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day:
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away!

I wonder and wonder how it befell:
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
“Good by,” I cried, “to the stars and clouds!

“But thou, rare soul, that hast dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine.”

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied,—
But the Goddess had somehow flown!

Flown, and I fear she will never return!
I'm much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger, and waste, and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir!

I call,—but she does not stoop to my cry;
 I wait,—but she lingers, and ah! so long!
 It was not so in the years gone by,
 When she touched my lips with chrism of song.

I swear I will get me a garret again,
 And let the wee wife see the sunset's fires,
 And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
 Up with the sparrows among the spires!

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
 And have few friends, and be poorly clad,
 With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
 To keep the Goddess constant and glad!

THE THRONE OF THE GOLDEN FOOT.

EARLY on the morning of the 13th of September, 1855, a most fantastic and picturesque procession—in which the formal and arrogant simplicities of a nice Western civilization, and the grotesque and insolent ostentations of a crude Oriental barbarism, with all the splendid riddles of its far-fetched type-and-symbolry, were blended in a rich bizarreness—formed in the main street of the western suburb of “the Immortal City” of Amarapoorā, and moved toward the palace of “him who reigns over the kingdoms of Thunaparanta, Tampadépa, and all the great umbrella-bearing chiefs of the Eastern countries,”—the Lord of Earth and Water, King of the Rising Sun, Lord of the Sacred White Elephant and of all white elephants, Master of the Celestial Weapon, and Great Chief of Life and Righteousness,—called, “for short,” Mendoon-men, King of Ava. An imposing deputation of Woons and other grandees, with their respective “tails,” were escorting the newly arrived Envoy of the Governor-General of India, and his suite, from their Residency on the south shore of the lake TOUNG-AH-MAH-EING below the

city, to the Hall of the Throne of the Golden Foot, there to have audience of that great, glorious, and most excellent Majesty, whose dominions are bounded only by the imagination—and here and there a British custom-house; and whose excursions of dreadful power are stayed only by the forbearing fiat of Boodh—and now and then some British bayonets.

The escort was illustrious: there were the old Nan-ma-dau-Phra Woon, or Lord-Governor of the Queen's Palace; the Woondouk Mhoung Mhon, a minister of the second order in the High Court and Council; and the Tara-Thoogyi, or Chief Judge of Amarapoorā; besides other magnificos of less note, but all very fine in their heavy, wide-sleeved court robes of crimson velvet, laced with a broad edging of Benares brocade. On their heads they wore high mitres, also of crimson velvet, curving backward in a volute, and encircled at the base with a coronet of tinsel spear-heads. It is the *ton* at court to wear these mitres excessively tight, and to carry a little ivory blade, modelled like a shoe-horn, with which the cap of honor is drawn on, and all “vagrom” locks of hair “com-

prehended." The *tsalwé* (a Burman badge of nobility, derived from the Brahminical triple cord, and having three, six, nine, or even twelve threads, according to the distinction conferred on the wearer), and a trumpet-shaped ear-tube of gold, complete the official costume.

The royal presents from England, guarded by the British-Indian cavalry escort, had been sent forward over a long bridge which spanned the southern end of the Tóung-ah-mah, to await on the other side the arrival of the Envoy. There was a superb carriage for the King, which, being too wide to pass the bridge, was towed across the lake on a raft.

That was a brilliant scene, the passage of the lake; and the picturesque elements almost surpassed the fantastic;—the jolly-boats of the steamers, leading the way with the men of her Majesty's 84th, followed by the Zenobia's gig, bearing the Governor-General's letter, with the Honorable East India Company's jack saucily flaunting at the bow; then other gigs and cutters, with the Envoy's suite; and, lastly, a gorgeously gilded war-boat, carrying the Envoy and the Woons, with fifty Burman oarsmen rowing to a wild chant. The white spire and pinnacles of the Ananda temple, with its grove of noble cotton-trees and tall palms, sharply defined against the boldly diversified ranges of the Shan Mountains, formed the background of the picture, which derived rich color and grotesque action from the Burmese soldiers of the Envoy's guard lining the banks, and the hurly-burly of half-naked, splashing villagers, waist-deep in the lake, — *salvages coupés*.

First in the procession went the cases of royal presents, borne by Burmese porters on bamboo litters, and followed by four Arab horses and an English carriage for the King; next came the cavalry and infantry of the Envoy's Anglo-Indian escort, preceded by a band; behind these, the Secretary of the mission on an elephant, with the Governor-General's letter under the

Company's jack; the Envoy (Major Phayre) in a *tonjon*, attended by the Nan-ma-dau Woon and the Woondouk on elephants; the British superintending surgeon in Pegu, and the Tara-Tooogyi; a British special deputy commissioner for the frontier, and one of the Tsa-re-dau-gyis, or Royal Scribes; and all the rest of the British officials, each paired with a Burmese *thoo-gyi* or "great man," in a Burmese howdah.*

The route lay through the street called Ambassador's Row,—the very one by which the Chinese Envoys entered Amarapoora sixty years before,—toward the western central gate of the city. From lake to palace the way was fenced with troops; but such troops!—fishermen and convicts, old men and boys,—probably old women too, and girls,—the he and she Warts, Mouldys, Shadows, Feebles, and Bullcalfs of the Immortal City. At every cross street were officers on elephants, "men in gilt Mambri-no helmets and mountebank costumes, decked out with triple buckram capes, and shoulder lappets, and paltry embroidery." But there were men in red jackets and *papier-maché* helmets accompanying the procession, who appeared to be more at home with their arms than these motley musketeers. Inside the city the streets were flooded with water from a heavy rain the night before, and here the soldiers were propped on little stools of bamboo, to keep them out of the mud, while the officers occupied higher perches, each with his spittoon and his box of betel. A great rabble of spectators, of whom many were women,—not all uncomely or shabbily attired,—peeped through the endless white lattice, or thronged the cross-streets,—all still and silent, with wonder or suspicion.

Just as the escort, with fixed bayonets and martial music, turned up the street leading to the eastern gate of the palace, and, halting, faced inward for the party to pass, the procession

* Narrative of a Mission to the Court of Ava, in 1855. By Captain Henry Yule, Secretary to the Envoy.

of the Ein-shé-men, or heir apparent, (Lord of the Eastern Palace,) came suddenly up from another road, and crossed before them to enter the enclosure,—a stale trick of Burmese jealousy and insolence to keep them waiting at the palace gate. Precedent, which is a god in Burmah, has bestowed a sort of respectability upon this exploit in bad manners, every British envoy having been treated so, from Fleetwood to Phayre. The prince himself was conspicuous in a massive gilded litter, borne by many sturdy fellows elaborately tattooed, while eight long-shafted gold umbrellas flashed over his head. When he had entered the gate, and it was closed behind him, his retinue, consisting of several hundred soldiers, performed some intricate and tedious evolutions, countermarching round an open circle, with the manifest purpose of magnifying the apparent strength of the force, as well as of prolonging the detention of the unwelcome strangers.

When Colonel Burney, who was sent as Resident to Ava in 1830, was detained by the same manœuvre at the stockade which encircles the palace wall, some of his party were sharp enough to discover that many of the retainers, as well as of the elephants and bands of music, after passing in the suite of one prince, made a sly circuit to the rear, and appeared as part of the tail of another prince.

As the Envoy and his suite dismounted, noon was struck by alternate strokes on a great bell and a great drum, mounted on a square tower within the gate called “Ywé-dau-yoo-Taga,” or the Royal Gate of the Chosen, because it is guarded by picked troops. By this gate they entered; but first the Envoy took the Governor-General’s letter from the Secretary, and carried it himself. The Nan-ma-dau-Phra Woon and his august colleagues now threw off their shoes, and the Woondouk strove ineffectually to induce the representative of Great Britain to follow their loyal example. At four different points,

as they advanced to the inner gate, they even dropped on their knees, and *shikhoe*d, with their faces in the dust, toward the palace; and again Burmah pressed Bull to take part in the pious services, but the obstinate infidel *Kald** would not; for you see the world has moved, and Anglo-Saxon backbones have stiffened, since Fleetwood wrote, in 1695: “As the palace gates were opened we fell down upon our knees, and made three bows (*shikhos*), which done, we entered the garden, the presents following; and having gone about half-way from the gate to the place where the king was seated, we made three bows again as before. When we got within fifteen yards of the king, we made three bows again, and were ordered to sit down.” Between Fleetwood and Phayre are two wars, several annexations, “a lot” of custom-houses, and “no end” of bomb-shells.

The gilded colonnade, and the many-storied spire, conspicuous from all sides of the city; the great inner court, with its groups of tumblers, jugglers, and dancers, performing in the corners for the entertainment of privileged spectators; the dirty grand-staircase, where, to their lively disgust, the distinguished strangers, Envoy and all, had to leave their shoes; the long wings of the structure, curiously resembling the transepts of a cathedral; the choir-like centre; the altar-like throne; the tall, lacquered columns, picked out in red at the base, and all ablaze with gilding;—by these the great Hall of Audience was known; and here, on a carpet in the centre, facing the throne, the Envoy and his party seated themselves, doubling their legs behind them.

On a broad dais blazed the high throne, in all its barbaric gorgeousness of carving and gilding,—competing in splendor with the awful seats of Guadma in the temples, and surpassing the glory of the pulpit from which the High Poonghyi† chants the beatitudes of the Boodh. On the top it was luxuriously mattressed with crimson velvet,

* Western foreigner.

† Priest; literally, “Great Glory.”

and on the left was a tall elbow-cushion for the king. A carved portal, with gilded lattice doors, opened from behind to the top level of the throne, which was wrought in a sort of mosaic of gold, silver, and mirror-work. A few small figures, representing the progenitors of the human race, occupied niches in the central band, while on the edge of the dais stood five royal emblems, in the shape of gilded shafts, with small gilt labels or scrolls, like flags, attached to them.

On each side of the dais were pew-like recesses, with railings; and rows of expanded white umbrellas, fringed with muslin valances, (the royal insignia,) were displayed along the walls behind the throne. The central hall or aisle, in which the gentlemen of the mission sat, was laid with velvet-pile carpet of Axminster or Lasswade; elsewhere there was matting merely, except where the more distinguished officers of the court had their separate carpets. A double row of young princes, in surcoats of gold and silver brocade, with gay silk *putsos*, occupied the centre aisle in front of the Envoy;—on the right, four sons of the King; on the left, four sons of the Crown Prince. Farther forward, near the steps of the dais, the Ein-shé-men himself was installed, in a sort of couch or carved litter, scarcely raised above the floor. In his robes of Benares gold brocade, and his superb mitre set with precious stones, he sat still as an effigy, never turning round, but betraying his curiosity by the use he slyly made of a small looking-glass. Behind the pillars on each side, and a little in advance of the Englishmen, were the Woongyis, or principal ministers of state, constituting the Hlwot-dau, the High Court and Council; and nearer to the steps of the dais were several elderly princes of the blood, “men of sensual aspect and heavy jowl, like the heads of some of the burlier Cæsars,—or, with their stiff robes and jewelled tiaras, perhaps recalling certain of the old Popes.”* Close to the Envoy’s party were two of the *Atwen-woons*, or

Ministers of the Interior (Household) Council, and some *Nekhan-daus*, “Royal Ears,” besides other officers of the Palace and Hlwot-dau.

The Envoy, on taking his seat, had deposited the salver with the Governor-General’s letter on a gilt stool covered with muslin, which had been placed there to receive it. Little gilt stands, containing trays of tobacco, pawn, *hlapet*, or pickled tea, and other curious confections, neatly set out in golden cups and saucers, together with water-goglets and gold drinking-cups, were then laid before the Kalá guests, the water being faintly perfumed with musk.

At last, from some mysterious inner court of the palace came a burst of music. From the verandas behind the throne a party of musketeers filed in, and, taking position between the pillars on each side of the centre aisle, knelt down, with their double-barrelled pieces between their knees, and their hands clasped before them in an attitude of prayer.

As the last man entered the golden lattice doors, the doors rolled back into the wall, and the King was seen, mounting a stair leading from a chamber behind to the summit of the throne. He ascended slowly, using his golden-sheathed *dhar* as a staff to his laboring steps; and no wonder, for his jewelled robe alone weighed one hundred pounds. Having dusted the *gudhi* with his own hand, by means of a small *chowree*, or fly-flapper, he had brought with him, he took his seat on the left side of the throne, resting his elbow on the velvet cushion, which had been covered with a napkin. Then the Queen, who had followed him closely, seated herself by his side,—on the right, and a little behind him,—where she received from the hands of female attendants, who showed themselves but for a moment, the golden spittoon and other ungraceful conveniences, which, on all occasions and in all places, must be at the elbow of every Burmese dignitary. Next, she fanned herself for a few moments, and then she fanned the

* Yule’s Narrative.

King; and finally, having been served with a lighted cheroot by the shy fingers of some mysterious maid of honor, she smoked in silent expectation.

The Lord of White Elephants and Righteousness is a portly man, with refined features, an agreeable and intelligent expression, and delicate hands. He wore a sort of long tunic, or surcoat, so thickly set with jewels that the material, a kind of light-colored silk, was overlaid and almost hidden. *Tharra-poo*, the crown, is a round tiara of similar material, in shape like an Indian morion, surmounted by a spire-like ornament several inches high, and expanding in flaps or wings over each ear.

The Queen, who, like all her predecessors, is her husband's half-sister, wore a perfectly close cap, covering hair and ears, and forming, as it rose, a conical crest, with the point curved forward in a volute, like the horn of a rhinoceros, or the large nipper of a crab's claw; close lappets hung over the cheeks. The rest of her Majesty's dress was oddly Elizabethan; the sleeves and skirt in "successive overlapping scalloped lappets"; around the throat a high collar, also scalloped or vandyked, and continued in front to the waist, where blazed a stomacher, or breast-plate, of great gems. Both cap and robe were stiff with diamonds. The Queen's name is Tsoo-phragyi, and she is the eldest daughter of her husband's father, King Tharawadi.

On a pedestal between their Majesties, in front of the throne, stood a great golden figure of the *Henza*, or Sacred Goose, — the national emblem.

When the awful pair had fairly entered, the Englishmen for the first time took off their hats; but the entire audience of subjects bowed their faces to the earth, and clasped their hands before them. "The two rows of little princes, who lay in file, doubled over one another like fallen books on a shelf, and the two Atwen-woons, grovelled forward, in their frog-like attitude, to a point about half-way to the throne."

Then some eight or ten Brahmins

(two of whom are court astrologers), in white stoles, and white mitres encircled with gold leaves, entered the screened pew-like recesses near the throne, and struck up a choral chant in Sanscrit; which done, one of them immediately followed in a solo hymn in Burmese, which is thus translated by the Envoy, Major Phayre: —

1. "May the dangers and enmity which arise from the Ten Points be calmed and subdued! May the affliction of disease never attach itself to thee; and in accordance with the blessings declared in the sacred Pali, mayest thou be continually victorious! May thy life be prolonged for more than a hundred years, and may thy glory continue till the end of the world! Mayest thou enjoy whatever is propitious, and may all evil be far from thee,—O KING!

2. "Thy glorious reputation diffuses itself like the scent of the sandal-wood, and exceeds the refulgence of the moon! Lord of the Celestial Elephant, — of the Excellent White Elephant! Master of the Celestial Weapon! Lord of Life, and Great Chief of Righteousness! Lineal descendant of Mahathamada and Mahadha-mayadza! Like unto the Kings of the Universe, who governed the four great islands of the solar system, and were versed in charms and spells of fourteen descriptions, may thy glory be prolonged, and thy life be extended, to more than a hundred years! Mayest thou enjoy whatever is propitious, and may all evil be far from thee,—O KING!

3. "Great Chief of Righteousness! whose fame spreads like the fragrance of sandal-wood, and exceeds the glorious light of the moon,—in whom is concentrated all glory and honor,—who, with her Majesty, the Queen, the lineal descendant of anointed kings, happily governest all,—may thy rule extend, not only to the great Southern Island (the earth), which is tens of thousands of miles in extent, but to all the four grand and five hundred smaller Islands! May it equal the stability of the mountains Yoo-gan-toh, Myen-mo, and Hai-ma-garee; and until the end

of the world mayest thou and thy descendants continue in unbroken line, unto the royal son and royal great-grandson, that thy glory may endure for countless ages ! And may thy royal life be prolonged for more than a hundred years, — O KING !

4. "May our king be continually victorious ! When the divine Buddha ascended the golden throne, all created beings inhabiting millions of worlds became his subjects, and he overcame all enemies. So may kings by hundreds and thousands, and tens of thousands, come with offerings of celestial weapons, white elephants, flying horses, virgins, and precious stones of divers sorts, and do homage to the Golden Feet, which resemble the germs of the lotos, — O KING !"

Now, even for an exploit in poetical license, that is sublimely cool, considering that a mere yesterday of thirty years has sufficed to strip the Throne of the Golden Foot of dominions which were the gradual acquisition of more than two bloody centuries of drunken lust, and that the dread Lord of Life and Master of the Celestial Weapon well knew that day that he no longer had access to the sea save through many leagues of British territory, — considering that the chronicle of the Burmese kings is one of the bloodiest chapters in the book of Time, a record of hell-engendered monsters, conceived in incest, brought forth in insanity, trained to the very sport of slaughter, and doomed to quick assassination or the most summary deposition and disgrace, — considering that even this "just and humane" Mendoon-men himself had deposed his cock-fighting brother, the Pagán-men, and sacked and burned his capital, and that even now he held him a close prisoner, poor and despised, in a corner of the fortified city, — and finally, that even as that paean of infatuation ascends to the besotted ears of the King, given up of God to believe lies, his own brother, the Ein-shé-men, possessed of a devil of precedent, crouches like a tiger below the dais, and plots assassination

and usurpation in his cunning bit of looking-glass.

The chants concluded, the Tara-Thoogyi read from a *parabeik*, or black note-book, an address to the King, stating that the offerings his Majesty purposed making to certain pagodas at the capital were ready. "Let them be dedicated !" said one of the officials solemnly ; and the music was renewed. This dedication, the chant of the Brahmins, and the singular ceremony of *A-beit-theit* (literally, a pouring out of water on a solemn occasion), together constitute the formal inauguration of a royal sitting. Then the Governor-General's letter was drawn from its cover, and read aloud by a Than-daugan, or Receiver of the Royal Voice, who also read the list of presents for the King and Queen. A railway model, contributed by Sir Macdonald Stephenson, was immediately produced, and exhibited in the Hall, — the only one of the presents uncovered there, — and excited lively interest among the Burmese. All the readings were intoned in a high recitative, like the English Cathedral service ; and the long-drawn "Phrá-á-á-á !" (My Lord !) was delivered like the "Amen" of the Liturgy.

After this, his Majesty, without moving his lips, but speaking by an Atwen-woon, who discharged for that occasion the function of Royal Tongue, condescended to address to the Envoy three formal questions, prescribed by custom and precedent, thus : —

Royal Tongue. "Is the English ruler well ?"

Envoy. "The English ruler is well."

Receiver of the Royal Voice (in a loud tone). "By reason of your Majesty's great glory and excellence, the English ruler is well ; and therefore, with obeisance, I represent the same to your Majesty."

Royal Tongue. "How long is it since you left the English country ?"

Envoy. "It is now fifty-five days since we left Bengal, and have arrived, and lived happily, at the Royal City."

Receiver of the Royal Voice. "By reason of your Majesty's great glory and

excellence it is fifty-five days since the Envoy left the English country, and he has now happily arrived at the Golden Feet. Therefore, with obeisance," &c., &c.

Royal Tongue. "Are the rain and air propitious, so that the people live in happiness and ease?"

Envoy. "The seasons are favorable, and the people live in happiness."

Receiver of the Royal Voice. "By reason of your Majesty's great glory and excellence, the rain and air are propitious, and the people live in happiness."

And here the awful conversation came to a profound close. Gifts were presently bestowed on all the officers of the mission;—to the Envoy a gold cup embossed with the zodiacal signs, a fine ruby, a tsalwé of nine cords, and a handsome putso; to other officers, a plain gold cup, ring, and putso, or a ring and putso only.

Then the King rose to depart, the Queen assisting him, to rise, and afterward using the royal dhar to help herself up. "They passed through the gilded lattice, the music played again, the doors rolled out from the wall, and we were told that we might retire."

On the twenty-first, Major Phayre had a private interview, by appointment, with the King. The reception was almost *en famille*. As the Envoy approached the palace, he found the assembled court under a circular temporary building, called a *Mandat*, where music and dancing were going on,—the King half reclined on a kind of sofa in a room raised several feet above the level of the mandat. The Envoy was led forward and shown to a place among the ministers, who, as well as all the rest of the company, were seated on the ground,—only the dancers standing. Outside squatted guards in red jackets, with red *papier-maché* helmets, and muskets with the butts resting between their legs. Eight couples of men and women were dancing. The King did not speak to Major Phayre, but, on the contrary, retired as he en-

tered, and sent him word that he would see him in another room; where again he found his Majesty reclining on a sofa, no longer in imperial costume, but the ordinary garb of the country,—a silk putso, or waist-cloth, of gay colors, a white cotton jacket, reaching a little below the hips, and a single fillet, of book-muslin twisted round his head. On his left, at a little distance, were some half-dozen of his sons, "of all ages up to sixteen years," crouching on the ground, with their chins touching it. A band of girls in fantastic court-dresses were in an anteroom, discoursing soft music on stringed instruments. One of the Atwen-woons, with several other officers of the court, and a few pages, had followed the Envoy, and now sat together near the end of the room. The King held up his hand, and the music ceased. He then requested the Envoy to notice some large imitation lotos-flowers in a vase; and as he spoke, the buds, which had been closed, suddenly expanded, and out of one of them flew a solitary sparrow. The king smiled, and one of the company said, "Each bud had a bird imprisoned, but they managed to escape, all but this one."

Then the King said to the Envoy, "Have you read the Mengala-thoot?"

"I have, your Majesty."

"Do you know the meaning of it?"

"I do. I have read the Burmese interpretation."

"How many precepts does it contain?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Do you remember them?"

The Envoy did not; so the King repeated some of the precepts of this summary of beatitude,—a sermon of Guadma's, containing thirty rules of life, against pride, anger, evil associates, and the like.

Then followed much talk about a treaty which the Envoy was anxious to procure; but the King, with diplomatic adroitness, put him off; for the Burmese hate treaties, and always break them. Said his Majesty, very dryly: "I have heard a great deal of

you, and that you are wise and well disposed. I should not have taken the same pains to receive every one; I should have done according to custom. You have commenced well. But in a man's life, and in every transaction, there is a beginning, a middle, and an end,"—illustrating the remark by running his finger along the hilt of his dhar of state, which lay on a stand before him.

"Did you receive the marble pagoda I sent you?"

"I did, your Majesty, and have brought a singing-bird box, as a token of my thanks."

"I am going to bestow on you a ring, which you will find very curious."

Here a ring, half sapphire and half topaz, was brought in, and presented to the Envoy.

The King expressed a wish to engage some one to take charge of his ruby mines, and especially his lively desire to procure a model of a human skeleton, made of wood, and so arranged that the action of the joints in sitting and rising should be shown. The Envoy promised to attend to this. Some trays of cakes and sweetmeats were then brought in, and the King, having particularly recommended one or two of the dishes to the Envoy, retired. During the interview his Majesty behaved with much courtesy and kindness. One of his children, about eighteen months old, ran in two or three times, naked as he was born, and climbed up on the couch; the young sons now and then lighted the King's cheroot, and gave him water to drink.

On the 2d of October the Envoy is again with the King in the small pavilion; about a hundred persons are present, including two Atwen-woons, the Nan-ma-dau-Phra Woon, and several Shan Tsaub-was, but none of the Woongyis. The King asked the Envoy if he had been to the Pyee-Kyoung to see the Tshaya-dau, or Royal Teacher, Patriarch or Bishop of all the Monks.

"I have, your Majesty."

"Did he discourse to you, and did you approve of what he said?"

"He discoursed on moral duties, and what he said was very proper."

"You know what we call the Ten Virtues.* Do you approve of them?"

"They are most excellent."

"What length of time, according to your books, is a Kamba?" (A complete revolution of nature, a geological period, it might almost be called.)

"Our books, your Majesty, do not contain that."

"Well, we say that in a Kamba the life period of man gradually advances from the limit of ten years to an Athenkhyat,† and then gradually diminishes from that down to ten years again. When that has been repeated sixty-four times it constitutes a period, which again is repeated sixty-four times; and when four such compound periods have been repeated, the whole era is called a Kamba, or a grand revolution of the universe. The world is then destroyed, and a new era commences."

The King then entered into a long discourse on the history of the Mahan-Zat, or life of Guadma in one of his former births, the gist of which was that a king who had a wise minister could get anything he set his heart upon. After which he related the story of a king of Benares, who had three birds' eggs brought to him; one produced a parrot, one an owl, and the other a *mainah*; and to each of these, in course of time, a department of the state was intrusted, but the highest, politics, fell to the parrot.

"I believe," to the Envoy, ironically, "your English kings have existed for two hundred years or more. Have they not?"

"The English nation, your Majesty, have had kings to reign over them for fifteen hundred years."

"My ancestors have come in regular descent from King Mahatha-mada" (the

* 1. Charity; 2. Religious Observances; 3. Self-denial; 4. Learning; 5. Diligence; 6. Patience; 7. Truth; 8. Perseverance; 9. Friendship; 10. Impartiality.

† *Athenkhyat* is a corruption, or Burmese pronunciation, of *asankhya*, Sanscrit, from the negative *a* and *sankhya*, "number,"—literally, "innumerable"; but as a Buddhist period, it is expressed by a unit and one hundred and forty ciphers. Yule.

first king who established government on the earth,—many millions of years ago, at the beginning of the present Kamba, in fact).

Envoy (to one of the Atwen-woons, to show that he knew that no such king had ever reigned in Burmah). "Which of the royal cities did Mahatha-mada build?"

The Atwen-woon only stared.

"O," said the quick-witted Woon-douk, "that king reigned in Myit-tshe-ma-detha [*the Middle land, India*]."

King. "Our race once reigned in all the countries you hold. Now the Kalás have come close up to us."

Envoy. "It is very true, your Majesty."

"Have you read any part of our Maha-Radza-Weng [*Chronicles of the Kings*]?"

"I have read portions of them, your Majesty, and am very anxious to read more."

"Well, I will present you with a complete copy, and also a copy of the 550 Zats, and the Mahan-Zats; and when you come again I shall expect to find that you have studied them. I should like to have a copy of your Radza-Weng [*History of Kings*]."

"That I will present to your Majesty."

"It is only right, and the part of a wise man, to gather instruction from the records of the past and the works of sages. By the study of these books you will be enabled to divine people's thoughts from their appearance, and may aspire to the most difficult of all attainments,—the discerning of which is the greater principle, matter or spirit."

The King then inquired if the Envoy had visited the Royal Tanks, at Oungben-lé and other places, which had been recently constructed.

"I have not, your Majesty; but I purpose going."

"I have caused ninety-nine tanks and ancient reservoirs to be dug, or repaired, and sixty-six canals, whereby a great deal of rice land will be made available. In the reign of Nau-

rabha-dzyai 9999 tanks and canals were constructed. I purpose renewing them."

"Ninety-nine" in Burmese signifies a large number merely. Thus, Captain Hannay was told that there were ninety-nine *jheels*, or lakes, in the district of Tagoung. An ancient king of Aracan is said to have founded ninety-nine cities on each side of the Aracan River. The Burmese speak of the ninety-nine towns of the Shan country. Duttagamini, king of Ceylon, is said to have built ninety-nine great temples. The Buddhist physiology reckons ninety-nine joints and ninety-nine thousand pores of the human body.*

At a later interview, the Envoy took particular note of the personal appearance of this royal barbarian. His skin was smooth and clear, and his bright black eyes twinkled, and displayed a true Chinese obliquity when he laughed, as he did every two or three minutes. His mustache was good, his throat and jaws were very massive, his chest and arms remarkably well developed, and his hands clean and small. The retreating forehead, which marked him as a descendant of Alompra, was especially conspicuous.

He reclined, in a characteristic attitude, on a splendid sofa, wrought in mosaic of gilding and looking-glass, spread with a rich yellow velvet mattress, bordered with crimson; and a corresponding rug, of crimson bordered with yellow, was spread below for the regalia. These consisted of a fantastic gilded ornament, "in size and shape much like a pair of stag's antlers," festooned with a muslin scarf, and intended to receive the royal dhar; and of the large golden Henza, set with precious stones. Other royal paraphernalia, such as the golden spittoon and salver, and the stand for the water-goglet, with its conical golden cover set with gems, were brought in and deposited on the rug when his Majesty appeared. Dancing-women were performing in the central aisle before the throne, to the music of a

* Yule's Narrative.

group of female minstrels, gayly attired, and crowned with pagoda-shaped tiaras, like those worn by the princes in the plays.

Speaking of the Maha-Radza-Weng, and other books which he had ordered to be brought for the Envoy, the King said: "The mass of earth, water, and air which composes the Great Island [the earth] and Mount Myen-mo is vast, but learning is more stupendous still, and great labor is necessary to acquire it. Do you [the Envoy] know how many elements there are in a man's body?"

"I cannot inform your Majesty."

"The body consists of a great number of particles, small as flour or dust. One hair of the head appears like a single fibre, yet it is made up of a great number of smaller fibres; just as one of the long ropes you sound the depth of water with is composed of many short fibres. Of the elements, earth enters into the bones, and water into the hair."

In this connection, Captain Yule has an interesting note to the first chapter of his narrative:—"There seems to turn up now and then in the science of the Buddhists a very curious parody, as it were, or chance suggestion, of some of the great truths or speculations of modern science; just as there are circumstances of their religion which seem to run parallel with circumstances and forms of Christianity or Christian churches, and which made the old Jesuit fathers think that the Devil had, of malice aforethought, prepared these travesties of Christian rites and mysteries among the heathen, in order to cast ridicule on the Church, and bar her progress. An example of what I allude to is found here, as regards electricity, in their apparent knowledge of the non-conducting power of glass. In the Buddhist theory of the universe, we have an infinity of contemporary systems, each provided with its sun and planets, analogous to the commonly received opinion of the plurality of worlds. We have also their infinite succession of

creations and destructions by fire or water, analogous to a formerly popular geological theory. They hold the circulation of the blood, after a fashion. The King's conversations at Amara-poorā indicated his belief in the atomic constitution of the body, and of the existence of a microscopic world, though his illustrations were not accurate. And when Mr. Crawford published his account of fossil elephant bones from the Irrawaddi, Colonel Burney tells us that the Burmese philosophers expressed much satisfaction at the discovery, as establishing the doctrine of their books. These taught that in former times there were ten species of elephants, but that the smallest species alone survived."

The King inquired who of the English gentlemen were then present.

Woondouk. "There are Captain Yule, the Secretary to the Mission (*Letya Bogye*, or right-hand chief); Dr. Forsyth (*Tshaya Woon*, or supreme over the teachers); Professor Oldham, the geologist (*Kyouk Tshaya*, or rock teacher); and Major Allan (*Meday Woon* and *Mhan Byoung Bo*, telescope officer)."

King. "Major Allan is a good man. Does he speak Burmese?"

"A little, your Majesty."

"Not so much as the Envoy, I suppose. He should study. Parrots, by diligence, learn languages. Have you parrots that can speak English?"

Envoy. "We have, your Majesty."

"And we have parrots that even understand writing. What stones is the Rock Teacher acquainted with?"

"He knows all kinds, your Majesty."

"In my country there are mountains, along the side of which if horses, elephants, or men go, a green shadow is cast on their bodies. Your black coat would appear green there. How does he explain this?"

Professor Oldham suggested that it might arise from copper on the surface.

"No, it cannot be that, as the cop-

per is not seen. I think it results from emeralds below." *

To Dr. Forsyth. "How many elementary substances are there in the human body?"

Dr. F. "Four substances."

"That is correct. Could a man have one of them destroyed, and yet survive?"

"It might be partially injured, and he yet survive."

"But suppose the element on which the issues of the body depend were to be destroyed, could the man survive?"

"In that case he must die, if the action could not be restored."

"That is true. It is proper for every physician to be conversant with the elementary substances. There are a great number of books on the subject of medicine in the Burmese language,—books so deep,"—raising his hand above his head.

Envoy. "I have received from your Majesty a fossil alligator's head, which is very much prized by the Rock Teacher; and I have heard there are Biloos'† (monsters') bones in some parts of the country."

King. "There are Biloos' bones in the Yau district, and you can have as many as you choose, or a whole Biloo even." (To the Woodouk,) "See that this is attended to." (To the Atwen-woons,) "These people cannot sit long thus without being cramped."

His Majesty then flung himself brusquely off the sofa, turned his back, put on his shoes, and strode away without any leave-taking. His manner was easy and full of good-hu-

mor; but he chewed betel to almost disgusting excess; the golden pawn-box was never out of his hand, and he played with it as he talked.

When he was gone, refreshments were brought in,—pancakes filled with spiced meats, jellies of rice-starch, in various colors, and other viands. But the most Oriental and by no means the least palatable dish consisted of fried locusts, stuffed with spiced meat. They were brought in "hot-and-hot," in relays of saucers, and tasted like fried shrimps.

In the large audience-hall, adjoining the pavilion, ten or twelve richly dressed dancing-girls slowly circled to passionate music, brandishing in both hands bunches of peacock's feathers, throwing themselves into a variety of difficult and curious attitudes, and chanting all the while in a pleasing chorus, which singularly resembled the psalmody of a choir in an English parish church.

A few days later the Envoy called, *pour prendre congé*, on the Ein-shé-men, whose physiognomy he describes as that of a strong-willed, boisterous, passionate, and energetic man, with but little intellect or refinement, but not, perhaps, without kindly impulses. He was full of questions,—among others, "What nation first made gunpowder?"

Envoy. "I am not quite sure, your Highness, whether it was first made in England or Germany. Our books say that it was known from an earlier period in China."

* "Amid lovely prospects of rich valleys, and wooded hills, and winding waters, almost every rock bore on its surface the yellow gleam of gold. True, according to the voyager, the precious metal was itself absent; but Sir Walter [Raleigh], on afterward showing the stones to a Spaniard of the Caracas, was told by him that they were *madre del oro*, mother of gold, and that the mine itself was further in the ground."—*Hugh Miller*.

† A sort of demon-monkeys, grotesquely hideous and fearfully funny,—generally depicted as black Calibans, with tusks. Judson defines them as "monsters which devour human flesh, and possess certain superhuman powers." According to a Buddhist legend, Guadma, when he attempted to land at Martaban, was stoned by the Nats and Biloos, who then inhabited that country, as well as Tavoy and Mergui; and Captain Yule imagines

there may be some dim tradition here of an alien and savage race of aborigines (akin, perhaps, to the quasi-negroes of the Andamans), who have become the Biloos, or Ogres, of Burman legend, "just as our Ogres took their name, probably, from the Ugrians of Northeastern Europe." The description of the Andaman negroes by the Mohammedan travellers of the ninth century, as quoted by Prichard, would answer well for the Biloos of Burmah: "The people eat human flesh quite raw; their complexion is black, their hair frizzled, their countenance and eyes frightful; their feet are almost a cubit in length, and they go quite naked." The comic element, however, always enters into the Burmese conception of a Biloo. On the pavement of a royal monastery at Amarapoora is a set of bas-reliefs representing Biloos in all sorts of impish attitudes and antics.

"Ah!" interposed the sly old Woondouk. "You won't say where gunpowder was first made, because you want it to appear that it was in England."

"Not at all; the point is a doubtful one. I tell you exactly what I know." "Then where were muskets first invented?"

"I cannot tell you. The first use of cannon on record was by the English, some five hundred years ago."

Prince. "What nation first made steamships?"

"America, your Highness. The steam-engine was invented in England, and an American adapted it to ships."

Woondouk. "Those are the people who went out from you, and you could not govern them, and they set up for themselves."

Envoy. "Precisely. Just as the people of Aracan, of your own race and religion, settled in that country, and had a king of their own, and you lost dominion over them." (*Much good-humored laughter at this reply.*)

Speaking of the friendly relations between England and France, the Envoy explained that communication is kept up constantly between the two countries by means of the electric telegraph. (*To the Woondouk.*) "You have seen the telegraph in Bengal, and will be able to inform his Highness about it."

Woondouk. "They put a wire on posts above the ground, or bury it underneath, carrying it over mountains and through rivers; and at certain stations apart there are magnetic needles, which shake to denote the letters of the words of a message that is sent. Thus they converse together, though they are hundreds of miles apart."

This Woondouk, Moungh Mhon, was a very astute and ingenious man. When he accompanied the old Dalla-Woon on a mission to the Governor-General, he was taken on one occasion, by Major Phayre and Colonel Baker, to make a short excursion on the East India Railway. When his attention was called to the great speed at which they were travelling, he made no remark, except

to ask the interval between two telegraph posts on the line; and then, counting the beats of his own pulse, and making a mental estimate of the rapidity with which he passed those intervals, he quietly said, "Yes, we are going very fast."

Woondouk. "Now where was the electric telegraph first discovered?"

Envoy. "I believe the discovery was nearly contemporaneous in England and America."

Woondouk. "But it must have been in one place or the other."

Envoy. "In Europe, where men of science are engaged in a great variety of studies, and publish their views and opinions, similar discoveries are frequently made about the same time in different countries."

The visits of ceremony to the four Woongyis, and to old Moungh Pathee, the Nan-ma-dau Woon, were marked by circumstances of peculiar interest. At the house of the Magwé Menghi (Great Prince of Magwé), the most intellectual and influential of the Woongyis, the floor was laid with carpets, and chairs for the visitors were set at a long table. The large silk curtain which separated the reception-room from the women's apartment was partly raised at one corner; and there, on carpets, were seated all the ladies of the family. Breakfast was served, at first in English fashion, with bread and butter, muffins and tarts. But presently the hospitable Woongyi called out cheerily, "Come, come! they know an English breakfast well enough; let us have Burmese dishes now." Then came sweetmeats and dainties of various kinds, and in profusion, — in all, fifty-seven dishes. After the breakfast the usual Burmese dessert of betel-nut, pawn, pickled tea,* salted ginger in small strips, fried garlic, walnuts without the shells, roasted groundnuts, &c.,

* *Hlapet*, or pickled tea, made up with a little oil, salt, and garlic, or assafoetida, is eaten in small quantities by the Burmese, after dinner, as we eat cheese. They say it promotes digestion, and they cannot live in comfort without it. *Hlapet* is also passed around on many ceremonial occasions, and on the conclusion of lawsuits.

on little gold and silver dishes; and, last of all, cheroots.

The Woongyi led in his wife, and would have her attempt an English chair, next the Envoy; but the old lady, after several amiable efforts to reconcile herself to the foreign situation, bravely tucked in her scanty robes, and doubled her legs under her.

From the Magwé Menghi's they passed to the houses of the Meinloun, the Myo-doung, and the Pakhán Menghi, (all Woonghis,) and of the venerable Nan-ma-dau Woon, — breakfasting at each. At the residence of the Pakhán Menghi several ladies joined the party at table; these were the Woongyi's wife, who had been one of Tharawadi's queens, with her mother and two sisters, — all really lady-like and self-possessed, fairer than the generality of Burmese women, and of delicate and graceful figures, though not pretty. They wore the usual *tawein*, or narrow petticoat of gorgeously striped silk, polka jackets of thin white muslin, and ornaments of extraordinary brilliancy. Their ear-cylinders were gold; but instead of being open tubes, as commonly worn at the capital, they were closed in front, and set with one large cut diamond, ruby, or emerald, surrounded by smaller brilliants. The necklace consisted of a narrow chain of gold, plain, or set with pearls, and bearing table diamonds in two rows, one fixed and the other pendent. They also wore superb rings, in which were rubies of noble size.

Among the ladies seated on the ground were two strongly resembling one another, and with the receding forehead which marks all the descendants of Alompra. These were daughters of the Mekhara-men, that uncle of King Tharawadi who used to translate articles from Rees's Cyclopædia into Burmese, and who assisted Mr. Lane, a merchant of Ava, in the compilation of the English and Burmese Dictionary which bears the name of the latter.

For a Kalá at Amarapoora not to know the Lord White Elephant is to

argue himself unknown. Consequently a presentation to that Buddhistic demigod in bleached and animated India-rubber was a crowning ceremonial, essential, in a political as well as religious point of view, to the success of the embassy. He "receives" in his "palace," a little to the north of the Hall of Audience. On the south are sheds for the vulgar monsters of his retinue, and brick *godowns*, in which the state carriages, and the massive and gorgeous golden litters, are stowed.

Captain Yule says the present white elephant is the very one mentioned by Padre Sangermano as having been caught in 1806, — to the great joy of the king, who had just lost the preceding incumbent, a female, which died after a year's captivity. "He is very large, almost ten feet high, with a noble head and pair of tusks. But he is long-bodied and lank, and not otherwise handsome for an elephant. He is sickly too, and out of condition, being distempered for five months in the year, from April to August. His eye, the iris of which is yellow, with a reddish outer annulus, and a small, clear black pupil, has an uneasy glare, and his keepers evidently mistrust his temper. The annulus round the iris is pointed out as resembling a circle of the nine gems. His color is almost uniform, — about the ground-tint of the mottled or freckled part of the trunk and ears of common elephants, perhaps a little darker. He also has pale freckles on the same parts. On the whole, he is well entitled to his appellation."

His royal paraphernalia are magnificent. The driving-hook is three feet long, the stem a mass of small pearls, girt at frequent intervals with bands of rubies, and the hook and handle of crystal, tipped with gold. The headstall is of fine red cloth, plentifully studded with choice rubies, and near the extremity are some precious diamonds. Fitting over the bumps of the forehead are circles of the nine gems, which are supposed to be charms against malign influences.

When caparisoned, he also wears on

the forehead, like other Burmese dignitaries, including the king himself, a golden plate inscribed with his titles, and a gold crescent set with circles of large gems between the eyes. Large silver tassels hang in front of his ears, and he is harnessed with bands of gold and crimson set with large bosses of pure gold. He is a regular estate of the realm, having a Woon, or minister, of his own, four gold umbrellas, the white umbrellas which are peculiar to royalty, and a suite of thirty attendants. The Burmese remove their shoes on entering his palace. He has an appanage, or territory, assigned to him to "eat," like other princes of the Empire. In Burney's time it was the rich cotton district of Taroup Myo.

The present king never rides the

white elephant; but his uncle used to do so frequently, acting as his own mahout, which was one of the royal accomplishments of the ancient Indian kings.

"The importance attached to the possession of a white elephant," says Captain Yule, "is traceable to the Buddhist system. A white elephant of certain wonderful endowments is one of the seven precious things the possession of which marks the *Maha chakravartti Raja*, 'the great wheel-turning king,' the holy and universal sovereign, a character who appears once in a cycle, at the period when the waxing and waning term of human life has reached its maximum of an *asankhya* in duration. Hence the white elephant is the ensign of universal sovereignty."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

AT this present moment of time I am what the doctors call an interesting case, and am to be found in bed No. 10, Ward II. Massachusetts General Hospital. I am told that I have what is called Addison's Disease, — and that it is this pleasing malady which causes me to be covered with large blotches of a dark mulatto tint, such as I suppose would make me peculiarly acceptable to a Massachusetts constituency, if my legs were only strong enough to enable me to run for Congress. However, it is a rather grim subject to joke about, because, if I believe the doctor who comes around every day and thumps me, and listens to my chest with as much pleasure as if I was music all through, — I say, if I believed him, I should suppose I was going to die. The fact is, I don't believe him at all. Some of these days I shall

take a turn and get about again, but meanwhile it is rather dull for a stirring, active person to have to lie still and watch myself getting big brown and yellow spots all over me, like a map that has taken to growing.

The man on my right has consumption, smells of cod-liver oil, and coughs all night. The man on my left is a Down-Easter, with a liver which has struck work; looks like a human pumpkin; and how he contrives to whittle jack-straws all day, and eat as he does, I can't understand. I have tried reading and tried whittling, but they don't either of them satisfy me, so that yesterday I concluded to ask the doctor if he could n't suggest some other amusement.

I waited until he had gone through the ward, and then I seized my chance, and asked him to stop a moment.

"Well," said he, "what do you want?"

"Something to do, Doctor."

He thought a little, and then replied: "I'll tell you what to do; I think if you were to write out a plain account of your life, it would be pretty well worth reading, and perhaps would serve to occupy you for a few days at least. If half of what you told me last week be true, you must be about as clever a scamp as there is to be met with, and I suppose you would just as lief put it on paper as talk it."

"Pretty nearly," said I; "I think I will try it, Doctor."

After he left I lay awhile thinking over the matter. I knew well enough that I was what the world calls a scamp, and I knew also that I had got little good out of the fact. If a man is what people call virtuous, and fails in life, he gets credit at least for the virtue; but when a man is a rascal, and breaks down at the trade, somehow or other people don't credit him with the intelligence he has put into the business,—and this I call hard. I never had much experience of virtue being its own reward; but I do know that, when rascality is left with nothing but the contemplation of itself for comfort, it is by no means refreshing. Now this is just my present position; and if I did not recall with satisfaction the energy and skill with which I did my work, I should be nothing but disgusted at the melancholy spectacle of my failure. I suppose that I shall at least find occupation in reviewing all this, and I think, therefore, that I shall try to give a plain and straightforward account of the life I have led, and the various devices by which I have sought to get my share of the money of my countrymen.

I want it to be clearly understood, at the beginning, that, in what I may have to say, I shall stick severely to the truth, without any overstrained regard for my neighbors' feelings. In fact, I shall have some little satisfaction when I do come a little heavy on corn or bunyon, because for the past two years

the whole world appears to have been engaged in trotting over mine with as much certainty as if there were no other standing-room left in creation.

I shall be rather brief about my early life, which possesses little or no interest.

I was born in Newark, New Jersey, and am therefore what those dreary Pennsylvanians call a Jersey Yankee, and sometimes a Spaniard, as pleases them best. My father was a respectable physician in large practice, too busy to look after me. My mother died too early for me to remember her at all. An old aunt who took her place as our housekeeper indulged me to the utmost, and I thus acquired a taste for having my own way and the best of everything, which has stuck to me through life. I do not remember when it was that I first began to pilfer, but it must have been rather early in life. Indeed, I believe I may say that, charitably speaking, which is the only way to speak of one's self, I was what the doctors call a kleptomaniac,—which means that, when I could not get a thing in any other way, I took it. As to education, I took very little of that, but I had, notwithstanding, a liking for reading, and especially for light literature. At the age of sixteen I was sent to Nassau Hall, best known as Princeton College; but, for reasons which I need not state very fully, I did not remain beyond the close of the Junior year. The causes which led to my removal were not the usual foolish scrapes in which college lads indulge. Indeed, I never have been guilty of any of those wanton pieces of wickedness which injure the feelings of others while they lead to no useful result. When I left to return home, I set myself seriously to reflect upon the necessity of greater caution in following out my inclinations, and from that time forward I have steadily avoided the vulgar vice of directly possessing myself of objects to which I could show no legal title. My father was justly indignant at the results of my college career; and, according to my aunt, his sorrow had some effect in shortening

his life, which ended rather suddenly within the year.

I was now about nineteen years old, and, as I remember, a middle-sized, well-built young fellow, with large, dark eyes, a slight mustache, and, I have been told, with very good manners, and a somewhat humorous turn. Besides these advantages, my guardian held in trust for me about three thousand dollars. After some consultation between us, it was resolved that I should study medicine.

Accordingly I set out for Philadelphia, with many good counsels from my aunt and guardian. I look back upon this period as a turning-point in my life. I had seen enough of the world already to know that, if you can succeed honestly, it is by far the pleasantest way; and I really believe that, if I had not been endowed with such a fatal liking for all the good things of life, I might have lived along as reputably as most men. This, however, is, and always has been, my difficulty, and I suppose that I am not therefore altogether responsible for the incidents to which it gave rise. Most men also have some ties in life. I had only one, a little sister, now about ten years of age, for whom I have always had more or less affection, but who was of course too much my junior to exert over me that beneficial control which has saved so many men from evil courses. She cried a good deal when we parted, and this, I think, had a very good effect in strengthening my resolution to do nothing which could get me into trouble.

The janitor of the College to which I went directed me to a boarding-house, where I engaged a small, third-story room, which I afterwards shared with Mr. Chaucer of Jawjah, as he called the State which he had the honor to represent.

In this very remarkable abode I spent the next two winters; and finally graduated, along with two hundred more, at the close of my two years of study. I should also have been one year in a physician's office as a student, but this regulation is very

easily evaded. As to my studies, the less said the better. I attended the quizzes, as they call them, pretty closely; and, being of quick and retentive memory, was thus enabled to dispense, for the most part, with the six or seven lectures a day which duller men found it necessary to follow.

Dissecting struck me as a rather nasty business for a gentleman, and on this account I did just as little as was absolutely essential. In fact, if a man takes his tickets, and pays the dissection fees, nobody troubles himself as to whether or not he does any more than this. A like evil exists as to graduation; whether you merely squeeze through, or pass with credit, is a thing which is not made public, so that I had absolutely nothing to stimulate my ambition.

The astonishment with which I learned of my success was shared by the numerous Southern gentlemen who darkened the floors, and perfumed with tobacco the rooms of our boarding-house. In my companions, during the time of my studies so called, as in other matters in life, I was somewhat unfortunate. All of them were Southern gentlemen, with more money than I. They all carried great sticks, usually sword-canes, and most of them bowie-knives; also they delighted in dress-coats, long hair, felt hats, and very tight boots, swore hideously, and glared at every woman they met as they strolled along with their arms affectionately over the shoulders of their companions. They hated the "Nawth," and cursed the Yankees, and honestly believed that the leanest of them was a match for any half-dozen of the bulkiest of Northerners. I must also do them the justice to say that they were quite as ready to fight as to brag, which, by the way, is no meagre statement. With these gentry, for whom I retain a respect which has filled me with regret at the recent course of events, I spent a good deal of my large leisure. We were what the more respectable students of both sections called a hard crowd; though

what we did, or how we did it, little concerns us here, except that, owing to my esteem for chivalric blood and breeding, I was led into many practices and excesses which cost my guardian much distress and myself a good deal of money.

At the close of my career as a student, I found myself aged twenty-one years, and owner of twelve hundred dollars,—the rest of my small estate having disappeared variously within the last two years. After my friends had gone to their homes in the South, I began to look about me for an office, and finally settled upon a very good room in one of the down-town localities of the Quaker City. I am not specific as to number and street, for reasons which may hereafter appear. I liked the situation on various accounts. It had been occupied by a doctor; the terms were reasonable; and it lay on the skirts of a good neighborhood; while below it lived a motley population, amongst which I expected to get my first patients and such fees as were to be had. Into this new home I moved my medical text-books, a few bones, and myself. Also I displayed in the window a fresh sign, upon which was distinctly to be read:—

“DR. ELIAS SANDCRAFT.

Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 3 to 6
P. M., 7 to 9 P. M.”

I felt now that I had done my fair share towards attaining a virtuous subsistence, and so I waited tranquilly, and without undue enthusiasm, to see the rest of the world do its part in the matter. Meanwhile I read up on all sorts of imaginable cases, stayed at home all through my office hours, and at intervals explored the strange section of the town which lay to the south of my office. I do not suppose there is anything like it elsewhere. It was then, and still is, a nest of endless grog-shops, brothels, sloop-shops, and low lodging-houses. You may dine here for a penny off of soup made from the refuse meats of the rich,

gathered at back gates by a horde of half-naked children, who all tell varieties of one woful tale. Here, too, you may be drunk at five cents, and lodge for three, with men, women, and children of all colors lying about you. It is this hideous mixture of black and white and yellow wretchedness which makes the place so peculiar. The blacks predominate, and have mostly that swollen, reddish, dark skin, the sign in this race of habitual drunkenness. Of course only the lowest whites are here,—rag-pickers, pawnbrokers, old-clothes-men, thieves, and the like. All of this, as it came before me, I viewed with mingled disgust and philosophy. I hated filth, but I understood that society has to stand on somebody, and I was only glad that I was not one of the undermost and worst-squeezed bricks.

You will hardly believe me, but I had waited a month without having been called upon by a single patient. At last the policeman on the beat brought me a fancy man, with a dog bite. This patient recommended me to his brother, the keeper of a small pawnbroking shop, and by very slow degrees I began to get stray patients who were too poor to indulge in up-town doctors. I found the police very useful acquaintances; and, by a drink or a cigar now and then, I got most of the cases of cut heads and the like at the next station-house. These, however, were the aristocrats of my practice; the bulk of my patients were soap-fat-men, rag-pickers, oystermen, hose-house bummers, and worse, with other and nameless trades, men and women, white, black, or mulatto. How they got the levies and quarters with which I was reluctantly paid, I do not know; that indeed was none of my business. They expected to pay, and they came to me in preference to the dispensary doctor two or three squares away, who seemed to me to live in the lanes and alleys about us. Of course he received no pay except experience, since the dispensaries in the Quaker City, as a rule, do not give salaries to their

doctors; and the vilest of the poor will prefer a pay doctor, if he can get one, to one of these disinterested gentlemen who are at everybody's call and beck. I am told that most young doctors do a large amount of poor practice, as it is called; but, for my own part, I think it better for both parties when the doctor insists upon some compensation being made to him. This has been usually my own custom, and I have not found reason to regret it.

Notwithstanding my strict attention to my own interests, I have been rather sorely dealt with by fate, upon several occasions, where, so far as I could see, I was vigilantly doing everything in my power to keep myself out of trouble or danger. I may as well relate one of them, merely as an illustration of how little value a man's intellect may be, when fate and the prejudices of the mass of men are against him.

One evening late, I myself answered a ring at the bell, and found a small black boy on the steps, a shoeless, hatless little wretch, with curled darkness for hair, and teeth like new tombstones. It was pretty cold, and he was relieving his feet by standing first on one and then on the other. He did not wait for me to speak.

"Hi, sah, Missy Barker she say to come quick away, sah, to Numbah 709 Bedford Street."

The locality did not look like pay, but it was hard to say in this quarter, because sometimes you found a well-to-do "brandy-snifter,"—local for gin-shop,—or a hard-working "leather-jeweller,"—ditto for shoemaker,—with next door, in a house no better or worse, dozens of human rats for whom every police trap in the city was constantly set.

With a doubt, then, in my mind as to whether I should find a good patient or some mean nigger, I sought out the place to which I had been directed. I did not like its looks; but I blundered up an alley, and into a back room, where I fell over somebody, and was cursed and told to lie down and keep easy, or somebody, meaning the man stumbled over, would make me. At last

I lit on a staircase which led into the alley, and, after some inquiry, got as high as the garret. People hereabouts did not know one another, or did not want to know, so that it was of little avail to ask questions. At length I saw a light through the cracks in the attic door, and walked in. To my amazement, the first person I saw was a woman of about thirty-five, in pearl-gray Quaker dress,—one of your calm, good-looking people. She was seated on a stool beside a straw mattress, upon which lay a black woman. There were three others crowded close around a small stove, which was red-hot,—an unusual spectacle in this street. Altogether a most nasty den.

As I came in, the little Quaker woman got up, and said, "I took the liberty of sending for thee to look at this poor woman. I am afraid she has the small-pox. Will thee be so kind as to look at her?" And with this she held down the candle towards the bed.

"Good gracious!" said I hastily, seeing how the creature was speckled, "I did n't understand this, or I would not have come. Best let her alone, miss," I added, "there's nothing to be done for these cases."

Upon my word, I was astonished at the little woman's indignation. She said just those things which make you feel as if somebody had been calling you names or kicking you. Was I a doctor? Was I a man? and so on. However, I never did fancy the small-pox, and what could a fellow get by doctoring wretches like these? So I held my tongue and went away. About a week afterwards, I met Evans, the Dispensary man.

"Halloa!" says he. "Doctor, you made a nice mistake about that darky at No. 709 Bedford Street the other night. She had nothing but measles after all."

"Of course I knew," said I, laughing; "but you don't think I was going into dispensary trash, do you?"

"I should think not," says Evans.

I learned afterwards that this Miss Barker had taken an absurd fancy to

the man because he had doctored the darky, and would not let the Quakeress pay him. The end was, that when I wanted to get a vacancy in the Southwark Dispensary, where they do pay the doctors, Miss Barker was malignant enough to take advantage of my oversight by telling the whole story to the board ; so that Evans got in, and I was beaten.

You may be pretty sure that I found rather slow the kind of practice I have described, and began to look about for chances of bettering myself. In this sort of location these came up now and then ; and as soon as I got to be known as a reliable man, I began to get the peculiar sort of practice I wanted. Notwithstanding all my efforts, however, I found myself at the close of three years with all my means spent, and just able to live meagrely from hand to mouth, which by no means suited a person of my luxurious turn. Six months went by, and I was worse off than ever, — two months in arrears of rent, and numerous other debts to cigar-shops and liquor-dealers. Now and then, some good job, such as a burglar with a cut head, helped me up for a while ; but on the whole, I was like Slider Downeyhille in poor Neal's Charcoal Sketches, and "kept going downer and downer the more I tried not to." Something must be done.

One night, as I was debating with myself as to how I was to improve my position, I heard a knock on my shutter, and, going to the door, let in a broad-shouldered man with a white face and a great hooked nose. He wore a heavy black beard and mustache, and looked like the wolf in the pictures of Red Riding-Hood which I had seen as a child.

"Your name's Sandcraft?" said the man, shaking the snow over everything. "Set down, want to talk to you."

"That's my name. What can I do for you?" said I.

The man looked around the room rather scornfully, at the same time throwing back his coat, and displaying a red neckerchief and a huge garnet

pin. "Guess you're not overly rich," he said.

"Not especially," said I.

"Know — Simon Stagers?"

"Can't say I do," said I. Simon was a burglar who had blown off two fingers when mining a safe, and whom I had attended while he was hiding.

"Can't say you do," says the wolf.

"Well, you can lie, and no mistake. Come now, Doctor, Simon says you're safe, and I want to do a leetle plain talk with you." With this he laid ten eagles on the table ; I put out my hand instinctively.

"Let 'em alone," cried the man sharply. "They're easy earned, and ten more like em."

"For doing what?" said I.

The man paused a moment, looked around him, eyed me furtively, and finally loosened his cravat with a hasty pull. "You're the coroner," said he.

"I! What do you mean?"

"Yes, you, — the coroner, don't you understand?" and so saying he shoved the gold pieces towards me.

"Very good," said I, "we will suppose I'm the coroner."

"And being the coroner," said he, "you get this note, which requests you to call at No. 9 Blank Street to examine the body of a young man which is supposed — only supposed, you see — to have — well, to have died under suspicious circumstances."

"Go on," said I.

"No," he returned, "not till I know how you like it. Stagers and another knows it; and it would n't be very safe for you to split, besides not making nothing out of it; but what I say is this. Do you like the business of coroner?"

Now I did not like it, but two hundred in gold was life to me just then; so I said, "Let me hear the whole of it first."

"That's square enough," said the man; "my wife's got" — correcting himself with a little shiver — "my wife had a brother that's been cuttin' up rough, because, when I'd been up too late, I handled her a leetle hard now

and again. About three weeks ago, he threatened to fetch the police on me for one or two little things Stagers and I done together. Luckily, he fell sick with a typhoid just then; but he made such a thunderin' noise about opening safes, and what he done, and I done, and so on, that I did n't dare to have any one about him. When he began to mend, I gave him a little plain talk about this business of threatening to bring the police on us, and next day I caught him a saying something to my wife about it. The end of it was, he was took worse next morning, and—well he died yesterday. Now what does his sister do, but writes a note, and gives it to a boy in the alley to put in the post. Luckily, Stagers happened to be round; and after the boy got away a bit, Bill bribes him with a quarter to give him the note, which was n't no less than a request to the coroner to come to our house to-morrow and make an examination, as foul play was suspected."

Here he paused. As for myself, I was cold all over. I was afraid to go on, and afraid to go back, besides which I did not doubt that there was a good deal of money in the case. "Of course," said I, "it's all nonsense; only I suppose you don't want the officers about, and a fuss, and that sort of thing."

"Exactly," said my friend, "you're the coroner; you take this note and come to my house. Says you, 'Mrs. File, are you the woman that wrote this note? because in that case I must examine the body.'"

"I see," said I; "she need n't know who I am, or anything else. But if I tell her it's all right, do you think she won't want to know why there ain't a jury, and so on?"

"Bless you," said the man, "the girl is n't over seventeen, and does n't know no more than her baby."

"I'll do it," said I, suddenly, for, as I saw, it involved no sort of risk; "but I must have three hundred dollars."

"And fifty," added the wolf, "if you do it well."

With this the man buttoned about him a shaggy gray overcoat, and took his leave without a single word in addition.

For the first time in my life I failed that night to sleep. I thought to myself at last that I would get up early, pack a few clothes, and escape, leaving my books to pay, as they might, my arrears of rent. Looking out of the window, however, in the morning, I saw Stagers prowling about the opposite pavement, and, as the only exit except the street door was an alleyway, which opened alongside of the front of the house, I gave myself up for lost. About ten o'clock I took my case of instruments, and started for File's house, followed, as I too well understood, by Stagers.

I knew the house, which was in a small street, by its closed windows and the craped bell, which I shuddered as I touched. However, it was too late to draw back, and I therefore inquired for Mrs. File. A young and haggard-looking woman came down, and led me into a small parlor, for whose darkened light I was thankful enough.

"Did you write me this note?" said I.

"I did," said the woman, "if you're the coroner. Joe, he's my husband, he's gone out to see about the funeral. I wish it was his, I do."

"What do you suspect?" said I.

"I'll tell you," she returned, in a whisper. "I think he was made away with. I think there was foul play. I think he was poisoned. That's what I think."

"I hope you may be mistaken," said I. "Suppose you let me see the body."

"You shall see it," she replied; and, following her, I went up stairs to a front chamber, where I found the corpse.

"Get it over soon," said the woman, with a strange firmness. "If there ain't no murder been done, I shall have to run for it. If there is," and her face set hard, "I guess I'll stay." With this she closed the door, and left me with the dead.

If I had known what was before me, I never should have gone into the thing at all. It looked a little better when I had opened a window, and let in plenty of light; for, although I was, on the whole, far less afraid of dead than living men, I had an absurd feeling that I was doing this dead man a distinct wrong, as if it mattered to the dead, after all. When the affair was over, I thought more of the possible consequences than of its relation to the dead man himself; but do as I would at the time, I was in a ridiculous tremor, and especially when, in going through the forms of a *post-mortem* dissection, I had to make the first cut through the skin. Of course, I made no examination of the internal organs. I wanted to know as little as possible about them, and to get done as soon as I could. Unluckily, however, the walls of the stomach had softened and given way, so that I could not help seeing, among the escaped contents of the stomach, numerous grains of a white powder, which I hastened to conceal from my sight by rapidly sewing up the incisions which I had made.

I am free to confess now that I was careful not to uncover the man's face, and that when it was over I backed to the door, and hastily escaped from the room. On the stairs opposite to me Mrs. File was seated, with her bonnet on, and a small bundle in her hand.

"Well," said she, rising as she spoke, and with a certain eagerness in her tones, "what killed him? Was it arsenic?"

"Arsenic, my good woman!" said I; "when a man has typhoid fever, he don't need poison to kill him."

"And you mean to say he was n't poisoned," said she, with more than a trace of disappointment in her voice, — "not poisoned at all?"

"No more than you are," said I. "If I had found any signs of foul play, I should have had a regular inquest. As it is, the less said about it the better; and the fact is, it would have been much wiser to have kept quiet at the beginning. I can't understand why

you should have troubled me about it at all."

"Neither I would," said she, "if I had n't been pretty sure. I guess now the sooner I leave, the better for me."

"As to that," I returned, "it is none of my business; but you may rest certain that you are mistaken about the cause of your brother's death."

As I left the house, whom should I meet but Dr. Evans. "Why, halloa!" said he; "called you in, have they? Who's sick?"

You may believe I was scared. "Mrs. File," said I, remembering with horror that I had forgotten to ask whether at any time the man had had a doctor.

"Bad lot," returned Evans; "I was sent for to see the brother when he was as good as dead."

"As bad as dead," I retorted, with a sickly effort at a joke. "What killed him?"

"I suppose one of the ulcers gave way, and that he died of the consequences. Perforation, you know, and that sort of thing. I thought of asking File for a *post*, but I did n't."

"Wish you luck of them. Good by."

I was greatly alarmed at this new incident, but my fears were somewhat quieted that evening when Stagers and the wolf appeared with the remainder of the money, and I learned that Mrs. File had fled from her home, and, as File thought likely, from the city also. A few months later, File himself disappeared, and Stagers found his way into the Penitentiary.

I felt, for my own part, that I had been guilty of more than one mistake, and that I had displayed throughout a want of intelligence for which I came near being punished very severely. I should have made proper inquiries before venturing on a matter so dangerous, and I ought also to have got a good fee from Mrs. File on account of my services as coroner. It served me, however, as a good lesson, but it was several months before I felt quite easy in mind. Meanwhile, money be-

came scarce once more, and I was driven to my wit's end to devise how I should continue to live as I had done. I tried, among other plans, that of keeping certain pills and other medicines, which I sold to my patients; but on the whole I found it better to send all my prescriptions to one druggist, who charged the patient ten or twenty per cent over the correct price, and handed this amount to me.

In some cases I am told the percentage is supposed to be a donation on the part of the apothecary; but I rather fancy the patient pays for it in the end. It is one of the absurd vagaries of the profession to discountenance the practice I have described, but I wish, for my part, I had never done anything worse or more dangerous. Of course it inclines a doctor to change his medicines a good deal, and to order them in large quantities, which is occasionally annoying to the poor; yet, as I have always observed, there is no poverty so painful as your own, so that in a case of doubt I prefer equally to distribute pecuniary suffering among many, rather than to concentrate it on myself.

About six months after the date of my rather annoying adventure, an incident occurred which altered somewhat, and for a time improved, my professional position. During my morning office-hour an old woman came in, and, putting down a large basket, wiped her face with a yellow cotton handkerchief first, and afterwards with the corner of her apron. Then she looked around uneasily, got up, settled her basket on her arm with a jerk, which decided the future of an egg or two, and remarked briskly, "Don't see no little bottles about; got to the wrong stall I guess. You ain't no homœopath doctor, are you?"

With great presence of mind, I replied, "Well, ma'am, that depends upon what you want. Some of my patients like one, and some like the other." I was about to add, "You pays your money and you takes your choice," but thought better of it, and

held my peace, refraining from classical quotation.

"Being as that's the case," said the old lady, "I'll just tell you my symptoms. You said you give either kind of medicine, did n't you?"

"Just so," I replied.

"Clams or oysters, whichever opens most lively, as my Joe says. Perhaps you know Joe, — tends the oyster-stand at stall No. 9."

No, I did not know Joe; but what were the symptoms?

They proved to be numerous, and included a stunnin' in the head, and a misery in the side, and a goin' on with bokin' after victuals.

I proceeded of course to apply a stethoscope over her ample bosom, though what I heard on this or similar occasions I should find it rather difficult to state. I remember well my astonishment in one instance, where, having unconsciously applied my instrument over a large chronometer in the watch-fob of a sea-captain, I concluded for a brief space that he was suffering from a rather remarkable displacement of the heart. As to the old lady, whose name was Checkers, and who kept an apple-stall near by, I told her that I was out of pills just then, but would have plenty next day. Accordingly I proceeded to invest a small amount at a place called a Homœopathic Pharmacy, which I remember amused me immensely.

A stout little German, with great silver spectacles, sat behind a counter containing numerous jars of white powders labelled concisely, Lach., Led., Onis., Op., Puls., etc., while behind him were shelves filled with bottles of what looked like minute white shot.

"I want some homœopathic medicine," said I.

"Vat kindst?" said my friend. "Vat you wants to cure?"

I explained at random that I wished to treat diseases in general.

"Vell, ve gibs you a case, mit a pooks"; — and thereupon produced a large box containing bottles of small pills and powders, labelled variously

with the names of diseases, so that all you required was to use the headache or colic bottle in order to meet the needs of those particular maladies.

I was struck at first with the exquisite simplicity of this arrangement; but before purchasing, I happened luckily to turn over the leaves of a book, in two volumes, which lay on the counter, and was labelled, "Jahr — Manual." Opening at page 310, Vol. I., I lit upon Lachesis, which, on inquiry, proved to be snake-venom. This Mr. Jahr stated to be indicated in upwards of a hundred maladies. At once it occurred to me that Lach. was the medicine for my money, and that it was quite needless to waste cash on the box. I therefore bought a small jar of Lach. and a lot of little pills, and started for home.

My old woman proved a fast friend; and as she sent me numerous patients, I by and by altered my sign to "Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon," whatever that may mean, and was regarded by my medical brethren as a lost sheep, and by the little-pill doctors as one who had seen the error of his ways.

In point of fact, my new practice had decided advantages. All the pills looked and tasted alike, and the same might be said of the powders, so that I was never troubled by those absurd investigations into the nature of the remedies which some patients are prone to make. Of course I desired to get business, and it was therefore obviously unwise to give little pills of Lach. or Puls. or Sep., when a man distinctly needed full doses of iron, or the like. I soon discovered, however, that it was only necessary to describe cod-liver oil, for instance, as a diet, in order to make use of it where required. When a man got impatient over an ancient

ague, I usually found, too, that I could persuade him to let me try a good dose of quinine; while, on the other hand, there was a distinct pecuniary advantage in those cases of the shakes which could be made to believe that it was "best not to interfere with nature." I ought to add, that this kind of faith is uncommon among folks who carry hods or build walls.

For women who are hysterical, and go heart and soul into the business of being sick, I have found the little pills a most charming resort, because you cannot carry the refinement of symptoms beyond what my friend Jahr has done in the way of fitting medicines to them, so that, if I had been disposed honestly to practise this droll style of therapeutics, it had, as I saw, certain conveniences.

Another year went by, and I was beginning to prosper in my new mode of life. The medicines (being chiefly milk-sugar, with variations as to the labels) cost next to nothing; and, as I charged pretty well for both these and my advice, I was now able to start a gig, and also to bring my sister, a very pretty girl of fourteen years old, to live with me in a small house which I rented, a square from my old office.

This business of my sister's is one of the things I like the least to look back upon. When she came to me she was a pale-faced child, with large, mournful gray eyes, soft, yellow hair, and the promise of remarkable good looks. As to her attachment to me, it was something quite ridiculous. She followed me to the door when I went out, waited for me to come in, lay awake until she heard my step at night, and, in a word, hung around my neck like a kind of affectionate mill-stone.

WRITINGS OF T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

"I AM indebted to you for a knowledge of life in the old cathedral towns of England,—of the ecclesiastical side of society, so minute and authentic that it is like a personal experience." Thus I replied to Anthony Trollope's declaration that he lacked an essential quality of the novelist,—imagination. "Ah," he replied, "when you speak of careful observation and the honest and thorough report thereof, I am conscious of fidelity to the facts of life and character; but," he added, with that bluff heartiness so characteristic of the man, "my brother is more than an accurate observer: he is a scholar, a philosopher as well, with historical tastes and cosmopolitan sympathies,—a patient student. You should read his books";—and he snatched a pencil, and wrote out the list for me.* Only two of Thomas Adolphus Trollope's volumes have been republished in this country,—one a novel of English life, in tenor and traits very like his brother's, the other a brief memoir of a famous and fair Italian.† This curious neglect on the part of American publishers induces us to briefly record this industrious and interesting author's claims to grateful recognition, especially on the part of those who cherish fond recollections of Italian travel, and enjoy the sympathetic and intelligent illustration of Italian life and history.

In a literary point of view "An Englishman in Italy," in the last century, would be suggestive of a classical tour like that of Addison and Eustace,—a field of study and speculation quite apart from the people of the country,

who, except for purposes of deprecatory contrast, would probably be ignored; and, in our own times, the idea is rather identified with caricature than sympathy,—we associate these insular travellers with exclusiveness and prejudice. As a general rule, they know little and care less for the fellow-creatures among whom they sojourn, holding themselves aloof, incapable of genial relations, and owning no guide to foreign knowledge but Murray and the Times. Farce and romance have long made capital out of this obtuse and impervious nationality; and it is the more refreshing, because of the general rule, to note a noble exception,—to see an Englishman, highly educated, studious, domestic, and patriotic, yet dwelling in Italy, not to despise and ignore, but to interpret and endear the country and people,—making his hospitable dwelling, with all its Italian trophies and traits, the favorite rendezvous for the best of his countrymen and the native society,—there discussing the principles and prospects of civic reform, doing honor to men of genius and aspiration, irrespective of race,—blending in his *salon* the scholarly talk of Landor with the fervid pleas of "Young Italy," giving equal welcome to English radical, Piedmontese patriot, American humanitarian, and Tuscan *dilettante*,—and thus, as it were, recognizing the free and faithful spirit of modern progress and brotherhood amid the old armor, bridal chests, parchment tomes, quaintly carved chairs, and other mediæval relics of a Florentine *palazzo*.

But this cosmopolitan candor, so rare as a social phenomenon among the English in Italy, is no less characteristic of Adolphus Trollope as a writer. As he entertained, in his pleasant, antique reception-room or garden-terrace, disciples of Cavour, of Mazzini, and of Gioberti, with men and women of varied genius and opposite convictions from England and the Unit-

* *A History of Florence*, in four volumes; *Paul the Pope* and *Paul the Friar*; *Filippo Strozzi*; *The Girlhood of Catharine de' Medici*; *A Decade of Italian Women*; *Tuscany in 1849*; *La Beata*; *Marietta*; *Giulio Malatesta*; *Beppo the Conscript*. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856-1865.

† *Lindisfarne Chase*. Harper and Brothers, 1863. *Life of Vittoria Colonna*. Sheldon & Co., 1859.

ed States, extending kindly tolerance or catholic sympathy to all, so he sought, in the history of the past and the facts of the present in the land of his love and adoption, evidences of her vital worth and auspicious destiny. Long residence abroad liberalized, and long study enriched, a mind singularly just in its appreciation, and a heart naturally kind and expansive. All his friends recognize in Adolphus Trollope that rare union of rectitude and reflection which constitutes the genuine philosopher. Mrs. Browning aptly called him Aristides. Thus living in the atmosphere of broad social instincts, and sharing the literary faculty and facility of his family, this Englishman in Italy set himself deliberately to study the country of his sojourn, in her records, local memorials, and social life, and, having so studied, to reproduce and illustrate the knowledge thus gleaned, with the fidelity of an annalist and the tact of a *raconteur*. It was a noble and pleasant task, and has been nobly and pleasantly fulfilled. Let us note its chief results, and honor the industry, truth, and humane wisdom manifest therein.

The range of Mr. Trollope's investigations may be appreciated by the fact that, while he is the author of "A History of Florence from the Earliest Independence of the Commune to the Fall of the Republic in 1531," he has also given to the press the most clear and reliable account of the revolution of our own day, under the title of "Tuscany in 1849"; thus supplying the two chronicles of the past and the present which together reveal the origin, development, and character of the state and its people. In the Preface to the former work he suggests this vital connection between the ancient republic and the modern city. "It contains," he observes, "such an exposition of the old Guelph community as sufficiently demonstrates the fitness of this culmination of the grand old city's fortunes." It is this liberal and comprehensive tone, this "looking before and after," which, united to careful

research and patient narration, renders the author so well equipped and inspired for his task. He has brought together the essential social and political facts of the past, and, associating them with local traits and transitions, enabled us to realize the rise, progress, and alternations of the Italian state, as it is next to impossible for the Anglo-Saxon reader to do while exploring the partial, prejudiced, and complicated annals of the native historians. This is a needful, a timely, and a gracious service, for which every intelligent and sympathetic traveller who has learned to love the Tuscan capital, and grown bewildered over the complex story of her civil strifes, will feel grateful, while his obligations are renewed by the moderate but candid statement of those later movements, which, culminating in a childlike triumph, were followed by a reaction whose hopelessness was more apparent than real, and has subsequently proved an auspicious trial and training for the discipline and privileges of constitutional liberty.

The "History of Florence" is remarkable for the skilful method whereby the author has arranged, in luminous sequence, a long and confused series of political events. He has confined his narrative to the essential points of an intricate subject, omitting what is of mere casual or local interest, and aiming to elucidate the civic growth of the little city on the banks of the Arno. It is an admirable illustration of the conservative principles of free municipal institutions in the Middle Ages, notwithstanding their limited sway and frequent perversion. There is no attempt at rhetorical display, but great precision and authenticity of statement, and a conscientious citation of authorities; the style often lapses into colloquial freedom, not inappropriate to the familiar discussion of some of the curious details involved in the theme; and there are episodes of judicious and philosophical comment, with apt historical parallels, not a few of which come home to our recent national ex-

perience. The author's previous studies in Italian history, and intimate familiarity with the scene of his chronicle, give him a grasp and an insight which render his treatment at once thorough, sensible, and facile. But it is upon the more special subjects of Italian history that Mr. Trollope has expended his time and talents to the best advantage, — subjects chosen with singular judgment and imbued with fresh local and personal interest.

The scope and method of these historical studies are such as at once to embody and illustrate what is normally characteristic in time, place, and individual, while completeness of treatment is secured, and a person and period made suggestive of a comprehensive historical subject. Thus in "The Girlhood of Catharine de' Medici" we have the key to her mature and relentless bigotry, the logical origin of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while, at the same time, the discipline of a convent and the intrigues of a ruling family in the Middle Ages are elaborately unfolded. Grouped around and associated with so remarkable an historical woman, they have a definite significance to the modern reader, otherwise unattainable; the Palazzo Medici, the Convents of St. Mark, Santa Lucia, and Murate, become scenes of personal interest; the Cardinal Clement and Alessandro, in their relation to the young Catharine, grow more real in their subtlety, family ambitions, and unscrupulous tyranny; and the surroundings, superstition, fanaticism, and domestic despotism which attended the forlorn girl until she became the wife of Henry of France, explain her subsequent career and execrated memory. Incidentally the life of mediæval Tuscany is also revealed with authentic emphasis. In "Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar," all the singular circumstances whereby a priest of Rome became the instrument of striking the first effectual blow at her absolute spiritual dominion are narrated with precision and tact. The prolonged quarrel between the Vatican and the

Republic of Venice, the ecclesiastical and civic power, then opened the way to human freedom, and Sarpi is truly exhibited as the pioneer reformer. His liberal studies, foreign friends, and independent and intrepid mind rendered him admirably fitted for the task he undertook, and the Papal government only added infamy to despotism by the baffled attempt to assassinate him. It is difficult to imagine a better introduction to the subsequent history of free thought and spiritual emancipation, which culminated in the Reformation, than this biographical sketch, where a great historical development is made clear and dramatic by the carefully told story of the lives of the two chief actors and agents therein.

There is a power in the state, unofficial, but essential, and therefore more intimately blended with its welfare and identified with its fortunes than pope, emperor, or prince, — and that is the Banker. Even in modern times the life of such a financier as Lafitte is part of the social and political history of France; but in mediæval times, when "the sinews of war" and the wages of corruption so often turned the scale of ambition and success, the rich bankers of the Italian cities were among the most efficient of their social forces and fame. In writing the memoirs of Filippo Strozzi, Mr. Trollope struck the key-note of local associations in the Tuscan capital. The least observant or retrospective stranger is impressed with the sight of the massive walls and grated windows of the Strozzi Palace, and is attracted by such a monument of the past to the story of its founder. A standard drama and novel were long since made to illustrate those annals,* but it was reserved for an Englishman in Italy to record, in a well-digested and authentic narrative, the career of Filippo, whose immense wealth, marriage to a Medici, family ambition, scholarship, political and social distinction, enterprise, and luxury, and

* *Filippo Strozzi*, Tragedia par G. B. Niccolini.
Luisa Strozzi, Romanzo par G. Rossini.

especially his financial relations with both rulers and ruled, make him one of those central figures of an historic group that serve as expositors of the time. He was indeed, by his accomplishments and his profligacy, his intrigues and associations, his alliances and enmities, his domestic and his political life, a representative man, whose character and career aptly embody and illustrate a most stirring era of European and Italian history. He escorted Catharine de' Medici on her bridal journey from Florence, talked philosophy at Medicean banquets, was closeted with popes and kings, was the boon companion of reigning dukes, a courtier to princes and people, a magnificent entertainer, a fugitive, exile, prisoner, sceptic, scholar, and suicide,—typifying in his life the luxury and lawlessness, the culture and the crime, the splendor and the degradation, the manners and morals, of his country and his age,—and hence a most instructive biographical study, which Mr. Trollope has treated with equal fulness, insight, and authenticity.

But the most felicitous of the series is the "Decade of Italian Women." The idea of this work is worthy of a philosopher, and its execution, of a humane scholar. It has long been an accepted theory, that, to understand the talent and pervasive spirit of an age or country, we must look to the influence and character of the women. A subtle social atmosphere exhales from their presence and power in the state and the family; and the dominant elements of faith, as well as the tone of manners and the tendencies of character, find in the best endowed and most auspiciously situated of the sex, an embodiment and inspiration which are the most authentic, because the most instinctive, test and trait of the life of the time. Shakespeare has, with exquisite insight and memorable skill, illustrated this representative function of woman by creating types of female character which, while they modify and mould persons and events,

preserve intact their essential quality of sex, and yet represent none the less the spirit and manners of their respective epochs. Scott has done the same thing in an historical direction, that Shakespeare realized in a psychological way. We regard it, therefore, as a most judicious experiment to indicate the characteristics of mediæval Italy by delineating her representative women. They inevitably lead us to the heart of things,—to the palace, the convent, the court, the vigil of battle, and the triumph of art,—to the loves of warrior, statesman, and priest,—to the inmost domestic shrine,—to the festival and the funeral; and all this we behold, not objectively, but through our vivid interest in a noble, persecuted, saintly, impassioned, or gifted woman, and thus partake, as it were, of the life of the age, realize its inspiration, recognize its meaning, in a manner and to a degree impossible to be derived from the formal narrative of events, without a central figure or a consecutive life which serves as a nucleus and a link, giving vital unity and personal significance to the whole.

The period of time embraced in these female biographies extends from the birth of St. Catherine of Siena, in 1347, to the death of the celebrated *improvisatrice* Corilla, in 1800. With the career of each is identified a salient phase of Italian history, manners, or character; incident to the experience of all are special localities, political and social conditions, relations of art, of faith, of culture, of rule, and of morals, whereby we obtain the most desirable glimpses of the actual life and latent tendencies of Italy, considered as the focus of European civilization. We gaze upon a woman's portrait, but beyond, beside, and around her are the warriors, statesmen, prelates, poets, and people of her time. Through her triumphs and trials, her renown or degradation, her love, ambition, sorrows, virtues, or sins, we feel, as well as see, the vital facts of her age and country. Nor is this all: each character is not only full

of interest in itself, but is essentially typical and representative. Thus we have the fair saint of the Middle Ages, the energetic and sagacious ruler, the gracious reformer, the artist, the near kinswoman of prince or ecclesiastic, the poetess, the *châtelaine*, the nun, the profligate, the powerful, the beautiful, and the base,—all the forms and forces of womanly influence as modified by the life of the time and country. They move before us a grand procession, now awakening admiration and now pity, here ravishing in beauty or genius and there forlorn in disaster or disgrace, yet always bearing with them the strong individuality and attractive expression which, to the imagination, so easily transforms the heroines of history into the ideals of the drama, or the characters of romance. And yet in these delineations the author has indulged in no rhetorical embellishments: he has arrived simply, and sometimes sternly, at the clear statement of facts, and left them to convey their legitimate impression to the reader's mind. The lives of many of these women have been written before, some of them elaborately; but they are here grouped and contrasted as illustrative of national life, and hence gain a fresh charm and suggestiveness, especially as the fruits of research and the method of a disciplined *raconteur* are blent with the light and life of personal observation as to scenes and memorials,—the land where they once dwelt, its natural aspect and ancient trophies, being fondly familiar to the biographer. Eloquent memoirs of female sovereigns have become popular through the genial labors of Agnes Strickland and Mrs. Jameson, while Shakespeare's women furnish a perpetual challenge to psychological critics; but the "Decade of Italian Women" has a certain unity of aim and relative interest which makes it, as a literary record, analogous to a complete, though limited, gallery of family portraits, inasmuch as, however diverse the characters, they own a common bond of race and nationality, and are

memorable exemplars thereof. First in the list is Catherine of Siena, the Saint,—an accurate mediæval religious delineation which all who have visited the old city where her relics are preserved and her name revered will value. Then we have Catherine Sforza,—the fair representative of one of those powerful and princely families whose history is that of the state they rule. Next comes the noblest and most gifted woman of the Middle Ages, the friend of Michel Angelo, the ideal of a wife, and a lady of culture, genius, and patriotism,—Vittoria Colonna. The Bishop of Palermo's illegitimate daughter—a famous poetess, Tullia d' Arragona—precedes the learned, pure, intrepid Protestant, Olimpia Morata, who takes us to the court of Ferrara in its palmy days, to show how "like a star that dwells apart" is a woman of rectitude and wisdom and faith amid the shallow, the sensual, and the bigoted. The renowned Paduan actress, Isabella Adrieni, gives us a striking illustration of the influence, traits, and triumphs of histrionic genius in Italy of old; while among the prone towers and gloomy arcades of Bologna we become intimate with the chaste and charming aspirations and skill of Elisabetta Sirani, whose pencil was the pride of the city, and whose character hallows her genius. Of La Corilla it is enough to say, that she was the original of Madame de Staël's "Corinne"; and no woman could have been more wisely selected to represent the fascination, subtlety, force of purpose, ambition, resources, passion, and external success of an unprincipled patrician Italian beauty of the Middle Ages than Bianca Capello.

With such a basis of research it is easy to infer how authentic, as a picture of life, would be the superstructure of romantic fiction by an author adequately equipped. Accordingly, the Italian novels of Thomas Adolphus Trollope are most accurate and detailed reflections of local characteristics; they are full of special information; and, while they enlighten the novice as

to the domestic economy, habits, ways of thinking, costume, and social traditions of the people, they revive, with singular freshness, to the mind of one who has sojourned in Italy, every particular of his experience,—not only the *corso*, the opera, and the carnival, but the meals, the phraseology, the household arrangements,—all that is most individual in a district, with all that is most general as nationally representative. Indeed, not a fact or trait of modern Tuscan life seems to have escaped the author's vigilant observation and patient record; the life of the effete noble, the frugal citizen, the shrewd broker, the pampered ecclesiastic, the peasant, and the artist is revealed with the most precise and graphic detail. We are taken to the promenade and the *caffè*, to the *piazza* and the church, to the farm-house and the *palazzo*; and there we see and hear the actual everyday intercourse of the people. The Tuscan character is drawn to the life, without exaggeration, and even in its more evanescent, as well as normal traits; its urbanity, gossip, thrift, geniality, self-indulgence, and latent courage are admirably delineated; its superior refinement, sobriety, love of show, and class peculiarities are truly given; the old feudal manners that linger in modern civilization are accounted for and illustrated, especially in the relation of dependants "occupying every shade of gradation between a common servant and a bosom friend." The author's ecclesiastic portraits are as exact, according to our observation, as his brother's. Each class of Italian priests is portrayed with discrimination, and no writer has better exemplified the paralyzing and perverting influence of Romanism upon the integrity of domestic life, and the purity and power of political aspirations. The women, too, are typical,—remarkably free from fanciful embellishment, eloquent of race, instinct with nature. Their limited culture, social prejudices, artless charms, frugal lives, naïve or reticent characters, as modified by town and country, patrician or popular influences, we recognize at

once as identical with what we have known in the households or social circles of Florence. Mr. Trollope, in all this, is a Flemish artist, and, as much of the interest of his pictures depends on their truthfulness, perhaps they are really appreciated only by those who have enjoyed adequate opportunities of becoming intimate with the original scenes, situations, and personages depicted. In the fidelity of his art he abstains from all attempts at brilliancy, and ignores the intense and highly dramatic, finding enough of wholesome interest in the real life around him, and well satisfied to reproduce it with candor and sympathy; now and then indulging in a philosophical suggestion or a judicious comment, and thus gradually, but securely, winning the grateful recognition of his reader.

"La Beata" as completely takes those familiar with its scene into the life and moral atmosphere of Florence, as does "The Vicar of Wakefield" into the rural life of England before the days of railways and cheap journalism. The streets, the dwellings, the people and incidents are so truly described, the perspective is so correct, and the foreground so elaborate, that, with the faithful local coloring and naïve truth of the characters, we seem, as we read, to be lost in a retrospective dream,—the more so as there is an utter absence of the sensational and rhetorical in the style, which is that of direct and unpretending narrative. The heroine is a saintly model, though at the same time a thoroughly human girl,—such a one as the artistic, superstitious, frugal, and simple experience of her class and of the place could alone have fostered; the artist-hero is no less characteristic,—a selfish, clever, amiable, ambitious, and superficial Italian; while the old wax-candle manufacturer, with his domicile, daughter, and church relations, is a genuine Florentine of his kind. The life of the studio, then and there, is drawn from reality. The peculiar and traditional customs, social experience, church ceremonials, popular fêtes, home and heart life, have a

minute fidelity which renders the picture vivid and winsome to one who well knows and wisely loves the Tuscan capital. An English family delineated without the least exaggeration, and with the striking contrasts such visitors always present to the native scene and people of Italy, adds to and emphasizes the salient traits of the story. Among the subjects described and illustrated with remarkable tact and truth is that most interesting charitable fraternity, the *Misericordia*, of which every stranger in Florence has caught impressive glimpses, but of whose social influence and real significance few are aware. Add to this the description of Camaldoli, with its famous pines, its Dantesque associations, and its remorseful convent, and we have a scope and detail in the scene and spirit of this little local romance which concentrate the points of interest in Florentine life and bring into view all that is most familiar and characteristic in the place and people. We see the gay boats on St. John's eve from the bridges of the Arno, the procession of the black Madonna, the interior of the studios, the ceremonies, the saintly traffic and social subterfuge and naïve manners,—the tradesman, painter, devotee, priest,—pride, piety, and passion,—whereof even the casual observation of a traveller's sojourn had given us so curious or attractive an idea, that, thus expanded and defined, they seem like a personal experience. There is singular pathos in the character and career of La Beata, as there is in the expression of Santa Filomena for which she was the recognized and inspired model. The integrity of her sentiment is as Southern-European as is her lover's falsehood and voluntary expiation. That absolute ignorance of the world and childlike trust, which we rarely meet except in Shakespeare's women, is a moral fact of which the stranger in Italy, who has grown intimate with families of the middle class, is cognizant, and which he is apt to recall as one of those elemental and primitive phases of human nature which justify the most pure and plaintive crea-

tions of the poet. Herein the author has shown an insight as honest and suggestive as his keen and patient observation and candid record thereof.

"Marietta" is the genuine embodiment of that local attachment and ancestral pride so remarkable in the mediæval Florentines, and still manifest in an exceptional class of their descendants. The modern life of a decayed branch of the Tuscan nobility in the nineteenth century, the process and method of its decadence, the charm of "a local habitation and a name," once identified with the vital power of the old republic, and the sad, effeminate, yet not unromantic sentiment incident to its passing away, through the prosperous encroachments of new men, with whom money is the power once only attached to birth, are most aptly described. The thrifty farmer of the Apennine, and his slow and handsome son, are capital types of the frugal and shrewd *fattore* and rustic proprietor of Tuscany; and his more astute and polished brother is equally typical of the old money-lender and goldsmith of the Ponte Vecchio. Simon Boccanera well represents the tasteful artificer of Florence, and the Gobbo the feudal devotee, whose political faith has been expanded by French ideas. In the *bon vivant*, the amateur musician, the amiable and easy Canonico Lunardi, what a true portrait of the priestly epicure, the self-indulgent but kindly churchman of the most urbane of Italian communities, and in the Canon of San Lorenzo, how faithful a picture of the elegant and unscrupulous aspirant and intriguer! The two girls of the story are veritable specimens, in looks, dress, talk, domestic aspect and aptitudes, not only of Italian maidenhood, but of that of the state and city of their birth,—such maidens as are only encountered on the banks of the Arno. This pleasant story takes us into one of those massive old Florentine palaces, with its lofty *loggia* overlooking mountain, river, olive orchard and vineyard, dome and tower,—its adjacent church with the family chapel and ancestral effigies,—

its several floors let out as lodgings,—its heavy portal, stone staircase, faded frescos, barred windows, paved courtyard, moss-grown statues, and damp green garden. We recognize the familiar elements of the local life,—the frugal dinner, the wine flask, the coal-brazier, the antique lamp, the violin, the snuff-box, the ample coarse cloak, the frugality, *bonhomie*, shrewdness, proverbs, greetings, grace, cheerfulness, chat, rural and city traits, prejudices, pride, and pleasantness of Tuscan life and character. These all appear in suggestive contrast, and with accurate detail, woven into a tale which breathes the very atmosphere of the place.

“Giulio Malatesta,” on the other hand, opens with distinctive glimpses of an old Italian university town; initiates us into the prolonged and patient political conspiracies of Romagna and the ideal hopes of Gioberti’s disciples. Its hero is a student at Pisa, and one of the brave champions of Italy who led the Tuscan volunteers to patriotic martyrdom, in 1848, at Curtone. Nowhere have we read so graceful and graphic a picture of that noble episode in the history of Tuscany, which redeemed her character and proved the latent manliness of her children. There is a touching similarity between the description of the march of the *Corpo Universitario* from Pisa to the Mincio,—the fight at the mill, and the death of the generous and lovely boy, Enrico Palmieri,—and recent scenes in our own civil war, wherein appeared the same youthful enthusiasm and utter inexperience, the same hardships and fortitude, valor and faith. In striking contrast with these scenes of battle and self-sacrifice, including the tragic incidents attending the third anniversary of the Tuscan martyrs in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, three years later, are the episodes of fashionable and carnival life in that delightful capital. The Cascine and the Pergola are reproduced with all their gay life and license; the Contessa Zenobia and her *cavalier servente*, so comical, yet true, are but

slight exaggerations of what many of us have witnessed and wondered at. Provincial and conventual life in Italy is photographed in this story; fresh forms and phases of the ecclesiastical element are incarnated from careful observation; and the political feeling, faith, and transitions of the period are vividly illustrated. Carlo, the young noble, is a true portrait of the kindly, genial, but shallow and pleasure-seeking Florentine youth of the day, such as we have loitered with on the promenade and chatted beside at the Caffè Doney,—without convictions, playful, always half in love, with a little stock of philosophy and a lesser one of religion, yet alert to do a kindness,—full of tact, charming in manner, tasteful and tolerant, with no higher aim than being agreeable and ignoring care,—impatient of duty, fond of pastime, utterly incapable of giving pain or attempting hard work. His friend Giulio Malatesta, on the other hand, adequately personifies the earnest, thoughtful, and patriotic Italian, to whom *Viva l’Italia!* means something,—who is ready to suffer for his country, and who knows her poets by heart, believes in her unity, and has boundless faith in her future. Francesca Varini is described with an exactitude which defines her peculiar charms and traits to any reader who has fondly noted the modifications of female beauty and character incident to race and locality in Italy; and old Marta Varini is such a stoical, acute, and persistent woman as signalized the days of the Carbonari; while Stella and Madalina are local heroines with characteristic national traits.

In “Beppo the Conscript” we are transported to “the narrow strip of territory shut in between the Apennines and the Adriatic, to the south of Bologna and the north of Ancona,” where European civilization once centred, Tasso sung and raved, and the Dukes of Urbino flourished. But not to revive their past glories are we beguiled to the decayed old city of Fano, and the umbrageous valleys that

nestle amid the surrounding hills ; it is the normal, primitive, agricultural life and economy of the region, and the late political and social condition of the inhabitants, which this story illustrates. The means and methods of rural toil, — the “wine, corn, and oil” of Scriptural and Virgilian times ; the avarice, the pride, the love, the industry, and the superstition of the *Contadini* of the Romagna ; a household of prosperous rustics, their ways and traits ; and the subtle and prevailing agency of priestcraft in its secret opposition to the new and liberal Italian government, — are all exhibited with a quiet zest and a graphic fidelity which take us into the heart of the people, and the arcana, as well as the spectacle, of daily life as there latent and manifest. The domestic, peasant, and provincial scenes and characters are drawn with fresh and natural colors and faithful outlines.

The scene of the last-published domestic novel* of the series is laid at Siena ; and, although the story is based upon one of those impassioned tragedies of love and jealousy which can only be found in the family chronicles of Italy, the still-life, social phases, and local traits of the romance are delineated with the same quiet simplicity and graphic truth which constitute the authenticity of the author's previous delineations of modern Italian life. The grave, conservative, and old-fashioned Tuscan city reappears, with its mediæval aspect and traditional customs. Convent education, the homes of the patrician and the citizen, the little gig of the *fattore*, with the small, wiry ponies of the region, the local antiquarian and doctor, the letter-carrier, family servant, lady-superior, pharmacist, the noble and plebeian, the costumes, phrases, and natural language characteristic of that non-commercial and isolated Tuscan city before the days of railroads and annexation, are drawn with emphasis and significant detail. Shades and causes of character are finely discriminated ; the old medi-

æval *fiesta* peculiar to Siena, with all its original features and social phenomena, is vividly enacted in the elaborate description of the “Palio” on the 15th of August ; while the insalubrious and picturesque Maremma is portrayed, from the Etruscan crypts of the ravines to the desolate streets of Savona, by an artistic and philosophic hand. Incidentally the solidarity of families and the antagonism of *contrade*, dating from the Middle Ages, are defined in explanation of modern traits. We pace the bastions of the fortress built by Cosmo de' Medici for “the subjection of his newly conquered subjects” ; we haunt the cabinet of a numismatic enthusiast, and the forlorn palace-chamber of a baffled and beautiful scion of the old, fierce Orsini race ; we overhear the peasants talk, and watch the exquisite gradations of color at sunset on the adjacent mountains, across the lonely plains, or gaze down upon St. Catherine's house in the dyers' quarter, and muse in deserted church, urban garden, and precipitous street, consciously alive the while to the aspect and atmosphere, not only of the Siena we have visited or imagined, but of mediæval Tuscany, and its language and life of to-day, as they are incidentally reflected in the experience of a few distinctly individualized and harmoniously developed characters, — true to race, period, and locality, and far more complete and authentic, as a record and revelation, than dry annals on the one hand, or superficial travel-sketches on the other.

The *justice* which these writings display, in revealing the latent goodness in things evil, the instinctive and spiritual graces as well as the social perversions of the Italian character, is quite as refreshing as the correct observation of external traits and the true record of historical causes. A generous and intelligent sympathy imparts “a precious seeing to the eye” of the agreeable story-teller, who has thus patiently and fondly explored the past, delineated the present, and hailed the future of Italy, in a spirit of liberal wisdom and true humanity.

* *Gemma*. A Novel in three volumes. London : Chapman and Hall. 1866.

A NATIVE OF BORNOO.

NICHOLAS SAID, at the time of his enlistment in the army of the Union, during the third year of the great Rebellion, was about twenty-eight years of age, of medium height, somewhat slenderly built, with pleasing features, not of the extreme negro type, complexion perfectly black, and quiet and unassuming address.

He became known to the writer while serving in one of our colored regiments; and attention was first directed to his case by the tattooing on his face, and by the entry in the company descriptive book, which gave "Africa" as his birthplace.

Inquiry showed that he was more or less acquainted with seven different languages, in addition to his native tongue; that he had travelled extensively in Africa and Europe, and that his life had been one of such varied experience as to render it interesting both on that account and also on account of the mystery which surrounds, notwithstanding recent explorations, the country of his birth.

At the request of those who had been from time to time entertained by the recital of portions of his history, he was induced to put it in writing. The narrative which follows is condensed from his manuscript, and his own language has been retained as far as possible.

Reader, you must excuse me for the mistakes which this article will contain, as you will bear in mind that this language in which I am now trying to write is not my mother tongue; on the other hand, I never had a teacher, nor ever was at school for the purpose of acquiring the English. The only way I learned what little of the language I know was through French books.

I was born in the kingdom of Bornoo, in Soodan, in the problematic central part of Africa, so imperfectly known

to the civilized nations of Europe and America.

Soodan has several kingdoms, the country of the Fellatahs and Bornoo being the most powerful, — the territorial extent of the latter being some 810,000 square miles.

These nations are strict Mohammedans, having been converted some two or three centuries ago by the Bedouin Arabs and those from Morocco, who, pushed by want of riches, came to Soodan to acquire them. Different languages are found in each nation, some written and some not; but the Arabic is very much in use among the higher class of people, as the Latin is used by the Catholic priests. Especially the Koran is written in Arabic, and in my country no one is allowed to handle the Sacred Book unless he can read it and explain its contents.

Bornoo, my native country, is the most civilized part of Soodan, on account of the great commerce carried on between it and the Barbary States of Fezzan, Tunis, and Tripoli. They export all kinds of European articles to Central Africa, and take gold-dust, ivory, &c., in return.

Bornoo has had a romantic history for the last one hundred years. The whole of Soodan, more than two thousand miles in extent, was once under the Maïs of Bornoo; but by dissensions and civil wars nearly all the tributaries north of Lake Tchad were lost. In 1809 a shepherd arose from the country of the Fellatahs and assumed the title of Prophet. He said to the ignorant portion of his countrymen, that Allah had given him orders to make war with the whole of Soodan, and had promised him victory. They believed his story, and the legitimate king was dethroned and the false prophet, Otman Danfodio, was proclaimed Emperor of the Fellatahs. The impostor went at once to work, and in less than two years conquered almost the whole of Soodan, excepting

Kanem, a tributary to my country. Bornoo, after a manly effort, was compelled by force of arms to submit to the yoke of the Fellatahs.

In 1815 Bornoo arose from its humiliating position, to shake off the yoke of Danfodio. Mohammed el Anim el Kanemy, the Washington of Bornoo, was the man who undertook to liberate his country and restore her former prestige. This immortal hero could collect from the villages of Bornoo but a few hundreds of horsemen; but in Kanem he got eight hundred men, and accepted an engagement with the enemy. He gained the first victory, and took such good advantage of his success, that in the space of two months he won forty battles, drove the enemy entirely out of Bornoo, and captured a great many places belonging to the Fellatahs.

At the close of the war, El Kanemy found himself at the head of twenty-eight thousand horsemen, and the real ruler of Bornoo. Like all great men, he refused the sceptre, and, going to the legitimate heir of the throne, Maïs Barnoma, told him he was at his disposal. Barnoma, notwithstanding the noble actions of El Kanemy, was jealous of his fame, and tried a plan to dispose of him, which he thought would be best, and of which the public would not suspect him. Accordingly he wrote to the king of Begharmi, promising to pay the expenses of his troops, and some extra compensation beside, if he would make as though he were really at war with Bornoo. He agreed to the proposal, and crossed with his army the great river Shary, the natural frontier of the two kingdoms. El Kanemy was then in the city of Kooka, which he had built for himself. He heard finally of the war between Bornoo and Begharmi, and, hastily calling out his ancient veterans, he reported to Engornoo, where the king resided. The combined forces numbered some forty thousand men. El Kanemy knew nothing of the infamous act of the king; but Allah, who protects the innocent and punishes the guilty, was smiling over

him. The armies pitched their camps opposite to each other; and the king of Begharmi sent a messenger with a letter to Maïs Barnoma, informing him that the heaviest assault would be made upon the left, and that, if he would give El Kanemy command there, the bravest of the assailants would surround and kill him at once. This letter the messenger carried to El Kanemy instead of the king, who, at once seeing the plot, immediately answered the important document, signing the name of Barnoma, and loading the messenger with presents of all descriptions for his master. The next morning El Kanemy went to the king and told him that the heaviest assault would be made on the right, and that he should not expose his precious life there. As Barnoma got no letter from the king of Begharmi, he thought El Kanemy was right, and acted accordingly.

The battle finally began, and the Sycaries of Begharmi, attacking the left where they thought El Kanemy was, surrounded Maïs Barnoma and killed him, supposing him El Kanemy. The battle, however, went on, and the king of Begharmi found out before long that he had killed the wrong lion. His army, in spite of their usual courage, were beaten, and obliged to recross the river Shary, at that place more than two miles wide, with a loss of half their number. The victorious army of El Kanemy also crossed the river, and, pursuing the retreating forces, captured Mesna, the capital of Begharmi, and drove the king into the country of Waday.

El Kanemy now found himself the absolute ruler of Bornoo, nor had that kingdom ever any greater ruler. Under his reign the nation prospered finely. He encouraged commerce with Northern and Eastern Africa, and, building a fleet of small vessels, sailed with a strong force against a tribe who inhabited the main islands of Lake Tchad, and who used to commit depredations upon the neighboring sections of Bornoo, and chastised them severely. These islanders are the finest type of the African race, possessing regular

features, and large, expressive eyes, though they are the darkest of all Africans. El Kanemy also subdued many of the surrounding tribes and nations, until the population of Bornoo and its provinces amounted to nearly fifteen millions.

My father was the descendant of a very illustrious family. He was the first man who had a commission under El Kanemy when he went to Kanem to recruit his forces. He was made a Bagafuby, or captain of one hundred cavalry, and was in every engagement which El Kanemy went through. The name by which my father was known was Barca Gana.* My great-grandfather was from Molgoi. He established himself in Bornoo many years ago, and was greatly favored by the monarchs of that country. My mother was a Mandara woman, the daughter of a chief. I was born in Kooka, a few years after the Waday war of 1831. We were in all nineteen children, twelve boys and seven girls. I was the ninth child of my mother. All my brothers were well educated in Arabic and Turkish. Two of them, Mustapha and Abderahman, were very rich, having acquired their wealth by trading in ivory and gold-dust. Both had been to Mecca as pilgrims. My father himself was rich, but when he was killed, our elder brother seized the greater part, and those who were not eighteen years of age had to leave their share in their mother's hands. Five cleared farms and a considerable amount of gold fell to my share. I do not know how much the gold amounted to, but my mother used to tell me, that, when I got to be twenty years of age, I would have as much as either of my elder brothers.

After my father's death I was given to a teacher to be instructed in my native tongue, and also in Arabic. In the space of three years I could read and write both languages. I was tried in my native tongue, and passed; but I could not pass in Arabic, and my

mother and uncle returned me to the teacher for eighteen months. I stayed the required time, and then was tried and passed.

I was then old enough to be circumcised. Three hundred boys went through the ceremony at once, and were then dressed in white clothes, and received according to custom a great many presents. Fifteen days we ate the best that Kooka had, the king himself giving us the best he had in his palace. This generally happens only to the sons of those who have distinguished themselves in the army, or, to explain myself better, to those of the military aristocracy. At the end of this time all of us went home. For my part, this was the first time I had slept in my father's house for four years and seven months. I was very much welcomed by my mother, sisters, and brothers, and was a pet for some time.

After returning from school to my father's house, I judge about four or five years afterwards, I was invited, in company with three of my brothers, by the eldest son of the governor of the province of Yaoori and Laree, who lived in the town of the latter name, to visit him. This part of the province is very charming. The forests are full of delicious game, and the lake of fish and beautiful aquatic birds; while in the dry seasons the woods and uncultivated plains are worthy to be called the garden of Eden. In my childhood I had quite a passion for hunting, one of my father's great passions also. In spite of the efforts of my elder brothers to check me in it, I would persuade the other boys to follow me into the thick woods, to the danger of their lives and mine. My worthy mother declared several times that I would be captured by the Kindils, a wandering tribe of the desert. Her prophecy was fulfilled after all, unhappily for myself, and perhaps more so for those I had persuaded with me. While on the visit just spoken of, one day,—it was a Ramadan day, anniversary of the Prophet's day,—I persuaded a great number of boys, and we went into the woods a great way

* Barca Gana is alluded to in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Vol. V. p. 54) as the general of the Scheik of Bornoo. — Eds.

from any village. We came across nests of Guinea fowl, and gathered plenty of eggs, and killed several of the fowl. We made fire by rubbing two pieces of dry stick together, and broiled the chickens and eggs. Then we proceeded farther, and came across a tree called Agoua, bearing a delicious kind of fruit. We all went up the tree, eating fruit and making a great deal of noise. We frolicked on that tree for many hours. Presently several of the boys told me they heard the neighing of horses. We then all agreed not to make so much noise, but we were just too late. In about a quarter of an hour we were startled by the cry, "Kindil! Kindil!" The boys who were nearest to the ground contrived to hide themselves in the thicket. It happened that I was higher than any one, and while coming down with haste, I missed my hold and fell, and lay senseless. When I opened my eyes, I found myself on horseback behind a man, and tied to him with a rope. Out of forty boys, eighteen of us were taken captive. I wished then that it was a dream rather than a reality, and the warnings of my mother passed through my mind. Tears began to flow down my cheeks; I not only lamented for myself, but for those also whom I persuaded into those wild woods. Meanwhile, our inhuman captors were laughing and talking merrily, but I could not understand them. About six hours' ride, as I suppose, brought us to their camp. The tents were then immediately taken down, the camels loaded, and we started again, travelling night, and day for three long days, until we came to a temporary village where their chief was. After we got there we were all chained together, except four, who were taken pity upon, on account of their age and birth. It was then night, and nearly all the camp was under the influence of hashish, an intoxicating mixture made of hempseed and other ingredients, which when too much is eaten will intoxicate worse than whiskey, or even spirits of wine. While the robbers were drunk, we boys were consulting and plotting to run

away. We succeeded in breaking the chains, and four of the oldest boys took their captors' arms, cut their throats, jumped on their horses, and succeeded in making their escape. When it was found out, they gave each of us fifteen strokes in the hollows of our feet, because we did not inform them.

A little while after our comrades' escape we started on again. This time we had to go on foot for five days, until we reached a town called Kashna, belonging to the Emperor of the Fellatahs, but situated in the country of Houssa, where we were all dispersed to see each other no more. Fortunately, none of my brothers were with me in the woods.

My lot was that of an Arab slave, for I was bought by a man named Abd-el-Kader, a merchant of Tripoli and Fezzan. He was not an Arabian, however, but a brown-skinned man, and undoubtedly had African blood in his veins. He had at this time a large load of ivory and other goods waiting for the caravan from Kano and Saccatoo. This caravan soon came, and with it we started for Moorzook, capital of the pachalic of Fezzan. Although we numbered about five hundred, all armed except slaves who could not be trusted, a lion whom we met after starting, lying in our path, would not derange himself on our account, and we had to attack him. Twelve men fired into him. Four men he killed, and wounded five or six, and then escaped. He was hit somewhere, as they found blood where he lay, but it was not known where. When he roared, he scared all the horses and camels composing the caravan. Abd-el-Kader was one of those who attacked the lion, but he was not hurt.

Five days after we left Kashna, we came to the first oasis. Here the plains were all barren and sandy, but full of gazelles, antelopes, and ostriches. The principal tree growing here was the date-palm, and the water was very bad, tasting salty.

As the caravan travelled toward the east, the ground rose by degrees. If

I am not mistaken, we passed five oases before we came into the country of Tibboo, a mountainous region between Bornoo and Fezzan, the inhabitants of which suffer considerably from the Kindils, though they are also robbers themselves. The capital of Tibboo is Boolma, built on a high mountain. I was disappointed when I saw the city, for I had heard that it was quite a large place. Laree, the smallest town in Bornoo, is a place of more importance. The people of Tibboo are of dark-brown complexion, and are noted in Soodan for their shrewdness. The day that the caravan happened to be at Boolma, two parties were in a warlike attitude about a fair maid whom each wished their chief to have for a wife. We did not stay long enough to see the issue of the fight, and two days' journey took us out of the kingdom of Tibboo.

As soon as the oasis of Tibboo was left, the country became very rocky, — the rock being a kind of black granite; and the Arabs had to make shoes for both their camels and slaves, for the rocks were very sharp, and if this precaution had not been taken, in a few hours their feet would have been so cut that they could not have proceeded farther. Some Arabs would rather lose four or five slaves than a single camel. They rode very seldom. In a journey of ten or twelve weeks I saw Abd-el-Kader ride but once, and the majority never rode at all.

In these rocky regions of the desert a great amount of salt is found also, — what is called in our language Kalboo, and I believe, in English, carbonate of soda. Soodan is supplied by the Moors and Kindils with salt from the desert. Sea-shells are also occasionally found in this region. After we left Tibboo fire was never allowed, even in the oases, but I do not know for what reason.

The mountainous regions of the desert passed, we came to a more level country, but it was not long before we saw other mountains ahead. As we passed over the last of them, we found

them very dangerous from their steepness, and a few camels were lost by falling into the ravines. After passing this dangerous place, a sign of vegetation was seen, oases were more frequent, and at last forests of date-palm, the fruit of which forms the principal food of both the inhabitants of Fezzan and their camels, became abundant.

El Kaheni is the first town or human habitation seen after leaving Tibboo. It is a small walled town, like all other places in Fezzan. Here I first saw the curious way in which the Fezzaneers cultivate their land by irrigation. Each farm has a large well, wide at the top and sloping toward the bottom, out of which water is drawn by donkeys, and poured into a trough, from which it runs into small ditches. This process is renewed every few days until the crop no longer needs watering.

The people of El Kaheni were very courteous. I had a long talk with a young man, who gave me a description of the capital, Moorzook, but his story did not agree with that which Abd-el-Kader told me. I afterwards found that the young man's story was correct. We left El Kaheni the next day, taking a large load of dates, superior to those of Soodan in size and sweetness. After three days' journey we could see in the distance a large flag on a long pole, on the top of the English Consulate, the largest house in the metropolis of Fezzan. We passed several villages of trifling importance, and at about noon arrived within the walls of Moorzook. There the caravan dissolved, and each man went to his own house.

I found Moorzook to be not larger than a quarter of my native town of Kooka; but the buildings were in general better, every house being of stone, though of course very poorly built in comparison with European dwellings. The city has four gates, one toward each cardinal point of the compass. The northern is the one by which the caravan entered; the eastern is a ruin; the southern, which is behind the Pacha's palace, has mount-

ed by it two guns of large calibre ; while the western, and the best of all, is situated near the barracks, which are fine buildings, larger even than the Pacha's palace. The pachalic of Fezzan is a tributary of the Ottoman Porte, and the Pacha, a Turk, is very much hated by the Bedouins.

After reaching Abd-el-Kader's house, I found that he was a poor man. The reader can form some idea from his living in the capital, and having but one wife, all his property consisting of a piece of land about two and a half miles from the city, a few donkeys, ten camels, old and young, an Arab slave, and myself. While I was yet with him he bought also a young Fellatah girl. As soon as we arrived, he sent me with Hassan, his slave, to the farm, where I worked some fifteen days. I told him then that I was not used to such work, and prayed him to sell me to some Turk or Egyptian. He asked me what my father used to do, and I told him that he was a warrior and also traded in gold-dust and ivory. On hearing my father's name he opened his eyes wide, and asked me why I did not tell him that in Soodan. He had known my father well, but had not seen him for fifteen rainy seasons. From that day Abd-el-Kader was very kind to me, and said he had a great notion to take me back. He, however, sold me after all to a young Turkish officer named Abdy Agra, an excellent young man, full of life and fun. This officer was always with the Pacha, and I believe was one of his aides. His wife was a Kanowry woman. He used to bring home money every night and often gave me some. After he had dressed me up, I accompanied him to the Pacha's every day. He spoke my language very correctly, only with an accent, like all strangers trying to speak Kanowry, and he began to teach me Turkish. Strange to say, in Fezzan the Bornoo tongue is in great vogue, rich and poor speaking Kanowry. I stayed with Abdy Agra more than three months ; but one day he told me that he had to send me to his father

in Tripoli. So long as I had to be a slave, I hated to leave so excellent a man, but I had to go. Accordingly, when the caravan was to start, he sent me in charge of Abd-el-Kader, the man from whom he had bought me. Before leaving the city we went to a house that I had never seen before, and had our names registered in a book by a very benevolent-looking man, who wore spectacles on his eyes, something I had never seen before, and which made me afraid of him. As we passed out of the city gate we were counted one by one by an officer.

On our arrival at Tripoli, Abd-el-Kader took me to an old house in a street narrow and dirty beyond description, where we passed the night. The next morning he went with me to my new master, Hadji Daoud, the father of Abdy Agra. When we found him he was sitting on a divan of velvet, smoking his narghile. He looked at that time to be about forty-five years old, and was of very fine appearance, having a long beard, white as snow. Abd-el-Kader seemed well acquainted with him, for they shook hands and drank coffee together. After this we proceeded to the Turkish Bazaar, where I found that he was a merchant of tobacco, and had an extensive shop, his own property. Hadji Daoud had three wives ; the principal one was an Arabian, one was a native of my country, and one, and, to do her justice, the best looking of them all, was a Houssa girl. He believed in keeping a comfortable table, and we had mutton almost daily, and sometimes fowls. He had but one son, and he was far away. He told me that he intended to treat me as a son, and every day I went to the shop with him. He treated me always kindly, but madam was a cross and overbearing woman.

About this time my master started on his third pilgrimage to Mecca, leaving a friend in charge of his store, and taking me with him. We went by sail from Tripoli to Alexandria, touching at Bengazi. From Alexandria we went by cars to Ben Hadad, thence to Saida

and Cairo, the capital of Egypt. From Cairo we travelled to Kartoom, at the forks of the Nilé, and thence to Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, where we stayed only twenty-four hours, my master being in continual fear of his life from the natives, who differed from him in belief, and then started for Zela, a port on the Red Sea. From Zela we sailed to Muscat, and thence proceeded to Mecca. I had not come of my own free will and for the express purpose of a pilgrimage, and therefore I was not permitted to go with Daoud to the grave of the Prophet, and was obliged to content myself without the title of Hadji, which is one much respected among the Mohammedans. We had returned as far as Alexandria on our way home, when my master was informed that his store and a great deal of property, in fact, all his goods and money, had been destroyed by fire. This made the good man almost crazy. He did not hesitate to tell me that he should have to sell me; but said that he would take care that I should have a rich and good master, a promise which he kept. The next day, with the present of a good suit of clothes, I was put on board a vessel bound for Smyrna and Constantinople. I was to be landed at the former city. On this vessel was a young man of eighteen, one of the crew, who spoke my own language. I have heard it only twice, I think, since that time.

At Smyrna I was sold to a Turkish officer, Yousouf Effendi, a very wealthy man, and brother-in-law to the celebrated Reschid Pacha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He had a great many houses in Smyrna, as well as Constantinople. We sailed the next day for the latter city in a man-of-war steamer, the Abdul Medjid. My duty was that of a Tchidboudji, which consists in filling and cleaning the pipes and narghiles. This was all that I had to do, while I was well dressed in cloths and silks, and had plenty of leisure time. After a service of eighteen months with Yousouf Effendi, he gave me to his younger brother, You-

souf Kavass, less wealthy than himself. This brother was, however, a very kind-hearted man, and treated his slaves, a Nubian, a native of Sennar, and myself, very kindly. While in this service I became known to Prince Mentchikoff, the Envoy Extraordinary of Russia at Constantinople, and was finally sold to him by my master. At the declaration of the Crimean war, after sending his things on board the Russian steamer Vladimir, the Prince started with despatches for his august master, via Corfu, Athens, Zara, Trieste, Vienna, Cracow, and Warsaw, to St. Petersburg. I accompanied him on the journey, and, as the despatches were of the utmost importance, we travelled with the greatest speed.

The house of my master, to which we went, in St. Petersburg, was situated on the Nevskoi Prospekt, the Broadway of the city, and was built of granite, in the Doric style, and very spacious. His family consisted of his wife, one son, and three daughters, while his servants numbered about thirty. The Prince, however, was not so immensely rich as some Russian aristocrats of his standing. Shortly after his arrival at St. Petersburg, Prince Mentchikoff was assigned to command in the army of the Crimea, and he hastened there, leaving me in St. Petersburg. After his departure, not being satisfied with the way in which the head servant treated me, I engaged service with Prince Nicholas Troubetzkoy.

This family, better known as Le Grand Troubetzkoy, are descendants of the Grand Duke of Lithuania. The Prince's father was noted for skill and bravery in the war of 1828. The Troubetzkoys claim relationship with the Emperor of France, the Duc de Moray, the half-brother of the Emperor, having married the daughter of Prince Serges Troubetzkoy.

Prince Nicholas was the youngest of five sons, and lived with his brother André, not far from the Italian theatre, both of them being single.

While in this service, I was baptized

in St. Petersburg, November 12, 1855, into the Greek Church, my name being changed from Mohammed-Ali-Ben-Said to Nicholas Said. Prince Nicholas was my godfather. I shall always feel grateful, so long as I live, for Prince Nicholas's kindness to me; but I cannot help thinking that the way I was baptized was not right, for I think that I ought to have known perfectly well the nature of the thing beforehand. Still, it was a good intention the Prince had toward my moral welfare. After I was baptized he was very kind to me, and he bought me a solid gold cross to wear on my breast, after the Russian fashion. I was the Prince's personal servant, going always in the carriage with him.

As the Czar Nicholas was godfather to the Prince, he had free access to the palace. Though he had several chances to become minister at some European court, he always refused, preferring to live a life of inaction. His health, however, was not very good, and he was very nervous. I have seen him faint scores of time in Russia; but when he left Russia, his health began to improve very much.

Everybody acquainted with Russia knows that Czar Nicholas used to make all the aristocracy tremble at his feet. No nobleman, to whatever rank he might belong, could leave the country without his consent, and paying a certain sum of money for the privilege. This measure of the Czar was not very well liked by the nobility, but his will was law, and had to be executed without grumbling.

Prince Troubetzkoy had several times made application for permission to travel, but without success, so long as Czar Nicholas lived; for he hated liberal ideas, and feared some of his subjects might, in the course of time, introduce those ideas from foreign countries into Russia.

The Prince passed the summer season outside of the city, a distance of about twenty-five versts, at a splendid residence of his own, a marble house about the size of the Fifth Avenue Ho-

tel of New York City. Adjoining it was a small theatre, or glass house, containing tropical fruits, and a menagerie, where I first saw a llama, and the interior of the palace was lined with pictures and statues. It was a magnificent building, but was getting to be quite old, and the Prince used to talk of repairing it, though he remarked it would cost many thousand roubles. This estate contained many thousand acres, and four good-sized villages, and was about eight miles square. I had here some of the happiest days of my life.

About this time I went with the Prince to Georgia,—his brother-in-law, a general in that department, having been wounded by the Circassians under Schamyl. We reached Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, in January, and remained there until after the capture of Kars by the English and Turks. While in the Caucasus, the Prince visited some of the neighboring parts of Persia, including Teheran and some smaller towns, and he returned to Russia by way of Novgorod.

After the death of Czar Nicholas, Alexander, his successor, gave the Prince permission to travel where he chose, without limit of time, and on the 24th of February he started, going first to Warsaw, and thence, via Cracow, to Vienna. Here I remained for two months, in charge of his effects, while he visited a sister in Pesth, in Hungary. On his return we went to Prague, and thence to Dresden. At this place, I was greatly bothered by the children. They said that they had never seen a black man before. But the thing which most attracted them was my Turkish dress, which I wore all the time in Europe. Every day, for the three weeks we remained in Dresden, whenever I went to take my walk I was surrounded by them to the number of several hundred. To keep myself from them, I used to ride in a carriage or on horseback, but this was too expensive. I thought the way I could do best was to be friendly with them. So I used to sit in the garden and

speak with them, — that is, those who could understand French. They took a great liking to me, for I used sometimes to buy them fruits, candies, and other things, spending in this way a large amount. Prince Troubetzkoy had a brother, Prince Vladimir, living in Dresden, a very handsome and a very excellent man, but suffering from consumption. He treated me very kindly, and when we left gave me several very interesting books, both religious and secular.

From Dresden we went to Munich, thence to Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, and Ostende; then, returning to Brussels, visited the field of Waterloo, and proceeded to Switzerland, passing through Berne, Interlachen, over the Jura and St. Gothard's, to Zurich. From Zurich we went to Como in Lombardy, where the Prince's eldest brother, Alexander, had a villa on the borders of the lake. After a short stay here, we went on to Verona, and then to Milan, where I was left while the Prince made a short visit to Venice. Here, while left alone, I did not behave as well as I might have done, sometimes drinking too much, and spending my money foolishly. Here also I saw, for the first time since leaving Africa, a countryman. He was named Mirza, and was born about thirty-five miles from Kooka, my native place. He was considerably older than I, and had been away from Africa some fifteen years. He was waiting on a Venetian Marquis whose name I have forgotten.

After a stay of four weeks in Milan, we started, via Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, for Florence. Here I attended my master at two levees, — one at the palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, where I believe I had a better time than the Prince, and the other at Prince Demidoff's. This latter gentleman is a very wealthy Russian, and is very widely known. He is not a nobleman in Russia, however, but has his title from the Grand Duke. He is well known for the disagreeable propensity

he has for beating his servants. While he was in Vienna he was worsted in an attempt to chastise a Hungarian footman, but he would not quit the practice, and has paid several fines imposed by law in consequence.

Our next stopping-place was Rome, where the Prince remained for the winter, making meanwhile a short visit to Naples, and leaving in the spring for Paris. We were in Paris when the Prince Imperial was born, and stayed until his christening, which was a very important day there. I remember well the wonder of a young Russian servant-girl, that France should have still so many soldiers as appeared in the procession, — a fraction only, of course, of her army, — after losing so many in the Crimea. The Prince always took a great pride in dress, both for himself and his servants, and particularly here. I was always dressed in Turkish costume, embroidered with gold, and never costing less than two or three hundred dollars.

After a three months' stay in Paris we went to London, where the Prince took rooms at a first-class boarding-house; but he was invited almost all the time to different country seats, where I had very gay times, for the English servants live better than any in Europe.

At the conclusion of his English visit, the Prince returned to Baden-Baden, this time renting a house. While there Napoleon III. passed through the place on his way to meet the Czar Alexander; and Prince Troubetzkoy was summoned to Frankfort-on-the-Main to attend on the latter. Here I was one day told by the Prince to dress myself in my best, and go to the Russian Ambassador's to wait on the Emperor at dinner. There were present beside the two Emperors, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, and Nassau, the Ministers of France and Belgium, the Burgomaster of Frankfort, Messrs. Rothschild, and many others. A splendid dinner was served at six o'clock, the usual Russian dinner-hour, and was followed

by a ball, which continued until two in the morning. A day previous to the monarch's departure Prince Gortchakoff handed my master thirty thalers as a present for me.

About this time I began to think of the condition of Africa, my native country, how European encroachments might be stopped, and her nationalities united. I thought how powerful the United States had become since 1776, and I wondered if I were capable of persuading the kings of Soodan to send several hundred boys to learn the arts and sciences existing in civilized countries. I thought that I would willingly sacrifice my life, if need be, in realizing my dreams. I cried many times at the ignorance of my people, exposed to foreign ambition, who, however good warriors they might be, could not contend against superior weapons and tactics in the field. I prayed earnestly to be enabled to do some good to my race. The Prince could not but see that I was very sober, but I never told him my thoughts.

We stayed at Baden-Baden all summer and part of the fall, and then left for Paris. The Prince made this journey to visit his niece, who had just been married to the Duc de Morny, formerly the French Ambassador to Russia. She was a most beautiful person, only seventeen years of age. I was taken to see her, and kiss her hand, according to custom. She at first hesitated to give me her hand, undoubtedly being afraid. I had never seen her in Russia, as she was at the Imperial University, studying. After two weeks we again left Paris for Rome, via Switzerland, again passed the summer at Baden-Baden, again visited Paris, and various other points, until the year 1859 found the Prince again in London.

My desire to return to my native country had now become so strong, that I here told the Prince I must go home to my people. He tried to persuade me to the contrary, but I was inflexible in my determination. After he found that I was not to be persuaded, he got up

with tears in his eyes, and said: "Said, I wish you good luck; you have served me honestly and faithfully, and if ever misfortune happens to you, remember I shall always be, as I always have been, interested in you." I, with many tears, replied that I was exceedingly thankful for all he had bestowed on me and done in my behalf, and that I should pray for him while I lived. I felt truly sorry to leave this most excellent Prince. As I was leaving, he gave me as a present two fifty-pound bills. It was many days before I overcame my regret. Often I could hardly eat for grief.

I now went to board at the Strangers' Home, at the West India Dock, five miles from where the Prince stopped. Here I waited for a steamer for Africa. Hardly had I been there two weeks, when a gentleman from Holland proposed to me a situation to travel with him in the United States and West India Islands. I had read much about these countries, and my desire to see them caused me to consent, and we left Liverpool soon after New Year's, 1860.

With this gentleman I went via Boston and New York to New Providence, Long Keys, Inagua, Kingston, Les Gonaives, St. Marc, Demerara, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and then back to New Providence, and from there by steamer to New York. We remained in New York two months, and then visited Niagara, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa, until, finally, at a small village called Elmer, my employer's funds gave out, and I lent him five hundred dollars of my own money. Of this five hundred I received back only three hundred and eighty, and this failure compelled me to remain in this country and earn my living by work to which I was unaccustomed.

At this point the written narrative of Nicholas ends, at some date during the year 1861. He afterward went to Detroit, and taught a school for those of his own color, meeting there, I believe, a clergyman whom he had seen years before in Constantinople, while a ser-

vant to Prince Mentchikoff. At Detroit he enlisted in a colored regiment in the summer of 1863. He served faithfully and bravely with his regiment as corporal and sergeant in the Department of the South, and near the close of the war was attached, at his own request, to the hospital department, to acquire some knowledge of medicine. He was mus-

tered out with the company in which he served, in the fall of 1865. But, alas for his plans of service to his countrymen in his native land! like many a warrior before him, he fell captive to woman, married at the South, and for some time past the writer, amidst the changes of business, has entirely lost sight of him.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

FROM PERPIGNAN TO MONTSERRAT.

"OUT of France and into Spain," says the old nursery rhyme; but at the eastern base of the Pyrenees one seems to have entered Spain before leaving France. The rich vine-plains of Roussillon once belonged to the former country; they retain quite as distinct traces of the earlier Moorish occupancy, and their people speak a dialect almost identical with that of Catalonia. I do not remember the old boundaries of the province, but I noticed the change immediately after leaving Narbonne. Vine-green, with the grays of olive and rock, were the only colors of the landscape. The tower, massive and perched upon elevations, spoke of assault and defence; the laborers in the fields were brown, dark-haired, and grave, and the semi-African silence of Spain seemed already to brood over the land.

I entered Perpignan under a heavy Moorish gateway, and made my way to a hostel through narrow, tortuous streets, between houses with projecting balconies, and windows few and small, as in the Orient. The hostel, though ambitiously calling itself an hotel, was filled with that Mediterranean atmosphere and odor which you breathe everywhere in Italy and the Levant,—a single characteristic flavor, in which, nevertheless, you fancy you detect the exhalations of garlic, oranges, horses, cheese, and oil. A mild whiff of it stim-

ulates the imagination, and is no detriment to physical comfort. When, at breakfast, red mullet came upon the table, and oranges fresh from the tree, I straightway took off my Northern nature as a garment, folded it and packed it neatly away in my knapsack, and took out, in its stead, the light beribboned and bespangled Southern nature, which I had not worn for some eight or nine years. It was like a dressing-gown after a dress-coat, and I went about with a delightfully free play of the mental and moral joints.

There were four hours before the departure of the diligence for Spain, and I presume I might have seen various historical or architectural sights of Perpignan; but I was really too comfortable for anything else than a lazy meandering about the city, feeding my eyes on quaint houses, groups of people full of noise and gesture, the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, and the glitter of citron-leaves in the gardens. A one-legged fellow, seven feet high, who called himself a *commissionnaire*, insisted on accompanying me, and I finally accepted him, for two reasons;—first, he knew nothing whatever about the city; and secondly, tourists are so rare that he must have been very poor. His wooden leg, moreover, easily kept pace with my loitering steps, and though, as a matter of conscience, he sometimes volunteered a little information, he took

my silence meekly and without offence. In this wise, I gained some pleasant pictures of the place; and the pictures which come with least effort are those which remain freshest in memory.

There was one point, however, where my limping giant made a stand, and set his will against expostulation or entreaty. I *must* see the avenue of sycamores, he said; there was plenty of time; France, the world, had no such avenue; it was near at hand; every stranger went to see it and was amazed; — and therewith he set off, without waiting for my answer. I followed, for I saw that otherwise he would not have considered his fee earned. The avenue of sycamores was indeed all that he had promised. I had seen larger trees in Syria and Negropont, but here was a triple avenue, nearly half a mile in length, so trained and sculptured that they rivalled the regularity of masonry. Each trunk, at the height of ten or twelve feet, divided into two arms, which then leaned outwards at the same angle, and mingled their smaller boughs, fifty feet overhead. The aisles between them thus took the form of very slender pyramids, truncated near the top. If the elm gives the Gothic, this was assuredly the Cyclopean arch. In the beginning, the effect must have been artificially produced, but the trees were now so old, and had so accustomed themselves to the forms imposed, that no impression of force or restraint remained. Through the roof of this superb green minster not a beam of sunshine found its way. On the hard gravel floor groups of peasants, soldiers, nurses, and children strolled up and down, all with the careless and leisurely air of a region where time has no particular value.

We passed a dark-haired and rather handsome gentleman and lady. "They are opera-singers, Italians," said my companion, "and they are going with you in the diligence." I looked at my watch and found that the hour of departure had nearly arrived, and I should have barely time to procure a little Spanish money. When I reached the

office, the gentleman and lady were already installed in the two corners of the *coupé*. My place, apparently, was between them. The agent was politely handing me up the steps, when the gentleman began to remonstrate; but in France the regulations are rigid, and he presently saw that the intrusion could not be prevented. With a sigh and a groan he gave up his comfortable corner to me, and took the middle seat, for which I was booked! "Will you have your place?" whispered the agent. I shook my head. "You get the best seat, don't you see?" he resumed, "because —" But the rest of the sentence was a wink and a laugh. I am sure there is the least possible of the Don Juan in my appearance; yet this agent never lost an opportunity to wink at me whenever he came near the diligence, and I fancied I heard him humming to himself, as we drove away, —

"Ma — nella Spagna — mille e tre!"

I endeavored to be reasonably courteous, without familiarity, towards the opera-singers, but the effect of the malicious winks and smiles made the lady appear to me timid and oppressed, and the gentleman an unexploded mine of jealousy. My remarks were civilly if briefly answered, and then they turned towards each other and began conversing in a language which was not Italian, although melodious, nor French, although nasal. I pricked up my ears and listened more sharply than good manners allowed, — but only until I had recognized the Portuguese tongue. Whomsoever I may meet, in wandering over the world, it rarely happens that I cannot discover some common or "mutual" friend, and in this instance I determined to try the experiment. After preliminaries, which gently led the conversation to Portugal, I asked: —

"Do you happen to know Count M——?"

"Only by name."

"Or Senhor O——, a young man and an astronomer?"

"Very well!" was the reply. "He

is one of the most distinguished young men of science in Portugal."

The ice was thereupon broken, and the gentleman became communicative and agreeable. I saw, very soon, that the pair were no more opera-singers than they were Italians; that the lady was not timid, nor her husband jealous; but he had simply preferred, as any respectable husband would, to give up his comfortable seat rather than have a stranger thrust between himself and his wife.

Once out of Perpignan, the Pyrenees lay clear before us. Over bare red hills, near at hand, rose a gray mountain rampart, neither lofty nor formidable; but westward, between the valleys of the Tech and the Tet, towered the solitary pyramid of the Canigou, streaked with snow-filled ravines. The landscapes would have appeared bleak and melancholy, but for the riotous growth of vines which cover the plain and climb the hillsides wherever there is room for a terrace of earth. These vines produce the dark, rich wine of Roussillon, the best vintage of Southern France. Hedges of aloes, clumps of Southern cypress, poplars by the dry beds of winter streams, with brown tints in the houses and red in the soil, increased the resemblance to Spain. Rough fellows, in rusty velvet, who now and then dug their dangling heels into the sides of the mules or asses they rode, were enough like *arrieros* or *contrabandistas* to be the real article. Our stout and friendly coachman, even, was hailed by the name of Moreno, and spoke French with a foreign accent.

At the post-station of Le Boulou, we left the plain of Roussillon behind us. At this end of the Pyrenean chain there are no such trumpet-names as Roncesvalles, Fontarabia, and the Bidassoa. Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and the Saracens have marched through these defiles, and left no grand historic footprint, but they will always keep the interest which belongs to those natural barriers and division walls whereby races and histories were once separated. It was

enough for me that here were the Pyrenees, and I looked forward, perhaps, with a keener curiosity, to the character and forms of their scenery, than to the sentiment which any historic association could produce. A broad and perfect highway led us through shallow valleys, whose rocky sides were hung with rows of olive-trees, into wilder and more abrupt dells, where vegetation engaged in a struggle with stone, and without man's help would have been driven from the field. Over us the mountains lifted themselves in bold bastions and parapets, disforested now, if those gray upper plateaus ever bore forests, and of a uniform slaty-gray in tone, except where reddish patches of oxidation showed like the rust of age.

But, like "all waste and solitary places," the scenery had its own peculiar charm. Poussin and Salvator Rosa would have seated themselves afresh at every twist of the glen, and sketched the new picture which it unfolded. The huge rocks, fallen from above, or shattered in the original upheaval of the chain, presented a thousand sharp, forcible outlines and ragged facets of shadow, and the two native growths of the Pyrenees—box and cork-oak—fringed them as thickets or overhung them as trees, in the wildest and most picturesque combinations. Indeed, during this portion of the journey, I saw scores of sketches waiting for the selected artist who has not yet come for them,—sketches full of strength and beauty, and with a harmony of color as simple as the chord of triple tones in music. When to their dark grays and greens came the scarlet Phrygian cap of the Catalonian, it was brighter than sunshine.

The French fortress of Bellegarde, crowning a drum-shaped mass of rock, which blocked up the narrow valley in front, announced our approach to the Spanish frontier. The road wound back and forth as it climbed through a stony wilderness to the mouth of a gorge under the fortress, and I saw, before we entered this last gateway into

Spain, the peak of the Canigou touched with sunset, and the sweep of plain beyond it black under the shadow of storm-clouds. On either side were some heaps of stone, left from forts and chapels of the Middle Ages, indicating that we had already reached the summit of the pass, which is less than a thousand feet above the sea-level. In ten minutes the gorge opened, and we found ourselves suddenly rattling along the one street of the gay French village of Perthus. Officers from Bellegarde sat at the table in front of the smart *café*, and drank absinthe; soldiers in red trousers chatted with the lively women who sold tobacco and groceries; there were trees, little gardens, arbors of vine, and the valley opened southwards, descending and broadening towards a cloudless evening sky.

At the end of the village I saw a granite pyramid, with the single word "Gallia" engraved upon it; a few paces farther two marble posts bore the half-obliterated arms of Spain. Here the diligence paused a moment, and an officer of customs took his seat beside the coachman. The telegraph-pole behind us was of barked pine, the next one in front was painted gray; the *vente de tabac* became *estanco nacional*, and the only overlapping of the two nationalities which I observed — all things else being suddenly and sharply divided — was that some awkward and dusty Spanish soldiers were walking up the street of Perthus, and some trim, jaunty French soldiers were walking down the road, towards the first Spanish wine-shop. We also went down, and swiftly, in the falling twilight, through which, ere long, gardens and fields began to glimmer, and in half an hour drew up in the little Spanish town of La Junquera, the ancient "place of rushes." Here there was a rapid and courteous examination of baggage, a call for passports, which were opened and then handed back to us without *visé* or fee being demanded, and we were declared free to journey in Spain. Verily, the world is becoming civilized, when Spain, the moral satrapy of Rome,

begins to pull down her barriers and let the stranger in!

I inspected our "insides," as they issued forth, and found, in addition to a priest and three or four commercial individuals with a contraband air, a young French naval officer, and an old German who was too practical for a professor and too stubborn in his views to be anything else. He had made fifteen journeys to Switzerland, he informed me, knew Scotland from the Cheviots to John o' Groat's, and now proposed the conquest of Spain. Here Moreno summoned us to our places, and the diligence rolled onward. Past groups of Catalans, in sandals and scarlet bonnets, returning from the harvest fields; past stacks of dusky grain and shadowy olive-orchards; past open houses, where a single lamp sometimes flashed upon a woman's head; past a bonfire, turning the cork-trees into transparent bronze, and past the sound of water, plunging under the idle mill-wheel, in the cool, delicious summer air,—we journeyed on. The stars were beginning to gather in the sky, when square towers and masses of cubic houses rose against them, and the steady roll of our wheels on the smooth highway became a dreadful clatter on the rough cobble-stones of Figueras.

The Pyrenees were already behind us; the town overlooks a wide, marshy plain. But the mountains make their vicinity felt in a peculiar manner. The north-wind, gathered into the low pass of Bellegarde and drawn to a focus of strength, blows down the opening valley with a force which sometimes lays an embargo on travel. Diligences are overturned, postilions blown out of their saddles, and pedestrians carried off their feet. The people then pray to their saints that the *tramontana* may cease; but, on the other hand, as it is a very healthy wind, sweeping away the feverish exhalations from the marshy soil, they get up a grand annual procession to some mountain-shrine of the Virgin, and pray that it may blow. So, when the Virgin takes them at their word, the saints are invoked on the

other side, and the wonder is that both parties don't get out of patience with the people of Figueras.

The diligence drew up at the door of a *fonda*, and Moreno announced that we were to take supper and wait until midnight. This was welcome news to all; but the old German drew me aside as we entered the house, and whispered, "Now our stomachs are going to be tried." "Not at all," I answered, "we shall find very good provender." "But the guide-book says it is very bad," he persisted. And he looked despondent, even with a clean table-cloth and a crisp roll of bread before him, until the soup steamed under his nose. His face brightened at the odor, grew radiant at the flavor, and long before we reached the roast pullet and salad he expressed his satisfaction with Spanish cookery. With the dessert came a *vino rancio*, full of summer fire, and the tongues of the company were loosened. From the weather and the Paris Exposition we leaped boldly into politics, and, being on Spanish soil, discussed France and the Mexican business. The French officer was silent and annoyed: he was a pleasant fellow, and I, for one, had a little sympathy with his annoyance, but I could not help saying that all Americans (except the Rev. —) considered the action of France as an outrage and an impertinence, and were satisfied with her miserable failure. The Spanish passengers nodded and smiled.

I should not have spoken, had I foreseen one consequence of my words. The German snatched the reins of conversation out of our hands, and dashed off at full speed, trampling France and her ruler under his feet. At the first pause, I said to him, in German: "Pray don't be so violent in your expressions,—the gentleman beside me is a naval officer." But he answered: "I don't care,—I must speak my mind, which I could not do in Paris. France has been the curse of Spain, as well as of all Europe, and there will be no peace until we put a stop to her pretensions!" Thereupon he said the same thing to the company; but the Span-

iards were too politic to acquiesce openly. The officer replied, "France has not injured Spain, but, on the contrary, has protected her!" and he evidently had not the slightest suspicion that there was anything offensive in his words. The Spaniards still remained silent, but another expression came into their eyes. It was time to change the subject; so the principle of non-intervention, in its fullest, most literal sense, was proposed and accepted. A grave Majorcan gentleman distributed cigars; his daughter, with her soft, melodious voice, was oil to the troubled waters, and before midnight we were all equally courteous and cosmopolitan.

Of the four ensuing hours I can give no account. Neither asleep nor awake, hearing with closed eyes, or seeing with half-closed senses, one can never afterwards distinguish between what is seen and what is dreamed. This is a state in which the body may possibly obtain some rest, but the mind becomes inexpressibly fatigued. One's memory of it is a blurred sketch, a faded daguerreotype. I welcomed that hour when

"The wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold,"

for it blew away this film, which usurped the place of the blessed mantle of sleep. Chill, even here in African Spain, where the pale pearl of the dawn foretold a burning noon, and where, in May, the harvests were already reaped, the morning brightened; but we were near the end of the journey. At sunrise, the towers of Giron stood fast and firm over the misty level of the shimmering olive-groves; then the huge dull mass of the cathedral, the walls and bastions of the hill-forts, which resisted a siege of seven months during the Peninsular war, and finally the monotonous streets of the lower town, through which we drove.

The industrious Catalans were already awake and stirring. Smokes from domestic hearths warmed the cool morning air; cheerful noises of men, animals, and fowls broke the silence; doors were open as we entered the town, and the women were combing

and twisting their black hair in the shadows within. At the post some brown grooms lounged about the door. A priest passed,—a genuine Don Basilio, in inky gown and shovel-hat; and these graceless grooms looked after him, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and made an irreverent grimace. The agent at Perpignan came into my mind; I winked at the fellows, without any clear idea wherefore, but it must have expressed something, for they burst into a laugh and repeated the grimace.

The lower town seemed to be of immense length. Once out of it, a superb avenue of plane-trees received us, at the end of which was the railway-station. In another hour the train would leave for Barcelona. Our trunks must be again examined. When I asked the reason why this annoying regulation, obsolete elsewhere in Europe, is here retained, the Spaniards gravely informed me that, if it were abolished, a great many people would be thrown out of employment. Not that they get much pay for the examination,—but they are constantly bribed not to examine! There was a *café* attached to the station, and I advised my fellow-passengers to take a cup of the delicious ropy chocolate of Spain, after which one accepts the inevitable more patiently.

I found the landscapes from Giron to Barcelona very bright and beautiful. Our locomotive had fallen into the national habit: it was stately and deliberate, it could not be hurried, its very whistle was subdued and dignified. We went forward at an easy pace, making about fifteen miles an hour, which enabled me to notice the patient industry of the people, as manifested on every plain and hillside. The Catalans are called rough and ungraceful; beside the sprightly Andalusians they seem cold and repellent; they have less of that blue blood which makes the beggar as proud as the grandee, but they possess the virtue of labor, which, however our artistic tastes may undervalue it, is the basis from which all good must spring. When I saw how

the red and rocky hills were turned into garden-terraces, how the olive-trees were pruned into health and productiveness, how the wheat stood so thick that it rolled but stiffly under the breeze, I forgot the jaunty *majos* of Seville, and gave my hearty admiration to the strong-backed reapers in the fields of Catalonia.

The passengers we took up on the way, though belonging to the better class, and speaking Spanish whenever it was necessary, all seemed to prefer the popular dialect. Proprietors of estates and elegant young ladies conversed together in the rough patois of the peasants, which to me was especially tantalizing, because it sounded so familiar, and yet was so unintelligible. It is in reality the old *langue limousine* of France, kindred to the Provençal, and differs very slightly from the dialect spoken on the other side of the Pyrenees. It is terse, forcible, and expressive, and I must confess that the lisping Spanish, beside it, seems to gain in melody at the expense of strength.

We approached Barcelona across the wide plain of the Llobregat, where orange-gardens and factory chimneys, fountains “in the midst of roses” and machine-shops full of grimy workmen, succeed each other in a curious tangle of poetry and greasy fact. The Mediterranean gleams in a blue line on the left, the citadel of Montjoi crowns a bluff in front; but the level city hides itself behind the foliage of the plain, and is not seen. At the station you wait half an hour, until the baggage is again deposited on the dissecting-tables of the customs officers; and here, if, instead of joining the crowd of unhappy murmurers in the anteroom, you take your station in the doorway, looking down upon porters, pedlers, idlers, and policemen, you are sure to be diverted by a little comedy acted in pantomime. An outside porter has in some way interfered with the rights of a station-porter; a policeman steps between the two, the latter of whom, lifting both hands to heaven in a wild appeal,

brings them down swiftly and thrusts them out before him, as if descending to earthly justice. The outsider goes through the same gestures, and then both, with flashing eyes and open mouths, teeth glittering under the drawn lips, await the decision. The policeman first makes a sabre-cut with his right arm, then with his left; then also lifts his hands to heaven, shakes them there a moment, and, turning as he brings them down, faces the outside porter. The latter utters a passionate cry, and his arms begin to rise; but he is seized by the shoulder and turned aside; the crowd closes in, and the comedy is over.

We have a faint interest in Barcelona for the sake of Columbus; but, apart from this one association, we set it down beside Manchester, Lowell, and other manufacturing cities. It was so crowded within its former walls, that little space was left for architectural display. In many of the streets I doubt whether four persons could walk abreast. Only in the Rambla, a broad central boulevard, is there any chance for air and sunshine, and all the leisure and pleasure of the city is poured into this one avenue. Since the useless walls have been removed, an ambitious modern suburb is springing up on the west, and there will in time be a new city better than the old.

This region appears to be the headquarters of political discontent in Spain, — probably because the people get to be more sensible of the misrule under which they languish, in proportion as they become more active and industrious. Nothing could have been more peaceable upon the surface than the aspect of things; the local newspapers never reported any disturbance, yet intelligence of trouble in Catalonia was circulating through the rest of Europe, and *something* — I could not ascertain precisely what it was — took place during my brief visit. The telegraph-wires were cut, and some hundreds of soldiers were sent into the country; but the matter was never mentioned, unless two persons whom I saw whispering

together in the darkest corner of a *café* were discussing it. I believe, if a battle had been fought within hearing of the cannon, the Barcelonese would have gone about the streets with the same placid, unconcerned faces. Whether this was cunning, phlegm, or the ascendancy of solid material interests over the fiery, impulsive nature of the Spaniard, was not clear to a passing observer. In either case it was a prudent course.

If, in the darkened streets — or rather lanes — of Barcelona, I saw some suggestive pictures; if the court-yard of the cathedral, with its fountains and orange-trees, seemed a thousand miles removed from the trade and manufacture of the city; if the issuing into sunshine on the mole was like a blow in the eyes, to which the sapphire bloom of the Mediterranean became a healing balm; and if the Rambla, towards evening, changed into a shifting diorama of color and cheerful life, — none of these things inclined me to remain longer than the preparation for my further journey required. Before reaching the city, I had caught a glimpse, far up the valley of the Llobregat, of a high, curiously serrated mountain, and that old book of the "Wonders of the World," (now, alas! driven from the library of childhood,) opened its pages and showed its rough woodcuts, in memory, to tell me what the mountain was. How many times has that wonderful book been the chief charm of my travels, causing me to forget Sulpicius on the *Ægean* Sea, Byron in Italy, and Humboldt in Mexico!

To those who live in Barcelona, Montserrat has become a commonplace, the resort of Sunday excursions and picnics, one fourth devotional, and three fourths epicurean. Wild, mysterious, almost inaccessible as it stands in one's fancy, it sinks at this distance into the very material atmosphere of railroad and omnibus; but, for all that, we are not going to give it up, though another "Wonder of the World" should go by the board. Take the Tarragona train then with me, on a cloudless after-

noon. In a few minutes the scattered suburban blocks are left behind, and we enter the belt of villas, with their fountained terraces and tropical gardens. More and more the dark red earth shows through the thin foliage of the olives, as the hills draw nearer, and it finally gives color to the landscapes. The vines covering the levels and lower slopes are wonderfully luxuriant; but we can see how carefully they are cultivated. Hedges of aloe and cactus divide them; here and there some underground cavern has tumbled in, letting down irregular tracts of soil, and the vines still flourish at the bottom of the pits thus made. As the plain shrinks to a valley, the hills on either side ascend into rounded summits, which begin to be dark with pine forests; villages with square, brown church-towers perch on the lower heights; cotton-mills draw into their service the scanty waters of the river, and the appearance of cheerful, thrifty labor increases as the country becomes rougher.

All this time the serrated mountain is drawing nearer, and breaking into a wilder confusion of pinnacles. It stands alone, planted across the base of a triangular tract of open country,—a strange, solitary, exiled peak, drifted away in the beginning of things from its brethren of the Pyrenees, and stranded in a different geological period. This circumstance must have long ago impressed the inhabitants of the region,—even in the ante-historic ages. When Christianity rendered a new set of traditions necessary, the story arose that the mountain was so split and shattered at the moment when Christ breathed his last on the cross of Calvary. This is still the popular belief; but the singular formation of Montserrat, independent of it, was sufficient to fix the anchoretic tastes of the early Christians. It is set apart by Nature, not only towering above all the surrounding heights, but drawing itself haughtily away from contact with them, as if conscious of its earlier origin.

At the station of Martorel I left the

train, and took a coach which was in waiting for the village of Collbató, at the southern base of the mountain. My companion in the *coupe* was a young cotton-manufacturer, who assured me that in Spain the sky and soil were good, but the *entresol* (namely, the human race) was bad. The interior was crowded with country women, each of whom seemed to have four large baskets. I watched the driver for half an hour attempting to light a broken cigar, and then rewarded his astonishing patience with a fresh one, whereby we became good friends. Such a peaceful light lay upon the landscape, the people were so cheerful, the laborers worked so quietly in the vineyards, that the thought of a political disturbance the day before seemed very absurd. The olive-trees, which clothed the hills wherever their bony roots could find the least lodgement of soil, were, of remarkably healthy and vigorous growth, and the regular cubic form into which they were pruned marked the climbing terraces with long lines of gray light, as the sun slanted across them.

"You see," said the Spaniard, as I noticed this peculiarity, "the *entresol* is a little better in this neighborhood than elsewhere in Spain. The people cut the trees into this shape in order that they may become more compact and produce better; besides which, the fruit is more easily gathered. In all those orchards you will not find a decayed or an unhealthy tree; they are dug up and burned, and young ones planted in their place."

At the village of Esparaguerra the other passengers left, and I went on towards Collbató alone. But I had Montserrat for company, towering more grandly, more brokenly, from minute to minute. Every change in the foreground gave me a new picture. Now it was a clump of olives with twisted trunks; now an aloe, lifting its giant candelabrum of blossoms from the edge of a rock; now a bank of dull vermilion earth, upon which goats were hanging. The upper spires of the mountain disappeared behind its basal buttresses of

gray rock, a thousand feet in perpendicular height, and the sinking sun, as it crept westward, edged these with sharp lines of light. Up, under the tremendous cliffs, and already in shadow, lay Collbató, and I was presently set down at the gate of the *posada*.

Don Pedro, the host, came forward to meet and welcome me, and his pretty daughter, sitting on the steps, rose up and dropped a salute. In the entrance hall I read, painted in large letters on the wall, the words of St. Augustine: "*In necessariis unitas; in dubiis libertas; in omnibus, caritas.*" (If these sayings are not St. Augustine's, somebody will be sure to correct me.) Verily, thought I, Don Pedro must be a character. I had no sooner comfortably seated myself in the doorway to contemplate the exquisite evening landscape, which the Mediterranean bounded in the distance, and await my supper, than Don Pedro ordered his daughter to bring the guests' book, and then betook himself to the task of running down a lean chicken. In the record of ten years I found that Germans were the most frequent visitors; Americans appeared but thrice. One party of the latter registered themselves as "gentlemen," and stated that they had seen the "prominent points," — which gave occasion to a later Englishman to comment upon the intelligence of American gentlemen. The host's daughter, Pepita, was the theme of praise in prose and raptures in poetry.

"Are you Pepita?" I asked, turning to the girl, who sat on the steps before me, gazing into the evening sky with an expression of the most indolent happiness. I noticed for the first time, and admired, her firm, regular, almost Roman profile, and the dark masses of *real* hair on her head. Her attitude, also, was very graceful, and she would have been, to impressible eyes, a phantom of delight, but for the ungraceful fact that she inveterately scratched herself whenever and wherever a flea happened to bite.

"No, señor," she answered; "I am Carmen. Pepita was married first, and

then Mariquita. Angelita and myself are the only ones at home."

"I see there is also a poem to Angelita," I remarked, turning over the last leaves.

"O, that was a poet!" said she, — "a funny man! Everybody knows him: he writes for the theatre, and all that is about some eggs which Angelita fried for him. We can't understand it all, but we think it's good-natured."

Here the mother came, not as duenna, but as companion, with her distaff and spindle, and talked and span until I could no longer distinguish the thread against her gray dress. When the lean chicken was set before me, Don Pedro announced that a mule and guide would be in readiness at sunrise, and I could, if I chose, mount to the topmost peak of San Geronimo. In the base of the mountain, near Collbató, there are spacious caverns, which most travellers feel bound to visit; but I think that six or seven caves, one coal mine, and one gold mine are enough for a lifetime, and have renounced any further subterranean researches. Why delve into those dark, moist, oppressive crypts, when the blessed sunshine of years shows one so little of the earth and of human life? Let any one that chooses come and explore the caverns of Montserrat, and then tell me (as people have a passion for doing), "You missed the best!" The best is that with which one is satisfied.

Instead of five o'clock, when I should have been called, I awoke naturally at six, and found that Don Pedro had set out for San Geronimo four hours before, while neither guide nor mule was forthcoming. The old woman pointed to some specks far up in the shadow of the cliffs, which she assured me were travellers, and would arrive with mules in fifteen minutes. But I applied the words *in dubiis libertas*, and insisted on an immediate animal and guide, both of which, somewhat to my surprise, were produced. The black mule was strong, and the lank old Catalan shouldered my heavy valise and walked off without a murmur. The sun was already hot;

but once risen above the last painfully constructed terrace of olives, and climbing the stony steep, we dipped into the cool shadow of the mountain. The path was difficult but not dangerous, winding upward through rocks fringed with dwarf ilex, box, and mastic, which made the air fragrant. Thyme, wild flax, and aconite blossomed in the crevices. The botany of the mountain is as exceptional as its geology; it includes five hundred different species.

The box-tree, which my Catalan guide called *bösch* in his dialect, is a reminiscence, wherever one sees it, of Italy and Greece,—of ancient culture and art. Its odor, as Holmes admirably says, suggests eternity. If it was not the first plant that sprang up on the cooling planet, it ought to have been. Its glossy mounds, and rude, statuesque clumps, which often seem struggling to mould themselves into human shape, cover with beauty the terrible rocks of Montserrat. M. Delavigne had warned me of the dangers of the path I was pursuing,—walls on one side, and chasms a thousand feet deep on the other,—but the box everywhere shaped itself into protecting figures, and whispered as I went by, “Never fear; if you slip, I will hold you!”

The mountain is an irregular cone, about thirty-five hundred feet in height, and cleft down the middle by a torrent which breaks through its walls on the northeastern side. It presents a perpendicular face, which seems inaccessible, for the shelves between the successive elevations, when seen from below, appear as narrow fringes of vegetation, growing out of one unbroken wall. They furnish, indeed, but scanty room for the bridle-path, which at various points is both excavated and supported by arches of masonry. After nearly an hour, I found myself over Collbató, upon the roofs of which, it seemed, I might fling a stone. At the next angle of the mountain, the crest was attained, and I stood between the torn and scarred upper wilderness of Montserrat on the one hand, and the broad,

airy sweep of landscape, bounded by the sea, on the other. To the northward, a similar cape thrust out its sheer walls against the dim, dissolving distances, and it was necessary to climb along the sides of the intervening gulf, which sank under me into depths of shadow. Every step of the way was inspiring, for there was the constant threat, without the reality, of danger. My mule paced securely along the giddy brinks; and though the path seemed to terminate fifty paces ahead, I was always sure to find a loop-hole or coigne of vantage which the box and mastic had hidden from sight. So in another hour the opposite foreland was attained, and from its crest I saw, all along the northern horizon, the snowy wall of the Pyrenees.

Here a path branched off to the peak of San Geronimo,—a two hours' clamber through an absolute desert of rock. My guide, although panting and sweating with his load, proposed the ascent; but in the film of heat which overspread the land I should have only had a wider panorama in which all distinct forms were lost,—vast, no doubt, but as blurred and intangible as a metaphysical treatise. I judged it better to follow the example of a pious peasant and his wife whom we had overtaken, and who, setting their faces toward the renowned monastery, murmured an *Ave* from time to time. Erelong, on emerging from the thickets, we burst suddenly upon one of the wildest and most wonderful pictures I ever beheld. A tremendous wall of rock arose in front, crowned by colossal turrets, pyramids, clubs, pillars, and ten-pin shaped masses, which were drawn singly, or in groups of incredible distortion, against the deep blue of the sky. At the foot of the rock, the buildings of the monastery, huge and massive, the church, the houses for pilgrims, and the narrow gardens completely filled and almost overhung a horizontal shelf of the mountain, under which it again fell sheer away, down, down into misty depths, the bottom of which was hidden from sight. I dropped from the mule,

sat down upon the grass, and, under pretence of sketching, studied this picture for an hour. In all the galleries of memory I could find nothing resembling it.

The descriptions of Montserrat must have made a powerful impression upon Goethe's mind, since he deliberately appropriated the scenery for the fifth act of the Second Part of Faust. Goethe was in the steadfast habit of choosing a local and actual habitation for the creations of his imagination; his landscapes were always either painted from nature, or copied from the sketch-books of others. The marvellous choruses of the fifth act floated through my mind as I drew; the "Pater Ecstasticus" hovered in the sunny air, the anchorites chanted from their caves, and the mystic voices of the undeveloped child-spirits came between, like the breathing of an Æolian harp. I suspect that the sanctity of the mountain really depends as much upon its extraordinary forms, as upon the traditions which have been gradually attached to it. These latter, however, are so strange and grotesque, that they could only be accepted here.

The monastery owes its foundation to a miraculous statue of the Virgin, sculptured by St. Luke, and brought to Spain by no less a personage than St. Peter. In the year 880, some shepherds who had climbed the mountain in search of stray goats heard celestial harmonies among the rocks. This phenomenon coming to the ears of Bishop Gondemar, he climbed to the spot, and was led by the music to the mouth of a cave, which exhaled a delicious perfume. There, enshrined in light, lay the sacred statue. Gondemar and his priests, chanting as they went, set out for Manresa, the seat of the diocese, carrying it with them; but on reaching a certain spot, they found it impossible to move farther. The statue obstinately refused to accompany them,—which was taken as a sign that there, and nowhere else, the shrine should be built. Just below the monastery there still stands a

cross, with the inscription, "Here the Holy Image declared itself immovable, 880."

The chapel when built was intrusted to the pious care of Fray Juan Garin, whose hermitage is pointed out to you, on a peak which seems accessible only to the eagle. The Devil, however, interfered, as he always does in such cases. He first entered into Riquilda, the daughter of the Count of Barcelona, and then declared through her mouth that he would not quit her body except by the order of Juan Garin, the hermit of Montserrat. Riquilda was therefore sent to the mountain and given into the hermit's charge. A temptation similar to that of St. Anthony followed, but with exactly the opposite result. In order to conceal his sin, Juan Garin cut off Riquilda's head, buried her, and fled. Overtaken by remorse, he made his way to Rome, confessed himself to the Pope, and prayed for a punishment proportioned to his crime. He was ordered to become a beast, never lifting his face towards heaven, until the hour when God himself should signify his pardon.

Juan Garin went forth from the Papal presence on his hands and knees, crawled back to Montserrat, and there lived seven years as a wild animal, eating grass and bark, and never lifting his face towards heaven. At the end of this time his body was entirely covered with hair, and it so happened that the hunters of the Count snared him as a strange beast, put a chain around his neck, and took him to Barcelona. In the mansion of the Count there was an infant only five months old, in its nurse's arms. No sooner had the child beheld the supposed animal, than it gave a loud cry and exclaimed: "Rise up, Juan Garin; God has pardoned thee!" Then, to the astonishment of all, the beast arose and spoke in a human tongue. He told his story, and the Count set out at once with him to the spot where Riquilda was buried. They opened the grave and the maiden rose up alive, with only a rosy mark, like a thread, around her neck. In

commemoration of so many miracles, the Count founded the monastery.

At present, the monks retain but a fragment of their former wealth and power. Their number is reduced to nineteen, which is barely enough to guard the shrine, perform the offices, and prepare and bless the rosaries and other articles of devotional traffic. I visited the church, courts, and corridors, but took no pains to get sight of the miraculous statue. I have already seen both the painting and the sculpture of St. Luke, and think him one of the worst artists that ever existed. Moreover, the place is fast assuming a secular, not to say profane air. There is a modern restaurant, with bill of fare and wine list, inside the gate, ticket-office for travellers, and a daily omnibus to the nearest railway station. Ladies in black mantillas lounge about the court-yards, gentlemen smoke on the balconies, and only the brown-faced peasant pilgrims, arriving with weary feet, enter the church with an expression of awe and of unquestioning faith. The enormous wealth which the monastery once possessed — the offering of kings — has disappeared in the vicissitudes of Spanish history, the French, in 1811, being the last pillagers. Since then, the treasures of gold and jewels have not returned; for the crowns offered to the Virgin by the city of Barcelona and by a rich American are of gilded silver, set with diamonds of paste!

I loitered for hours on the narrow terraces around the monastery, constantly finding some new and strange combination of forms in the architecture of the mountain. The bright silver-gray of the rock contrasted finely with the dark masses of eternal box, and there was an endless play of light and shade as the sun burst suddenly through some unsuspected gap, or hid himself behind one of the giant ten-pins of the summit. The world below swam

in dim red undulations, for the color of the soil showed everywhere through its thin clothing of olive-trees. In hue as in form, Montserrat had no fellowship with the surrounding region.

The descent on the northern side is far less picturesque, inasmuch as you are perched upon the front seat of an omnibus, and have an excellent road — a work of great cost and labor — the whole way. But, on the other hand, you skirt the base of a number of the detached pillars and pyramids into which the mountain separates, and gain fresh pictures of its remarkable structure. There is one isolated shaft, visible at a great distance, which I should judge to be three hundred feet in height by forty or fifty in diameter. At the western end, the outline is less precipitous, and here the fields of vine and olive climb much higher than elsewhere. In an hour from the time of leaving the monastery, we were below the last rampart, rolling through dust in the hot valley of the Llobregat, and tracing the course of the invisible road across the walls of Montserrat, with a feeling of incredulity that we had really descended from such a point.

At the village of Montrisol, on the river, there is a large cotton factory. The doors opened as we approached, and the workmen came forth, their day's labor done. Men and women, boys and girls, in red caps and sandals, or bareheaded and barefooted, they streamed merrily along the road, teeth and eyes flashing as they chatted and sang. They were no pale, melancholy factory slaves, but joyous and light-hearted children of labor, and, it seemed to me, the proper successors of the useless idlers in the monastery of Montserrat. Up there, on the mountain, a system, all-powerful in the past, was swiftly dying; here, in the valley, was the first life of the only system that can give a future to Spain.

DINNER SPEAKING.

A LETTER TO MY NEPHEW.

SO you did not enjoy your first Phi Beta dinner, dear Tom, because you were afraid all the time that the new members would be toasted, and then "the fellows" had said you must reply for them. That is a pity. As, after all, the fellows were not toasted, it is a great pity. I am glad you write to me about it, however, and now it is for me to take care that this never happens to you again.

I will tell you how to be always ready. I will tell you how I do.

My first Phi Beta dinner was, like yours, my first public dinner. It was on the day, which this year everybody remembered who was old enough, when Mr. Emerson delivered his first Phi Beta oration at Cambridge. How proudly he has the right to look back on the generation between, all of which he has seen, so much of which he has been! Well, he is no older this day, to all appearance, than he was then, — and your uncle, my dear boy, though older to appearance, is not older in reality. What is it dear G—— Q—— sings, — who sat behind me that early day at Phi Beta?

"When we've been there ten million years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We'll have more days
To sing God's praise,
Than when we first began!"

Remember that, my dear oldest nephew, as the ten million years go by, — and, remembering it, keep young or grow young.

Mr. Emerson was young, I say, — and I. We were all young.

Mr. Edward Everett was young. He was then Governor, — and, I think, presided, certainly spoke, at that Phi Beta dinner. By the almanac he must have been that year forty-five years old, — just as old, dear Tom, as some other people are this year by the almanac. He had been pretty much

everything, had gone most everywhere, had seen almost all the people that were worth seeing, and remembered more than all the rest of us had forgotten. And he was very young. To those who knew him he always was. The day he died he was about the youngest man in most things that I knew.

And so it happened that he made the first dinner speech that I remember. We were all in the South Commons Hall of University, now used as somebody's lecture-room, say, at a guess, Professor Lovering's. And he gave some charming reminiscences of Charles Emerson, brother of the philosopher, too early lost, and everywhere loved, — and then, speaking of the oration of the day, and of the new philosophy to which it belonged, and of which the orator was, is, and will be the prophet, he said, in his gracious, funny, courtly, and hearty way, that he always thought of its thunders as he did of the bolts of Jupiter himself! Could one have complimented an orator more than to compare him to Jupiter? And then he went on to verify the comparison, by quoting the description, —

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri," —

and translated the words for his purpose, —

"Three parts were raging fire, and three the whelming waves!
But three were *thirsty cloud*, and three were *empty wind*!"

Ah well, my boy! You do not remember what all the world, except a few of the elect, then said of "Transcendentalism." So you cannot imagine the scream of fun and applause which saluted this good-natured analysis of its thunder.

And I, — I was delighted at this

aptness of quotation. Should I ever bring my capping lines to such a market? Here was a hit as good as the famous parliamentary retorts, which were so precious to us in the I. O. H. and in the Harvard Union. Should I ever live to see the happy day when I should find that it was wise, witty, and just the thing to say,

"Tu quoque litoribus nostris Æneia nutrix"?

or,

"Tityre dum redeo, brevis est via, pascere capellas,"

or any other of the T's? Or,

"Æsopus auctor quam materiam reperit,"

or,

"Æacus ingemuit, tristisque ita voce locutus,"

or any other of the Æ diphthongs? It did not seem possible, but we would see.

Now it happened that, in the vacation following, a French steamer, I think the Geryon, came to Boston. And there was, perhaps a civic dinner, certainly an excursion down the harbor, to persuade her officers, and through them Louis Philippe, for this was in the early age of stone, that Boston Harbor was the best point for the projected line of French packets to stop at,—and somebody invited me to go. And it turned out that few of the Frenchmen spoke English, and few of the Common Councilmen spoke French, so that poor little I came to some miserable use as a half-interpreter. I remember telling a Lieutenant de Vaisseau that the "Centurion" rock was called so because the 74 Centurion was lost there; and that an indignant civic authority, guessing out my speech, told me they did not want the Frenchmen to know anything was ever lost in Boston Harbor! Perhaps that was the reason the French packets never came. Well, by and by there was the inevitable collation in the cabin. (A collation, dear boy, is a dinner where you have nothing to eat.) And we went down stairs to collate. I began to think of the speeches. Suppose they should call on the youngest of the interpreters, what could he say? What Latin quotation that would an-

swer? Not Tityrus certainly! No. Nor Æneas's nurse certainly, for she went overboard,—bad luck to her!—or was she buried decently? Bad omen that! But—yes! certainly—what better than the thunderbolts of Jove? Steam-navigation forever,—Robert Fulton, Marquis of Worcester, madman in the French bedlam,—bolts of heaven secured for service of earth,—Franklin,—the great alliance,—steam-navigation uniting the world! Was not the whole prefigured, *mes-sieurs, quand le grand poète* forged the very thunderbolts of the *Dieu des Cieux*?

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubes aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri,"

What better description of the power which at that moment was driving us along,—

"Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store,
As many parts the dreadful mixture frame?"

Could anything have been more happy? And fortunately no member of Phi Beta was present but myself. But, unfortunately, there was no speaking, and for the moment I lost my opportunity.

But not my preparation, dear Tom. And for this purpose have I written this long story, to show you how, in thirty happy years since, when I have had nothing else to say, "Tres imbris torti radios" has always stood me in stead. One good quotation makes an after-dinner speaker the match of the whole world. And if you have it in Latin, the people who understand that language enjoy it especially, and those who do not always appear to enjoy it more especially. Perhaps they do. There is also the advantage of slight variations in the translation. Note the difference between Mr. Everett's above, and John Dryden's.

Imagine yourself, for instance, an invited guest at a Cincinnati dinner in Wisconsin. Unfortunately, my dear boy, none of your ancestors rose even to the rank of drummer in the army of the Revolution. Your great-grandfather's brother had Chastellux to din-

ner one day. If you can, make your speech out of that. But I do not think you can. Still, you are called up to speak: "Our friend from New England," — "Connecticut, — Israel Putnam, — Bunker Hill, — Groton, — Wooster," &c., &c. What will you do, my boy? You must do something, and you must not disgrace old Wooster. Do! You have your thunderbolts.

"This army," — "gathered from North and South and East and West," — "like another army," — "whose brave officers still linger among us, — cheer us," &c., &c., — "this army," — "combining such various elements of power, endurance, and wisdom, — this army, always when I think of it, — more than ever to-day, sir, when I see these who represent it in another generation, — when I think of Manly coming from the yeasty waves of the outstretched Cape, — of Ethan Allen descending from the cloudy tops of the Green Mountains, — of Knox, sweaty and black from the hot furnace work of Salisbury, where

'He created all the stores of war,'—

all meeting at the same moment with the Morgans, and Marions, and the one Washington from the distant South, — this army always seems to me to be the prefigured thunderbolt which the Cyclops forged for Jupiter.

'Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri.'

'Three from the sultry South, three from the storm-beat shore,
Three parts from distant mountains' cloudy store,
While raging heat fused all with three parts more!'"

You see, dear Tom, these audiences are always good-natured, and by no means critical of your version.

Why, at the only time I was ever at a regimental dinner on the Plains, long before the war, you know, when to the untaught mind it did seem as if there was no reason why we were there, and no pretence for mutual congratulation, I remember when poor Pendergrast called me up to represent science, (I was at that time in the tele-

graph business,) the dear old quotation came to my relief like an inspiration. I got round to the Flag. Do you remember how safe General Halleck always found it to allude to the Flag?

"The Flag, gentlemen," — "colors," — "rainbow of our liberties," — "Liberty everywhere." "Blue, white, and red of Low Countries," — "Red, white, and blue of France," — "English Constitution," — "Puritan fathers, Cavaliers," &c., &c.

"Does it seem too much to say, gentlemen, that, with the divine instinct of poetry, the unequalled bard of the court of Augustus, looking down the ages beyond the sickly purple of the palace, to the days when armies should be the armies of freemen, and not the Prætorian guards of a tyrant, — that he veiled the glad prophecy of the future in the words in which he describes even the thunderbolt itself? The white crest of the foam, the blue of the sky, the red of the fiery furnace, are all tossed together, and play together, and rejoice together, there in the smiles or in the rage of the very breeze of Heaven."

'Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri.'

'Three parts of white the crested billows lent,
Three parts of blue the heavens themselves had sent,
Three parts of fiery red with these were blent,
And on the free-born wind across the world they went.'

You are not old enough, my dear nephew, to remember the great consistory which the Pope held at Somerville, when for a moment he thought that the churches of the world had recognized that Union which in fact does make them one, and were willing to offer one front to the Devil, instead of fighting, as they always had done, on ten thousand hooks of their own. You understand, it was not this pope, Pius IX. It was the pope who came after Gregory XVII. and before Pius IX. Well, at that immense dinner-table, which had been built on the plan of John O'Groat's, so that each of

the eleven thousand six hundred and thirty popes present might sit at the head,—I was fortunate enough to be appointed to represent the Sandemanian clergy,—the only body, as I will venture to say to you, which really preserves the simplicity of Gospel institutions, or in the least carries into our own time the spirit and life of fundamental Christianity. Now you may imagine the difficulty of speaking on such an occasion. I had thought it proper to speak in Latin. The difficulty was not so much in the language as in what to say, that one might be at once brave as a Sandemanian, and at the same time tolerant, and catholic as a Christian. Now it is not for me to say how well I acquitted myself. If you want to see my speech, you had better look in the *Annales de Foi*; and, if it is there, you will certainly find it. I did not think it amiss, certainly, that I was able to close by comparing the great agencies which the United Church would be able to employ to the thunderbolt itself. We had there present bishops from England of perpetual rain, from Sitka of perpetual cloud, from the eternal fires of the torrid zone, and from the farthest south of Patagonia. When we selected our sacred twelve, it was easy for us to take them, as if we were forging thunders.

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri."

Now, my dear Tom, I am sure my lesson needs no moral. Of course I do not think you had better start in life with my quotation. To tell you the truth, I am still young. I am a life-

member of many societies, and, as they outlive other usefulness, the more frequently do they dine together. I may therefore have some other occasion when I may be reminded of the Cyclops. But if, at your dinner, I had happened to be called upon, I think,—I do not know, but I think that, seeing such men as you describe, I should have been irresistibly led to consider the varied gifts which the University every year scatters over the land, and the exquisite harmony by which, from such different callings, different homes, and different destinies, they unite in the merriment or in the wisdom of her festivities. The men of practice who have been taming the waterfall, and made it subservient; the men of the gentle ministries of peace, whose blessings distil upon us like the very dews of heaven; and the men of the spoken word,—of the spirit of truth, of which, like the wind itself, no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth,—these, and the men of war who have passed through its fires to give us the free America of to-day, all were around you. Surely in such a union I should have been reminded of the divine harmony by which elements the most diverse were welded into the bolts of Jove.

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, tres rutili ignis, tres alitis Austri."

"Three parts like dews from heaven, three from
the wave-beat shore,
Three from the soft-winged breeze, and three
from blood-red war."

Always, dear Tom, your affectionate
uncle,

FREDERIC INGHAM.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Champagne Country. By ROBERT TOMES. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THE fear, or hope, that photography will supersede tourists, and at last take travel out of literature, scarcely concerns this admirable book and the books of its kind. The class is as yet small, but it increases; and it is probable that in travel, which is a sort of contemporary history, there will be more and more works devoted to a single phase of European life, as studied in a particular city or province; just as, in the history of the past, the tendency is toward the illustration of certain periods, or even episodes, in the lives of nations.

The chief topic Mr. Tomes discusses is the manufacture of champagne wines; but his book is also descriptive of life in Rheims and the adjacent country, as he knew it during two years' residence in that ancient city. Indeed, it is only when the reader remembers his former ignorance of everything concerning champagne, excepting its pop and sparkle and flavor, that he realizes how thoroughly instructive Mr. Tomes's agreeable pages are. In them an intelligent sympathy follows the grape through all the processes of its change to wine;—through the vintage, when it is gathered by the yeomen of La Champagne, from their own land, and sold to the great champagne lords of Rheims; through the expression of its juice in presses obedient to the trained and sensitive touch of hands which give neither more nor less strength than is adequate to the extraction of the most delicate flavor; through the season of its first fermentation in casks, and its second in bottles; through its "marriage" with the kindred juices, whose united offspring is champagne; through the crisis when it is doctored with the cordial that bestows a life-long sweetness; through its final corking and sale in every civilized country. As Mr. Tomes's style is light and easy, and as he has a quick, unforced sense of humor, his information is as delightful as it is honest. He counts nothing alien to him that concerns champagne, and he sketches with a pleasant and graphic touch the champagne lords and their history, beginning with the great Clicquot

(whose widow, after inheriting him so many years, died only the other day), and bringing down the list with the Heidsiecks, the Roederers, Moët and Chandon, the Mumms, and De St. Marceaux, last but not least of the great champagne houses. As appears from their names, most of these are Germans, and, according to Mr. Tomes, most of the business of Rheims is conducted by Germans, who far excel the French in capacity for commerce. They are the agents and chief clerks even in French houses; it is some German of enormous physique and iron constitution who is selected as *commis-voyageur* to sell the wines and attract custom, by pouring them out and convivially drinking them wherever he goes. Mr. Tomes's conviction is, that this commercial traveller leads a difficult and precarious life, for he cannot eject the wine when once taken into the mouth, as is the custom of the more fortunate dealers in selling to buyers at the manufactories.

It is around the wine-trade, the great central feature of life in Rheims, that Mr. Tomes groups notices of the city's minor traits, and gossips of its cathedral and ecclesiastical history, its picturesqueness, its antiquities, its dulness, its contented and prosperous ignorance, its luxury and depravity. His pictures are always artistic, and have an air of fidelity, and we may believe that they reflect with sufficient truth provincial society under the second French Empire. Society it is not, of course, in our sense, and perhaps civilization is the better word. Many of its characteristics are those common to all Latin Europe,—a religion and an atheism alike immoral, an essential rudeness under a polished show of good-breeding, an inviolable conventionality, and an unbounded license. But to these the Empire has added some traits of its own,—an intellectual apathy to be matched nowhere else, a content and pride in mere material success, an enjoyment of none but sensual delights. The government seems to have besotted the provinces in the same degree that it has corrupted Paris.

Mr. Tomes treats an unworn topic with freshness and authentic skill, and we welcome his bright and candid book as a more valuable contribution to literature than most contemporary novels and poems.

Deus Homo: God-Man. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Chicago: E. B. Myers and Chandler.

THE author of this book assures us that it is in no sense a criticism of either of the two remarkable works which have lately agitated the religious and philosophical world; that it is a reply neither to "Ecce Deus" nor to "Ecce Homo," but that its title is rather descriptive of the belief which inspired it, than indicative of a controversial purpose. Indeed, it is a notably calm and uncontroversial statement of the Swedenborgian idea of Christ's life and character, and presents with great clearness and simplicity the doctrines of the very earnest sect to which its author belongs. The author fully accepts the fact of Swedenborg's illumination, but the reader is only asked to consider the reasonableness of his philosophy, as applied to the elucidation of all Scriptural truth, and more particularly the acts and essence of Christ. The people of the New Church (as the followers of Swedenborg call themselves) affirm the divinity of Christ with an emphasis which excludes from the Godhead any other personality than his; and it is in the light of this creed that Mr. Parsons regards his character, and discusses the facts of his birth, his sojourn in Egypt, his temptations, his death, the miracles, the parables, the supper, the Apostles. Naturally, the author has frequent recourse to that science of correspondences by which Swedenborg interprets Scripture, and so far there is an air of mysticism in his work; but it is on the whole a most intelligible declaration of the main Swedenborgian ideas. As such, it must have an interest for all candid thinkers; and it appears fortunately at this time, when the life of Swedenborg has been made the subject of fresh inquiry, as well as the Life which Swedenborg's philosophy is here employed to illustrate.

The Sayings of Doctor Bushwhacker and other Learned Men. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. New York: A. Simpson & Co.

THE best thing in this book is that brief sketch of travel, called "Up the Rhine," in which the British tourist is presented

with a delightful fidelity. Eyes that have once beheld him never forget him, and it is good to gaze upon him here in his extraordinary travelling-costume, with all his sight-seer's panoply upon him. It affects one like a personal recollection, when he addresses the American and says:—

"Going to Switz'land?"

"Yes."

"Y' got Moy for Switz'land?"

"Moy? I beg pardon."

"Yes, Moy,—Moy; got Moy for Switz'land?"

"Moy! Do you mean money? I hope so!"

"Ged gad, sir, no! I say Moy."

"Upon my word, I *do not* comprehend you."

"Moy, sir, Moy!" rapping vehemently on the red cover of my guide-book that lay on the table, "I say Moy for Switz'land."

"O, you mean Murray?"

"Certainly, sir; did n't I say Moy?"

This is a touch of nature; and nothing else in the book is done with a hand so free and artistic. Doctor Bushwhacker is passably entertaining in his talk of tea and coffee and chocolate and wine and salad; but when he comes to speak of literature, he makes us suspect that the latest thing in criticism which his professional duties have left him leisure to read is E. A. Poe's "American Literati." He discourses of "Accidental Resemblances" between Mr. Longfellow and other poets, defends the venerable Halleck from the charge of copying "Don Juan" in his "Fanny," and pronounces Joseph Rodman Drake the only original American poet.

Among the contributions to these "Sayings" by other learned men than Dr. Bushwhacker, the most admirable are the two imitations of Macaulay by the late Colonel Porter; of their kind they are nowhere surpassed. But the editor of the book has left the retiring muse of criticism little to say of these productions of his *collaborateurs*. In his Preface he efficiently praises them all, specifying one as "sparkling," and another as "excellent," and others as coming from persons who have exquisite taste for true humor, and assemble in themselves great moral, religious, and literary merits; and finally offers his thanks to the gentleman who indefatigably urged him to publish the collection.

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MASTER BYLES GRIDLEY CONSULTS WITH
JACOB PENHALLOW, ESQUIRE.

LAWYER PENHALLOW was seated in his study, his day's work over, his feet in slippers, after the comfortable but inelegant fashion which Sir Walter Scott reprobates, amusing himself with a volume of old Reports. He was a knowing man enough, a keen country lawyer, but honest, and therefore less ready to suspect the honesty of others. He had a great belief in his young partner's ability, and, though he knew him to be astute, did not think him capable of guery.

It was at his request that Mr. Bradshaw had undertaken his journey, which, as he believed,—and as Mr. Bradshaw had still stronger evidence of a strictly confidential nature which led him to feel sure,—would end in the final settlement of the great land claim in favor of their client. The case had been dragging along from year to year, like an English chancery suit; and while courts and lawyers and witnesses had been sleeping, the property had been

steadily growing. A railroad had passed close to one margin of the township, some mines had been opened in the county, in which a village calling itself a city had grown big enough to have a newspaper and Fourth of July orations. It was plain that the successful issue of the long process would make the heirs of the late Malachi Withers possessors of an ample fortune, and it was also plain that the firm of Penhallow and Bradshaw were like to receive, in such case, the largest fee that had gladdened the professional existence of its members.

Mr. Penhallow had his book open before him, but his thoughts were wandering from the page. He was thinking of his absent partner, and the probable results of his expedition. What would be the consequence if all this property came into the possession of Silence Withers? Could she have any liberal intentions with reference to Myrtle Hazard, the young girl who had grown up with her, or was the common impression true, that she was bent on endowing an institution, and thus securing for herself a favorable consideration in the higher courts, where her

beneficiaries would be, it might be supposed, influential advocates? He could not help thinking that Mr. Bradshaw believed that Myrtle Hazard would eventually come to a part at least of this inheritance. For the story was, that he was paying his court to the young lady whenever he got an opportunity, and that he was cultivating an intimacy with Miss Cynthia Badlam. "Bradshaw would n't make a move in that direction," Mr. Penhallow said to himself, "until he felt pretty sure that it was going to be a paying business. If he was only a young minister now, there 'd be no difficulty about it. Let any man, young or old, in a clerical white cravat, step up to Myrtle Hazard, and ask her to be miserable in his company through this wretched life, and Aunt Silence would very likely give them her blessing, and add something to it that the man in the white cravat would think worth even more than that was. But I don't know what she'll say to Bradshaw. Perhaps he'd better have a hint to go to meeting a little more regularly. However, I suppose he knows what he's about."

He was thinking all this over when a visitor was announced, and Mr. Byles Gridley entered the study.

"Good evening, Mr. Penhallow," Mr. Gridley said, wiping his forehead. "Quite warm, is n't it, this evening?"

"Warm!" said Mr. Penhallow, "I should think it would freeze pretty thick to-night. I should have asked you to come up to the fire and warm yourself. But take off your coat, Mr. Gridley,—very glad to see you. You don't come to the house half as often as you come to the office. Sit down, sit down."

Mr. Gridley took off his outside coat and sat down. "He does look warm, does n't he?" Mr. Penhallow thought. "Wonder what has heated up the old gentleman so. Find out quick enough, for he always goes straight to business."

"Mr. Penhallow," Mr. Gridley began at once, "I have come on a very grave matter, in which you are inter-

ested as well as myself, and I wish to lay the whole of it before you as explicitly as I can, so that we may settle this night before I go what is to be done. I am afraid the good standing of your partner, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, is concerned in the matter. Would it be a surprise to you, if he had carried his acuteness in some particular case like the one I am to mention beyond the prescribed limits?"

The question was put so diplomatically that there was no chance for an indignant denial of the possibility of Mr. Bradshaw's being involved in any discreditable transaction.

"It is possible," he answered, "that Bradshaw's keen wits may have betrayed him into sharper practice than I should altogether approve in any business we carried on together. He is a very knowing young man, but I can't think he is foolish enough, to say nothing of his honesty, to make any false step of the kind you seem to hint. I think he might on occasion go pretty near the line, but I don't believe he would cross it."

"Permit me a few questions, Mr. Penhallow. You settled the estate of the late Malachi Withers, did you not?"

"Mr. Wibird and myself settled it together."

"Have you received any papers from any of the family since the settlement of the estate?"

"Let me see. Yes; a roll of old plans of the Withers Place, and so forth,—not of much use, but labelled and kept. An old trunk with letters and account-books, some of them in Dutch,—mere curiosities. A year ago or more, I remember that Silence sent me over some papers she had found in an odd corner,—the old man hid things like a magpie. I looked over most of them,—trumpery not worth keeping,—old leases and so forth."

"Do you recollect giving some of them to Mr. Bradshaw to look over?"

"Now I come to think of it, I believe I did; but he reported to me, if I remember right, that they amounted to nothing."

"If any of those papers were of importance, should you think your junior partner ought to keep them from your knowledge?"

"I need not answer that question, Mr. Gridley. Will you be so good as to come at once to the facts on which you found your suspicions, and which lead you to put these questions to me?"

Thereupon Mr. Gridley proceeded to state succinctly the singular behavior of Murray Bradshaw in taking one paper from a number handed to him by Mr. Penhallow, and concealing it in a volume. He related how he was just on the point of taking out the volume which contained the paper, when Mr. Bradshaw entered and disconcerted him. He had, however, noticed three spots on the paper by which he should know it anywhere. He then repeated the substance of Kitty Fagan's story, accenting the fact that she too noticed three remarkable spots on the paper which Mr. Bradshaw had pointed out to Miss Badlam as the one so important to both of them. Here he rested the case for the moment.

Mr. Penhallow looked thoughtful. There was something questionable in the aspect of this business. It did obviously suggest the idea of an underhand arrangement with Miss Cynthia, possibly involving some very grave consequences. It would have been most desirable, he said, to have ascertained what these papers, or rather this particular paper, to which so much importance was attached, amounted to. Without that knowledge there was nothing, after all, which it might not be possible to explain. He might have laid aside the spotted paper to examine for some object of mere curiosity. It was certainly odd that the one the Fagan woman had seen should present three spots so like those on the other paper, but people did sometimes throw *trèys* at backgammon, and that which not rarely happened with two dice of six faces *might* happen if they had sixty or six hundred faces. On the whole, he did not see that there was any ground,

so far, for anything more than a vague suspicion. He thought it not unlikely that Mr. Bradshaw was a little smitten with the young lady up at The Poplars, and that he had made some diplomatic overtures to the duenna, after the approved method of suitors. She was young for Bradshaw, — very young, — but he knew his own affairs. If he chose to make love to a child, it was natural enough that he should begin by courting her nurse.

Master Byles Gridley lost himself for half a minute in a most discreditable inward discussion as to whether Laura Penhallow was probably one or two years older than Mr. Bradshaw. That was his way, — he could not help it. He could not think of anything without these mental parentheses. But he came back to business at the end of his half-minute.

"I can lay the package before you at this moment, Mr. Penhallow. I have induced that woman in whose charge it was left to intrust it to my keeping, with the express intention of showing it to you. But it is protected by a seal, as I have told you, which I should on no account presume to meddle with."

Mr. Gridley took out the package of papers.

"How damp it is!" Mr. Penhallow said; "must have been lying in some very moist neighborhood."

"Very," Mr. Gridley answered, with a peculiar expression which said, "Never mind about that."

"Did the party give you possession of these documents without making any effort to retain them?" the lawyer asked.

"Not precisely. It cost some effort to induce Miss Badlam to let them go out of her hands. I hope you think I was justified in making the effort I did, not without a considerable strain upon my feelings, as well as her own, to get hold of the papers?"

"That will depend something on what the papers prove to be, Mr. Gridley. A man takes a certain responsibility in doing just what you have done. If, for instance, it should

prove that this envelope contained matters relating solely to private transactions between Mr. Bradshaw and Miss Badlam, concerning no one but themselves,—and if the words on the back of the envelope and the seal had been put there merely as a protection for a package containing private papers of a delicate but perfectly legitimate character —”

The lawyer paused, as careful experts do, after bending the bow of an hypothesis, before letting the arrow go. Mr. Gridley felt very warm indeed, uncomfortably so, and applied his handkerchief to his face. Could n't be anything in such a violent supposition as that,—and yet such a crafty fellow as that Bradshaw,—what trick was he not up to? Absurd! Cynthia was not acting,—Rachel would n't be equal to such a performance! —“why then, Mr. Gridley,” the lawyer continued, “I don't see but what my partner would have you at an advantage, and, if disposed to make you uncomfortable, could do so pretty effectively. But this, you understand, is only a supposed case, and not a very likely one. I don't think it would have been prudent in you to meddle with that seal. But it is a very different matter with regard to myself. It makes no difference, so far as I am concerned, where this package came from, or how it was obtained. It is just as absolutely within my control as any piece of property I call my own. I should not hesitate, if I saw fit, to break this seal at once, and proceed to the examination of any papers contained within the envelope. If I found any paper of the slightest importance relating to the estate, I should act as if it had never been out of my possession.

“Suppose, however, I chose to know what was in the package, and, having ascertained, act my judgment about returning it to the party from whom you obtained it. In such case I might see fit to restore, or cause it to be restored, to the party, without any marks of violence having been used being apparent. If everything is not right,

probably no questions would be asked by the party having charge of the package. If there is no underhand work going on, and the papers are what they profess to be, nobody is compromised but yourself, so far as I can see, and you are compromised at any rate, Mr. Gridley, at least in the good graces of the party from whom you obtained the documents. Tell that party that I took the package without opening it, and shall return it, very likely, without breaking the seal. Will consider of the matter, say a couple of days. Then you shall hear from me, and she shall hear from you. So. So. Yes, that's it. A nice business. A thing to sleep on. You had better leave the whole matter of dealing with the package to me. If I see fit to send it back with the seal unbroken, that is my affair. But keep perfectly quiet, if you please, Mr. Gridley, about the whole matter. Mr. Bradshaw is off, as you know, and the business on which he is gone is important,—very important. He can be depended on for that; he has acted all along as if he had a personal interest in the success of our firm beyond his legal relation to it.”

Mr. Penhallow's light burned very late in the office that night, and the following one. He looked troubled and absent-minded, and, when Miss Laura ventured to ask him how long Mr. Bradshaw was like to be gone, answered her in such a way that the girl who waited at table concluded that he didn't mean to have Miss Laury keep company with Mr. Bradshaw, or he'd never have spoke so dreadful hash to her when she ahist about him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUSAN POSEY'S TRIAL.

A DAY or two after Myrtle Hazard returned to the village, Master Byles Gridley, accompanied by Gifted Hopkins, followed her, as has been already

mentioned, to the same scene of the principal events of this narrative. The young man had been persuaded that it would be doing injustice to his talents to crowd their fruit prematurely upon the market. He carried his manuscript back with him, having relinquished the idea of publishing for the present. Master Byles Gridley, on the other hand, had in his pocket a very flattering proposal from the same publisher to whom he had introduced the young poet, for a new and revised edition of his work, "Thoughts on the Universe," which was to be remodelled in some respects, and to have a new title not quite so formidable to the average reader.

It would be hardly fair to Susan Posey to describe with what delight and innocent enthusiasm she welcomed back Gifted Hopkins. She had been so lonely since he was away! She had read such of his poems as she possessed — duplicates of his printed ones, or autographs which he had kindly written out for her — over and over again, not without the sweet tribute of feminine sensibility, which is the most precious of all testimonials to a poet's power over the heart. True, her love belonged to another, — but then she was so used to Gifted! She did so love to hear him read his poems, — and Clement had never written that "little bit of a poem to Susie," which she had asked him for so long ago! She received him therefore with open arms, — not literally, of course, which would have been a breach of duty and propriety, but in a figurative sense, which it is hoped no reader will interpret to her discredit.

The young poet was in need of consolation. It is true that he had seen many remarkable sights during his visit to the city; that he had got "smarted up," as his mother called it, a good deal; that he had been to Mrs. Clymer Ketchum's party, where he had looked upon life in all its splendors; and that he brought back many interesting experiences, which would serve to enliven his conversation for a

long time. But he had failed in the great enterprise he had undertaken. He was forced to confess to his revered parent, and his esteemed friend Susan Posey, that his genius, which was freely acknowledged, was not thought to be quite ripe as yet. He told the young lady some particulars of his visit to the publisher, how he had listened with great interest to one of his poems, — "The Triumph of Song," — how he had treated him with marked and flattering attention; but that he advised him not to risk anything prematurely, giving him the hope that *by and by* he would be admitted into that series of illustrious authors which it was the publisher's privilege to present to the reading public. In short, he was advised not to print. That was the net total of the matter, and it was a pang to the susceptible heart of the poet. He had hoped to have come home enriched by the sale of his copyright, and with the prospect of seeing his name before long on the back of a handsome volume.

Gifted's mother did all in her power to console him in his disappointment. — There was plenty of jealous people always that wanted to keep young folks from rising in the world. Never mind, she did n't believe but what Gifted could make jest as good verses as any of them that they kept such a talk about. — She had a fear that he might pine away in consequence of the mental excitement he had gone through, and solicited his appetite with her choicest appliances, — of which he partook in a measure which showed that there was no immediate cause of alarm.

But Susan Posey was more than a consoler, — she was an angel to him in this time of his disappointment. "Read me all the poems over again," she said, — "it is almost the only pleasure I have left, to hear you read your beautiful verses." Clement Lindsay had not written to Susan quite as often of late as at some former periods of the history of their love. Perhaps it was that which had made her look paler

than usual for some little time. Something was evidently preying on her. Her only delight seemed to be in listening to Gifted as he read, sometimes with fine declamatory emphasis, sometimes in low, tremulous tones, the various poems enshrined in his manuscript. At other times she was sad, and more than once Mrs. Hopkins had seen a tear steal down her innocent cheek, when there seemed to be no special cause for grief. She ventured to speak of it to Master Byles Gridley.

"Our Susan's in trouble, Mr. Gridley, for some reason or other that's unbeknown to me, and I can't help wishing you could jest have a few words with her. You're a kind of a grandfather, you know, to all the young folks, and they'd tell you pretty much everything about themselves. I calculate she is n't at ease in her mind about somethin' or other, and I kind o' think, Mr. Gridley, you could coax it out of her."

"Was there ever anything like it?" said Master Byles Gridley to himself. "I shall have all the young folks in Oxbow Village to take care of at this rate! Susan Posey in trouble, too! Well, well, well, it's easier to get a birch-bark canoe off the shallows than a big ship off the rocks. Susan Posey's trouble will be come at easily enough; but Myrtle Hazard floats in deeper water. We must make Susan Posey tell her own story, or let her tell it, for it will all come out of itself."

"I am going to dust the books in the open shelves this morning. I wonder if Miss Susan Posey would n't like to help for half an hour or so," Master Gridley remarked at the breakfast-table.

The amiable girl's very pleasant countenance lighted up at the thought of obliging the old man who had been so kind to her and so liberal to her friend, the poet. She would be delighted to help him; she would dust them all for him, if he wanted her to. No, Master Gridley said, he always

wanted to have a hand in it; and, besides, such a little body as she was could not lift those great folios out of the lower shelves without overstraining herself; she might handle the musketry and the light artillery, but he must deal with the heavy guns himself. "As low down as the octavos, Susan Posey, you shall govern; below that, the Salic law."

Susan did not know much about the Salic law; but she knew he meant that he would dust the big books and she would attend to the little ones.

A very young and a very pretty girl is sometimes quite charming in a costume which thinks of nothing less than of being attractive. Susan appeared after breakfast in the study, her head bound with a kerchief of bright pattern, a little jacket she had outgrown buttoned, in spite of opposition, close about her up to the throat, round which a white handkerchief was loosely tied, and a pair of old gauntlets protecting her hands, so that she suggested something between a gypsy, a jaunty *soubrette*, and the *fille du regiment*.

Master Gridley took out a great volume from the lower shelf,—a folio in massive oaken covers with clasps like prison hinges, bearing the stately colophon, white on a ground of vermilion, of Nicholas Jenson and his associates. He opened the volume,—paused over its blue and scarlet initial letter,—he turned page after page, admiring its brilliant characters, its broad, white marginal rivers, and the narrower white creek that separated the black-typed twin-columns,—he turned back to the beginning and read the commendatory paragraph, "*Nam ipsorum omnia fulgent tum correctione dignissima, tum cura imprimendo splendida ac miranda,*" and began reading, "*Incipit proemium super apparatus decretalium* . . ." when it suddenly occurred to him that this was not exactly doing what he had undertaken to do, and he began whisking an ancient bandanna about the ears of the venerable volume. All this time Miss Susan Posey was catching the little books by the

small of their backs, pulling them out, opening them, and clapping them together, 'p-p-p!' 'p-p-p!' and carefully caressing all their edges with a regular professional dusting-cloth, so persuasively that they yielded up every particle that a year had drifted upon them, and came forth refreshed and rejuvenated. This process went on for a while, until Susan had worked down among the octavos, and Master Gridley had worked up among the quartos. He had got hold of Calmet's Dictionary, and was caught by the article Solomon, so that he forgot his occupation again. All at once it struck him that everything was very silent,—the 'p-p-p!' of clapping the books had ceased, and the light rustle of Susan's dress was no longer heard. He looked up and saw her standing perfectly still, with a book in one hand and her duster in the other. She was lost in thought, and by the shadow on her face and the glistening of her blue eyes he knew it was her hidden sorrow that had just come back to her. Master Gridley shut up his book, leaving Solomon to his fate, like the worthy Benedictine he was reading, without discussing the question whether he was saved or not.

"Susan Posey, child, what is your trouble?"

Poor Susan was in the state of unstable equilibrium which the least touch upsets, and fell to crying. It took her some time to get down the waves of emotion so that speech would live upon them. At last it ventured out,—showing at intervals, like the boat rising on the billow, sinking into the hollow, and climbing again into notice.

"O Mr. Grid—ley—I can't—I can't—tell you or—any—body—what's the mat—ter—matter.—My heart will br—br—break."

"No, no, no, child," said Mr. Gridley, sympathetically stirred a little himself by the sight of Susan in tears and sobbing and catching her breath, "that must n't be, Susan Posey. Come off the steps, Susan Posey, and stop dusting the books,—I can finish them,—and tell me all about your troubles. I will

try to help you out of them, and I have begun to think I know how to help young people pretty well. I have had some experience at it."

But Susan cried and sobbed all the more uncontrollably and convulsively. Master Gridley thought he had better lead her at once to what he felt pretty sure was the source of her troubles, and that, when she had had her cry out, she would probably make the hole in the ice he had broken big enough in a very few minutes.

"I think something has gone wrong between you and your friend, the young gentleman with whom you are in intimate relations, my child, and I think you had better talk freely with me, for I can perhaps give you a little counsel that will be of service."

Susan cried herself quiet at last. "There's nobody in the world like you, Mr. Gridley," she said, "and I've been wanting to tell you something ever so long. My friend—Mr. Clem—Clement Lindsay does n't care for me as he used to,—I know he does n't. He has n't written to me for—I don't know but it's a month. And O Mr. Gridley! he's such a great man, and I am such a simple person,—I can't help thinking—he would be happier with somebody else than poor little Susan Posey!"

This last touch of self-pity overcame her, as it is so apt to do those who indulge in that delightful misery, and she broke up badly, as a horse-fancier would say, so that it was some little time before she recovered her conversational road-gait.

"O Mr. Gridley," she began again, at length, "if I only dared to tell him what I think,—that perhaps it would be happier for us both—if we could forget each other! Ought I not to tell him so? *Don't* you think he would find another to make him happy? *Would n't* he forgive me for telling him he was free? *Were* we not too young to know each other's hearts when we promised each other that we would love as long as we lived? *Sha' n't* I write him a letter this very day and tell him

all? *Do* you think it would be wrong in me to do it? O Mr. Gridley, it makes me almost crazy to think about it. Clement must be free! I cannot, cannot hold him to a promise he does n't want to keep."

There were so many questions in this eloquent rhapsody of Susan's that they neutralized each other, as one might say, and Master Gridley had time for reflection. His thoughts went on something in this way:—

"Pretty clear case! Guess Mr. Clement can make up his mind to it. Put it well, did n't she? Not a word about our little Gifted! That 's the trouble. Poets! how they do bewitch these school-girls! And having a chance every day, too, how could you expect her to stand it?" Then aloud: "Susan Posey, you are a good, honest little girl as ever was. I think you and Clement *were* too hasty in coming together for life before you knew what life meant. I think if you write Clement a letter, telling him that you cannot help fearing that you two are not perfectly adapted to each other, on account of certain differences for which neither of you is responsible, and that you propose that each should release the other from the pledge given so long ago,—in that case, I say, I believe he will think no worse of you for so doing, and may perhaps agree that it is best for both of you to seek your happiness elsewhere than in each other."

The book-dusting came to as abrupt a close as the reading of Lancelot. Susan went straight to her room, dried her tears so as to write in a fair hand, but had to stop every few lines and take a turn at the "dust-layers," as Mrs. Clymer Ketchum's friend used to call the fountains of sensibility. It would seem like betraying Susan's confidence to reveal the contents of this letter, but the reader may be assured that it was simple and sincere and very sweetly written, without the slightest allusion to any other young man, whether of the poetical or cheaper human varieties.

It was not long before Susan re-

ceived a reply from Clement Lindsay. It was as kind and generous and noble as she could have asked. It was affectionate, as a very amiable brother's letter might be, and candidly appreciative of the reasons Susan had assigned for her proposal. He gave her back her freedom,—not that he should cease to feel an interest in her, always. He accepted his own release, not that he would ever think she could be indifferent to his future fortunes. And within a very brief period of time after sending his answer to Susan Posey, whether he wished to see her in person, or whether he had some other motive, he had packed his trunk, and made his excuses for an absence of uncertain length at the studio, and was on his way to Oxbow Village.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JUST AS YOU EXPECTED.

THE spring of 1861 had now arrived,—that eventful spring which was to lift the curtain and show the first scene of the first act in the mighty drama which fixed the eyes of mankind during four bloody years. The little schemes of little people were going on in all our cities and villages without thought of the fearful convulsion which was soon coming to shatter the hopes and prospects of millions. Our little Oxbow Village, which held itself by no means the least of human centres, was the scene of its own commotions, as intense and exciting to those concerned as if the destiny of the nation had been involved in them.

Mr. Clement Lindsay appeared suddenly in that important locality, and repaired to his accustomed quarters at the house of Deacon Rumrill. That worthy person received him with a certain gravity of manner, caused by his recollection of the involuntary transgression into which Mr. Lindsay had led him by his present of *Ivanhoe*. He was, on the whole, glad to see him, for his finances were not yet wholly recovered from the injury inflicted on them

by the devouring element. But he could not forget that his boarder had betrayed him into a breach of the fourth commandment, and that the strict eyes of his clergyman had detected him in the very commission of the offence. He had no sooner seen Mr. Clement comfortably installed, therefore, than he presented himself at the door of his chamber with the book, enveloped in strong paper and very securely tied round with a stout string.

"Here is your vollum, Mr. Lindsay," the Deacon said. "I understand it is not the work of that great and good mahn who I thought wrote it. I did not see anything immoral in it as fur as I read, but it belongs to what I consider a very dangerous class of publications. These novels and romances are awfully destructive to our youth. I should recommend you, as a young mahn of principle, to burn the vollum. At least I hope you will not leave it about anywhere unless it is carefully tied up. I have written upon the paper round it to warn off all the young persons of my household from meddling with it."

True enough, Mr. Clement saw in strong black letters on the back of the paper wrapping his unfortunate Ivanhoe, —

"DANGEROUS READING FOR CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

"TOUCH NOT THE UNCLEAN THING."

"I thought you said you had Scott's picture hung up in your parlor, Deacon Rumrill," he said, a little amused with the worthy man's fear and precautions.

"It is *the great* Scott's likeness that I have in my parlor," he said; "I will show it to you if you will come with me."

Mr. Clement followed the Deacon into that sacred apartment.

"That is the portrait of the great Scott," he said, pointing to an engraving of a heavy-looking person whose phrenological developments were a somewhat striking contrast to those of the distinguished Sir Walter.

"I will take good care that none of your young people see this volume," Mr. Clement said; "I trust you read it yourself, however, and found something to please you in it. I am sure you are safe from being harmed by any such book. Didn't you have to finish it, Deacon, after you had once begun?"

"Well, — I — I — perused a considerable portion of the work," the Deacon answered, in a way that led Mr. Clement to think he had not stopped much short of *Finis*. "Anything new in the city?"

"Nothing except what you've all had, — Confederate States establishing an army and all that, — not very new either. What has been going on here lately, Deacon?"

"Well, Mr. Lindsay, not a great deal. My new barn is pretty nigh done. I've got as fine a litter of pigs as ever you see. I don't know whether you're a judge of pigs or no. The Hazard gal's come back, spilt, pooty much, I guess. Been to one o' them fashionable schools, — I've heerd that she's learnt to dance. I've heerd say that that Hopkins boy's round the Posey gal, — come to think, she's the one you went with some when you was here, — I'm gettin' kind o' forgetful. Old Doctor Hurlbut's pretty low, — ninety-four year old, — born in '67, — folks ain't ginerally very spry after they're ninety, but he held out wonderful."

"How's Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Well, the young squire, he's off travellin' somewhere in the West, or to Washin'ton, or somewhere else, — I don't jestly know where. They say that he's follerin' up the courts in the business about old Malachi's estate. I don't know much about it."

The news got round Oxbow Village very speedily that Mr. Clement Lindsay, generally considered the accepted lover of Miss Susan Posey, had arrived in that place. Now it had come to be the common talk of the village that young Gifted Hopkins and Susan Posey were getting to be mighty thick with each other, and the prevailing idea

was that Clement's visit had reference to that state of affairs. Some said that Susan had given her young man the mitten, meaning thereby that she had signified that his services as a suitor were dispensed with. Others thought there was only a wavering in her affection for her lover, and that he feared for her constancy, and had come to vindicate his rights.

Some of the young fellows, who were doubtless envious of Gifted's popularity with the fair sex, attempted in the most unjustifiable manner to play upon his susceptible nature. One of them informed him that he had seen that Lindsay fellah raound taown with the darndest big stick y' ever did see. Looked kind o' savage and wild like. Another one told him that perhaps he'd better keep a little shady; that are chap that had got the mittin was praowlin' about with a pistil,—one o' them Darringers about as long as your thumb, an' 'll fire a bullet as big as a potato-ball,—a fellah carries one in his breeches-pocket, an' shoots y' right through his own pahnts, withaout ever takin' on it aout of his pocket. The stable-keeper, who it may be remembered once exchanged a few playful words with Mr. Gridley, got a hint from some of these unfeeling young men, and offered the resources of his stable to the youth supposed to be in peril.

"I've got a faäst colt, Mr. Hopkins, that 'll put twenty mild between you an' this here village, as quick as any four huffs 'll dew it in this here caounty, if you *should* want to git away suddin. I've heern tell there was some lookin' raound here that would n't be wholesome to meet,—jest say the word, Mr. Hopkins, an' I 'll have ye on that are colt's back in less than no time, an' start ye off full jump. There's a good many that's kind o' worried for fear something might happen to ye, Mr. Hopkins,—y' see fellahs don't like to have other chaps cuttin' on 'em aout with their gals."

Gifted Hopkins had become excessively nervous by this time. It is true

that everything in his intimacy with Susan Posey so far might come under the general head of friendship; but he was conscious that something more was in both their thoughts. Susan had given him mysterious hints that her relations with Clement had undergone a change, but had never had quite courage enough, perhaps had too much delicacy, to reveal the whole truth.

Gifted was walking home, deeply immersed in thoughts excited by the hints which had been thus wantonly thrown out to inflame his imagination, when all at once, on lifting his eyes, he saw Clement Lindsay coming straight towards him. Gifted was unarmed, except with a pair of blunt scissors, which he carried habitually in his pocket. What should he do? Should he fly? But he was never a good runner, being apt to find himself scant o' breath, like Hamlet, after violent exercise. His demeanor on the occasion did credit to his sense of his own virtuous conduct and his self-possession. He put his hand out, while yet at a considerable distance, and marched up towards Clement, smiling with all the native amiability which belonged to him.

To his infinite relief, Clement put out *his* hand to grasp the one offered him, and greeted the young poet in the most frank and cordial manner.

"And how is Miss Susan Posey, Mr. Hopkins?" asked Clement, in the most cheerful tone. "It is a long while since I have seen her, and you must tell her that I hope I shall not leave the village without finding time to call upon her. She and I are good friends always, Mr. Hopkins, though perhaps I shall not be quite so often at your mother's as I was during my last visit to Oxbow Village."

Gifted felt somewhat as the subject of one of those old-fashioned forms of argument, formerly much employed to convince men of error in matters of religion, must have felt when the official who superintended the stretching-machine said, "Slack up!"

He told Mr. Clement all about Susan, and was on the point of saying

that if he, Mr. Clement, did not claim any engrossing interest in her, he, Gifted, was ready to offer her the devotion of a poet's heart. Mr. Clement, however, had so many other questions to ask him about everybody in the village, more particularly concerning certain young persons in whom he seemed to be specially interested, that there was no chance to work in his own revelations of sentiment.

Clement Lindsay had come to Ox-bow Village with a single purpose. He could now venture to trust himself in the presence of Myrtle Hazard. He was free, and he knew nothing to show that she had lost the liberty of disposing of her heart. But after an experience such as he had gone through, he was naturally distrustful of himself, and inclined to be cautious and reserved in yielding to a new passion. Should he tell her the true relations in which they stood to each other, — that she owed her life to him, and that he had very nearly sacrificed his own in saving hers? Why not? He had a claim on her gratitude for what he had done in her behalf, and out of this gratitude there might naturally spring a warmer feeling.

No, he could not try to win her affections by showing that he had paid for them beforehand. She seemed to be utterly unconscious of the fact that it was he who had been with her in the abyss of waters. If the thought came to her of itself, and she ever asked him, it would be time enough to tell her the story. If not, the moment might arrive when he could reveal to her the truth that he was her deliverer, without accusing himself of bribing her woman's heart to reward him for his services. He would wait for that moment.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Lindsay, a young gentleman from the city, should call to see Miss Hazard, a young lady whom he had met recently at a party. To that pleasing duty he addressed himself the evening after his arrival.

"The young gentleman's goin' a courtin', I calc'late," was the remark of

the Deacon's wife when she saw what a handsome figure Mr. Clement was making at the tea-table.

"A very hahnsome young mahn," the Deacon replied, "and looks as if he might know consid'able. An architect, you know, — a sort of a builder. Wonder if he has n't got any good plans for a hahnsome pigsty. I suppose he'd charge somethin' for one, but it could n't be much, an' he could take it out in board."

"Better ask him," his wife said; "he looks mighty pleasant; there's nothin' lost by askin', an' a good deal got sometimes, grandma used to say."

The Deacon followed her advice. Mr. Clement was perfectly good-natured about it, asked the Deacon the number of snouts in his menagerie, got an idea of the accommodations required, and sketched the plan of a neat and appropriate edifice for the *Porcellarium*, as Master Gridley afterwards pleasantly christened it, which was carried out by the carpenter, and stands to this day a monument of his obliging disposition, and a proof that there is nothing so humble that taste cannot be shown in it.

"What'll be your charge for the plan of the pigsty, Mr. Lindsay?" the Deacon inquired with an air of interest, — he might have been involved more deeply than he had intended. "How much should you call about right for the picter an' figgerin'?"

"O, you're quite welcome to my sketch of a plan, Deacon. I've seen much showier buildings tenanted by animals not very different from those your edifice is meant for."

Mr. Clement found the three ladies sitting together in the chill, dim parlor at The Poplars. They had one of the city papers spread out on the table, and Myrtle was reading aloud the last news from Charleston Harbor. She rose as Mr. Clement entered, and stepped forward to meet him. It was a strange impression this young man produced upon her, — not through the common channels of the intelligence, —

not exactly that "magnetic" influence of which she had had experience at a former time. It did not overcome her as at the moment of their second meeting. But it was something she must struggle against, and she had force and pride and training enough now to maintain her usual tranquillity, in spite of a certain inward commotion which seemed to reach her breathing and her pulse by some strange, inexplicable mechanism.

Myrtle, it must be remembered, was no longer the simple country girl who had run away at fifteen, but a young lady of seventeen, who had learned all that more than a year's diligence at a great school could teach her, who had been much with girls of taste and of culture, and was familiar with the style and manners of those who came from what considered itself the supreme order in the social hierarchy. Her natural love for picturesque adornment was qualified by a knowledge of the prevailing modes not usual in so small a place as Oxbow Village. All this had not failed to produce its impression on those about her. Persons who, like Miss Silence Withers, believe, not in education, inasmuch as there is no healthy nature to be educated, but in transformation, worry about their charges up to a certain period of their lives. Then, if the transformation does not come, they seem to think their cares and duties are at an end, and, considering their theories of human destiny, usually accept the situation with wonderful complacency. This was the stage which Miss Silence Withers had reached with reference to Myrtle. It made her infinitely more agreeable, or less disagreeable, as the reader may choose one or the other statement, than when she was always fretting about her "responsibility." She even began to take an interest in some of Myrtle's worldly experiences, and something like a smile would now and then disarrange the chief-mourner stillness of her features, as Myrtle would tell some lively story she had brought away from the gay society she had frequented.

Cynthia Badlam kept her keen eyes

on her like a hawk. Murray Bradshaw was away, and here was this handsome and agreeable youth coming in to poach on the preserve of which she considered herself the gamekeeper. What did it mean? She had heard the story about Susan's being off with her old love and on with a new one. Ah ha! this is the game, is it?

Clement Lindsay passed not so much a pleasant evening, as one of strange, perplexed, and mingled delight and inward conflict. He had found his marble once more turned to flesh and blood, and breathing before him. This was the woman he was born for; her form was fit to model his proudest ideal from, — her eyes melted him when they rested for an instant on his face, — her voice reached those hidden sensibilities of his inmost nature, which never betray their existence until the outward chord to which they vibrate in response sends its message to stir them. 'But was she not already pledged to that other, — that cold-blooded, contriving, venal, cynical, selfish, polished, fascinating man of the world, whose artful strategy would pass with nine women out of ten for the most romantic devotion?

If he had known the impression he made, he would have felt less anxiety with reference to this particular possibility. Miss Silence expressed herself gratified with his appearance, and thought he looked like a good young man, — he reminded her of a young friend of hers who — [It was the same who had gone to one of the cannibal islands as a missionary, — and stayed there.] Myrtle was very quiet. She had nothing to say about Clement, except that she had met him at a party in the city, and found him agreeable. Miss Cynthia wrote a letter to Murray Bradshaw that very evening, telling him that he had better come back to Oxbow Village as quickly as he could, unless he wished to find his place occupied by an intruder.

In the mean time, the country was watching the garrison in Charleston

Harbor. All at once the first gun of the four years' cannonade hurled its ball against the walls of Fort Sumter. There was no hamlet in the land which the reverberations of that cannon-roar did not reach. There was no valley so darkened by overshadowing hills that it did not see the American flag hauled down on the 13th of April. There was no loyal heart in the North that did not answer to the call of the country to its defenders which went forth two days later. The great tide of feeling reached the locality where the lesser events of our narrative were occurring. A meeting of the citizens was instantly called. The venerable Father Pemberton opened it with a prayer that filled every soul with courage and high resolve. The young farmers and mechanics of that whole region joined the companies to which they belonged, or organized in squads and marched at once, or got ready to march, to the scene of conflict. *

The contagion of warlike patriotism reached the most peacefully inclined young persons.

"My country calls me," Gifted Hopkins said to Susan Posey, "and I am preparing to obey her summons. If I can pass the medical examination, which it is possible I may, though I fear my constitution *may* be thought too weak, and if no obstacle impedes me, I think of marching in the ranks of the Oxbow Invincibles. If I go, Susan, and if I fall, will you not remember me . . . as one who . . . cherished the tenderest . . . sentiments . . . towards you . . . and who had looked forward to the time when . . . when . . ."

His eyes told the rest. He loved!

Susan forgot all the rules of reserve to which she had been trained. What were cold conventionalities at such a moment? "Never! never!" she said, throwing her arms about his neck and mingling her tears with his, which were flowing freely. "Your country does not need your sword, . . . but it does need . . . your pen. Your poems will inspire . . . our soldiers. . . . The Oxbow Invincibles will march to victory,

singing your songs. . . . If you go . . . and if you . . . fall . . . O Gifted! . . . I . . . I . . . yes I . . . shall die too!"

His love was returned. He was blest!

"Susan," he said, "my own Susan, I yield to your wishes, at every sacrifice. Henceforth they will be my law. Yes, I will stay and encourage my brave countrymen to go forward to the bloody field. My voice shall urge them on to the battle-ground. I will give my dearest breath to stimulate their ardor. . . . O Susan! My own, own Susan!

While these interesting events had been going on beneath the modest roof of the Widow Hopkins, affairs had been rapidly hastening to a similar conclusion under the statelier shadow of The Poplars. Clement Lindsay was so well received at his first visit that he ventured to repeat it several times, with so short intervals that it implied something more than a common interest in one of the members of the household. There was no room for doubt who this could be, and Myrtle Hazard could not help seeing that she was the object of his undisguised admiration. The belief was now general in the village that Gifted Hopkins and Susan Posey were either engaged, or on the point of being so; and it was equally understood that, whatever might be the explanation, she and her former lover had parted company in an amicable manner.

Love works very strange transformations in young women. Sometimes it leads them to try every mode of adding to their attractions, — their whole thought is how to be most lovely in the eyes they would fill so as to keep out all other images. Poor darlings! We smile at their little vanities, as if they were very trivial things compared with the last Congressman's speech or the great election sermon; but Nature knows well what she is about. The maiden's ribbon or ruffle means a great deal more for her than the judge's wig or the priest's surplice.

It was not in this way that the gentle

emotion awaking in the breast of Myrtle Hazard betrayed itself. As the thought dawned in her consciousness that she was loved, a change came over her such as the spirit that protected her, according to the harmless fancy she had inherited, might have wept for joy to behold, if tears could flow from angelic eyes. She forgot herself and her ambitions, — the thought of shining in the great world died out in the presence of new visions of a future in which she was not to be her own, — of feelings in the depth of which the shallow vanities which had drawn her young eyes to them for a while seemed less than nothing. Myrtle had not hitherto said to herself that Clement was her lover, yet her whole nature was expanding and deepening in the light of that friendship which any other eye could have known at a glance for the great passion.

Cynthia Badlam wrote a pressing letter to Murray Bradshaw. "There is no time to be lost; she is bewitched, and will be gone beyond hope if this business is not put a stop to."

Love moves in an accelerating ratio; and there comes a time when the progress of the passion escapes from all human formulæ, and brings two young hearts, which had been gradually drawing nearer and nearer together, into complete union, with a suddenness that puts an infinity between the moment when all is told and that which went just before.

They were sitting together by themselves in the dimly lighted parlor. They had told each other many experiences of their past lives, very freely, as two intimate friends of different sex might do. Clement had happened to allude to Susan, speaking very kindly and tenderly of her. He hoped this youth to whom she was attached would make her life happy. "You know how simple-hearted and good she is; her image will always be a pleasant one in my memory, — second to but one other."

Myrtle ought, according to the common rules of conversation, to have asked, *What other?* but she did not. She may have looked as if she wanted to

ask, — she may have blushed or turned pale, — perhaps she could not trust her voice; but whatever the reason was, she sat still, with downcast eyes. Clement waited a reasonable time, but, finding it was of no use, began again.

"Your image is the one other, — the only one, let me say, for all else fades in its presence, — your image fills all my thought. Will you trust your life and happiness with one who can offer you so little beside his love? You know my whole heart is yours."

Whether Myrtle said anything in reply or not, — whether she acted like Coleridge's Genevieve, — that is, "fled to him and wept," or suffered her feelings to betray themselves in some less startling confession, we will leave untold. Her answer, spoken or silent, could not have been a cruel one, for in another moment Clement was pressing his lips to hers, after the manner of accepted lovers.

"Our lips have met to-day for the second time," he said, presently.

She looked at him in wonder. What did he mean? The second time! How assuredly he spoke! She looked him calmly in the face, and awaited his explanation.

"I have a singular story to tell you. On the morning of the 16th of June, now nearly two years ago, I was sitting in my room at Alderbank, some twenty miles down the river, when I heard a cry for help coming from the river. I ran down to the bank, and there I saw a boy in an old boat —"

When it came to the "boy" in the old boat, Myrtle's cheeks flamed so that she could not bear it, and she covered her face with both her hands. But Clement told his story calmly through to the end, sliding gently over its later incidents, for Myrtle's heart was throbbing violently, and her breath a little catching and sighing, as when she had first lived with the new life his breath had given her.

"Why did you ask me for myself, when you could have claimed me?" she said.

"I wanted a free gift, Myrtle," Clement answered, "and I have it."

They sat in silence, lost in the sense of that new life which had suddenly risen on their souls.

The door-bell rang sharply. Kitty Fagan answered its summons, and presently entered the parlor and announced that Mr. Bradshaw was in the library, and wished to see the ladies.

OPINIONS OF THE LATE DR. NOTT RESPECTING BOOKS, STUDIES, AND ORATORS.

DURING the summer of 1833, several professional gentlemen, clergymen, lawyers, and educators were spending their vacation at Saratoga Springs. Among them was Dr. Nott. He was then regarded as a veteran teacher, whose long experience and acknowledged wisdom gave a peculiar value to his matured opinions. The younger members of this little circle of scholars, taking their ease at their inn, purposely sought to "draw out" the Doctor upon those topics in which they felt an especial interest. They were, therefore, in their leisure moments, constantly hearing and asking him questions. One of them, then a tutor in Dartmouth College, took notes of the conversations, and the following dialogue is copied from his manuscript:—

Mr. C. "Doctor, how long have you been at the head of Union College?"

Dr. N. "Thirty years. I am the oldest *president* in the United States, though not the oldest man in office. I cannot drop down anywhere in the Union without meeting some one of my *children*."

Mr. C. "And that, too, though so many of them are dead! I believe that nearly half of my class are dead!"

Dr. N. "Indeed! That is a large proportion to die so soon. I think it remarkable that so few deaths have occurred among the members of the college since I have been connected with it. I can distinctly recollect all the in-

dividuals who have died at college, and during thirty years there have been but *seven*. The proportion has been less than one third of one per cent. Very many have died, however, very soon after leaving college. Two or three in almost every class have died within a year after they have graduated. I have been at a loss as to the cause of this marked difference. I can assign no other than the sudden change which then takes place in the student's whole manner and habits of living, diet, &c."

Mr. C. "How do the students generally answer the expectations they have raised during their college course?"

Dr. N. "I have been rarely disappointed. I have found my little anticipatory notes generally fulfilled. I recollect, however, one class, which graduated four or five years ago, in regard to which I have been very happily disappointed. It had given us more trouble, and there were more sceptics in it than in any other class we ever had. But now every one of those infidels except *one* is studying for the ministry."

Mr. C. "What course do you take with a sceptical student?"

Dr. N. "I remember a very interesting case I had several years ago. There was a young man in college of fine talents, an excellent and exemplary student, but an atheist. He roomed near me. I was interested in him; but I feared his influence. It was very injurious in college, and yet he did nothing worthy of censure. I called him

one day to my study. I questioned him familiarly and kindly in relation to his speculative views. He said he was not an atheist, but had very serious doubts and difficulties on the subject, and frankly stated them to me. I did not talk with him *religiously*, but as a philosopher. I did not think he would bear it. I told him that I felt a peculiar sympathy with young men in his state of mind; for once, during the French Revolution, I had been troubled with the same difficulties myself. I had been over that whole ground; and would gladly assist his inquiries, and direct him to such authors as I thought would aid him in his investigations after truth. As he left my study, I said, 'Now, I expect yet to see you a minister of the Gospel!' He returned to his room; he paced it with emotion; said he to his room-mate (these facts his room-mate communicated to me within a year), 'What do you think the President says?' 'I don't know.' 'He says he expects yet to see me a minister. I a minister! I a minister!'—and he continued to walk the room, and reiterate the words. No immediate effect on his character was produced. But the *prophetic* words (for so he seemed to regard them) clung to him as a magic talisman, and would never leave his mind; and he is now a pious man, and a student in divinity."

Mr. C. "Doctor, we have been seeking amusement and profit by some exercises in elocution. Mr. G— and myself have been trying to read Shakespeare a little; but some gentlemen here have had some qualms of conscience as to the propriety of it, and have condemned the reading of Shakespeare as demoralizing. What is your opinion, sir?"

Dr. N. "Why, as to that matter, sir, I always say to my young men, 'Gentlemen, if you wish to get a knowledge of the world and of human nature, read the Bible. The Bible is the first and best book that can be studied for the exhibition of human character; and the man who goes out into the world

expecting to find men just such as Moses and Paul have represented them will never be disappointed. If you are contented to read nothing but your Bibles, *well, you have it all there*. But if you will read any other books, read Homer and Shakespeare. They come nearer, in my estimation, to Moses and Paul, in their delineations of human character, than any other authors I am acquainted with. I would have every young man read Shakespeare. I have always taught my children to read it.' Ministers, as a class, know less practically of human nature than any other *class* of men. As I belong to the fraternity, I can say this without prejudice. Men are reserved in the presence of a respectable clergyman. I might live in Schenectady, and discharge all my appropriate duties from year to year, and never hear an oath, nor see a man drunk; and if some one should ask me, 'What sort of a population have you in Schenectady? Are they a moral people? Do they swear? Do they get drunk?' for aught that I had seen or heard, I might answer, 'This is, after all, a very decent world. There is very little vice in it. People have entirely left off the sin of profaneness; and, as to intemperance, there is very little of that.' But I can put on my old great-coat, and an old slouching hat, and in five minutes place myself amid the scenes of blasphemy and vice and misery, which I never could have believed to exist if I had not seen them. So a man may walk along Broadway, and think to himself, 'What a fine place this is! How civil the people are! What a decent and orderly and virtuous city New York is!'—while, at the same time, within thirty rods of him are scenes of pollution and crime such as none but an eyewitness can adequately imagine. I would have a minister *see* the world for himself. *It is rotten to the core*. Ministers ordinarily see only the brighter side of the world. Almost everybody treats them with civility; the religious, with peculiar kindness and attention. Hence they are apt to think too well of the world.

Lawyers, on the other hand, think too ill of it. They see only, or for the most part, its worst side. They are brought in contact with dishonesty and villany in their worst developments. I have observed, in doing business with lawyers, that they are exceedingly hawk-eyed, and jealous of everybody. The omission of a word or letter in a will, they will scan with the closest scrutiny; and while I could see no use for any but the most concise and simple terms to express the wishes of the testator, a lawyer would be satisfied with nothing but the most precise and formal instrument, stuffed full of his legal *caveats* and technicalities."

Mr. C. "Which do you think excels in eloquence, the bar or the pulpit?"

Dr. N. "The bar."

Mr. C. "To what causes do you ascribe the superiority?"

Dr. N. "The superior influence of things of sight over those of faith. The nearness of objects enhances their importance. The subjects on which the lawyer speaks come home to men's business and bosoms. Some present, immediate object is to be gained. The lawyer *feels*, and he aims to accomplish something. But ministers have plunged into the metaphysics of religion, and gone about to inculcate the peculiarities of a system, and have neither felt themselves, nor been able to make others feel. It has long been a most interesting question to me, Why is the ministry so inefficient? It has seemed to me, that, with the thousands of pulpits in this country for a theatre to act on, and the eye and ear of the whole community thus opened to us, we might *overturn the world*. Some ascribe this want of efficiency to human depravity. That is not the sole cause of it. The clergy want knowledge of human nature. They want directness of appeal. They want the same go-ahead, common-sense way of interesting men which lawyers have."

Mr. C. "Ought they not to cultivate elocution?"

Dr. N. "It seems to me that at

those institutions where they pay the most attention to elocution they speak the worst. I have no faith in artificial elocution. Teach men to think and feel, and, when they have anything to the purpose to say, they can say it. I should about as soon think of teaching a man to weep, or to laugh, or to swallow, as to speak when he has anything to say."

Mr. C. "How, then, do you account for the astonishing power of some tragedians?"

Dr. N. "Ah! the speaking in the theatre is all overacted. There is no nature in it. Those actors, placed in a public assembly, and called upon to address men on some real and momentous occasion, would utterly fail to touch men's hearts, while some plain countryman, who had never learned a rule of art, would find his way at once to the fountains of feeling and action within them. The secret of the influence which is felt in the acting of the theatre is *not* that it is natural. Let a *real tragedy* be acted, and let men *believe* that a *real scene* is before them, and the theatre would be deserted. No audience in this country could bear the presentation of a natural and real tragedy. Men go to the theatre to be amused. The scenery, the music, the attitudes, the gesticulations, all unite to fix attention and amuse; but the eloquence, so called, of the theatre, is all factitious, and is no more adapted to the real occasions of life than would be the recitative in singing, and it pleases on the same principle that *this* does."

Mr. C. "But, Doctor, why was it that, when Cooke or Kean appeared on the stage, he engrossed all eyes and ears, and nothing was heard or seen or thought of but himself? The acting of Kean was just as irresistible as the whirlwind. He would take up an audience of three thousand in his fist, as it were, and carry them just where he pleased, through every extreme of passion."

Dr. N. "Because these actors were great men. Cooke, as far as I have

been able to learn, (I never saw him, — I had once an engagement to meet him in Philadelphia, but he was drunk at the time, and disappointed me,) was perfectly *natural*. So I suppose Kean to have been. So Garrick was, and Talma. And the secret of the influence of these men was, that they burst the bonds of art and histrionic trick, and stood before their audience in their untrammelled natural strength. Garrick, at his first appearance, could not command an audience. It was first necessary for him entirely to revolutionize the English stage.

“Ministers have, very often, a sanctimonious tone, which by many is deemed a symbol of goodness. I would not say it is a symbol of hypocrisy, as many very pious men have it. One man acquires a tone, and those who study with him learn to associate it with his piety, and come to esteem it an essential part of ministerial qualification. But, instead of its being to me evidence of feeling, it evinces, in every degree of it, want of feeling; and whenever a man rises in his religious feelings sufficiently high, he will break away from the shackles of his perverse habit, and speak in the tone of nature.

“The most eloquent preacher I have ever heard was Dr. L——. General Hamilton at the bar was unrivalled. I heard his great effort in the case of *People versus Croswell*, for a libel upon Jefferson. There was a curious changing of sides in the position of the advocates. Spencer, the Attorney-General, who had long been climbing the ladder of democracy, managed the cause for the people; and Hamilton, esteemed an old-school Federalist, appeared as the champion of a free press. Of course, it afforded the better opportunity of witnessing the professional skill and rhetorical power of the respective advocates.

“Spencer, in the course of his plea, had occasion to refer to certain decisions of Lord Mansfield, and embraced the opportunity of introducing a splendid *ad captandum* eulogium on his Lordship, — ‘A name born for im-

mortality; whose sun of fame would never set, but still hold its course in the heavens, when the humble names of his antagonist and himself should have sunk beneath the waves of oblivion.’

“Hamilton was evidently nettled at this invidious and unnecessary comparison, and cast about in his mind how he might retort upon Spencer. I do not know that my conjecture is right; but it has always seemed to me that his reason for introducing his repartee to Spencer in the odd place where he did, just after a most eloquent and pathetic peroration, was something as follows: — ‘I have now constructed and arranged my argument, and the thread of it must not be broken by the intervention of any such extraneous matter. Neither will it do to separate my peroration from the main body of my argument. I must, then, give up the opportunity of retorting at all, or tack it on after the whole, and take the risk of destroying the effect of my argument.’

“He rose, and went through his argument, which was a tissue of the clearest, most powerful, and triumphant reasoning. He turned every position of his opponent, and took and dismantled every fortification. But his peroration was inimitably fine. As he went on to depict the horrors consequent upon a muzzled press, there was not a dry eye in the court-house. It was the most perfect triumph of eloquence over the passions of men I ever witnessed.

“When he had thus brought his speech to its proper, and what would have been a perfect close, he suddenly changed his tone, and, in a strain of consummate and powerful irony, began to rally his antagonist. He assented to the gentleman’s eulogium upon Lord Mansfield. It was deserved. He acknowledged the justice of his remarks in relation to himself (Hamilton) and his ephemeral fame; but he did not see why the gentleman should have included himself in the same oblivious sentence. His course hitherto in the race of fame had been as successful, for

ought he knew, as was ever his Lordship's. His strides had been as long and as rapid. His disposition, too, to run the race was as eager, and he knew no reason why he might not yet soar on stronger pinions, and reach a loftier height, than his Lordship had done.

"During the whole reply, the audience were in a titter; and he sat down amidst a burst of incontrollable laughter. Said Spencer to him frowningly, (I sat by the side of the judges on the bench, and both Hamilton and Spencer were within arm's length of me,) 'What do you mean, sir?' Said Hamilton, with an arch smile, 'Nothing but a mere compliment.' 'Very well, sir, I desire no more such compliments.'"

Mr. C. "What was the difference between the oratory of Hamilton and that of Burr?"

Dr. N. "Burr, above all men whom I ever knew, possessed the most consummate tact in evading and covering up the arguments of his opponent. His great art was to throw dust in the eyes of the jury, and make them believe that there was neither force nor sense nor anything else in the arguments of the opposite counsel. He never met a position, nor answered an argument, but threw around them the mist of sophistry, and thus weakened their force. He was the *prince of plausibilities*. He was always on the right side (in his own opinion), and always perfectly confident.

"Hamilton, on the other hand, allowed to the arguments of his opponent all the weight that could ever be fairly claimed for them, and attacked and demolished them with the club of Hercules. He would never engage in a cause unless he believed he was on the side of justice; and he often threw into the scale of his client the whole weight of his personal character and opinion. His opponents frequently complained of the undue influence he thus exerted upon the court."

Mr. C. "You have heard Webster, I suppose."

Dr. N. "I have never heard him

speak. I have the pleasure of a slight personal acquaintance with him, and, from what I know of him, should think he would have less power over the passions of men than Hamilton. He is a giant, and deals with *great principles* rather than passions.

"Bishop McIlvaine will always be heard. He has an elegant form, a fine voice, and a brilliant imagination, and he can carry an audience just where he pleases."

Mr. C. "You, of course, have heard Dr. Cox?"

Dr. N. "Yes, often. He is an original, powerful man, unequal in his performances: sometimes he hits, sometimes he misses; sometimes he rises to the sublimity of powerful speaking, and at others sinks below the common level."

Mr. C. "Have you read his book on Quakerism?"

Dr. N. "As much of it as I can. Some Presbyterians like it. For my part, I confess I do not. He carries his anti-Quaker antipathies too far. It is perfectly natural he should do so. Men who go over from one denomination to another always stand up more than straight, and for two reasons;—first, to satisfy their new friends that they have heartily renounced their former error; secondly, to convince their former friends that they had good reasons for desertion. Baptists who have become such from Presbyterians are uniformly the most bigoted, and *vice versa*.

"I am disgusted and grieved with the religious controversies of the present age. The divisions of schools, old school and new school, and the polemical zeal and fury with which the contest is waged, are entirely foreign from the true spirit of Christianity. The Christianity of the age is, in my view, most unamiable. It has none of those lovely, mellow features which distinguished primitive Christianity. If Christianity as it now exists should be propagated over the world, and thus the millennium be introduced, we should need two or three more mil-

lenniums before the world would be fit to live in."

Mr. C. "Why do you judge so, Doctor?"

Dr. N. "By the style of our religious periodicals. If I had suddenly dropped down here, and wished to ascertain at a bird's-eye view the religious and moral state of the community, I would call for the papers and magazines, and when I had glanced at them I should pronounce that community to be in a low moral and religious state which could tolerate such periodicals. A bad paper cannot live in a good community.

"I have been especially grieved and offended with the recent Catholic controversy. I abhor much in the Catholic religion; but, nevertheless, I believe there is a great deal of religion in that Church. I do not like the condemnation of men in classes. I would not, in controversy with the Catholics, render railing for railing. They cannot be put down so. They must be charmed down by kindness and love."

Mr. C. "I have been much amused by reading that controversy."

Dr. N. "My dear sir, I am sorry to hear you say so. You cannot have read that controversy with pleasure, without having been made a worse man by it."

Mr. C. "Why, I was amused by it, I suppose, just as I should be amused by seeing a gladiator's show."

Dr. N. "Just so; a very good comparison, — a very accurate comparison! It is a mere gladiatorial contest; and the object of it, I fear, is not so much truth as victory."

Mr. C. "But Luther fought so, Doctor."

Dr. N. "I know it; and I have no sympathy with that trait in the charac-

ter of Luther. The world owes more, perhaps, to Martin Luther than to any other man who has ever lived; and as God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the remainder, so he raised up Luther as an instrument adapted to his age and the circumstances of the times. But Luther's character in some of its features was harsh, rugged, and unlovely; and in these it was not founded upon the Gospel.

"Compare him with St. Paul. Once they were placed in circumstances almost identically the same. Luther's friends were endeavoring to dissuade him from going to Worms, on account of apprehended danger. Said Luther, 'If there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would go.'

"When Paul's friends at Cæsarea wept, and besought him not to go up to Jerusalem, knowing the things which would befall him there, 'What mean ye,' said he, 'to weep, and break my heart? For I am ready, not to be bound only, but to die also at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.'

"Many a bold, reckless man of the world could have said what Luther said. None but a Christian could have uttered the words of Paul."

Mr. C. "Was it not in part a constitutional difference? Peter and Paul were very different men; so, if Luther had not been a Christian, he would have exhibited the same rugged features of character."

Dr. N. "That is just the point, sir. These traits in his character were no part of his Christianity. They existed, not in consequence, but in spite, of his religion. I want to see, in Christian character, the rich, deep, mellow tint of the Scriptures."

CRETAN DAYS.

I.

CANEAE.

IT was by a happy chance that my first acquaintance with Crete and the Cretans was made just previous to the outbreak of the insurrection which has just now brought the island so strongly to the attention of the world, and which will prevent any future traveller of this generation from seeing it, as I saw it, at the highest point of that comparative material prosperity which thirty-five years of such peace as Christian lands enjoy under Turkish rule had created, and before the beginning of that course of destruction which has now made the island one expanse of poverty and ruin. It was in the beginning of the last year of the administration of Ismael Pacha, in August, 1865, that, blockaded a month in Syra by cholera, I finally got passage on a twenty-ton yacht belonging to an English resident of that place, and made a loitering three days' run to Canaea.

Crete, though *never* visited by cholera, was in quarantine at all Greek ports, and intercourse with the great world was limited to occasional voyages of the little caiques of the island to Syra, where they endured two weeks' quarantine, and whence they brought back the mails and a cargo of supplies, so that any arrival was an event to the Cydonians, and that of a yacht flying the English and American flags at once was enough to turn out the entire population. The fitful northerly breeze had kept us the whole afternoon in sight of the port; and it was only as sunset closed the doors of the health-office that we dropped anchor in the middle of the little harbor,—the wondering centre of attraction to a wondering town, whose folk came to assist at the sunseting and our arrival. Lazy soldiers, lying at full length on the old bronze cannon of the batteries, looked out at us, only raising their heads

from their crossed arms; grave Turks, smoking their nargiles in front of the cafés that open on the Marina, turned their chairs round to look at us without stopping their hubble-bubbling; and all about us, where nothing else was, a line of motley humanity—Greek, Turk, Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian, under hats, caps, tarbouches, turbans, hats Persian and ecclesiastical, and no hats at all—half circled us with mute and mostly stupid admiration.

It was my first experience of a Turkish town, and perhaps I was more struck with the dilapidation and evident decay than I ought to have been. The sea-wall of the massive Venetian fortification seemed crumbling and precarious; the earth-work above it was half washed away; the semicircle of houses on the Marina looked seedy and tottering; the Marina itself was in places under-cut and falling into the water; and above us, overtopping the whole city, the Pacha's palace, built on the still substantial, though time-worn and neglected walls of the old Venetian citadel, reared a lath-and-plaster shabbiness against the glow of the western sky, reminding one of an American seaside hotel in the last stages of popularity and profitable tenancy,—great gaps in the plaster showing the flimsiness of the construction, while a coating of unmitigated whitewash almost defied the sunset glow to modify it. On the western point of the crescent of the Marina, under the height on which stands the palace, is a domed mosque,—one large central dome surrounded by little ones,—with a not ugly minaret, slightly cracked by earthquakes, standing at one side in a little cemetery, among whose turbaned tombstones grow a palm and an olive tree, and beyond which the khan (also serving as custom-house), a two-story house of the Venetian days, relieves the dreary white with a wash of ochre, stained and streaked to any tint almost.

A little nearer the bottom of the port is an old Venetian gate, which once shut the Marina in at night while the custom-house guard slept, and over the keystone of which the Lion of St. Mark's still turns his mutilated head to the sea.

On the whole, the look of the thing was not unpicturesque, except for the hopeless whiteness and shabbiness of the principal architectural features, and especially the "Konak" (palace), which was, beyond all disguise of light or circumstance, an eyesore and a nuisance, the more so that its foundations were fine old brown stone masonry, delicious in color, solid, and showing at one end a pointed arched vault, with its portward end fallen down to show the interior, and crowned with an enormous mass of cactus. On the south side, invisible from the port, are three fine Gothic windows, now filled up, but preserving the traceries. The palace could scarcely have had a nobler site, or the site a more ignoble occupancy.

Too late for pratique, we had nothing to do but turn in early, and get ready to go ashore at sunrise.

Once landed, I began to wish that the comparison I had drawn for the Konak was a more just one, and that inside its card-board classicism could be found the slightest approach to American hospitality. Not an inn of any kind exists in Canea: a dirty, dingy restaurant, which called itself "The Guest-House of the Spheres," offered one small bedroom, which the filth of the place, with its suggestions of bugs and fleas, forbade the title of a sleeping-room. While the yacht stayed I had a bed; but after that it was a dreary prospect for a man who had intended living at his ease in his inn the rest of the summer. And here let me, once for all, give due credit to Crete, and say that, though there is not from one end of the island to the other an inn, the stranger will never wait long, even in the smallest village, to know where he may sleep, and will rarely find a greater difficulty than to reconcile the rival claims to the honor of his presence.

In my case, I had no greatly prolonged anxiety, and accepted the proffered hospitality of Mr. Alexis, then Vice-Consul of the United States of America, and now Dutch Consul, to whom most of the few travellers in Crete are more or less under obligations.

I thoroughly enjoyed some days of careless loafing about Canea. I have intimated my slight experience of Turkish towns; and if the critic should think it worth while to remark that I should have seen Constantinople and Cairo, Smyrna and Salonica, before attempting to describe one, I admit the justice of the criticism, and pass over readily all that is Turkish in Canea, the more that it is mainly of negative or destructive character. What remains of interest in Canea is Venetian, though of that there is almost nothing which represents the great period of the sea-republic, except the fine, and in most parts well-conditioned walls. Here and there a double-arched window, with a bit of fine carving in the capitals, peeps out from the jutting uglinesses of seraglio windows, close latticed and mysterious; one or two fine doorways, neglected and battered as to their ornamentation, some coats of arms, three or four arched gateways, and as many fountains, are all that will catch the eye of the artist inside the walls, unless it be the port, with its quaint and picturesque boats of antique pattern.

Canea had its west-end in what is now known as the Castelli,—the slight elevation on which, most probably, the ancient city was built, and on which stood the Venetian citadel, and the aristocratic quarter, enclosed and gated with an interior wall, whose circuit may still be traced in occasional glimpses of the brown stone above and between the Turkish houses. The Castelli of to-day is the principal street of this quarter, running through its centre, and guarded by the gates whose arches remain, valueless and without portcullis, but showing in their present state how strong a defence was needed to assure the patricians in their slumbers against any importu-

nate attempts of their malcontent subjects and fellow-townsmen to clear off the score which the infamous government of the Republic accumulated. One doorway in this street struck me particularly, from the exquisite ornamentation of its stone doorway; but the palace to which it opened is abandoned, and in ruins. Most of the better class of these houses are in the same state, modern repair being only a shabby patching up and whitewashing. The quarter is inhabited almost entirely by Mussulmans; and, though habitable houses are greatly in demand in the business parts of Canea, and many of these old palaces could be made available at a small cost, their owners have so little energy, or so great an aversion to new-comers and Christians, that none of them are put under repairs.

On the walls of the city are many old bronze guns of both Venetian and Turkish manufacture. The former still bear the Lion of St. Mark's, and one long nine-pounder is exquisitely ornamented with a reticulation of vines cast in relief over the whole length of it. It bears the name of Albergetti, its founder. The only modern guns I saw were half a dozen heavy cast-iron thirty-two-pounders of Liege, and a few light bronze guns on the battery commanding the entrance of the harbor. The whole circuit of the walls is still furnished with the ancient bronze guns, of which several are of about twelve-inch calibre, with their stone balls still lying by them.

The harbor of Canea approximates in form to a clumsy L, the bottom of the letter forming the basin in the centre of which our yacht was moored, with a longer recess running eastward from the entrance, and divided from the open sea only by a reef on which the mole is built, following the direction of the coast at this part of the island. The narrow entrance is at the exterior angle of the L, between the water-battery and the lighthouse; and in the interior angle are the Castelli, Konak, &c. Along the inner side of the eastern recess, and across its extremity, is

a line of galley-houses,—the penitential offering, it is said, of a patrician exiled here, to purchase his repatriation. Earthquakes have rent their walls, decay has followed disuse, for the harbor has now become so filled up that only a small boat can get into the furthestmost of the arches, and the greater part of the galley-houses have dry land out to their entrances, and the ship-yard of to-day is in the vacant space left by the fall of two or three of them.

As might be expected, Canea is a very dull city. Out of the highway of Eastern trade or travel, whoever visits it must do so for itself alone, for the arts of amusing idlers and luring travellers are unknown to it. The only amusements for summer are a nargile on the Marina, studying primitive civilization the while, during the twilight hours, and the afternoon circuit of the ramparts, where every day at five o'clock an execrable band tortures the most familiar arias with clangor of discordant brass. From the ramparts we overlooked the plain, bounded by Mount Malaxa, above which loomed the Aspravouna, showing late in summer strips of snow in the ravines that furrowed the bare crystalline peaks, brown and gray and parched with the drought of three months. The Cretan summer runs rainless from June to October; and the only relief to the aridity of the landscape is formed by the olive-orchards, covering nearly the whole expanse between the sea sands and the treeless ridge of Malaxa with so luxuriant a green, that, accustomed to the olive of Italy, I could scarcely believe these to be the same trees. This I at first supposed to be owing to some peculiarity of the plain, but subsequently found it to be characteristic of the Cretan olive; and I remember hearing Captain Brine of the *Racer* express the same surprise I myself felt on first seeing the olive here. The trees are like river-side willows in early summer.

To get a clear comprehension of the position of Canea and the ancient advantages of Cydonia, its local predecessor, and at the same time of the

whole northwestern district of Crete, one must ascend the hills of the Akroteri, — at least the first ridge, from which the view is superb. The Aspravouna towers higher: we look into the gorges of the Malaxa ridge, and up the ravine of Theriso, to the mountains about Laki, — an immemorial strong-hold of the Cretans, behind which, a sure and impregnable refuge to brave men, is the great plain of Omalos. Farther on are the hills of Selinos and Kisamos, sending off northward two long parallel ridges of considerable altitude, the peninsula of Grabusa, the ancient Corycus, the western land of Crete, and, from where we look, visible in portions above the nearer ridge of Cape Spada, the Dictynnian peninsula, which divides the plain of Cydonia from that of Kisamon and Polyrrhenia, and, but for the glimpses of Corycus above it, shutting in our view, as it bounds the territory dependent on the ancient city.

No site in Crete is more distinctly recognizable from the indications of the ancient geographers than Cydonia. It had "a port with shoals outside," and from this elevation one looks directly down the longer fork of the harbor, and can see how the mole is built on a black reef, whose detached masses extend from the lighthouse eastward to the corner of the city wall, which is built out to meet it, and then descends to the mole, with which it is continuous. Beyond the entrance of the harbor, the reef again appears, gradually nearing the shore; and beyond this, as far as the eye can reach, are no rocks, — no other nook where a galley could have taken refuge.

How the hearts of the Pelasgian wanderers must have bounded when their exploring prows pushed into this nook, which offered them shelter from all winds that blow! It was a site to gladden the eyes of those builders of cities. Up above them, the bluff rock waiting for the layers of huge stones, — the eastern nook of the port more perfectly protected than the southern, which receives more or less the swell from the northerly winds, and whose

inner shore of hard sand tempted the weary keels, — while all around stretched a wide, fertile, and then probably forest-clad plain, doubtless abounding in the stags for which the district was long famous. Here the restless race "located," and seem to have prospered in the days of those brave men who lived before Agamemnon, to whom and to whose allies in the Trojan war they seem to have given much the same trouble that their reputed descendants, the Sphakiotes, did to the Cretan Assembly of 1866, not being either then or now over-devoted to Panhellenism, though never averse to a comfortable fight.

Pashley quotes a Latin author to show that Cydonia was one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, of Cretan cities, — "Cnossus and Erythraea, and, as the Greeks say, Cydonia, mother of cities." The alleged foundation of the city by Agamemnon was clearly, if anything, only a revival of the more ancient city; and after him successive colonizations rolled their waves in on this beautiful shore, obedient to its irresistible attraction. Dorian, Samiote, Roman, followed, adding new blood, and perhaps new wealth; and when finally, in the degradation of the Byzantine empire, Venice took possession of Crete, Cydonia had so far passed into insignificance, that, "seeking a place to build a fortress to quell the turbulent Greeks," she refounded Cydonia, and called it Canea, — an evident corruption of the old name. With all this building and rebuilding, nothing remains of the ancient city. A mass of masonry near the Mussulman cemetery, which Chevalier in 1699 saw covered with a mosaic pavement, is still visible, but is Roman work, rubble and mortar. As Pashley says, the modern walls of Canea would have been sufficient to consume all vestiges of the ancient building. The citations he gives ought to put at rest all question of the identity of Canea with Cydonia, and we shall presently see the only serious objection which has been raised against it disappear under an examina-

tion of the geological character of the plain.*

Looking from our hill-top south-westwardly across the plain, the eye is carried between two low ranges of hills into a valley which seems a continuation of this plain. Here runs the Iardanos, along which, according to Homer, the Cydonians dwelt. But it is now in no point of its course nearer than ten miles to Canea. This discrepancy troubled the early travellers, who were finally inclined to solve the riddle by supposing Cydonia to have been a district, and not a city merely. But study the plain a little, or Spratt's chart of it, and we shall see that from that far-off river-bed an almost unbroken and very gentle inclination leads through the plain, by the rear of the city, to the bay of Suda, a considerable ridge rising between it and the sea.

Suppose the mountains re clothed with forests, the hillsides pierced with perennial springs, and the flowing of the waters, not, as now, fitful and impetuous, but copious and constant. Then dam up the narrow opening the river has cut through the coast line of hills, in its direct course from the mountains to the sea, with a smaller and similar one cut by a stream coming down from Theriso; and you have the whole water sheet of the north side of the Aspravouna emptying into the bay of Suda. In this supposed route of the Iardanos (now the Platanos), just where it commences its cutting through the hills, is a large marsh, the remnant of what was once a lake of a mile or more in width, when the Iardanos, then a gentle, bounteous river, turned from its present course to run eastward, and deposit its washings where they made

the marshes of Tuzla, and the shallows at the head of Suda Bay. Civilization, ship-building, commerce, carried away the forests; and, thus changed* into a furious mountain torrent,—three months a roaring flood which no bridge can stride, and the rest of the year almost a dry pebbled bed,—the Iardanos made a straight cut for the sea, drained its lake, forgot its old courses, and changed, in time, its name; and so it happens that the Cydonians no longer dwell along the Iardanos.

While we are on our look-out, let us try to study out another puzzle, which even Spratt left in doubt, i. e. the site of Pergamos. We know that it was near both Cydonia and Achaia, and Spratt pretty conclusively fixes the latter on the Dictynnian peninsula; so that it must have been in our present field of view. Looking this over, we can see but one point of land which offers the indispensable requisites for a city of the heroic ages, and that is the site of the modern Platania, midway between Canea and the peninsula,—a bold hill with a nearly perpendicular face to the north and east, and so abrupt on the west as to be easily fortified, and connected with the hills on the south by a narrow neck of hill,—such a site, in fact, as any one familiar with Pelasgic remains would seek at once in a country where any such remains existed. The fact that no remains exist to show that an ancient city stood here proves no more than at Canea; while the fact that none of the possible sites in the neighborhood show any such remains is conclusive against them, as no modern cities are there to consume the ancient masonry. In our researches in the island, we shall almost invariably find that, where there are remains of ancient cities, there is no modern town, and that, where a modern town stands on an ancient site determined, there are few, if any, antique vestiges. The reason is evident,—the ruins serve as quarry. The change of name even proves more for our hypothesis than

* As I shall have constant occasion to draw from Pashley information and quotations which my own classical reading, time, and library facilities do not permit me even to verify, I shall, once for all, confess indebtedness for almost all the classical knowledge I possess of the island, as well as for almost all the topographical information and direction in my visits to antique sites, to either him or Spratt, without whose invaluable researches the half of Crete would still be in a measure *terra incognita*. What I hope to add to the knowledge of Crete will be in a different vein from theirs.

* Consult Marsh's "Man and Nature."

against it. The plane-tree was not in ancient times so rare in the island as now, and would hardly have then given a name to a city, while now it not only names Platania, but the river even,—a grove of plane-trees occupying the valley between the city and the mouth of the river. The probability is, then, that the names of both are synchronous; and it would be useless to look for any Platania in ancient times, or any vestige of the name “Pergamos” in modern times, while, if the ancient city stood on a site now abandoned, we should in all probability find both ruins and name to indicate the locality.

The conjecture of Spratt, that Pergamos was near Pyrgos Pori is only a conjecture, Pyrgos being too common a name for any strongly situated village or ruin to have any significance. A city at that locality would, moreover, have been cut off from all sea approach by the Iardanos in its ancient course; and as Pergamos was one of those cities founded by the wanderers from Troy,—either, they say, by Agamemnon or Æneas,—it would probably not have been founded on an inland site, or even on a river navigable, as the Iardanos must have been, for small craft, the access to which would be commanded by Aptera, Minoa, and Cydonia. So far as conjecture goes, it seems to me much more likely that Hagia Irene—which Spratt supposes the ancient city—was Achaia, the location of which he avoids by supposing it a district, rather than a city, forgetting that in those days no one dwelt outside of city walls. My hypothesis, coupled with that of the identity of Platania with Pergamos, would satisfy all the exigencies of the case, which that of neither Spratt nor Pashley does. For the rest, Pergamos is mainly interesting as the burial-place of Lycurgus.

From our point of view on the Akroteri, we see the whole domain of Cydonia,—as at our left Suda Bay terminates the view, (on the first plateau eastward of the bay Aptera presided,) while the Dictynnian hills divide

it from the plain of Kisamos to the west, and the mountains rise abruptly to the south;—a little kingdom well defined, one of the most perfectly beautiful territories the tourist can find, and still fertile,—though the hills have forgotten their fruit and the plain its river,—and capable of sustaining a much larger population than it now supports, if the Mohammedan blight were off it.

Almost at the foot of the ridge where we stand is a beautiful example of a Venetian fortified country-house,—a little castle, turreted and loop-holed, with a drawbridge thrown from a tower rising opposite the doorway, and still in excellent preservation. Other similar houses may be seen, but I have nowhere in the island found one so fine as this. At the farther edge of the plain, lying along under the hills, is a succession of white villages,—Zukalaria, Nerokouro (running water), Murnies, celebrated for its oranges and the brutal and gratuitous massacre by Mustapha Pacha (late Imperial Commissioner), in 1833, Boutzounaria (dripping water), first place of assembling of the Cretan malcontents in 1866, Perivolia, Galatas, Hagia Marina, and Platania, by the sea.

Off Platania is the island of St. Theodore, whose fortress, defended by the Venetian mercenaries against the Turks, showed one of those examples of heroic constancy we so generally and erroneously attribute to patriotic courage; for, defying the enemy to the last, the garrison defended the castle until the Turks had stormed and filled it with their numbers, and then blew it up, destroying every one within the walls. The foundations still remain, but level with the cemented floor; everything is razed cleanly, while the fragments lie along the slopes like the ejections of a volcano.

Midway between the Akroteri and Canea lies Kalepa, a suburb where most of the foreign consuls reside in summer, with many of the wealthier Khaniotes, and the only place in the vicinity where the summer can be passed in comfort. A few houses are

fitted with European improvements, but the greater part are the simple and cheerless residences of the Cretan peasant, furnished with the merest necessities of existence. Even here, in the most prosperous of the villages I have been in, life is, for most of the people, only a struggle against poverty, thrift being impossible where every surplus meets a new impost. Many houses are still in ruins from the devastations of 1821-1830, showing how incompletely the island had recovered from that war before being plunged into another more destructive still. From the ravages of this, however, Kalepa is saved so far,—thanks to a few consular residents,—but saved alone of all the villages of the plain country.

If it be true that civilization is determined by natural advantages, it must be that Cydonia was the “mother of cities,” at least of all the Hellenic realm, for no more enchanting or tempting site have I ever known through travel or description. With its climate of paradisiacal softness and healthfulness, and the beauty of its framing hills,—fanned in summer by the north winds from the Ægean and by south winds tempered by the snows of the Aspravouna,—with a winter in which vegetation never ceases and frost never comes,—with its garden-like plain and its old-time river, and its port unexceptionable in ancient times,—nothing was wanting to render prosperity and security complete in former days, as nothing but freedom is wanting now to restore both, and make the city the most attractive place in the classical world. Hitherto, its charms have but tempted invasion, and its fertility has only grown harvests for the sword. Here began the Cretan conquest by Metellus; here began the movements which, one after the other, have shaken the Ottoman chain only to make it heavier; and here began the latest struggle, which, so long and gallantly upheld, may finally bring back to Crete the civilization born on her shores, but for so many centuries an exile.

II.

THE AKROTERI.

NOT to make one's first excursion from Canea to the Akroteri, with its convent of the Hagia Triada (Holy Trinity), and its sacred Grotto of St. John, would be *lesa maestà* to the Khanotes, who regard a pilgrimage to the latter as entitling one to a Hadjiship.

The ride (or walk, which I recommend, in preference, to good pedestrians) is a delightful one in early summer; and, even after the heats of August have browned the plain of the Akroteri, an early start from Canea will leave a memory of breezy upland with wide expanse of mountain and sea,—including some of the most picturesque views to be found in Crete,—and of the rich odors of many aromatic herbs and flowers, through whose rifled sweets the Akroteri is famous for its honey. A three hours' ride—first up the zigzag road that climbs the ridge above Kalepa, and then over an undulating plain sparsely dotted with hamlets and clouded here and there with olive-orchards—brings one, with a sufficient appreciation of good cheer, and clean, cool rooms, shade, and quiet, into the cloistered court of Hagia Triada, a semi-military building of the Venetian days, still unfinished, the Turkish conquest having interrupted its progress, with all other in the seventeenth century. In the centre of the quadrangle, round which are the rooms of the monks and the guest-rooms, stands the church, an edifice nondescript as to style, with a façade of a species of Venetian Doric, fronting a building whose plan is a Latin cross, and whose roof observes Byzantine tradition. On the entablature over the doorway are the dedicatory Greek capitals, ΒΙΥΘΗ, —the meaning of which none of the priests could tell me, though a duplicate inscription in Latin and Greek beside the door told by whom the convent was built; and the Hegoumenos added the tradition, that the two founders, being converted by an extraordinary illumi-

nation from the Latin to the Greek Church, gave an edifying proof of their devotion to their new creed by erecting this convent.

The Hegoumenos was a Sphakiote, a very shrewd, clear-headed and energetic man, and, though betraying no great familiarity with books or dogmas, showed that he was a better fisher in those waters where men are to be caught than most of his *confrères* of any creed. He had that manner of innate authority which never fails to impose itself on the indecisions and self-distrusts of the mass of men, and which in a wider circle of ambition would certainly have won him a larger place. Like the Hegoumenos of every other Greek convent, he was elected by the monks, and, though completely in the hands of his brethren, and at any time liable to be removed by another election, the subordination to him was perfect as could have been imagined. It was a curious exemplification of the force of democracy. Yet not only in Hagia Triada, but in other Cretan convents, I have seen how the mass of men find their governors as surely and wisely, and often more fitly, than if they had had men born to the place, or appointed by some superior hierarchy.

In Italy I had always been accustomed to find the convents posted on the hill-tops, and almost inaccessible; but in Crete the loveliest valleys are almost certain to have been chosen as their locations. The convent of the Hagia Triada is indeed on a plain, but at the foot of the range of hills which skirts the Akroteri to the north, and is thus almost shut in from two sides, while to the south the plain extends to Suda Bay, which is hidden in the chasm between the Akroteri and Mount Malaxa, and beyond which the mountains of Sphakia rise in picturesque and alluring redundancy of ravine and massive rock. All the nearer plain is green with the olive-orchards, and the road which approaches the front entrance is flanked with two lines

of cypresses, and carob-trees grow up the rocky heights overlooking the convent, where no other tree will grow. The hum of bees filled the air, and mingled with the notes of nightingales (poetically fabled to sing *only* by night), the chirping of multitudinous sparrows, wrens, and linnets, and the twittering of swallows. At the outer gate sat two or three aged monks, picturesque and sculpturesque at once, like enchanted porters at the doors of some spellbound palace, their long, gray beards and sunken, listless eyes according with their own and the convent's external dilapidation.

The beauty and quiet of the place were almost enchantment enough to account for the gray-headed porters, their immobility and longevity, and I longed to draw the charm over me. But I was one of a party which had come under the inspiration of the most inane motive of travel,—the desire to see all there was to be seen; and so, after a half-hour's repose, and the usual refreshments,—preserved fruits and a glass of water, followed by coffee,—we enlisted the Hegoumenos in our party, and set out for the grotto, taking in the way Hagios Joannes, a still more incomplete and still more secluded convent than Hagia Triada, among the hills between the latter and the sea. The road which we followed would be called by no means a bad road for Crete, but anywhere else would be execrable,—a mere bridle-path through a gorge in a range of hills from which all the soil seems to have been washed with most of the small stones, and where, with much precaution, your beast goes picking his way as if in a laborious, slow-paced minuet. The convent stands in an opening of the hills, on a little bit of comparatively plain land,—a half-finished battlemented square pile, offering defence against a slight attack; but the monks said that the Turks always found the road so bad that they never came to attack them during any of the island wars, though Hagia Triada was twice pillaged. The comparative

poverty of Hagios Joannes may have had something to do with its exemption, but the road would defend it from my encroachments forever; and, in fact, visitors only pass it on the way to the grottoes and convent of Katholikon, which lie near the opening of the gorge, where it becomes a wild glen, and approaches the sea. The path, descending, led us to the Cave of the Bear, where we had arranged to lunch, and the bounties of Canea, spread on the ground in the mouth of the cave, went to repair the wear and tear of body and temper caused by the badness of the road. The cave derives its name from a mass of stalactite which has a traceable resemblance to a bear, but it had no further interest than being our lunching-place. Here the road became so bad that even a donkey could not follow it, and we clambered down on foot by zigzag and rock stair to the mouth of the Cave of St. John. Caves *per se* have no kind of attraction to me. Stalactite and stalagmite are pretty much the same: so, half the way in, I made excuse of the fatigue of some of the ladies, and, determining to go no farther, proved my gallantry by stopping to keep them company, thus abandoning my Hadjiship, which can only be claimed when the inner chamber is attained. If, then, the reader would know more, he must consult the guide-book, when there is one; and meanwhile let me assure him, on the authority of Pashley, that the cave is four hundred and seventy feet deep, and, on that of my more persevering fellow-visitors, that at the bottom is a chamber, very fine and imposing by torchlight, where is a couch of natural formation on which died the saint, leaving his name with his bones and the odor of his sanctity. The story is that this St. John—neither the Baptist nor the Evangelist, but a hermit of Crète—centuries ago made his abode here, and lived many years without seeing the face of another man. Lest he should in daylight chance upon his abhorred and outcast brethren, or any of them, he only ventured

out at night, and lived on what he could find in other people's gardens or orchards. Happening one night to be discovered in the act of laying in a provision of corn, he was mistaken for a thief, and received an arrow from the owner of the provision. He crawled back, mortally wounded, to his grotto, and never came out again except in the shape of relics.

The convent of Katholikon, long abandoned, did not invite entrance: a Venetian bridge spans the ravine, and gave access to the chapel for the hermits whose little dens still remain on the other side, the denizens having long since deserted them. Down by the sea are some Venetian ruins, a boat-house, and some masonry of a landing. I advise travellers who will visit Katholikon, its cave and hermitages, to order a boat round from Canea to meet them at this place, and then go home in comfort,—the only point to be gained from going back by land being a more thorough experience of Cretan roads. To those who intend seeing the rest of the island, opportunities will not lack for this; to others, the knowledge is superfluous. A careful horse will make his way down, but he ought to be strong to get up. Mine was not; and, in climbing, his force or his footing failed him, and over he went backwards, and I narrowly escaped being crushed under him. Stunned and half bewildered by the fall,—for I had struck on my back amongst sharp stones, with one of which my head had made intimate acquaintance,—I managed, I know not how, to extricate myself from the flourish of legs; the horse lying more helpless than myself in the narrow path between two slopes of stone, and vainly plunging to get over on his side. He finally completed his somerset, to the confusion of the line of equestrians behind, the nearest of whom were speedily dismounted; and the chances of a kicking match among the quadrupeds were good for a moment, until two prompt Arabs, in attendance on Miss T——, restored the disorderly elements

to peace. Sore, bleeding, and faint, I lay awhile on a bed of wild thyme, until I began to feel the good effects of a cordial administered by the *patéras*, and we resumed our file, most of the party returning directly to Canea, — myself, with a companion who served as guide and interpreter, passing the night at the convent, the good Hegoumenos being urgent in his entreaties that the whole company would likewise honor his roof. None of the ladies felt inclined to do so, and perhaps it was just as well for their repose that they did not; for, clean as the rooms of the convent were, and white as were the linen, there were discomforts which, though infinitely small, were infinitely numerous, and, by the law of majorities, our tormentors turned us out of bed to pass the night in the open air, — a change always safe, and even delightful at this season, in Crete.

The Greek convent is a true hostel; no one is refused admission and hospitality, — no restrictions on the gentler sex make it impossible for real parties of pleasure to visit its beautiful valley, — no Pharisaic rigidity of self-denial makes it imperative to refuse visitors good cheer, though the community observe their long and trying fasts with a severity which puts to shame abstinence in Catholic countries. (The Greek fasts two hundred and forty-six days out of three hundred and sixty-five, and most of this time not even fish is allowed, while part of the time oil, milk, and shell-fish are also forbidden.) And the welcome is no mere show of kindness; the longer you stay at the convent, the better the monks are pleased, and staying longer than you intended is the highest compliment you can pay them. What change a larger acquaintance with the world will produce, of course I cannot say, or how much the spirit of hospitality will diminish by an increase of the calls on it; but now no English country-house makes you more at home than a Cretan convent.

In the morning, the *patéras* guided us to a peak, near the northeastern

point of the Akroteri, whence we could overlook, not only the peninsula and Suda Bay, but the Apokorona, the coast from Cape Spada to Cape Stavros, the Rhiza as far as the mountains of Kisamos, Mount Ida, and the mountains of Sphakia, Lampe, and even, in the dim distance, Lassithe. Included in the field of view were the sites of seven of the Cretan cities of *early* days, not counting Minoa and Canea, hidden from view. On the north, we had the Greek islands Cerigotto, Cerigo, Milo, Santorini, and others less prominent. It was my intention to return by the shore of Suda Bay, in order to visit Minoa, but the badness of the roads, and the utter want of interest in the intermediate distance, determined me to visit that part of the Akroteri by boat at a later period.

Returning to the convent, we had not long to wait for a capital dinner, — soup, a boiled chicken, mutton stewed with artichokes and beans, new honey, and rice prepared with milk, sugar, and spices, with a dessert of figs and grapes. The wine of the convent had a bitter taste, from an herb steeped in it, which was preferable to the pitch of Greek wines, but still not a desirable addition. One of the monks, who had a small property close by the convent, brought us a bottle of wine of his own production, which was one of the best I have ever tasted in the East, and to my mind better than that of Cyprus. With coffee and cigarettes we stretched ourselves on the sofas before the windows, through which the east wind blew the odors extorted from the fragrant herbs and flowers by the overpowering sun. No other sound than the hum of the bees darting past with unwearying haste, and the chirping of a few birds amongst the olives, disturbed the air, and the monks left us to dream or doze as we pleased. The charm of the place was complete, and it would not have been a penance to make the convent a summer's abode. The fleas were a drawback, surely; but nowhere in Crete can one get away from that plague, and at Hagia Triada they were less offensive,

as I learned by later experience, than in many other convents, and even in most private houses.

When, the sun cooling his fires, we ordered our steeds out, and prepared to return, the whole *personnel* of the convent came to assist, with the inhabitants of a little village adjoining, which finds protection and Christian charity from the convent. The monks, excepting two or three, seemed of an ignorant and boorish quality, but hard-working and kind-hearted. Here, evidently, a certain kind of bliss was in ignorance, and the most learned were not wise enough to be accused of much folly. The Hegoumenos, in bidding us good by, begged us warmly to come again and stay long,—a month at least. All joined in the kindly wish; and we rode back through the lengthening olive shadows, which never had

fitter accompaniment than in the peace and content which the convent promised us, and I am sure not vainly. Not that I am a believer in the peace that does not come of fighting,—the retreat before battle,—or think that quiet and laziness are one. Content is a piggish virtue and one which no earnest soul can abide in, and unsleeping ambition is the only Jacob's ladder; but when my reader is tired of struggling, and must repose, I am sure that he (or she, even) would find in Hagia Triada such peace and content as may be healthfully known, and no begrudging of the solace and satisfaction to heretics. It seems to me that only those who have no right to a quiet life envy it in others, and, as our monks earn their right to be charitable, they are not envious, even with sinners.

CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD AND LIVE LANGUAGES.

(Φ. B. K. — CAMBRIDGE, 1867.)

YOU bid me sing,—can I forget
The classic ode of days gone by,—
How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette
Exclaimed, “Anacreōn, gerōn ei”?
“Regardez donc,” those ladies said,—
“You’re getting bald and wrinkled too:
When summer’s roses all are shed,
Love’s nullum ite, voyez-vous!”

In vain ce brave Anacreon’s cry,
“Of Love alone my banjo sings”
(Erōta mounon). “Etiam si,—
Eh b’en?” replied the saucy things,—
“Go find a maid whose hair is gray,
And strike your lyre,—we sha’ n’t complain;
But parce nobis, s’il vous plait,—
Voilà Adolphe! Voilà Eugène!”

Ah, jeune Lisette ! Ah, belle Fifine !
 Anacreon's lesson all must learn ;
 'O kairos oxūs ; Spring is green,
 But Acer Hyems waits his turn !
 I hear you whispering from the dust,
 "Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so, —
 The brightest blade grows dim with rust,
 The fairest meadow white with snow !"

You do not mean it ! *Not* encore ?
Another string of playday rhymes ?
 You 've heard me — nonne est ? — before,
 Multoties, — more than twenty times ;
 Non possum, — vraiment, — pas du tout,
 I cannot ! I am loath to shirk ;
 But who will listen if I do,
 My memory makes such shocking work ?

Ginōsko. Scio. Yes, I 'm told
 Some ancients like my rusty lay,
 As Grandpa Noah loved the old
 Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day
 I used to carol like the birds,
 But time my wits has quite unfixed,
 Et quoad verba, — for my words, —
 Ciel ! Eheu ! Whe-ew ! — how they 're mixed !

Mehercle ! Zeu ! Diable ! how
 My thoughts were dressed when I was young
 But tempus fugit ! see them now
 Half clad in rags of every tongue !
 O philoi, fratres, chers amis !
 I dare not court the youthful Muse,
 For fear her sharp response should be,
 "Papa Anacreon, please excuse !"

Adieu ! I 've trod my annual track
 How long ! — let others count the miles, —
 And peddled out my rhyming pack
 To friends who always paid in smiles.
 So, laissez-moi ! some youthful wit
 No doubt has wares he wants to show ;
 And I am asking, "Let me sit,"
 Dum ille clamat, "Dos pou sto !"

THE ROSE ROLLINS.

PART II.

"IT was a Sunday evening that was coming on, you see, and there was a full moon, and all the willagers would be out to church, because there was a revival a-going on, and, thinks says I, he'll walk into his sleep, like as not, and he'll be wisible to one and he'll be wisible to all, and I must adopt the advice that's been advised me, whether it's quite advisable or not; so I gets the clothes-line, and I cuts off about five yards, and I slips it under my piller before I goes to—before I retires to rest. The clothes-line was a new hempen one, and strong as could be. Well, he was no sooner asleep than up I riz, and slips the line from under my piller, and I ties my arm to his'n with a knot that couldn't be ontied easy. And now, thinks says I to myself, you get away and walk into your sleep if you can! But you'll see directly that I was advised bad.

"Just as the meetin' folks was a-goin' home, I, bein' about half asleep, feels somethin' pullin' and pullin' onto my arm, and says I, 'Let go!' and nothin' answered, and then says I, 'Let go, I tell you!' and, bless you! I had no more than got the words out of my mouth when down I comes onto the floor, piller and all! I knowed then, right away, what was the matter,—he was a-walkin' into his sleep. 'O, stop,' says I, 'just for a minute, till I ontie myself!'

"'Divel a bit!' says he, and with that he strode off, and me headlong at his heels!"

"My little wenter some one!" says John; and finding that that but very inadequately expressed what he felt, he repeated it, with slight alteration, "My wenter some little one!" at the same time lifting his eyes to heaven and shaking his finger in a menacing way at the air.

"Me—your own—headlong at his

heels," whispered the widow, softly. And then she boxed his ear with the tips of her fingers, and then he said he would love to have her a-boxin' on 'em forever, and then she laughed incredulously, and then she went on:—

"'Stop, you willain, till I ontie myself,' says I.

"'Ontie me, you wixen!' says he, 'who cares whether you are ontied or not?' and he histed the winder,—a two-story winder it was,—and out he went!"

"My brain is a-reelin'!" cries John. "You poor dewoted dove!"

"Dewoted, sure enough," says the widow, "and dewoted you'd 'a' thought if you'd 'a' seen me; for up he histed the winder, and out he goes. Now there was the framework of a new house—a great skeleton like—standin' alongside of us, and into that he waults, and I waults after him,—for what could I do but wault?—and away he goes from beam to beam, and from jice to jice, and from scantlin' to scantlin', waultin' up and up, and me waultin' after,—for what could I do but wault?—and cryin' with all my might, 'You willain!' and he a-cryin' back, 'You wixen!' and the moon a-shinin' like a blaze, and the meetin' folks goin' by, and my night-gownd a-floppin', and both of us plain wisible!"

"'Help! murder!' I cries, for my salvation depended on it, and, seein' the meetin' folks advance, he just waulted from the timber onto which we stood right into the thin and insupportable air—"

"And dragged you after him? Lord 'a' mercy!" cried John.

"No," says the widow, speaking with great calmness; "my presence of mind never forsook me,—I was an undertaker's daughter, and advantage of birth prewailed over the dis-

advantage of position, — I waulted down the tother side; and there we hung balanced into the air, and there we would have hung all night but for the accident of the rewival.

"When they cut us down, — which one of the rewival folks did with his jack-knife, — I woluntarily fainted away, and was carried in for dead, and did n't rewive, and would n't rewive, for hours and hours. La me! I was so ashamed!"

"I wish it had been my fortin to carry you into the house," says John.

"So do I," says the widow; "but let us be thankful that the wicissitudes of life have driv us together at last."

"At last, sure enough," says John; "you speak wisdom when you don't know on 't, you dove of doves!"

She bent her eyes upon him in tender inquiry, in answer to which he said, "At last it is, sweetheart, for you don't know that I loved you when I was a youngster not more 'n a dozen year old!"

"Loved *me*, captain! It is n't creditable! Tell me all about it. Are you sure?"

"Just as sure on 't as I be of anything; just as sure as I be that I love you now."

"Tell me all about it, I'm dying to know; it seems like some wild novelty, to be sure."

"Yes, you're right, it is like a novelty if it was only writ out, and it do n't seem creditable, but it's true; I'm just as sure on 't as I be of anything, — just as sure as I be that I love you now!"

"O captain!"

"Yes, my own Rose, I loved you when I was a little lad, — loved you just as I did the mornin' star, — loved you and worshipped you from far away. What a spry little thing you was, a-hoppin' about among the mahogany and walnut stuff like a young sparrer! O, how I've watched and follered you with my eyes when you did n't dream on 't!"

"But, John, my nerves are a woman's, remember, and you must n't keep them a-strain so long; they're wery much weakened by all this."

"Ay, to be sure," says John; "your nerves be a woman's, to say nothin' of your curoosity bein' a woman's!"

And he laughed with as much heartiness at her expense as though she had been his wife already.

"John!" This with tender reproach, and he resumed, in a tone of respectful and lover-like humility.

"Wa'n't your name Rose Rollins afore you was jined to the vagabond, — wagabond, that is to say, — afore you was dethroned; and did n't you live in Fust Street, opposite them old tenement housen knowed as Baker's Row?"

"Of course I did, John, in the yaller brick with the shop in the corner, and the entrance embellished with a beautiful sign, — three coffins, with their leds turned back so as to reveal the satin linin's, and my father's name in letters that represented silver screws! A stroke of genius that design was! — the sign of the three coffins, two of them sideways and one end; my father's name — Farewell Rollins, wery appropriate to his business as it turned out — in letters that they was modelled after silver screws."

"Three on 'em, two sideways and one end?" says John; "and the name, Farewell Rollins, shaped arter silver screws! Why, as you be a livin' cretur, you're the very — wery — little gal I was in love with; and many a day, dark enough otherwise with poverty and sorrier, you've lighted up with your purty golden head!" And then he tells her, by way of illustrating the depth and sincerity of his early attachment, that it once happened to him to have an orange given him at Christmas time; and that, although he had never tasted an orange in all his born days, except through a confectioner's window-glass, he without hesitation tossed it over the wall into her father's yard, hoping that she, who ate oranges every day, might possibly have his added to the rest. And he concluded with, "Such was the nater of my feelin's for you even then."

"And the nater of your feelin's, John, was not only wergin' close upon

the feelin's of love," says the milliner, deeply touched, "but they was love,—love of the violentest kind!"

And then she says that, if she can only find in the town an orange as big as the full moon, she 'll buy it, let it cost what it will, and give it to him.

And then she says, playfully tapping his chin, "I only wish them feelin's had hild."

"You wish them feelin's had hild!" says John, leaning his face still lower to the touches of her pretty hands; and then in his reverence he addressed her in the third person, saying, "How sweetly prowokin' she is!"

Then, very earnestly, "They hev hild all these years, them feelin's hev, and they hev been rewived this day in all their violence; and the beautiful curls that used to shine down all the daffodils are just as soft and as golden 'as ever!" Here he ventured to touch the ends of the long-admired tresses; but he did not see that they were both thin and faded, and that the parting was very, very wide. "Ay, it's the same bright head," he went on, "that's been a-shinin' all these years so far away that I never expected to put my rough hand on 't,—not, anyhow, afore I'd crossed the dark ferry, and got refined into a spirit. And now, just think! here you be, a-sailin' in my little wessel, that I'd christened 'The Rose Rollins' for your memory's sake,—a-sailin' by my side in all the freshness and bloom of your perfect beauty!"

The milliner laughed, well pleased with the compliment, and said that, when one charm wanished, another took its place sometimes; so that, if we only kept up our witality, we did n't look much the worse for all our years. "Now you, for instance, could never have been handsomer than you are to-day!" she concluded, pointing her theory with that kindly method so characteristic of women.

His face had been drawing nearer to hers all the while she spoke, so that his eyes were quite looking into hers now. "I'm broke a leetle," says he,

"I know it; but when I see myself in these lovely lookin'-glasses I do look right nice, for all." And then he went on with his story.

"I was a'most forgettin' on 't," he said; "but what wonder!

"My father was a sailor; and the last time he ever went out was as one of the crew of the Dauphin, of Nantucket, Captain Griscom,—how well I remember it! though I was a little chap then,—about seven year old, I guess. The Dauphin was a whaler, you must know, and Captain Griscom as rough and hard as the sea-rocks themselves. I seen him once; and I've got a picter in my mind of his furrered, weather-beat face, and eyes that was more like the bulb of some pison plant than anything else,—so blue, and dull, and lackin' all human expression. His ear was like a dry knot,—seemed as if 't would break off if you touched it, and his nose wa' n't much better. He wa' n't a man that any child would ever go nigh,—anyhow I could n't. My father was high-sperited,—too high-sperited for his sitooation, as 'll be showed by an' by.

"My mother was a little, pale woman, with blue eyes, and hair as soft as flax. You've seen her, I dare say, for she took in washin', and used to hang the things on the ruf, and I would go up with her under pertence of helpin', but more, I'm afeard, because I could the better see into your door-yard, and maybe get a glimpse o' you. Well, my father used to tell her, 'Katura,' he would say, 'arter one more voyage I'll leave the sea, for then I shall be rich enough to buy an acre o' ground somewheres where I can hear the waters a-lappin' on the sand; and we'll build a snug little house, and send our boy to school, and you sha' n't wash no more, for you ain't strong, Katura,—not nigh so strong as you used to be,—I can see that plain enough.' Then the tears would come to my mother's eyes; for a tender word was always touchin' to her, and seein' on 'em my father would make haste to say, patten' of her cheek, that, although

some o' the airly roses was gone, she wa' n't a mite less purty than she used to be! and then she'd wipe her eyes and smile agin, and arter a little smoothin' up of her hair, or carefuller pinnin' of her handkerchief, light his pipe for him, and fetch the big chair out of the corner; and then she'd set herself to darnin' of his socks, or patchin' of his jackets, and so they'd pass an evenin' happy as could be, — my father singin' a sea-song, or a love-song, maybe, first or last.

"We lived in the last house o' the Row, — the housen was all poor enough, you mind, but ourn was the very poorest on 'em, and then we had the top floor, — one room and a pantry bein' all, exceptin' the ruf, which was flat, and which we had the privilege on for a yard, in consideration of a dollar extra a month. 'Have the ruf, be sure, Katura!' my father would say. 'What's a dollar?' and he'd slap his hand down as though 't was full o' dollars, but 't wa' n't, and mother always paid the extra dollar out of her own airnin's, but feelin' all the time a'most as if he'd paid it, just because of the generous way he had o' speekin'. I remember the last time father sailed with the Dauphin, as I was sayin' afore, — remember it just as though it was yesterday. It was a mornin' in winter, — the twenty-third o' December, and snow a-lyin' on the ground. I could see his tracks along the walk for a week arter he was gone, and then the snow begun to melt; thawin' and freezin' together at first, and then a clean thaw, so the tracks filled up with water, and arter another week I could n't find no trace on 'em.

"Take good care o' your mother, my lad!" he said, 'take the best o' care on her! I'll be home afore long, for good and all, to take care on her myself; it won't be but two or three year at the outside,' — and he give my shoulder a little shake, and then he slipped a quarter-dollar into my hand. And then he turned to her. 'Three year ain't long, Katura,' he says; 'why, they'll fly round just like so many

hours, a'most, and fust thing you know you'll hear my step a-comin' up the stair! Have everything you want, good wife, and don't work hard; you know its agin my will that you should, — these pale cheeks make me a little afeard; but, arter all, you'll come round with the daisies, I guess.' And with that he turned from her, and writ a little with his finger on the table, and then he chirked up like, and buttoned his jacket quick, and went out the door just as though he wa' n't a-goin' no furdher than across the street.

"The minute follerin', mother went up to the house-ruf. She wanted to see arter the washed things, she said, how they was a-dryin' and all; but I knowd well enough she wanted to see arter him, and did n't pull at her skirt and foller, as I generally did. I stayed down stairs, and, to kind o' break up my sorrier, I chucked my head against the knob that was atop o' the andiron! A curus way to git relief; but my diversions, them times, was somewhat limited.

"When my mother came down agin, there wa' n't no tears in her eyes, but they had a kind of a fur-reachin' look, as if they was a-gazin' clear across the salt seas; and they never lost that look arterwards. It was wofuller than tears, that look was, — 'cause it seemed as if it was arter somethin' that wa' n't to be found on this airth.

"I hung round her, and when she did n't say nothin' I told her I was goin' to be the best boy that ever was, and build all the fires, and help her to keep things snug; and that I could make my old shoes last three year, till father would come home. I was sure on 't, with one new pair o' half-soles, and one new pair o' toe-caps, anyhow.

"Then she took me on her knee, and leaned her face agin mine, and said I was the best child in all the world, and she hoped yet to see the time that I'd hev as nice shoes and other things as I deserved. I slipped the ring up and down her finger, as she held me so, a-talkin' to me, and at last I said, 'This

ring is too big, mother; what made you get such a big one?' And then she said, 'Your father give it to me long ago, my child, and it wa'n't none too big at fust; it's the fault of the finger, — that is getting too thin'; and then she took the ring off, — it was a leetle slim thing, — and put it in an old teapot that was kept on the top shelf of the cupboard. She was afeared she'd either lose it off her hand, she said, or break it on the washboard. She didn't say nothin' further, but I see she thought that the losin' on't would be the dreadfulest misfortin that could happen to her.

"It would take too long, and wear out your patience, I calculate, if I was to tell you of all the troubles we hed arter the sailin' of the Dauphin, and troubles ain't interestin' to hear on, no-how; so I'll pass 'em by, trustin' your lively imagination to picter on 'em out.

"Well, when the three year was purty near up, she used to say to me every day, 'Where do you 'spose poor father is? And what will he think of his little boy when he sees him?' And then she would answer her own question, and say, 'He 'll think he's a little man, — that's what he 'll think.' And with such like talk she seemed to get a sort of comfort, somehow. From her, more than from anything I knowed myself, I got a fine notion o' my father; among other things, I thought he was the biggest man in the world, and I used to spekilate as to whether Mr. Farewell Rollins had a coffin in his shop that would be long enough for him, if he should happen to die at home. I did n't s'pose he had, and the thought of what it would cost to get one big enough caused me a good deal of sorrer. More 'n this, I thought he must have wonderful powers, and that he could make me a kite that would fly to the moon, or, if he chose, dip all the water out o' the sea with mother's long-handled gourd.

"These thoughts give me a good deal o' satisfaction, but there was times that nothin' I could git out o' myself could chirk me up; and them times

I always betook myself to the andirons, and bobbed my head agin the top on 'em, and that was sure to fetch me round.

"I longed for my father to come back, as much, maybe, that Rose Rollins might see what a big man he was, as for anything else. I guessed she'd begin to notice of us some when the Dauphin come in! Hows'ever, the three year went by, and no Dauphin come in; and then the eyes o' my mother began to look, not only as if they was a-gazin' away across the salt sea, but clean into eternity. Her cheeks fell in like a pie that has been sot in a cellar for a week arter the bakin' on't, and her arm showed in her sleeve no bigger than a broomstick. I was a'most afeared on her sometimes, her forehead come to look so like yaller glass, and as if I could see right into it, if I only tried; and them times I thumped my head uncommon hard on the knobs of the andirons, — they was a blessin', Rose, — and I used to spekilate as to what folks did that wa'n't rich enough to hev 'em. My mother got so weak, arter a while, that she would sometimes sit by the side o' the tub and wash; and it was astonishin' to me to see what great sheets and bed-quilts she could wring dry them times; and it was astonishin', too, that she could keep her hands in freezin' water, day arter day, and be none the wuss for it; but she always said she wa'n't, — in fact, she used to tell me she thought it done her good; and, happy enough for me! I never thought o' doubtin' of her for many a long day arterwards.

"Many a time she give me the last bit o' bread, and said she wa'n't hungry, and once when I broke my slice in two, and offered her part back, she said, 'No, Johnny, I don't think I feel so well for eatin'. Rich food,' she said, 'did n't suit her constitution. And so, if we happened to hev meat or butter, she put it all on my plate. When it come to be my share to work without eatin', then I understood.

"Many a time o' nights I heard her a-turnin' and moanin' in her sleep, as if

soul and body was clean wore out; and at last I went to the lady that lived in the house with the painted door, and fitted young ladies with corsets, and sold them pomatum that made the hair grow to their heels,—so she said,—and told how my mother moaned in the night as if she was a-bein' drowned in the sea; and she told me it was a nasty habit some folks had,—mostly because they slept too sound,—and that, if I would give her a rough shake, she guessed she would come out all right. I tried to believe her on account o' the pomatum and the painted door, partly; but it wa' n't in the heart o' me to give the rough shake, and I never done it, thank the Lord!

"Sometimes the fine lady would come in with her sewin'-work to bring us a little sunshine, she used to say, and I 'm sure she never brought nothin' else, nor that neither, that anybody could see; and I always noticed that my mother felt a good deal less cheerful arter one o' these visits.

"'Why don't you ride out, Mrs. Chidlaw?' she would say, 'and why don't you call the doctor? and why don't you wear warm flannels?' and then why did n't she do a thousand things that wa' n't to be thought on, 'cause they wa' n't in the nater o' the case; and then she would go away, sayin' she would run in another time and bring more sunshine!

"My mother generally cried for a spell arter one o' these bright mornin's; and I did n't wonder, for it seemed to me as if the scent o' the pomatum was pison, and all the air was heavy like, arter one o' the visits.

"She used to set up o' nights, a-workin', my mother did, long beyond midnight sometimes. 'What makes you, mother?' I would say. 'O, 'cause I like it, John!' she 'd answer, so lively like; and then she 'd begin to hum a tune, maybe, as if she was overflowin' with sperits.

"She did n't seem to need sleep no more, she said, and, besides, she wanted to be wide awake when father come. So night arter night she would set by

our one taller candle, a-mendin' of my jackets, and a-darnin' of my stockin's, and a-straightenin' and a stiffenin' up of the run-down heels of my old shoes.

"'I don't care nothin' about 'em, mother,' I would say. 'I'd just as lives be a wearin' on 'em ragged as not, and you 've chores enough without a-mindin' of me so much.' But she always said that, whether or not I cared for myself, she cared for me, and that she wanted I should look as smart as anybody's boy, so that father would be proud on me when he come home; concludin' with 'He must sartainly come now afore long.'

"Many a time I've waked up of a winter night and found her woollen petticoat spread onto my bed, and she a-shiverin' by the dyin' fire. One mornin' she surprised me uncommon by holdin' of a cap afore my eyes. 'A new one made of the old one,' says she, 'but you 'd never dream on't, would you, Johnny?'

"I hung it on the chair-post, and then I stood off, fairly dazzled, so gret was my admiration on 't. It was my old cap, be sure; but then it was all brushed up and pressed into shape, and lined anew with one o' the sleeves of my mother's silk weddin'-gown. It wa' n't to be wore no longer every day, so she said, but must be put on the upper shelf o' the cupboard with her ring and her Sunday shawl, and kep' nice agin the time father should come home. 'I suffered, on givin' on 't up, the most tormentin' pangs, and had to bob my head agin the andirons considerable longer than common afore I come round. I was bent on wearin' on't in the sight of Rose Rollins,—that's you,—and forcin' on her to see the silk linin' some ways, and I planned out various stratagems to that end. But mother said, 'No, Johnny, keep it nice just a leetle bit, till poor father comes.' And arter that she pacified me by takin' on 't down from time to time and allowin' of me to wear it as much as two or three minutes sometimes. The linin' was pea-green; and I 've often thought since it was a leetle too fine for the tother part,

which was seal-skin, and wore tolerable bare, — I havin' wore it, not off and on, but steady on, from the time I left off my bunnet that was made of the end of my cradle-quilt; but I did n't calculate it was too fine then, and I made a pint o' standin' on a chair afore the lookin'-glass, or else afore the winder towards your 'us, all the whilst I was a-wearin' on 't. It worried me a good deal, them times, to decide which I'd rather do, — look at myself, or hev you look at me!

"I used to tease mother to put the white shawl round her shoulders. 'Just for a minute,' I would say; but she always answered, 'One of these days, Johnny; it's all wrapt up with camp-phire, and I don't want to be gettin' on 't down!' I understood well enough that it was to be got out when the great day come.

"Suppose, Johnny," says she, one day, 'we cut off some of our luxuries, and save up to buy somethin' nice for poor father agin he comes home!' I was struck favorable with the idee of the present, but what luxuries was to be cut off I did n't see clear.

"There's the candle, for one thing!" says mother. 'Taller's taller, at the best o' times; and the few chores I do at night I can do just as well by the light of a pine-knot.'

"Butter, she said, wa'n't healthy for her, nor milk, nor meat, nor sugar, nor no such things, so it would all be easy enough for her. She only hesitated on my account. But I spoke up ever so brave. 'I don't mind,' says I; 'it'll be good fun, in fact, just to see how leetle we can live on!' And I think yet my mind was some expanded by that experience, — it driv me to such curus devices. At fust I took leetle bites off my cake, and leetle sips of my porridge; but I found a more effective plan afore long, for looks goes a good ways, and even when we deceive ourselves it kind o' helps us. Well, I took to hevin' my porridge in a shaller plate, so that there seemed twice as much on 't as there really was, and to hollerin' my cake out from the under side, so

that, when it was reduced to a mere shell, it still represented what it wa' n't; a trick that I found to work very slick, especially when I imagined Rose a-lookin' at my shaller plate, and not knowin' how deep it was.

"Won't we hev a beautiful surprise, though, for poor father!' my mother would say, when my spoon touched bottom, and it always touched bottom premature; and then we would talk of what we should buy, and I would be carried away like, and forget myself.

"A fur hat was talked on in our fust wild enthusiasm, but that idee was gin up arter we'd gone about among the stores; and we settled final on 't a pair o' square-toed brogans, with nails in the heels on 'em.

"Let 'em be good sewed shoes, and not peg,' says my mother, when she give the shoemaker his order, 'and make 'em up just as soon as possible. You see my husband may be here any day now; and we mean to hev a great surprise for him, — Johnny and me.'

"The shoemaker, to my surprise, — for I expected him to enter into it with as much enthusiasm as we, — hesitated, said he was pressed heavy with work just then, and that he thought she had best go to some other shop! I did n't understand the meanin' on 't at all; but my mother did, and told him she could pay him aforehand, if he wanted it; at which he brightened up, and said, come to think on 't, he could make the brogans right away.

"Sure enough, they was finished at the appinted time, and I carried 'em home, with the money that come back in change inside o' one on 'em.

"Why, Johnny," says mother, when she counted it, her face all a-glowin', 'here's enough left to buy a handkerchief for your father!'

"Then she counted it agin, and said there was enough, she was a'most sure on 't. It might n't get a silk one, not pure silk, but if she could only find somethin' with a leetle mixter o' cotton in 't, why it would look nearly as well, — the difference would never be knowed across the house.

"She wanted a new gingham apron for herself; but that wa' n't bought, and all the money, as I have guessed sence, went into the handkerchief. And a purty one it was, too, — yaller-colored, with a red border, and an anchor worked in one corner on 't with blue-silk yarn.

"So the fine presents was put away on the top shelf o' the cupboard, with the cap and the ring and the shawl, and there they stayed, week in and week out, and still the Dauphin did n't come in. I could see that my mother was a-growin' uneasy, more and more, though she never said nothin' to me that was discouragin'. She 'd set sometimes for an hour a-lookin' straight into the air, and then she went up to the ruf more 'n common to look arter the things a-dryin' there.

"One day there come on snow and sleet, but for all that she stayed aloft, just as though the sun had been a-shinin'; and at last, when the dusk had gathered so that she could n't see no longer, she come down with a gret heap o' wet things in her arms, and all of a shiver.

"Her hand shook as she sot down to bind shoes, — she had took to bindin' of shoes some them times, not bein' so strong as she used to be for the washin'; but arter a while she fell of a tremble all over. 'It's no use,' says she, 'I ain't good for nothin' no more,' and she put away the bindin' and cōw-ered close over the ashes.

"I wanted to lay on a big stick, but she said no, she 'd go to bed, and get warm there; but she did n't get warm, not even when I had piled all the things I could rake and scrape over the bed-quilt, for I could see them tremblin' together like a heap o' dry leaves.

"I went to the lady with the painted door, and she promised to come in and see my mother early in the mornin'; but in the mornin', when I went agin, she said she had so many corsets to fit that it wa' n't possible, — that I must tell my mother she sent a great deal o' love, and hoped she 'd be better very soon.

"I did n't go arter her no more, and

all that day and the next my poor mother lay, now a-burnin' and now a-freezin', but by and by she got better, and sot up in bed some, havin' my little chair agin her back; and so she finished bindin' o' the shoes, and I carried on 'em home, she a-chargin' me twenty times afore I sot out to take care and not lose the money I got for bindin' on 'em. 'And don't forget to stop at the store,' she said, 'and buy me a quarter o' tea, as you come back, Johnny.'

"But, after all, I went home without the tea, or the money either.

"In the fust place, the shoemaker said my mother had disappointed him in not sendin' the work home when she promised; and when I said she was sick, he answered that that wa' n't his lookout; and then he eyed the work sharply, sayin', at last, that he could n't pay for them sort o' stitches, and he would n't give out no more bindin' neither, and that I might go with a hop, skip, and jump, and tell my mother so; and he waved his hand, with a big boot-last in it, as though, if I did n't hop quick, he 'd be glad to help me for'a'd himself.

"'Never mind, Johnny,' says mother, as I leaned my head on her pillar, a-cryin', and told her what the shoemaker had said, 'it 'll all be right when father comes back.'

"She did n't mind about the tea, she said, water would serve just as well; and then, arter pickin' at the bed-clothes a leetle, she said she felt sleepy, and turned her face to the wall.

"All winter long she was sick, and there was heart-breakin' things all the while comin' to pass; but I 'd rather not tell on 'em.

"Spring come round at last, — as come it will, whether them that watch for its comin' are cryin' or laughin', — and the sun shined in at the south winder and made a patch o' gold on the floor, — all we had, to be sure, — when one day comes the news we had been a-lookin' for so long, — the Dauphin was a-comin' in!

"'And me here in bed!' says my mother; 'that 'll never do. How good-for-nothin' I be!'

"Then she told me to run and fetch her best gown out of the chest, and she was out o' bed the next minute; and though she looked as pale as the sheet she managed somehow to dress herself. Then she told me to fetch her the lookin'-glass where she sot by the bedside; and when she seen her face the tears came to her eyes, and one little low moan, that seemed away down in her heart, made me shudder. 'I don't care for my own sake,' she said, puttin' her arm across my neck; 'but what will your father think o' me?'"

"Then she sot the glass up afore her, and combed her hair half a dozen different ways, but none on 'em suited. She did n't look like herself, she said, nohow; and then she told me to climb to the upper shelf and git down the fine shawl, and see if that would mend matters any.

"I fetched the ring too; but it would n't stay on a single finger; and so she give it to me, smilin', and sayin' I might wear it till she got well.

"I sot the house in order myself, with her a-tellin' on me some about things. The two silver teaspoons was burnished up, and stuck for show into the edge of the dresser; the three glass tumblers was sot forth in full view; and the tin coffee-pot, so high and so narrer at the top, was turned sideways on the shelf, so as to make the most on 't; and the little brown earthen-ware teapot was histed atop o' that. We had a dozen eggs we had been a-savin', for we kep' a hen on the ruf, and them I took and sot endwise in the sand-bowl, so that, to all appearance, the whole bowl was full of eggs; and I raly thought the appointments, one and all, made us look considerable like rich folks.

"'Do go up to the ruf, Johnny, my child,' says my mother, at last, 'and see what you will see.'

"She had sot two hours, with her shawl held just so across her bosom, and was a-growin' impatient and faint like.

"She looked at me so eager, when I come down, I could hardly bear to tell

her that I could only just see the Daphn a-lyin' out, and that she looked black and ugly, and that I could n't see nothin' furdur. But I did tell it, and then come another o' them little low moans away down in her heart. Directly, though, she smiled agin, and told me to go to the chest and open the till, and get the table-cloth and the pewter platter that I would find there. 'We must have our supper-table shine its best to-night,' she said.

"Agin and agin I went up to the ruf, but I did n't see nothin' no time except the whaler a-lyin' a little out, and lookin' black and ugly, as if there wa' n't no good a-comin' with her.

"At last evenin' fell, and then my mother crept to the winder, and got her face agin the pane, and such a look of wistfulness come to her eyes as I had never seen in 'em afore.

"She did n't say nothin' no more, and I did n't say nothin'; it was an awful silence, but somethin' appeared to keep us from breakin' on 't.

"The shadders had gathered so that the street was all dusky; for there wa' n't no lamps at our end o' the street,—when all at once mother was a-standin' up, and holdin' out her arms. The next minute she says, 'Run to the door, Johnny; I ain't quite sure whether or not it 's him!' And she sunk down, tremblin', and all of a heap.

"I could hear the stairs a creakin' under the tread of heavy steps, and when I got to the door there was two men a comin' up instead o' one. 'It's him! mother! it's him!' I shouted with all my might, for I see a sailor's cap and jacket, and took the rest for granted. I swung the door wide, and stood a-dancin' in it, and yet I did n't like the looks o' neither on 'em; only I thought I ought to be glad, and so I danced for pertended joy. 'Get out o' the way! you sassy lad!' says one o' the men, and he led the tother right past me into the house, I follerin' along behind, but neither on 'em noticin' of me in the least; and there sot my mother, dead still on her chair, just as if she was froze into stone. 'Here he

is,' says the man that was leadin' of him, — 'here's John Chidlaw, what there is left on him!' Then he give me a push toward him, and nodded to my mother like, a-drawin' his mouth into such queer shapes that I could n't tell whether he was a-laughin' or cryin', and I did n't know which I ought to do neither.

"By this time the man that I partly took to be my father was a-backin' funder and funder from us, and at last he got clean agin the jamb o' the chimney, and then he looked up wild, as if he was a looking at the sky, and directly he spoke. 'This 'll be a stiff blow,' says he. 'We 're struck aft, and we 'll be in the trough of the sea in a minute! God help us all!' And with that he began to climb up the shelves o' the cupboard, as though he was a climbin' into a ship's riggin'.

"Next thing I seen, mother had got to him, somehow, and was a-holdin' round his neck, and talkin' to him in tones as sweet and coaxin' as though he had been a sick baby. 'Don't you know me, John?' she says, — 'your own Katura, that you left so long ago!' He did n't answer her at all; he did n't seem to see her, but kep' right on, a-talkin' about the ship not bein' able to lift herself, and about the rudder bein' tore away, and a leak som'er's, and settin' of a gang o' hands at the pumps, and gettin' of the cargo up, and the dear knows what all! I did n't understand a word on 't, and, besides that, I was afeard on him.

"'Tell 'em about the last whale we ketched, Jack, — that big bull that so nigh upshot us all. Come, that 's a story worth while!' It was the man that had led him in who said this; and he laughed loud, and slapped him on the shoulder as he said it; and then he looked at my mother and winked, and drew his mouth queer agin.

"My father kind o' come to himself like now, and seatin' himself astride a chair, and with his face to the back on 't, he began: —

"We was a cruisin' about in the South Pacific, when, between three

and four in the afternoon of an August day, we bein' in latitude forty at the time, the man on the look-out at the fore-topmast-head cried out that a whale had broke water in plain view of our ship, and on her weather bow.

"'Where away, sir? and what do you call her?' shouts the captain, hailin' the mast-head.

"'Sperm whale, sir, three pints on the weather-bow, and about two miles off!'

"'Keep a sharp eye, and sing out when the ship heads for her!'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"The captain went aloft with his spy-glass. 'Keep her away!' was his next order to the man at the helm.

"'Steady!' sung out the mast-head.

"'Steady it is!' answered the wheel.

"'Square in the after-yards, and call all hands!'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"'Forward there! Haul the main-sail up, and square the yards!'

"'Steady, steady!' sings out the mast-head.

"'Steady it is!' answers the wheel.

"'Call all hands!' shouts the captain, in a voice like a tempest.

"The main hatches was off, and the men mostly in the blubber-room, engaged, some on 'em, in mincin' and pikin' pieces of blanket and horse from one tub to another, and some was attendin' fires, and some a-fillin' casks with hot ile from the cooler; but quick as lightnin' all the deck is thronged, like the street of a city when there is a cry of fire.

"'There she blows! O, she 's a beauty, a regular old sog!' sings the mast-head.

"'Slack down the fires! Quick, by G—!' shouts the captain in a voice like thunder.

"'She peaks her flukes, and goes down!' cries the mast-head.

"'A sharp eye, sir! Mind where she comes up!'

"'Ay, ay, sir!'

"'Get your boats ready, lads, and stand by to lower away!'

"The men work as for life, — the boat-bottoms are tallered, the boat-

tackle-falls laid down, so as to run clear, the tub o' line and the harpoons got in, the gripes cast clear, and each boat's crew by the side o' their boat.

"Hoist and swing! Lower away!"

"In a moment we're off, bendin' to our oars, every man on us, eager to see who will be up first. The whale was under half an hour; but at last we get sight o' the signal at the main, which tells us that she's up agin."

"Down to your oars, lads! Give way hard!" says the captain.

"I got the palm o' my hand under the abaft oar, so as with each stroke to throw a part of my weight agin it, and our boat leapt for'a'd across the water, spring arter spring, like a tiger, — her length and twice her length afore the others in a minute.

"She's an eighty-barrel! right ahead! Give way, my boys!" cries the captain, encouragin' on us. And all our strength was put to the oar.

"Spring harder, boys! Harder! If she blows agin, some on you'll have an iron into her afore five minutes!" Then to the whale, — a-standin' with his legs wide, and bendin' for'a'd like, — 'O, you're a beauty! Ahoy! ahoy! and let us fasten!"

"We was nearly out of sight of our ship now, but we could see the smoke of her try-works still standin' black above her, though the fires had been slacked so long.

"All at once the whale blowed agin; and we could see her plain now, lyin' like a log, not more'n twenty rods ahead. A little more hard pullin', and 'Stand up!' says the Captain, and then, 'Give me the first chance at her!' I was a-steerin' and I steered him steady, closer, closer, alongside a'most, and give his iron the best chance possible; but it grazed off, and she settled quietly under, all but her head.

"That wa' n't quite low enough," says he. 'Another lance!'

"This failed too, and she settled clean under. Every man was quiverin' with excitement; but I watched calmly, and, as soon as I spied her whitenin'

under water, I sent my lance arter her without orders, and by good fortune sunk it into her very life — full length.

"She throwed out a great spout o' blood, and dashed furiously under.

"God help us! She'll come up so as to upset our boat!" cries the captain. 'Every man here at her, when she comes in sight!'

"He had hardly done speakin' when I felt a great knock, and at the same time seen somethin' a-flyin' through the air. She had just grazed us, shovin' our boat aside as a pig shoves his trough, and was breakin' water not a stone's throw ahead.

"The captain had gone overboard; but we obeyed his last words before we looked arter him, and had a dozen irons into her afore you could 'a' said Jack Robinson! Down she went agin, pullin' the line arter her, coil on coil; but the pain would n't allow her to stay down long, and directly she was out agin, thrashin' the water with her flukes till it was all churned up like blubbers o' blood, — for her side was bristlin' with harpoons, and the life pourin' out on her like rain out of a thunder-cloud.

"Meantime the captain had been hauled aboard, and as he sunk down on an oar, — for he could n't stand, — all his shirt and hair a-drippin' red, his cold, spiteful eye shot into me like a bullet, and says I to the mate, 'I'm a doomed man.'"

"Then my father began ramblin' wildly about goin' overboard himself, and how he seen a stream o' fire afore his eyes as he sunk into the cold and dark; and how there came an awful pressure on his brain, and a roarin' in his ears; and how the strength went out of his thighs, and was as if the marrer was cut, — how he heard a gurglin', and felt suffocation, and then clean lost himself!"

At this point John Chidlaw ceased to be master of his voice, and all at once hid his face in his arms. When the woman who had been listening so attentively, getting one of his rough hands upon her knee, stroked it gently,

without a word, and by and by he returned her a little pressure, and then, steadying himself up, he said: "It ain't no use to think on't, Rose,—it's all over now, and they've met beyond the seas o' time, my poor father and mother, for they both crossed long ago,—met, and knowed each other, I hope, but the one never come to himself here, nor recognized the other. My mother took straight to her bed; and when she wore the white shawl agin, and had it drawed across her bosom, it was for that journey from which none on us come back."

"Dear John," says Rose, very softly,—all the coquette gone,—only the woman left. And presently he was strong enough to go on.

"It was a good many year," he said, "not till I was a'most a man, before I came to understand rightly what it was that sot my father crazy. The captain had been agin him all along on account of his too much sperit, and that capterin' o' the whale finished up the business, and pinted his fate. It wa' n't long arter this till Captain Griscom found occasion to treat him very hardly, which bein' resented only by a look, he ordered him down below to be flogged! This, Rose, was what broke the spirit on him; he was never himself arterwards, never knowed nothin' at all clear, exceptin' about the takin' o' that whale; and that he told over and over a hundred times, arter that fust time, just as I've told it to you, but all before it and all behind it was shadders, till the great shadder of all came over him.

"When I come to hear on 't, I said I hoped my father would meet that 'ere captain som'er's on the seas of eternity, and flog him within an inch of his life; and I ha'n't repented the sayin' on 't yet."

The tide had come up while John Chidlaw was telling his story, and his little boat slid off the bar directly, when, taking up the oars, he soon brought her to land.

"Bless your dear heart, John!" says Rose, pointing back to the boat's name,

as he handed her ashore, "would you believe I was so stupid as not to see that the name o' your wessel was the same as my own? I read it the *Rose Rolling*, to be sure!"

But John maintained that she was not stupid a single bit nor mite, but, on the contrary, smart altogether beyond the common. "To come so nigh the truth," says he, "and yet not get hold on 't, arter all, is a leetle the slickest thing yet!"

And then he told, as they walked home together,—he with three band-boxes in one arm, and her on the other,—all about his weary years of hardship and poverty, and all about the beginning of his good fortune, the running away of the horse and of the little girl who drew him after her, because she reminded him so much of Rose herself as she used to be when he looked down upon her so fondly from the roof in Baker's Row,—told her of the child's father, and how he set him up in business,—of his prosperity since, ending with her taking passage with him, which he said was the best fortune of all.

"That was luck," says he, "that no words can shadder forth!" And then he said, "I ought n't to call it luck, my dear; it was just an intervention of Divine Providence!" Then he corrected himself. "An intervention o' Diwine Providence," says he,— "that 's what it was!" And he hugged the very bandboxes till he fairly stove them in.

About a month after this blessed luck, the milliner's shop was closed one day at an unusually early hour, and the white-muslin curtains at the parlor windows above might have been noticed to flutter and sway, as with some gay excitement indoors. And so indeed there was. John had taken his Rose for good and all, and the little parlor was full of glad hearts and merry feet. All the milliner's apprentices and sewing-girls of the neighborhood were there, bright as so many butterflies, laughing, and nodding, and whispering one another, and dropping their eyes before the young sailors, and teamsters,

and other fine fellows, who were serving them with a generosity that was only equalled by their admiration. Coffee, cakes, cheese, chowder, bottled beer, fruits, and hot bannocks,—the lasses had them all at once, and the lads would have been glad to give them even more.

And John, grown ten years younger that day, kept all the while (being forced to turn his head away now and then to receive congratulations) one foot under

the table, and against the soft slipper and silken stocking of Rose, lest at any moment she might be caught up into heaven, and so vanish out of his sight; and she, in turn, kept fond watch of him, pressing the oranges upon him with almost importunate solicitude. Perhaps she remembered that one which he had parted with for her sake, when he used to look down upon her from the roof of Baker's Row with such hopeless and helpless admiration.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
 Fades in the western sky,
 And the wee ones, tired of playing,
 Go tripping lightly by,
 I steal away from my husband,
 Asleep in his easy-chair,
 And watch from the open doorway
 Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
 That once was full of life,
 Ringing with girlish laughter,
 Echoing boyish strife,
 We two are waiting together;
 And oft, as the shadows come,
 With tremulous voice he calls me,
 "It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
 "They're all home long ago";—
 And I sing, in my quivering treble,
 A song so soft and low,
 Till the old man drops to slumber,
 With his head upon his hand,
 And I tell to myself the number
 Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
 Shall dim their eyes with tears!
 Where the smile of God is on them
 Through all the summer years!

I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows:
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
“Say, love! have the children come?”
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
“Yes, dear! they are all at home!”

IN THE GRAY GOTH.

IF the wick of the big oil lamp had been cut straight, I don't believe it would ever have happened.

Where is the poker, Johnny? Can't you push back that for'ard log a little? Dear, dear! Well, it does n't make much difference, does it? Something always seems to ail your Massachusetts fires; your hickory is green, and your maple is gnarly, and the worms eat out your oak like a sponge. I have n't seen anything like what I call a fire,—not since Mary Ann was married, and I came here to stay. "As long as you live, father," she said; and in that very letter she told me I should always have an open fire, and how she would n't let Jacob put in the air-tight in the sitting-room, but had the fireplace kept on purpose. Mary Ann was a good girl always, if I remember straight, and I'm sure I don't complain. Is n't that a pine-knot at the bottom of the basket? There! that's better.

Let me see; I began to tell you something, did n't I? O yes; about that winter of '41. I remember now. I declare, I can't get over it, to think you never heard about it, and you twenty-four year old come Christmas. You don't know much more, either, about Maine folks and Maine fashions than you do about China,—though it's small wonder, for the matter of that, you were such a little shaver when Uncle Jed took you. There were a great many of us, it seems to me, that year, I 'most forget how many;—we buried the twins next summer, did n't we?—then there was Mary Ann, and little Nancy, and—well, coffee was dearer than ever I'd seen it, I know, about that time, and butter selling for nothing; we just threw our milk away, and there was n't any market for eggs; besides doctor's bills and Isaac to be sent to school; so it seemed to be the best thing, though your mother took on pretty badly about it at first. Jede-

diah has been good to you, I'm sure, and brought you up religious,—though you've cost him a sight, spending three hundred and fifty dollars a year at Amherst College.

But, as I was going to say, when I started to talk about '41,—to tell the truth, Johnny, I'm always a long while coming to it, I believe. I'm getting to be an old man,—a little of a coward, maybe, and sometimes, when I sit alone here nights, and think it over, it's just like the toothache, Johnny. As I was saying, if she had cut that wick straight, I do believe it would n't have happened,—though it is n't that I mean to lay the blame on her *now*.

I'd been out at work all day about the place, slicking things up for to-morrow; there was a gap in the barn-yard fence to mend,—I left that till the last thing, I remember,—I remember everything, some way or other, that happened that day,—and there was a new roof to put on the pig-pen, and the grape-vine needed an extra layer of straw, and the latch was loose on the south barn door; then I had to go round and take a last look at the sheep, and toss down an extra forkful for the cows, and go into the stall to have a talk with Ben, and unbutton the coop door to see if the hens looked warm,—just to tuck 'em up, as you might say. I always felt sort of homesick—though I would n't have owned up to it, not even to Nancy—saying good by to the creeturs the night before I went in. There, now! it beats all, to think you don't know what I'm talking about, and you a lumberman's son. "Going in" is going up into the woods, you know, to cut and haul for the winter,—up, sometimes, a hundred miles deep,—in in the fall and out in the spring; whole gangs of us shut up there sometimes for six months, then down with the freshets

on the logs, and all summer to work the farm,—a merry sort of life when you get used to it, Johnny; but it was a great while ago, and it seems to me as if it must have been very cold.—Is n't there a little draft coming in at the pantry door?

So when I'd said good by to the creeturs,—I remember just as plain how Ben put his great neck on my shoulder and whinnied like a baby,—that horse knew when the season came round and I was going in, just as well as I did,—I tinkered up the barn-yard fence, and locked the doors, and went in to supper.

I gave my finger a knock with the hammer, which may have had something to do with it, for a man does n't feel very good-natured when he's been green enough to do a thing like that, and he does n't like to say it aches either. But if there is anything I can't bear it is lamp-smoke; it always did put me out, and I expect it always will. Nancy knew what a fuss I made about it, and she was always very careful not to hector me with it. I ought to have remembered that, but I did n't. She had lighted the company lamp on purpose, too, because it was my last night. I liked it better than the tallow candle.

So I came in, stamping off the snow, and they were all in there about the fire,—the twins, and Mary Ann, and the rest; baby was sick, and Nancy was walking back and forth with him, with little Nancy pulling at her gown. You were the baby then, I believe, Johnny; but there always was a baby, and I don't rightly remember. The room was so black with smoke, that they all looked as if they were swimming round and round in it. I guess coming in from the cold, and the pain in my finger and all, it made me a bit sick. At any rate, I threw open the window and blew out the light, as mad as a hornet.

"Nancy," said I, "this room would strangle a dog, and you might have known it, if you'd had two eyes to see what you were about. There, now!

I've tipped the lamp over, and you just get a cloth and wipe up the oil."

"Dear me!" said she, lighting a candle, and she spoke up very soft, too. "Please, Aaron, don't let the cold in on baby. I'm sorry it was smoking, but I never knew a thing about it; he's been fretting and taking on so the last hour, I did n't notice anyway."

"That's just what you ought to have done," says I, madder than ever. "You know how I hate the stuff, and you ought to have cared more about me than to choke me up with it this way the last night before going in."

Nancy was a patient, gentle-spoken sort of woman, and would bear a good deal from a fellow; but she used to fire up sometimes, and that was more than she could stand. "You don't deserve to be cared about, for speaking like that!" says she, with her cheeks as red as peat-coals.

That was right before the children. Mary Ann's eyes were as big as saucers, and little Nancy was crying at the top of her lungs, with the baby tuning in, so we knew it was time to stop. But stopping was n't ending; and folks can look things that they don't say.

We sat down to supper as glum as pump-handles; there were some fritters—I never knew anybody beat your mother at fritters—smoking hot off the stove, and some maple molasses in one of the best chiny teacups; I knew well enough it was just on purpose for my last night, but I never had a word to say, and Nancy crumbed up the children's bread with a jerk. Her cheeks didn't grow any whiter; it seemed as if they would blaze right up,—I could n't help looking at them, for all I pretended not to, for she looked just like a pictur. Some women always are pretty when they are put out,—and then again, some ain't; it appears to me there's a great difference in women, very much as there is in hens; now, there was your aunt Deborah,—but there, I won't get on that track now, only so far as to say that when she was flus-

tered up she used to go red all over, something like a piny, which didn't seem to have just the same effect.

That supper was a very dreary sort of supper, with the baby crying, and Nancy getting up between the mouthfuls to walk up and down the room with him; he was a heavy little chap for a ten-month-old, and I think she must have been tuckered out with him all day. I didn't think about it then; a man does n't notice such things when he's angry,—it is n't in him. I can't say but *she* would if I'd been in her place. I just eat up the fritters and the maple molasses,—seems to me I told her she ought not to use the best chiny cup, but I'm not just sure,—and then I took my pipe, and sat down in the corner.

I watched her putting the children to bed; they made her a great deal of bother, squirming off of her lap and running round barefoot. Sometimes I used to hold them and talk to them and help her a bit, when I felt good-natured, but I just sat and smoked, and let them alone. I was all worked up about that lamp-wick, and I thought, you see, if she had n't had any feelings for me there was no need of my having any for her,—if she had cut the wick, I'd have taken the babies; she had n't cut the wick, and I would n't take the babies; she might see it if she wanted to, and think what she pleased. I had been badly treated, and I meant to show it.

It is strange, Johnny, it really does seem to me very strange, how easy it is in this world to be always taking care of our *rights*. I've thought a great deal about it since I've been growing old, and there seems to me a good many things we'd better look after fust.

But you see I had n't found that out in '41, and so I sat in the corner, and felt very much abused. I can't say but what Nancy had pretty much the same idea; for when the young ones were all in bed at last, she took her knitting and sat down the other side of the fire, sort of turning her head round and

looking up at the ceiling, as she were trying her best to forget I was there. That was a way she had when I was courting, and we went along to huskings together, with the moon shining round.

Well, I kept on smoking, and she kept on looking at the ceiling, and nobody said a word for a while, till by and by the fire burnt down, and she got up and put on a fresh log.

"You're dreadful wasteful with the wood, Nancy," says I, bound to say something cross, and that was all I could think of.

"Take care of your own fire, then," says she, throwing the log down and standing up as straight as she could stand. "I think it's a pity if you have n't anything better to do, the last night before going in, than to pick everything I do to pieces this way, and I tired enough to drop, carrying that great crying child in my arms all day. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Aaron Hollis!"

Now if she had cried a little, very like I should have given up, and that would have been the end of it, for I never could bear to see a woman cry; it goes against the grain. But your mother was n't one of the crying sort, and she did n't feel like it that night.

She just stood up there by the fire-place, as proud as Queen Victory,—I don't blame her, Johnny,—O no, I don't blame her; she had the right of it there, I *ought* to have been ashamed of myself; but a man never likes to hear that from other folks, and I put my pipe down on the chimney-shelf so hard I heard it snap like ice, and I stood up too, and said—but no matter what I said, I guess. A man's quarrels with his wife always make me think of what the Scripture says about other folks not intermeddling. They're things, in my opinion, that don't concern anybody else as a general thing, and I could n't tell what I said without telling what she said, and I'd rather not do that. Your mother was as good and patient-tempered a woman as ever lived, Johnny, and she did n't mean it,

and it was I that set her on. Besides, my words were worst of the two.

Well, well, I'll hurry along just here, for it's not a time I like to think about; but we had it back and forth there for half an hour, till we had angered each other up so I could n't stand it, and I lifted up my hand, — I would have struck her if she had n't been a woman.

"Well," says I, "Nancy Hollis, I'm sorry for the day I married you, and that's the truth, if ever I spoke a true word in my life!"

I would n't have told you that now if you could understand the rest without. I'd give the world, Johnny, — I'd give the world and all those coupon bonds Jedediah invested for me if I could anyway forget it; but I said it, and I can't.

Well, I've seen your mother look 'most all sorts of ways in the course of her life, but I never saw her before, and I never saw her since, look as she looked that minute. All the blaze went out in her cheeks, as if somebody had thrown cold water on it, and she stood there stock still, so white I thought she would drop.

"Aaron —" she began, and stopped to catch her breath, "Aaron —" but she could n't get any farther; she just caught hold of a little shawl she had on with both her hands, as if she thought she could hold herself up by it, and walked right out of the room. I knew she had gone to bed, for I heard her go up and shut the door. I stood there a few minutes with my hands in my pockets, whistling Yankee Doodle. Your mother used to say men were queer folks, Johnny; they always whistled up the gayest when they felt the wust. Then I went to the closet and got another pipe, and I didn't go up stairs till it was smoked out.

When I was a young man, Johnny, I used to be that sort of fellow that couldn't bear to give up beat. I'd acted like a brute, and I knew it, but I was too spunky to say so. So I says to myself, "If she won't make up first, I won't, and that's the end on 't." Very likely she said the same thing,

for your mother was a spirited sort of woman when her temper *was* up; so there we were, more like enemies sworn against each other than man and wife who had loved each other true for fifteen years, — a whole winter, and danger, and death perhaps, coming between us, too.

It may seem very queer to you, Johnny, — it did to me when I was your age, and did n't know any more than you do, — how folks can work themselves up into great quarrels out of such little things; but they do, and into worse, if it's a man who likes his own way, and a woman that knows how to talk. It's my opinion, two thirds of all the divorce cases in the law-books just grow up out of things no bigger than that lamp-wick.

But how people that ever loved each other could come to hard words like that, you don't see? Well, ha, ha! Johnny, that amuses me, that really does amuse me, for I never saw a young man nor a young woman either, — and young men and young women in general are very much like fresh-hatched chickens, to my mind, and know just about as much of the world, Johnny, — well, I never saw one yet who did n't say that very thing. And what's more, I never saw one who could get it into his head that old folks knew better.

But I say I had loved your mother true, Johnny, and she had loved me true, for more than fifteen years; and I loved her more the fifteenth year than I did the first, and we could n't have got along without each other, any more than you could get along if somebody cut your heart right out. We had laughed together and cried together; we had been sick, and we'd been well together; we'd had our hard times and our pleasant times right along, side by side; we'd christened the babies, and we'd buried 'em, holding on to each other's hand; we had grown along year after year, through ups and downs and downs and ups, just like one person, and there was n't any more dividing of us. But for all that we'd been put

out, and we 'd had our two ways, and we had spoken our sharp words like any other two folks, and this was n't our first quarrel by any means.

I tell you, Johnny, young folks they start in life with very pretty ideas,—very pretty. But take it as a general thing, they don't know any more what they're talking about than they do about each other, and they don't know any more about each other than they do about the man in the moon. They begin very nice, with their new carpets and teaspoons, and a little mending to do, and coming home early evenings to talk; but by and by the shine wears off. Then come the babies, and worry and wear and temper. About that time they begin to be a little acquainted, and to find out that there are two wills and two sets of habits to be fitted somehow. It takes them anywhere along from one year to three to get jostled down together. As for smoothing off, there's more or less of that to be done always.

Well, I did n't sleep very well that night, dropping into naps and waking up. The baby was worrying over his teeth every half-hour, and Nancy getting up to walk him off to sleep in her arms,—it was the only way you *would* be hushed up, and you 'd lie and yell till somebody did it.

Now, it was n't many times since we 'd been married that I had let her do that thing all night long. I used to have a way of getting up to take my turn, and sending her off to sleep. It is n't a man's business, some folks say. I don't know anything about that; maybe, if I 'd been broiling my brain in book learning all day till come night, and I was hard put to it to get my sleep anyhow, like the parson there, it would-n't; but all I know is, what if I had been breaking my back in the potato-patch since morning? so she 'd broken her's over the oven; and what if I did need nine hours' sound sleep? I could chop and saw without it next day, just as well as she could do the ironing, to say nothing of my being a great stout fellow,—there was n't a chap for ten

miles round with my muscle,—and she with those blue veins on her forehead. Howsomever that may be, I was n't used to letting her do it by herself, and so I lay with my eyes shut, and pretended that I was asleep; for I did n't feel like giving in, and speaking up gentle, not about that nor anything else.

I could see her though, between my eyelashes, and I lay there, every time I woke up, and watched her walking back and forth, back and forth, up and down, with the heavy little fellow in her arms, all night long.

Sometimes, Johnny, when I 'm gone to bed now of a winter night, I think I see her in her white nightgown with her red-plaid shawl pinned over her shoulders and over the baby, walking up and down, and up and down. I shut my eyes, but there she is, and I open them again, but I see her all the same.

I was off very early in the morning; I don't think it could have been much after three o'clock when I woke up. Nancy had my breakfast all laid out overnight, except the coffee, and we had fixed it that I was to make up the fire, and get off without waking her, if the baby was very bad. At least, that was the way I wanted it; but she stuck to it she should be up,—that was before there 'd been any words between us.

The room was very gray and still,—I remember just how it looked, with Nancy's clothes on a chair, and the baby's shoes lying round. She had got him off to sleep in his cradle, and had dropped into a nap, poor thing! with her face as white as the sheet, from watching.

I stopped when I was dressed, half-way out of the room, and looked round at it,—it was so white, Johnny! It would be a long time before I should see it again,—five months were a long time; then there was the risk, coming down in the freshets, and the words I 'd said last night. I thought, you see, if I should kiss it once,—I need n't wake her up,—maybe I should go off feeling better. So I stood there looking: she was lying so still, I could n't

see any more stir to her than if she had her breath held in. I wish I had done it, Johnny,—I can't get over wishing I'd done it, yet. But I was just too proud, and I turned round and went out, and shut the door.

We were going to meet down at the post-office, the whole gang of us, and I had quite a spell to walk. I was going in on Bob Stokes's team. I remember how fast I walked with my hands in my pockets, looking along up at the stars,—the sun was putting them out pretty fast,—and trying not to think of Nancy. But I did n't think of anything else.

It was so early, that there was n't many folks about to see us off; but Bob Stokes's wife,—she lived nigh the office, just across the road,—she was there to say good by, kissing of him, and crying on his shoulder. I don't know what difference that should make with Bob Stokes, but I snapped him up well, when he came along, and said good morning.

There were twenty-one of us just, on that gang, in on contract for Dove and Beadle. Dove and Beadle did about the heaviest thing on woodland of anybody, about that time. Good, steady men we were, most of us,—none of your blundering Irish, that would n't know a maple from a hickory, with their gin-bottles in their pockets,—but our solid, Down-East Yankee heads, owning their farms all along the river, with schooling enough to know what they were about 'lection day. You did n't catch any of *us* voting your new-fangled tickets when we had meant to go up on Whig, for want of knowing the difference, nor visa vussy. To say nothing of Bob Stokes, and Holt, and me, and another fellow,—I forget his name,—being members in good and reg'lar standing, and paying in our five dollars to the parson every quarter, charitable.

Yes, though I say it that should n't say it, we were as fine a looking gang as any in the county, starting off that morning in our red uniform,—Nancy took a sight of pains with my shirt, sewing it up stout, for fear it

should bother me ripping, and I with nobody to take a stitch for me all winter. The boys went off in good spirits, singing till they were out of sight of town, and waving their caps at their wives and babies standing in the window along on the way. I did n't sing. I thought the wind blew too hard,—seems to me that was the reason,—I'm sure there must have been a reason, for I had a voice of my own in those days, and had led the choir perpetual for five years.

We were n't going in very deep; Dove and Beadle's lots lay about thirty miles from the nearest house; and a straggling, lonely sort of place that was too, five miles out of the village, with nobody but a dog and a deaf old woman in it. Sometimes, as I was telling you, we had been in a hundred miles from any human creature but ourselves.

It took us two days to get there though, with the oxen; and the teams were loaded down well, with so many axes and the pork-barrels;—I don't know anything like pork for hefting down more than you expect it to, reasonable. It was one of your ugly gray days, growing dark at four o'clock, with snow in the air, when we hauled up in the lonely place. The trees were blazed pretty thick, I remember, especially the pines; Dove and Beadle always had that done up prompt in October. It's pretty work going in blazing while the sun is warm, and the woods like a great bonfire with the maples. I used to like it, but your mother would n't hear of it when she could help herself, it kept me away so long.

It's queer, Johnny, how we do remember things that ain't of no account; but I remember, as plainly as if it were yesterday morning, just how everything looked that night, when the teams came up, one by one, and we went to work spry to get to rights before the sun went down.

There were three shanties,—they don't often have more than two or three in one place,—they were empty, and the snow had drifted in; Bob

Stokes's oxen were fagged out, with their heads hanging down, and the horses were whinnying for their supper. Holt had one of his great brush-fires going, — there was nobody like Holt for making fires, — and the boys were hurrying round in their red shirts, shouting at the oxen, and singing a little, some of them low, under their breath, to keep their spirits up. There was snow as far as you could see, — down the cart-path, and all around, and away into the woods; and there was snow in the sky now, setting in for a regular nor'easter. The trees stood up straight all around without any leaves, and under the bushes it was as black as pitch.

"Five months," said I to myself, — "five months!"

"What in time's the matter with you, Hollis?" says Bob Stokes, with a great slap on my arm; "you're giving that 'ere ox molasses on his hay!"

Sure enough I was, and he said I acted like a dazed creatur, and very likely I did. But I could n't have told Bob the reason. You see, I knew Nancy was just drawing up her little rocking-chair — the one with the green cushion — close by the fire, sitting there with the children to wait for the tea to boil. And I knew — I could n't help knowing, if I'd tried hard for it — how she was crying away softly in the dark, so that none of them could see her, to think of the words we'd said, and I gone in without ever making of them up. I was sorry for them then. O Johnny, I was sorry, and she was thirty miles away. I'd got to be sorry five months, thirty miles away, and could n't let her know.

The boys said I was poor company that first week, and I should n't wonder if I was. I could n't seem to get over it any way, to think I could n't let her know.

If I could have sent her a scrap of a letter, or a message, or something, I should have felt better. But there was n't any chance of that this long time, unless we got out of pork or fodder, and had to send down, — which we

did n't expect to, for we'd laid in more than usual.

We had two pretty rough weeks' work to begin with, for the worst storms of the season set in, and kept in, and I never saw their like, before or since. It seemed as if there'd never be an end to them. Storm after storm, blow after blow, freeze after freeze; half a day's sunshine, and then at it again! We were well tired of it before they stopped; it made the boys homesick.

However, we kept at work pretty brisk, — lumbermen are n't the fellows to be put out for a snow-storm, — cutting and hauling and sawing, out in the sleet and wind. Bob Stokes froze his left foot that second week, and I was frost-bitten pretty badly myself. Cullen — he was the boss — he was well out of sorts, I tell you, before the sun came out, and cross enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two.

But when the sun *is* out, it is n't so bad a kind of life, after all. At work all day, with a good hot dinner in the middle; then back to the shanties at dark, to as rousing a fire and tiptop swagan as anybody could ask for. Holt was cook that season, and Holt could n't be beaten on his swagan.

Now you don't mean to say you don't know what swagan is? Well, well! To think of it! All I have to say is, you don't know what's good then. Beans and pork and bread and molasses, — that's swagan, — all stirred up in a great kettle, and boiled together; and I don't know anything — not even your mother's fritters — I'd give more for a taste of now. We just about lived on that; there's nothing you can cut and haul all day on like swagan. Besides that, we used to have doughnuts, — you don't know what doughnuts are here in Massachusetts; as big as a dinner-plate, those doughnuts were, and — well, a little hard, perhaps. They used to have it about in Bangor that we used them for clock pendulums, but I don't know about that.

I used to think a great deal about Nancy nights, when we were sitting up by the fire, — we had our fire right

in the middle of the hut, you know, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. When supper was eaten, the boys all sat up around it, and told stories, and sang, and cracked their jokes; then they had their backgammon and cards; we got sleepy early, along about nine or ten o'clock, and turned in under the roof with our blankets. The roof sloped down, you know, to the ground; so we lay with our heads in under the little eaves, and our feet to the fire,—ten or twelve of us to a shanty, all round in a row. They built the huts up like a baby's cob-house, with the logs fitted in together. I used to think a great deal about your mother, as I was saying; sometimes I would lie awake when the rest were off as sound as a top, and think about her. Maybe it was foolish, and I'm sure I would n't have told anybody of it; but I could n't get rid of the notion that something might happen to her or to me before five months were out, and I with those words unforgiven.

Then, perhaps, when I went to sleep, I would dream about her, walking back and forth, up and down, in her night-gown and little red shawl, with the great heavy baby in her arms.

So it went along till come the last of January, when one day I saw the boys all standing round in a heap, and talking.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Pork's given out," says Bob, with a whistle. "Beadle got that last lot from Jenkins there, his son-in-law, and it's sp'ilt. I could have told him that beforehand. Never knew Jenkins to do the fair thing by anybody yet."

"Who's going down?" said I, stopping short. I felt the blood run all over my face, like a woman's.

"Cullen has n't made up his mind yet," says Bob, walking off.

Now you see there was n't a man on the ground who would n't jump at the chance to go; it broke up the winter for them, and sometimes they could run in home for half an hour, driving by; so there was n't much of a hope for me. But I went straight to Mr. Cullen.

"Too late! Just promised Jim Jacobs," said he, speaking up quick; it was just business to him, you know.

I turned off, and I did n't say a word. I would n't have believed it, I never would have believed it, that I could have felt so cut up about such a little thing. Cullen looked round at me sharp.

"Hilloa, Hollis!" said he. "What's to pay?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," says I, and walked off, whistling.

I had a little talk with Jim alone. He said he would take good care of something I'd give him, and carry it straight. So when night came I went and borrowed Mr. Cullen's pencil, and Holt tore me off a bit of clean brown paper he found in the flour-barrel, and I went off among the trees with it alone. I built a little fire for myself out of a huckleberry-bush, and sat down there on the snow to write. I could n't do it in the shanty, with the noise and singing. The little brown paper would n't hold much; but these were the words I wrote,—I remember every one of them,—it is curious now I should, and that more than twenty years ago:—

"Dear Nancy,"—that was it,—
"Dear Nancy, I can't get over it, and I take them all back. And if anything happens coming down on the logs—"

I could n't finish that anyhow, so I just wrote "Aaron" down in the corner, and folded the brown paper up. It did n't look any more like "Aaron" than it did like "Abimelech," though; for I did n't see a single letter I wrote,—not one.

After that I went to bed, and wished I was Jim Jacobs.

Next morning somebody woke me up with a push, and there was the boss.

"Why, Mr. Cullen!" says I, with a jump.

"Hurry up, man, and eat your breakfast," said he; "Jacobs is down sick with his cold."

"Oh!" said I.

"You and the pork must be back

here day after to-morrow,—so be sry,” said he.

I rather think I was, Johnny.

It was just eight o'clock when I started; it took some time to get breakfast, and feed the nags, and get orders. I stood there, slapping the snow with my whip, crazy to be off, hearing the last of what Mr. Cullen had to say.

They gave me the two horses,—we had n't but two,—oxen are tougher for going in, as a general thing,—and the lightest team on the ground; it was considerably lighter than Bob Stokes's. If it had n't been for the snow, I might have put the thing through in two days, but the snow was up to the creatures' knees in the shady places all along; off from the road, in among the gullies, you could stick a four-foot measure down anywhere. So they did n't look for me back before Wednesday night.

“I must have that pork Wednesday night sure,” says Cullen.

“Well, sir,” says I, “you shall have it Wednesday noon, Providence permitting; and you shall have it Wednesday night anyway.”

“You will have a storm to do it in, I'm afraid,” said he, looking at the clouds, just as I was whipping up. “You're all right on the road, I suppose?”

“All right,” said I; and I'm sure I ought to have been, for the times I'd been over it.

Bess and Beauty—they were the horses, and of all the ugly nags that ever I saw Beauty was the ugliest—started off on a round trot, slewing along down the hill; they knew they were going home just as well as I did. I looked back, as we turned the corner, to see the boys standing round in their red shirts, with the snow behind them, and the fire, and the shanties. I felt a mite lonely when I could n't see them any more; the snow was so dead still, and there were thirty miles of it to cross before I could see human face again.

The clouds had an ugly look,—a few flakes had fallen already,—and

the snow was purple, deep in as far as you could see under the trees. Something made me think of Ben Gurnell, as I drove on, looking along down the road to keep it straight. You never heard about it? Poor Ben! Poor Ben! It was in '37, that was; he had been out hunting up blazed trees, they said, and wandered away somehow into the Gray Goth, and went over,—it was two hundred feet; they did n't find him not till spring,—just a little heap of bones; his wife had them taken home and buried, and by and by they had to take her away to a hospital in Portland,—she talked so horribly, and thought she saw bones round everywhere.

There is no place like the woods for bringing a storm down on you quick; the trees are so thick you don't mind the first few flakes, till, first you know, there's a whirl of 'em, and the wind is up.

I was minding less about it than usual, for I was thinking of Nannie,—that's what I used to call her, Johnny, when she was a girl, but it seems a long time ago, that does. I was thinking how surprised she'd be, and pleased. I knew she would be pleased. I did n't think so poorly of her as to suppose she was n't just as sorry now as I was for what had happened. I knew well enough how she would jump and throw down her sewing with a little scream, and run and put her arms about my neck and cry, and could n't help herself.

So I did n't mind about the snow, for planning it all out, till all at once I looked up, and something slashed into my eyes and stung me,—it was sleet.

“Oho!” said I to myself, with a whistle,—it was a very long whistle, Johnny; I knew well enough then it was no play-work I had before me till the sun went down, nor till morning either.

That was about noon,—it could n't have been half an hour since I'd eaten my dinner; I eat it driving, for I could n't bear to waste time.

The road wasn't broken there an inch, and the trees were thin; there'd been a clearing there years ago, and wide, white level places wound off among the trees; one looked as much like a road as another, for the matter of that. I pulled my visor down over my eyes to keep the sleet out,—after they're stung too much they're good for nothing to see with, and I *must* see, if I meant to keep that road.

It began to be cold. You don't know what it is to be cold, you don't, Johnny, in the warm gentleman's life you've lived. I was used to Maine forests, and I was used to January, but that was what I call cold.

The wind blew from the ocean, straight as an arrow. The sleet blew every way,—into your eyes, down your neck, in like a knife into your cheeks. I could feel the snow crunching in under the runners, crisp, turned to ice in a minute. I reached out to give Bess a cut on the neck, and the sleeve of my coat was stiff as pasteboard before I bent my elbow up again.

If you looked up at the sky, your eyes were shut with a snap as if somebody'd shot them. If you looked in under the trees, you could see the icicles a minute, and the purple shadows. If you looked straight ahead, you could n't see a thing.

By and by I thought I had dropped the reins; I looked at my hands, and there I was holding them tight. I knew then that it was time to get out and walk.

I did n't try much after that to look ahead; it was of no use, for the sleet was fine, like needles, twenty of 'em in your eye at a wink; then it was growing dark. Bess and Beauty knew the road as well as I did, so I had to trust to them. I thought I must be coming near the clearing where I'd counted on putting up overnight, in case I could n't reach the deaf old woman's.

There was a man just out of Bangor the winter before, walking just so beside his team, and he kept on walking, some folks said, after the breath was gone, and they found him frozen up

against the sleigh-poles. I would have given a good deal if I need n't have thought of that just then. But I did, and I kept walking on.

Pretty soon Bess stopped short. Beauty was pulling on,—Beauty always did pull on,—but she stopped too. I could n't stop so easily, so I walked along like a machine, up on a line with the creaturs' ears. I *did* stop then, or you never would have heard this story, Johnny.

Two paces,—and those two hundred feet shot down like a plummet. A great cloud of snow-flakes puffed up over the edge. There were rocks at my right hand, and rocks at my left. There was the sky overhead. I was in the Gray Goth!

I sat down, as weak as a baby. If I didn't think of Ben Gurnell then, I never thought of him. It roused me up a bit, perhaps, for I had the sense left to know that I could n't afford to sit down just yet, and I remembered a shanty that I must have passed without seeing; it was just at the opening of the place where the rocks narrowed, built, as they build their light-houses, to warn folks to one side. There was a log or something put up after Gurnell went over, but it was of no account, coming on it suddenly. There was no going any farther that night, that was clear; so I put about into the hut, and got my fire going, and Bess and Beauty and I, we slept together.

It was an outlandish name to give it, seems to me, anyway. I don't know what a Goth is, Johnny; maybe you do. There was a great figger up on the rock, about eight feet high; some folks thought it looked like a man. I never thought so before, but that night it did kind of stare in through the door as natural as life.

When I woke up in the morning I thought I was on fire. I stirred and turned over, and I was ice. My tongue was swollen up so I could n't swallow without strangling. I crawled up to my feet, and every bone in me was stiff as a shingle.

Bess was looking hard at me, whinnying for her breakfast. "Bess," says I, very slow, "we must get home—to-night—*any*—how."

I pushed open the door. It creaked out into a great drift, and slammed back. I squeezed through and limped out. The shanty stood up a little, in the highest part of the Goth. I went down a little,—I went as far as I could go. There was a pole lying there, blown down in the night; it came about up to my head. I sunk it into the snow, and drew it up.

Just six feet.

I went back to Bess and Beauty, and I shut the door. I told them I could n't help it,—something ailed my arms,—I could n't shovel them out to-day. I must lie down and wait till to-morrow.

I waited till to-morrow. It snowed all day, and it snowed all night. It was snowing when I pushed the door out again into the drift. I went back and lay down. I did n't seem to care.

The third day the sun came out, and I thought about Nannie. I was going to surprise her. She would jump up and run and put her arms about my neck. I took the shovel, and crawled out on my hands and knees. I dug it down, and fell over on it like a baby.

After that, I understood. I'd never had a fever in my life, and it's not strange that I should n't have known before.

It came all over me in a minute, I think. I could n't shovel through. Nobody could hear. I might call, and I might shout. By and by the fire would go out. Nancy would not come. Nancy did not know. Nancy and I should never kiss and make up now.

I struck my arm out into the air, and shouted out her name, and yelled it out. Then I crawled out once more into the drift.

I tell you, Johnny, I was a stout-hearted man, who'd never known a fear. I could freeze. I could burn up there alone in the horrid place with fever. I could starve. It was n't death nor awfulness I could n't face,—not

that, not *that*; but I loved her true, I say,—I loved her true, and I'd spoken my last words to her, my very last; I had left her *those* to remember, day in and day out, and year upon year, as long as she remembered her husband, as long as she remembered anything.

I think I must have gone pretty nearly mad with the fever and the thinking. I fell down there like a log, and lay groaning, "God Almighty! God Almighty!" over and over, not knowing what it was that I was saying, till the words strangled in my throat.

Next day, I was too weak so much as to push open the door. I crawled around the hut on my knees, with my hands up over my head, shouting out as I did before, and fell, a helpless heap, into the corner; after that I never stirred.

How many days had gone, or how many nights, I had no more notion than the dead. I knew afterwards; when I knew how they waited and expected and talked and grew anxious, and sent down home to see if I was there, and how she— But no matter, no matter about that.

I used to scoop up a little snow when I woke up from the stupors. The bread was the other side of the fire; I could n't reach round. Beauty eat it up one day; I saw her. Then the wood was used up. I clawed out chips with my nails from the old rotten logs the shanty was made of, and kept up a little blaze. By and by I could n't pull any more. Then there were only some coals,—then a little spark. I blew at that spark a long while,—I had n't much breath. One night it went out, and the wind blew in. One day I opened my eyes, and Bess had fallen down in the corner, dead and stiff. Beauty had pushed out of the door somehow and gone. I shut up my eyes. I don't think I cared about seeing Bess,—I can't remember very well.

Sometimes I thought Nancy was there in the plaid shawl, walking round the ashes where the spark went out. Then again I thought Mary Ann was there, and Isaac, and the baby. But they

never were. I used to wonder if I was n't dead, and had n't made a mistake about the place that I was going to.

One day there was a noise. I had heard a great many noises, so I did n't take much notice. It came up crunching on the snow, and I did n't know but it was Gabriel or somebody with his chariot. Then I thought more likely it was a wolf.

Pretty soon I looked up, and the door was open; some men were coming in, and a woman. She was ahead of them all, she was; she came in with a great spring, and had my head against her neck, and her arm holding me up, and her cheek down to mine, with her dear, sweet, warm breath all over me; and that was all I knew.

Well, there was brandy, and there was a fire, and there were blankets, and there was hot water, and I don't know what; but warmer than all the rest I felt her breath against my cheek, and her arms about my neck, and her long hair, which she had wrapped all in, about my hands.

So by and by my voice came. "Nannie!" said I.

"O don't!" said she, and first I knew she was crying.

"But I will," says I, "for I'm sorry."

"Well, so am I," says she.

Said I, "I thought I was dead, and had n't made up, Nannie."

"O dear!" said she; and down fell a great hot splash right on my face.

Says I, "It was all me, for I ought to have gone back and kissed you."

"No, it was *me*," said she, "for I was n't asleep, not any such thing. I peeked out, this way, through my lashes, to see if you would n't come back. I meant to wake up then. Dear me!" says she, "to think what a couple of fools we were, now!"

"Nannie," says I, "you can let the lamp smoke all you want to!"

"Aaron—" she began, just as she had begun that other night, "Aaron—" but she did n't finish, and— Well, well, no matter; I guess you don't want to hear any more, do you?

But sometimes I think, Johnny, when it comes my time to go,—if ever it does,—I've waited a good while for it,—the first thing I shall see will be her face, looking as it looked at me just then.

BUSY BRAINS.

A CHAPTER OF LITERARY ANECDOTE.

OF all working systems, the Mind seems most pertinacious in concealing the method of its operations. "No admittance" is inscribed upon the door of the laboratories of the brain. Approaching a psychological inquiry is like entering a manufactory: curious to observe its ingenious processes, we find that, though we may penetrate its court-yard and ware-rooms, every precaution is taken by its polite proprietors to prevent our interrogating its workmen or understanding its methods. The intellect often displays proud-

ly her works; she has the assurance to attempt to answer questions about all things else in heaven and earth; but when her life is the subject of inquiry, that life seems to elude her own observation. We see in the evening sky stars so dim that the eye cannot fix upon them; we only catch glimpses of them when we are looking at some other point aside; the moment we turn the eye full upon them, they are lost to our sight. This covert and transient vision is the best which men have ever yet caught of the Mind, which they have

studied so long to know. The metaphysicians look directly at it, and to them it is invisible, and they cannot agree what it is, nor how it moves. And when we look aside at the anatomy and physiology of the human frame, or, on the other hand, at the complex and endless variety of human actions and human experience, we catch only a partial and unsatisfactory glimpse of the soul which is beyond.

Thought, as we have suggested, will uncover to us almost anything sooner than the secrets of its own power. It has explained much about the conditions of rapid vegetation, and how to procure profitable crops from the earth; but how little has it yet disclosed of the conditions which secure vigorous thinking, and best promote the development of truth!

But some one may say: "I supposed that the conditions of mental activity were well known; they are quiet, peace of mind, neither too much nor too little food, and a subject which interests the feelings, or effectually calls forth the powers of the mind."

Though you know all this, you are in ignorance still. Truly a savage might profess the art of agriculture in this fashion; for all this is only as if one were to say that the conditions of success in farming were to be where there were no earthquakes or avalanches, that is, to be quiet; to have the ground cleared of trees, that is, to have the mind free from cares and the shadows of sorrows; to have neither too much nor too little sunshine and rain, that is, to be properly fed; and to have good seed to put into the ground, that is, to engage the mind with a topic which it will expand and reproduce. After all these things have been secured, it is only a sort of barbaric husbandry that we have practised. The common and rude experience of men, laboring without thinking about their labor, teaches these things, and the very beginnings of the art and science of Intellectual Economy come beyond and after these.

What shall we say of those moods

which every student passes through, which turn and return upon the mind, irresistible and mysterious? What are the causes of those strange and delightful exaltations of mind in which thought runs like a clock when the pendulum is off, and crowds a week of existence into an hour of time? Whence are those dull days which come so unexpectedly, and sometimes lead a troop of dull followers, to interrupt our life's work for a week at a time? Where are we to search for obstructions in the channels of the mind when ideas will not flow? How is it that, after a period of clearness and activity in thought, the brain grows indolent, and, without a feeling of illness, or even of fatigue, work lags and stops? By what right is it that, at times, each faculty in our possession seems to grow independent, and refuses to return to its task at our call? What are the secret psychological conditions which influence the mental powers as strangely as if there were a goblin who had power to mesmerize Fancy and put it to sleep, to lock up Imagination in a dreary den of commonplaces, to blindfold Attention and make sport of his vain groping, and to send sober Reason off on foolish errands, so that Mistress Soul has not a servant left?

Such variations of mental power, which we call moods of mind, are often caused, doubtless, by ill-health, or by fatigue, or by some irregularity of habit, or by anxiety of mind; but the experience of every student will probably attest the existence of such variations where none of these causes can be assigned. There are moods which we cannot trace to illness, or weariness, or external circumstances. Men are prone to regard them as whims, which sometimes they struggle against and sometimes they yield to, but at all times wonder at.

The connection of the mind and body, and the dependence of the mind upon the health and vigor of the body, have been much dwelt upon; and we cannot be too deeply sensible of the debt which the student owes to those

who have made this truth prominent to him. But, after all, it is wonderful with how much independence of bodily suffering—and even of suffering in the brain—the mind carries itself, and this fact seems worthy of more distinct recognition than it has received. It significantly confirms our belief in the existence of an immaterial principle, or soul, superior to the mere functions of the brain. Great and healthful mental activity often exists in a disordered body; and biographical literature is full of illustrations of the power of a strong will to accomplish brilliant results while the system is agitated by physical distress.

Campbell, the poet, pursued his regular habit of writing every day, even under the pressure of much bodily pain.

Cowper never, when it was possible to perform his task, excused his frail and desponding body from attendance in his little summer-house, morning and afternoon, until his forty lines of Homer were arrayed in English dress. The ballad of "John Gilpin" originated during one of his illnesses. With the hope of diverting his mind during an unusually severe attack of gloom, Lady Austen related to him the history of the renowned citizen, which she had heard in her childhood. The tale made a vivid impression, and the next morning he told her that the ludicrous incident had convulsed him with laughter during the night, and that he had embodied the whole into a ballad.

Paley's last, and perhaps, for his day, his greatest work,—his "Natural Theology,"—was principally composed during the period in which he was subject to attacks of that terribly malady, nephralgia.

So great was the delicacy of John Locke's constitution, that he was not capable of a laborious application to the medical art, which was his profession; and it is not improbable that his principal motive in studying it was that he might be qualified, when necessary, to act as his own physician.

His difficulty was a lung complaint, or asthma; but his biographer says: "It occasioned disturbance to no person but himself, and persons might be with him without any other concern than that created by seeing him suffer." Notwithstanding this permanent suffering, his works are alike laborious and voluminous.

Robert Hall, in the period when his intellectual power was most vigorous, pursued his daily studies almost regardless of the pain which was his companion through life. Dr. Gregory pursued a course of study with him in metaphysics and in mathematics; and he writes: "On entering his room in the morning, I could at once tell whether or not his night had been refreshing; for if it had, I found him at the table, the books to be studied ready, and a vacant chair set for me. If his night had been restless, and the pain still continued, I found him lying on the sofa, or, more frequently, upon three chairs, on which he could obtain an easier position. At such seasons, scarcely ever did a complaint issue from his lips; but, inviting me to take the sofa, our reading commenced. . . . Sometimes, when he was suffering more than usual, he proposed a walk in the fields, where, with the appropriate book as our companion, we could pursue the subject. If he was the preceptor, as was commonly the case in these peripatetic lectures, he soon lost the sense of pain, and nearly as soon escaped from our author, whoever he might be, and expatiated at large upon some train of inquiry or explication which our course of reading had suggested. As his thoughts enkindled, both his steps and his words became quicker, until ere long it was difficult to say whether the body or the mind were brought most upon the stretch in keeping up with him."

Hannah More, who wrote many volumes, and accumulated a fortune of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from them, was an invalid. In her early life, as well as in her de-

clining years, she was subject to successive illnesses, which threw great impediments in the way of her intellectual exertions. Morning headaches prevented her from rising early. She used to say that her frequent attacks of illness were a great blessing to her, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life and teaching patience; for they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught her also to contrive employments for her sick ones; that from habit she had learned to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. "I never," she said, "afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross *t*'s, or dot my *i*'s. So that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learned from it also to avoid procrastination, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health."

Baxter, one of the most voluminous of English writers, was an invalid. After speaking of his multifarious labors as pastor, preacher, and also surgeon to the poor in general, he says these were but his relaxation; his writing was his chief labor, which went slowly on, for he had no amanuensis, and his weakness took up so much of his time. "All the pains that my infirmities ever brought on me," he adds, "were never half so grievous and afflictive as the unavoidable loss of time which they occasioned. I could not bear, through the weakness of my stomach, to rise before seven, and afterwards not till much later; and some infirmities I labored under made it above an hour before I could be dressed. An hour I must have of necessity to walk before dinner, and another before supper, and after supper I could seldom study." He is described as one of the most diseased men that ever reached the full limit of human life, entering upon mature life diseased and

sore from head to foot, and with the symptoms of old age. His "Saint's Rest" was written as his meditation in a severe illness, and after he had been given up by his physicians.

Lindley Murray commenced his work as a grammarian, and his other writings, after disease had fixed upon his declining years. Having successively engaged in the practice of law, and in mercantile pursuits, and having retired from the latter with some property, he fell into ill-health, which compelled him to go abroad, and kept him an exile through the remainder of his long life. The disease with which he was afflicted was a weakness in the lower limbs, which precluded him from walking, and, after a time, from taking any exercise whatever. He was thus imprisoned, as it were, in a country-seat, near York, in England; and here he commenced those literary labors, which, so far from being forbidden by his illness, did much to alleviate his sufferings. He says: "In the course of my literary labors, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that, if I had suffered my time to pass away with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened."

Of Lord Jeffrey, who was a very hard-working man, it is said that one of his cures for a headache was to sit down and clear up a deep legal question.

The cases of Pascal, Dr. Johnson, Channing, and others, will doubtless occur to the reader. It will suffice here to mention one more,—that of William of Orange, whose vigorous, comprehensive, and untiring intellect through a long course of years wielded and shaped the destinies of England, and enabled him, if not to make a more brilliant page in history, yet to leave

a more enduring monument in human institutions than any other man of his age. Macaulay thus graphically describes him: "The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable, because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood, his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small-pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body."

Let the weak and feeble of body, therefore, take courage of heart; and let the robust student be admonished that he cannot excuse *all* his inactive days upon the ground of indisposition.

Fatigue is an enemy which every hard-working brain knows of; but it is an enemy, not of the workman, but only of the taskmaster. The student may resort to what healthful contrivances he pleases to avoid fatigue; but when it appears, he should not excuse himself, but yield to its impulse. He should learn to distinguish indolence, and other counterfeits, from that genuine weariness which makes the sleep of a laboring man sweet. Weariness is the best friend of labor, just as the toothache is the best friend of sound teeth. Weariness is an angel. When the proper end of your day has come, she hovers over your desk, and, if you are careless of the time, she breathes a misty breath upon your eyelids, and loads your pen with an

invisible weight; the shadow of her gray wings dims your page, and her throbbing hand upon your forehead admonishes you of her presence. Let her visits be few and far between, and it is well; but you will never regret that you entertained her even unawares. You may avoid, but never resist her. She comes from Heaven to save life.

But comes there never into your study a little imp of darkness,—of intellectual darkness, we mean,—whose efforts to imitate the gentle interference of fatigue are as grotesque as they are vexatious, and who does not succeed in deceiving, however readily one may sometimes fall in with his humor? The heavy pen, the dull page, the wandering thoughts, sometimes interrupt the most successful currents of labor, in those morning hours, and in the fresh days after vacations, when we cannot find the excuse of weariness. There is an indisposition to continuous labor, which is utterly different from fatigue.

John Foster declared: "I have no power of getting fast forward in any literary task; it costs me far more labor than any other mortal who has been in the habit so long. I have the most extreme and invariable repugnance to all literary labors of any kind, and almost all mental labor. When I have anything of the kind to do, I linger hours and hours before I can resolutely set about it, and days and weeks if it is some task more than ordinary."

Dr. Humphrey recommends that the unwilling thoughts be frightened to their task by the same means which Lord Jeffrey used to drive out a headache. He says, in his letters to his son: "When you sit down to write, you sometimes will, no doubt, find it difficult to collect your scattered thoughts at the moment, and fix them upon the subject. If, in these cases, you take up a newspaper, or whatever other light reading may happen to be at hand, with the hope of luring the truants back, you will be disappointed. Nothing but stern and decided meas-

ures will answer. I would advise you to resort at once to geometry or conic sections, or some other equally inexorable discipline to settle the business. I have myself often called in the aid of Euclid for a few moments, and always with good success. A little wholesome schooling of the mind upon lines and angles and proportions, when it is not in the right mood for study, will commonly make it quite willing to exchange them for the labor of composition, as the easier task of the two."

There is sound philosophy perhaps in this recommendation. Many persons have observed that the preliminary process of "composing the thoughts" is one which requires a little time and effort, especially where one comes to his subject from a period of exercise, or repose, or any other condition in which the brain has not been active. The functional activity of the brain depends on the copious supply of the arterial blood, its activity varying with that supply, increasing as that supply is greater, and relaxing when it is diminished. But unlike other organs of the body, the brain is densely packed in an unyielding cavity, and there must be room made for this increased volume of circulation whenever it takes place. This is accomplished, physiologists tell us, in the cerebro-spinal fluid, the quantity of which has been estimated at two ounces. This fluid is readily absorbed and as readily reproduced, and thus its quantity varies in a certain inverse proportion to the volume of the circulation of blood in the brain; and by this means an equality of pressure is secured throughout all the variations in the force of the circulation. The act of adjustment between this balancing fluid and the blood requires a little period for its completion, and therefore the brain cannot instantaneously be brought to its maximum action.

Hence, where the circulation has been diverted from the brain, and the proposed mental effort requires it to be vigorously revived in the brain, time must be allowed for this process of ad-

justment, and room must be made for the needed supply of blood; and perhaps a familiar demonstration in mathematics, which fixes the attention, and will instantly detect any delinquency of that faculty, may often be one of the best modes of employing this transition period, and aiding the change.

We may observe here the singular paradox, which we believe that the philosophy of the mind and the experience of the scholar equally establish, that what are usually called the heaviest or severest subjects of thought are the least exhausting to the thinker. How many students, like Chief-Justice Parsons, have been accustomed, when fatigued with the labor of deep research, or exhausted by continued train of thought upon one subject, to relax the mind with arithmetical or geometrical problems. Isaac Newton could, month after month, spend in the profoundest problems of pure mathematics twice as many hours in the day as Walter Scott could give to the composition of what we call light reading; and it will be found that mathematicians, theologians, and metaphysicians have been able to sustain more protracted labor, and with less injury, than have poets and novelists. There are not wanting reasons which aid us to understand this paradox, but we will not enter upon them here.

Irregularities of habit will doubtless disturb the action of the mind. The mental power that is thrown away and wasted by recklessness in this respect is incalculable. But there are variations in mental power in the midst of health, in the absence of fatigue, and under the most regular habits. Perhaps few authors have more carefully adapted their habits to their work, or ordered their method of life with a more quiet equality, than did Milton. He went to bed uniformly at nine o'clock.* He rose in the summer generally at four, and in winter at five. When, contrary to his usual custom, he in-

* In his youth he studied till midnight; but, warned by the early decay of sight and his disordered health, he afterwards changed his hours.

dulged himself with longer rest, he employed a person to read to him from the time of his waking to that of his rising. The opening of his day was uniformly consecrated to religion. A chapter of the Hebrew Scriptures being read to him as soon as he was up, he passed the subsequent interval till seven o'clock in private meditation. From seven till twelve he either studied, listened while some author was read to him, or dictated as some friendly hand supplied him with its pen. At twelve commenced his hour of exercise, which before his blindness was usually passed in his garden or in walking, and afterward for the most part in the swing which he had contrived for the purpose of exercise. His early and frugal dinner succeeded, and when it was finished he resigned himself to the recreation of music, by which he found his mind at once gratified and restored. He played on the organ, and sang, or his wife sang for him. From his music he returned with fresh vigor to his books or his composition. At six he admitted the visits of his friends; he took his abstemious supper, of olives or some light thing, at eight; and at nine, having smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water, he retired. Yet in the midst of this clock-like regularity his labors were broken by frequent unfruitful seasons. Symmons says of him, that "he frequently composed in the night, when his unpremeditated verse would sometimes flow in a torrent, under the impulse, as it were, of some strange poetical fury; and in these peculiar moments of inspiration, his amanuensis, who was generally his daughter, was summoned by the bell to arrest the verses as they came, and to commit them to the security of writing. . . . Some days would elapse undistinguished by a verse, while on others he would dictate thirty or forty lines. . . . Labor would often be ineffectual to obtain what often would be gratuitously offered to him; and his imagination, which at one instant would refuse a flower to his most strenuous cultivation, would at another time shoot up

into spontaneous and abundant vegetation." He seldom wrote any in the summer.

Cowper said that *he* composed best in winter, because then he could find nothing else to do but think; and he contrasted himself in this respect with other poets, who have found an inspiration in the attractive scenes of the more genial seasons.

The biographer of Campbell has given us the following anecdote with respect to the oft-quoted lines,

"T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit at Min-to. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on "Lochiel's Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before"! This was the very thought for which he had been hunting the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increasing force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed, and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. "Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of his pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking at his watch he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his cup of tea he completed his first sketch of "Lochiel."

Nor is this capriciousness exclusively the attribute of the poetic Muse.

Calvin, who studied and wrote in bed, if he felt his facility of composition quitting him, as not unfrequently he did, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks, and months together.

But as soon as he felt the inspiration again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Dr. Edward Robinson was always under the necessity of waiting upon his moods in composition. He wondered at the men who can write when they will. Sometimes for days together he could make no headway in his higher tasks.

There are avocations, like those of the advocate, the preacher, the journalist, which must be pursued continuously, well or ill, and in spite of such variations of feeling. In these labors men doubtless learn to disregard in some degree these moods of mind; but the variable quality of the productions of one man on different days confirms what testimony we have of their existence.

The zeal or the indifference, the clearness or the dulness, the quickness or the sluggishness of thought, are doubtless to some degree determined by the methods of labor into which the person falls, and by the incidental habits and circumstances of his life. It is wonderful what a vast fund of information and suggestion upon these and kindred points of mental phenomena is found in the experience of the great industrial class of the intellectual world recorded in biographical and historical literature. Let us then visit some of the busiest and most successful scholars, philosophers, poets, writers, and preachers; let us peep through the window of biography into the library, the cabinet, and the office. Let us watch the habits of some of these busy-brained men, these great masters of the intellectual world. Let us note what helps and what hindrances they have found; how they have driven their work, or how they have been driven by it, and what is the nature and degree of the systems which they have adopted in ordering their hours of labor and of relaxation.

We will visit them as we find them, without looking for examples of excellence or warnings of carelessness, and will leave the reader to make his own inferences.

The poet Southey, who is said to have been, perhaps, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation, was habitually an early riser, but he never encroached upon the hours of the night. He gives the following account of his day, as he employed it at the age of thirty-two: "Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner-time. From dinner till tea, I write letters, read, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper." At the age of fifty-five, his life varied but little from this sketch. When it is said that his breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, his dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half past nine, and that the intervals, except the time regularly devoted to a walk, between two and four, and a short sleep before tea, were occupied with reading and writing, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was ready to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. During the several years that he was partially employed upon the life of Dr. Bell, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer, and as much time as there was daylight for during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. Of himself, at the age of sixty, at a time when he was thus engaged every morning at work away from his home, he says: "I get out of bed as the clock

strikes six, and shut the house door after me as it strikes seven. After two hours' work, home to breakfast; after which my son engages me till about half past ten, and, when the post brings no letters that interest or trouble me, by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But I am liable to frequent interruptions, so that there are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand. Dinner at four, read about half an hour, then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candlelight; twilight interferes with it a little, and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half past nine, after which I read an hour, and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time."

Shelley rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato, or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible, in which last he took a great interest. Out of twenty-four hours he frequently read sixteen. "He wrote his *Prometheus*," says Willis, "in the baths of Caracalla, near the Coliseum." It was his favorite haunt in Rome.

The poet Campbell thus describes his labors, when in London, at the age of fifty-five: "I get up at seven, write letters for the Polish Association until half past nine, breakfast, go to the club

and read the newspapers till twelve. Then I sit down to my studies, and, with many interruptions, do what I can till four. I then walk round the Park and generally dine out at six. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book or write a letter, and go to bed always before twelve." "His correspondence," says his biographer, "occupied four hours every morning, in French, German, and Latin. He could seldom act with the moderation necessary for his health. Whatever object he once took in hand, he determined to carry out, and found no rest until it was accomplished." Whatever he wrote during his connection with the *New Monthly* and the *Metropolitan* was written hurriedly. If a subject was proposed for the end of a month, he seldom gave it a thought until it was no longer possible to delay the task. He would then sit down in the quietest corner of his chambers, or, if quiet was not to be found in town, he would start off to the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task. When sixty-two years old, he says: "I am only six hours out of the twenty-four in bed. I study twelve, and walk six. Oranges, exercise, and early rising serve to keep me flourishing."

"Procter (Barry Cornwall) usually writes," says Willis, "in a small closet adjoining his library. There is just room enough in it for a desk and two chairs, and his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, &c., piled around in true poetical confusion." He confines his labors to the daytime, eschewing evening work. In a letter to a friend, some years ago, he wrote: "I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly for this imprudence) that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health and strength and animal spirits which will certainly follow this excess of labor."

Cowper, at the age of fifty-three, and at a busy period of his life, says: "The morning is my writing time, and

in the morning I have no spirits. So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep, that refreshes my body, seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us whom they call nervous."

He was very assiduous in labor. While he was translating Homer, he says: "As soon as breakfast is over, I retire to my nutshell of a summer-house, which is my verse manufactory, and here I abide seldom less than three hours, and not often more." This little summer-house, which he called his boudoir, was not much bigger than a sedan-chair; the door of it opened into the garden, which was covered with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles. The window opened into his neighbor's orchard. He says: "It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking-room; and under my feet is a trap-door, which once covered a hole in the ground where he kept his bottles. At present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Having lined it with garden mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or to the public. . . . In the afternoon I return to it again, and all the daylight that follows, except what is sometimes devoted to a walk, is given to Homer." In the evening he devoted himself to transcribing, so that his mornings and evenings were, for the most part, completely engaged. He read also, but less than he wrote; "for I must have bodily exercise," he said, "and therefore never let a day pass without it." His walk was usually in the afternoon.

Lord Byron, who used to sit up at night writing "Don Juan," (which he did under the influence of gin and water,) rose late in the morning. Leigh Hunt thus describes him: "He breakfasted, read, lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini, and in a swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled; then took a bath

and was dressed, and coming down stairs, was heard, still singing, in the court-yard, out of which the garden ascended at the back of the house. The servants at the same time brought out two or three chairs. We then lounged about, or sat and talked. In the course of an hour or two, being an early riser, I used to go in to dinner. Lord Byron either stayed a little longer, or went up stairs to his books and his couch. When the heat of the day declined we rode out, either on horseback or in a barouche, generally towards the forest. He was a good rider, graceful, and kept a firm seat. In the evening I seldom saw him. He recreated himself in the balcony, or with a book; and at night, when I went to bed, he was just thinking of setting to work with 'Don Juan.' His favorite reading was history and travels. His favorite authors were Bayle and Gibbon. His favorite recreation was boating." Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers, and in London, after supping at Rogers's and eating heartily, he would go home and throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press the next morning.

Goldsmith's desultory habits are quite characteristic. Irving says: "It was his custom during the summer-time, when pressed by a multiplicity of literary jobs, or urged to the accomplishment of some particular task, to take country lodgings a few miles from town, generally on the Harrow or Edgware road, and bury himself there for weeks and months together. Sometimes he would remain closely occupied in his room, at other times he would stroll out along the lanes and hedgerows, and, taking out paper and pencil, note down thoughts to be expanded and corrected at home." Though he engaged to board with the family, his meals were generally sent to him in his room, in which he passed the most of his time, negligently dressed, with his shirt-collar open, busily engaged in writing. Sometimes, probably when in moods of composition, he would

wander into the kitchen, without noticing any one, stand musing with his back to the fire, and then hurry off again to his room, no doubt to commit to paper some thought which had struck him. He was subject to fits of wakefulness, and read much in bed; if not disposed to read, he still kept the candle burning; if he wished to extinguish it, and it was out of his reach, he flung his slipper at it, which would be found in the morning near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease. He is said to have considered four lines of poetry a day good work.

He commenced his poem of "The Traveller" in Switzerland, but long kept it back from publication, till Johnson's praise of it induced him to prepare it for the press. It is said that, while for two years previous to its publication he was employed in the drudgery of laborious compilations for the booksellers, his few vacant hours were fondly devoted to the patient revision and correction of this his greatest poem; pruning its luxuriances, or supplying its defects, till it appeared at length finished with exactness and polished into beauty. While writing his *History of England*, he would read Hume, Rapin-Thoyras, Carte, and Kennet, in the morning, make a few notes, ramble with a friend into the country about the skirts of "Merry Islington," return to a temperate dinner and cheerful evening, and, before going to bed, write off what had arranged itself in his head from the studies of the morning. In this way he took a more general view of the subject, and wrote in a more free and fluent style than if he had been mousing at the time among authorities. The influence of this way of composing history is plainly seen in the entertaining, but not immortal, volumes it produced.

Douglas Jerrold's day of labor may be sketched thus. At eight o'clock he breakfasts on cold new milk, toast, bacon, watercresses, and perhaps strawberries. Then he makes long examination of the papers, cutting out bits of news. The study is a snug room filled

with books and pictures; its furniture is of solid oak. There work begins. If it be a comedy, he will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself, and laughing as he hits upon a good point. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, he will pass out into the garden for a little while, talking to the gardeners, walking, &c. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A crust of bread and glass of wine are brought in, but no word is spoken. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside, a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and despatched to the post, and then again into the garden, visits to the horse, cow, and fowls, then another long turn around the lawn, and at last a seat with a quaint old volume in the tent under the mulberry-tree. Friends come, — walks and conversation. A very simple dinner at four. Then a short nap — forty winks — upon the great sofa in the study; another long stroll over the lawn while tea is prepared. Over the tea-table are jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. In the later years of his life, Jerrold seldom wrote after dinner; and his evenings were usually spent alone in his study, reading, writing letters, &c. Sometimes he would join the family circle for half an hour before going to bed at ten; but his rule was a solitary evening in the study with his books.

Dickens's favorite time for composition is said to be in the morning. Powell, in his "Notices of Living Authors of England," says that he writes till about one or two o'clock, when he lunches, and afterwards takes a walk for a couple of hours; returns to dinner, and gives the evening to his own or a friend's fireside. Sometimes his method of labor is much more intense and unremitting. Of his delightful little Christmas book, "The Chimes," the

author says, in a letter to a friend, that he shut himself up for one month close and tight over it. "All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote, 'The End.' When I had done that, like 'The Man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble-bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed." When his imagination begins to outline a new novel, with vague thoughts rife within him, he goes "wandering about at night into the strangest places," he says, "seeking rest and finding none."

Bulwer accomplishes his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten until one, and seldom later, writing all with his own hand. Composition was at first very laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to mastering its difficulties; and is said to have rewritten some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He now writes very rapidly, averaging, it is said, twenty octavo pages a day. He says of himself in a letter to a friend: "I literatize away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof."

Charles Anthon, so well known to the classical students of this generation, was accustomed, for many years at least, constantly to retire at ten and rise at four, so that a large part of his day's work was done by breakfast-time; and it was this untiring industry that enabled him, despite his incessant labors both in college and in school, to produce some fifty volumes.

Gibbon always studied with his pen in hand, and for the purpose of his history he practised laboriously the formation of his style of writing. The first chapter of his history he rewrote three times, and the second and third chapters twice, before he was satisfied with them; but after thus getting under way, the greater part of his manuscript was sent to the

press in the first rough draft, without any intermediate copy being made. After completing his great history, he congratulated himself upon having accomplished a long, but temperate labor, without fatiguing either the mind or the body. "Happily for my eyes," he said, "I have always closed my studies with the day and commonly with the morning." When he had accomplished the labors of the morning in the library, he preferred recreation and social enjoyments rather than any exercise of mind. He gives the following account of his sensations on accomplishing his great work. "It was on the day, or rather night, of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion."

This reminds us of the emotions which Noah Webster describes as overwhelming him when he reached the close of his dictionary. "When I finished my copy," says Dr. Webster, "I was sitting at my table in Cambridge, England, January, 1825. When I arrived at the last word, I was seized with a tremor that made it difficult to proceed. I, however, summoned up my strength to finish the work, and then, walking about the room, I soon recovered."

Buckle, even more systematically and laboriously than ever did Gibbon, devoted himself to the formation of his style of writing as a special preparation for entering upon the composition of his history. In his later years he abandoned the custom of writing at night, and it was his usual practice to lay aside his pen by three o'clock in the afternoon. When at home in London, he spent an hour or so at noon in walking about the city, frequently dined out,

and read an hour after coming home. He went to dinner-parties exclusively, it is said, because they took less time than others.

Sir William Jones while in India began his studies with the dawn, and in seasons of intermission from professional duty continued them throughout the day; meditation retraced and confirmed what reading had collected or investigation discovered. With respect to the division of his time, he wrote on a small piece of paper these lines:—

"SIR EDWARD COKE.

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, — the rest on nature fix."

"RATHER,

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, — and *all* to heaven."

Of Chief-Justice Parsons of Massachusetts, his son says: "It is literally true that for fifty years he was always reading or writing when not obliged to be doing something else. He had, fortunately for himself, many interruptions, but he avoided them as far as he could; and there were weeks, and I believe consecutive months, when he passed nearly two thirds of his day with books and papers. . . . He very seldom took exercise for exercise' sake. Excepting an infrequent walk of some minutes in the long entry which ran through the middle of his house, he almost never walked for mere exercise, until an attack of illness. After that he sometimes, though rarely, took a walk about the streets or on the Common. . . . His office was always in his dwelling-house. There he sat all the day, but his evenings were invariably spent in the large common sitting-room. He had his chair by the fireside, and a small table near it on which the evening's supply of books was placed. There he sat, always reading, (seldom writing in the evening or out of his office,) but never disturbed by any noise or frolic which might be going on. If anybody, young or old, appealed to him, he was always ready to answer; and sometimes, though not very often, would join in a game or play, and then return to his books. . . . I have never known him wholly

unoccupied at any time whatsoever. He was always doing something, with books, pen, or instrument, or engaged in conversation."

Judge Story arose at seven in summer and at half past seven in winter, — never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library, and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled, he was called, and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in the drawing-room, and spent from half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study, and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the Law School. After lecturing for two, and sometimes three hours, he returned to his study, and worked until two o'clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner—which on his part was always simple—he gave an hour, and then again betook himself to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visitor, or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family, and work for the day was over. During the evening he was rarely without company; but if alone he read some new publication, sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, talked with the family, or played backgammon. In the summer afternoons he left his library towards twilight. Generally the summer afternoon was varied three or four times a week in fair weather by a drive of about an hour in the country in an open chaise. At ten or half past he retired for the night, never varying a half-hour from this time. The exercise he took was almost entirely incidental to his duties, and consisted in driving to Boston to hold his court, or attend to other business, and in walking to and from the Law School. His real exercise was in talking. His diet was exceedingly simple. His lectures were wholly extemporaneous, or delivered without minutes, and no record was ever made of them by himself. After an in-

terruption of hours, and even of days, he could take up the pen and continue a sentence which he had left half-written, without reading back, going on with the same certainty and rapidity as if he had never been stopped.

While Lord Jeffrey was judge, during the sittings of the court, the performance of his official duties exhausted nearly his whole day, the evenings especially; and his spare time, whether during his sittings or in vacation, was given to society, to correspondence, to walking, to lounging in his garden, and to reading.

John C. Calhoun was an arduous student, and very simple in his habits. He avoided all stimulants. When at home, he rose at daybreak, and, if weather permitted, took a walk over his farm. He breakfasted at half past seven, and then retired to his office, which stood near his house, where he wrote till dinner-time, or three o'clock. After dinner he read or conversed with his family till sunset, when he took another walk. His tea hour was eight. He then joined the family, and read or talked till ten, when he retired.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby began lessons at seven; and, with the interval of breakfast, they lasted till nearly three. Then he would walk with his pupils, and dine at half past five. At seven he usually had some lessons on hand; and "it was only when they were all gathered up in the drawing-room after tea," says Mr. Stanley, "amidst young men on all sides of him, that he would commence work for himself in writing his sermons or Roman History." In a letter Dr. Arnold said: "From about a quarter before nine till ten o'clock every evening I am at liberty, and enjoy my wife's company fully; during this time I read aloud to her,—I am now reading to her Herodotus, translating as I go on,—or write my sermons, or write letters." His favorite recreations were horseback-riding, walking, and playing with his children.

Florence Nightingale, in advising that the sick be not suddenly inter-

rupted so as to distract their attention, says that the rule applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. She adds: "I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruptions who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last." Dr. Arnold seems to be an exception.

The elder Alexander, the Princeton theologian, was another exception to Florence Nightingale's rule. It was his peculiarity that he seemed incapable of being interrupted. Except in hours of devotion, his study was always free to his children, even the youngest; noise made no difference; their books and toys were on his floor, and two or three would be clambering upon him while he was handling a folio or had the pen in his hand. Nor was this while engaged in the mechanical part of an author's work. His door was always open to the children; they burst in freely without any signal, and he always looked up with a smile of welcome; and he declared that he often could think to most purpose when there was a clatter of little voices around him. His voluminous works, which he commenced to publish late in life, do not indicate that he underwent a "muddling" process.

Johnson used to assert that a man could write just as well at one time as another, and as well in one place as another, if he would only set himself doggedly about it.

Dr. Channing's habits of labor when at home in Boston are thus described. "The sun is just rising, and the fires are scarcely lighted, when, with a rapid step, Dr. Channing enters his study. He has been watchful during many hours, his brain teeming, and under the excitement of his morning bath he longs to use the earliest hours for work. . . . His first act is to write down the thoughts which have been given in his vigils; next he reads a chapter or more in Griesbach's edition of the Greek Testament, and, after a quick glance over the newspapers of the day, he takes his light repast.

Morning prayers follow, and then he retires to his study-table. If he is reading, you will at once notice this peculiarity, that he studies pen in hand, and that his book is crowded with folded sheets of paper, which continually multiply as trains of thought are suggested. These notes are rarely quotations, but chiefly questions and answers, qualifications, condensed statements, germs of interesting views; and when the volume is finished, they are carefully selected, arranged, and under distinct heads placed among other papers in a secretary. If he is writing, unless making preparation for the pulpit or for publication, the same process of accumulating notes is continued, which, at the end of each day or week, are filed. The interior of the secretary is filled with heaps of similar notes, arranged in order, with titles over each compartment. When a topic is to be treated at length in a sermon or essay, these notes are consulted, reviewed, and arranged. He first draws up a skeleton of his subject, selecting with special care and making prominent the central principle that gives it unity, and from which branch forth correlative considerations. Until perfectly clear in his own mind as to the essential truth of this main view, he cannot proceed. Questions are raised, objections considered, etc., the ground cleared, in a word, and the granite foundation laid bare for the cornerstone. And now the work goes rapidly forward. With flying pen he makes a rough draft of all that he intends to say, on sheets of paper folded lengthwise, leaving half of each page bare. He then reads over what he has written, and on the vacant half-page supplies defects, strikes out redundances, indicates the needless qualification, and modifies expressions. Thus sure of his thought and aim, conscientiously prepared, he abandons himself to the ardor of composition. . . . By noon his power of study is spent, and he walks, visits, etc. After dinner he lies for a time upon the sofa,

and walks again, or drives into the country. Sunset he keeps as a holy hour. During the winter twilight he likes to be silent and alone. . . . At tea he listens to reading for an hour or more, leading conversation, etc. Evenings he gives up to social enjoyments."

Mr. Buckle's method of making his researches, and preserving memoranda of the results for subsequent use in composition, was similar to Dr. Channing's, as we may infer from a note in his *History*. Dr. Channing spent his vacations at Newport, where his time was thus allotted:—Rose very early, walked, etc. Breakfasted on coarse wheat-bread and cream, with a cup of tea. Then went to his study. Every hour or half-hour, more or less, he threw his gown around him, and took a turn in the garden for a few minutes. After a few hours of work he was exhausted for the day, and read and conversed till dinner. The afternoon was given up to excursions, and the evening to society.

Dr. Doddridge, in reference to his work, "The Paraphrase on the New Testament," said that its being written at all was owing to the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning. "A remark similar to this," says Albert Barnes, "will explain all that I have done. Whatever I have accomplished in the way of commenting on the Scriptures is to be traced to the fact of rising at four in the morning, and to the time thus secured, which I thought might properly be employed in a work not immediately connected with my pastoral labors. That habit I have now pursued for many years. . . . All my Commentaries on the Scriptures have been written before nine o'clock in the morning. At the very beginning, now more than thirty years ago, I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these Notes when the clock struck nine. This resolution I have invariably adhered to, not unfrequently finishing my morning task in the midst of a paragraph, and sometimes even in the midst of a sentence. . . . In the rec-

ollection now of the past, I refer to these morning hours, to the stillness and quiet of my room in this house of God, when I have been permitted to 'prevent the dawning of the morning' in the study of the Bible, while the inhabitants of the great city were slumbering round about me, and before the cares of the day and its direct responsibilities came upon me, — I refer to these scenes as among the happiest portions of my life. . . . Manuscripts, when a man writes every day, even though he writes but little, accumulate. Dr. Johnson was once asked how it was that the Christian Fathers, and the men of other times, could find leisure to fill so many folios with the productions of their pens. 'Nothing is easier,' said he; and he at once began a calculation to show what would be the effect, in the ordinary term of a man's life, if he wrote only one octavo page in a day; and the question was solved. . . . In this manner manuscripts accumulated on my hands until I have been surprised to find that, by this slow and steady process, I have been enabled to prepare eleven volumes of Commentary on the New Testament, and five on portions of the Old Testament."

Isaac Barrow was a very early riser, and with two exceptions very temperate in his habits. He indulged greatly in all kinds of fruit; alleging that, if the immoderate use of it killed hundreds in autumn, it was the means of preserving thousands throughout the year. But he was fonder still of tobacco. He believed that it helped to compose and regulate his thoughts. (He died, we may add, from the use of opium.) It was his plan, in whatever he was engaged, to prosecute it till he had brought it to a termination. He said he could not easily draw his thoughts from one thing to another. The morning was his favorite time for study. He kept a tinder-box in his apartment, and, during all of the winter and some of the autumn months, rose before it was light.

He would sometimes rise at night, burn out his candle, and return to bed.

Zwingli is described as indefatigable in study. From daybreak until ten o'clock he used to read, write, and translate. After dinner he listened to those who had any news to give him, or who required his advice; he then would walk out with some of his friends, and visit his flock. At two o'clock he resumed his studies. He took a short walk after supper, and then wrote his letters, which often occupied him until midnight. He always worked standing, and never permitted himself to be disturbed except for some very important cause.

Melancthon was usually in his study at two or three o'clock in the morning, both in summer and winter. "It was during these early hours," says D'Aubigné, "that his best works were written." During the day he read three or four lectures, attended to the conferences of the professors, and after that labored till supper-time. He retired about nine. He would not open any letters in the evening, in order that his sleep might not be disturbed. He usually drank a glass of wine before supper. He generally took one simple meal a day, and never more than two, and always dined regularly at a fixed hour. He enjoyed but few healthy days in his life, and was frequently troubled with sleeplessness. His manuscripts usually lay on the table, exposed to the view of every visitor, so that he was robbed of several. When he had invited any of his friends to his house, he used to beg one of them to read, before sitting down to table, some small composition in prose or verse.

There is an interest of a peculiar nature in thus visiting the haunts and witnessing the labors of scholars, philosophers, and poets, which arises from the stimulus it affords us in turning again to our own humbler but kindred work. Whatever brings us into sympathy with the great and the noble thinkers enlarges and lifts our thoughts.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

I SOLEMNLY believe that I should have continued to succeed in the virtuous practice of my profession, if it had not happened that fate was once more unkind to me, by throwing in my path one of my old acquaintances. I had had a consultation one day with the famous homœopath, Dr. Zwanzig; and as we walked away we were busily discussing the case of a poor consumptive fellow who had previously lost a leg. In consequence of this defect, Dr. Zwanzig considered that the ten-thousandth of a grain of *Aur.** would be an over-dose, and that it must be fractioned so as to allow for the departed leg, otherwise the rest of the man would be getting a leg-dose too much. I was particularly struck with this view of the case, but I was still more, and less pleasingly, impressed with the sight of my quondam patient, Stagers, who nodded to me familiarly from the opposite pavement.

I was not at all surprised when, that evening quite late, I found this worthy seated waiting in my office. I looked around uneasily, which was clearly understood by my friend, who retorted, "Ain't took nothin', Doc. You don't seem right awful glad to see me. You need n't be afraid,—I've only fetched you a job, and a right good one too."

I replied, that I had my regular business, that I preferred he should get some one else, and pretty generally made Mr. Stagers conscious that I had had enough of him.

I did not ask him to sit down, and, just as I supposed him about to leave, he seated himself with a grin, remarking, "No use, Doc. Got to go into it this one time."

At this I naturally enough grew an-

gry, and used several rather violent phrases.

"No use, Doc," remarked Stagers.

Then I softened down, and laughed a little, treated the thing as a joke, whatever it was, for I dreaded to hear.

But Stagers was fate. Stagers was inevitable. "Won't do, Doc,—not even money would n't get you off."

"No?" said I interrogatively, and as coolly as I could, contriving at the same time to move towards the window. It was summer, the sashes were up, the shutters drawn in, and a policeman whom I knew was lounging opposite, as I had noticed when I entered. I would give Stagers a scare anyhow; charge him with theft,—anything but get mixed up with his kind again.

He must have understood me, the scoundrel, for in an instant I felt a cold ring of steel against my ear, and a tiger clutch on my cravat. "Sit down," he said; "what a fool you are. Guess you've forgot that there coroner's business." Needless to say, I obeyed. "Best not try that again," continued my guest. "Wait a moment,"—and, rising, he closed the windows.

There was no resource left but to listen; and what followed I shall condense, rather than relate it in the language employed by my friend Mr. Stagers.

It appeared that another acquaintance, Mr. File, had been guilty of a cold-blooded and long-premeditated murder, for which he had been tried and convicted. He now lay in jail awaiting his execution, which was to take place at Carsonville, Ohio, one month after the date at which I heard of him anew. It seemed that, with Stagers and others, he had formed a band of counterfeiters in the West,

* *Aurum*, used in religious melancholy, (see *Jahr*), and not a bad remedy, it strikes me.

where he had thus acquired a fortune so considerable that I was amazed at his having allowed his passions to seduce him into unprofitable crime. In his agony he unfortunately thought of me, and had bribed Stagers largely in order that he might be induced to find me. When the narration had reached this stage, and I had been made fully to understand that I was now and hereafter under the sharp eye of Stagers and his friends, that, in a word, escape was out of the question, I turned on my tormentor.

"And what does all this mean?" I said; "what does File expect me to do?"

"Don't believe he exactly knows," said Stagers; "something or other to get him clear of hemp."

"But what stuff!" I replied. "How can I help him? What possible influence could I exert?"

"Can't say," answered Stagers imperturbably; "File has a notion you're most cunning enough for anything. Best try somethin', Doc."

"And what if I won't do it?" said I. "What does it matter to me, if the rascal swings or no?"

"Keep cool, Doc," returned Stagers, "I'm only agent in this here business. My principal, that's File, he says, 'Tell Sandcraft to find some way to get me clear. Once out, I give him ten thousand dollars. If he don't turn up something that'll suit, I'll blow about that coroner business, and break him up generally.'"

"You don't mean," said I, in a cold sweat,—"you don't mean that, if I can't do this impossible thing, he will inform on me?"

"Just so," returned Stagers. "Got a cigar, Doc?"

I only half heard him. What a frightful position. I had been leading a happy and an increasingly comfortable life,—no scrapes, and no dangers; and here, on a sudden, I had presented to me the alternative of saving a wretch from the gallows, or of spending unlimited years in a State penitentiary. As for the money, it became as dead

leaves for this once only in my life. My brain seemed to be spinning in its case; lights came and went before my eyes. In my ears were the sounds of waters. I grew weak all over.

"Cheer up a little," said Stagers. "Here, take a nip of whiskey. Things ain't at the worst, by a good bit. You just get ready, and we'll start by the morning train. Guess you'll try out something smart enough, as we travel along. Ain't got a heap of time to lose."

I was silent. A great anguish had me in its grip. I might writhe and bite as I would, it was to be all in vain. Hideous plans arose to my ingenuity, Lorn of this agony of terror and fear. I could murder Stagers, but what good would that do. As to File, he was safe from my hand. At last I became too confused to think any longer. "When do we leave?" I said, feebly.

"At six to-morrow," he returned.

How I was watched and guarded, and how hurried over a thousand miles of rail to my fate, little concerns us now. I find it dreadful to recall it to memory. Above all, an aching eagerness for revenge upon the man who had caused me these sufferings predominated in my mind. Could I not fool the wretch and save myself? On a sudden an idea came to my consciousness, like a sketch on an artist's paper. Then it grew, and formed itself, became possible, probable, it seemed to me sure. "Ah," said I, "Stagers, give me something to eat and drink." I had not tasted food for two days.

Within a day or two after my arrival, I was enabled to see File in his cell,—on the plea of being a clergyman from his native place.

I found that I had not miscalculated my danger. The man did not appear to have the least idea as to how I was to help him. He only knew that I was in his power, and he used his control to insure that something more potent than friendship should be enlisted on his behalf. As the days went by, this behavior grew to be a frightful thing to witness. He threatened, flat-

tered, implored, offered to double the sum he had promised, if I would but save him. As for myself, I had gradually become clear as to my course of action, and only anxious to get through with the matter. At last, a few days before the time appointed for the execution, I set about explaining to File my plan of saving him. At first I found this a very difficult task; but as he grew to understand that any other escape was impossible, he consented to my scheme, which I will now briefly explain.

I proposed, on the evening before the execution, to make an opening in the man's windpipe, low down in the neck, and where he could conceal it by a loose cravat. As the noose would be above this point, I explained that he would be able to breathe through the aperture, and that, even if stupefied, he could easily be revived if we should be able to prevent his being hanged too long. My friend had some absurd misgivings lest his neck should be broken by the fall; but as to this I was able to reassure him, upon the best scientific authority. There were certain other and minor questions, as to the effects of sudden, nearly complete cessation of the supply of blood to the brain; but with these physiological refinements I thought it needlessly cruel to distract a man in his peculiar position. Perhaps I shall be doing injustice to my own intellect if I do not hasten to state that I had not the remotest belief in the efficacy of my plan for any purpose except to extricate me from a very uncomfortable position.

On the morning of the day before the execution, I made ready everything that I could possibly need. So far our plans, or rather mine, had worked to a marvel. Certain of File's old accomplices succeeded in bribing the hangman to shorten the time of suspension. Arrangements were made also to secure me two hours alone with the prisoner, so that nothing seemed to be wanting. I had assured File that I would not see him again previous to the operation, but during the morning

I was seized with a feverish impatience, which luckily prompted me to visit him once more. As usual, I was admitted readily, and nearly reached his cell, when I became aware from the sound of voices heard through the grating in the door that there was a visitor in the cell. "Who is with him?" I inquired of the warden.

"The doctor," he replied.

"Doctor?" I said. "What doctor?"

"O, the jail physician," he returned. "I was to come back in half an hour and let him out; but he's got a quarter to stay as yet. Shall I admit you, or will you wait?"

"No," I replied. "It is hardly right to interrupt them. I will walk in the corridor for ten minutes or so, and then you can send the turnkey to let me in."

"Very good," he returned, and left me.

As soon as I was alone, I cautiously advanced up the entry, and stood alongside of the door, through the barred grating of which I was able readily to hear what went on within. The first words I caught were these:—

"And you tell me, Doctor, that, even if a man's windpipe was open, the hanging would kill him,—are you sure?"

"Yes," returned the other, "I believe there would be no doubt of it. I cannot see how escape would be possible; but let me ask you," he went on more gravely, "why you have sent for me to ask all these singular questions. You cannot have the faintest hope of escape, and least of all in such a manner as this. I advise you to think rather on the fate which is inevitable. You must, I fear, have much to reflect upon."

"But," said File, "if I wanted to try this plan of mine, could n't some one be found to help me, say if he was to make twenty thousand or so by it?"

"If you mean me," answered the doctor, "some one cannot be found, neither for twenty nor for fifty thousand dollars. Besides, if any one were wicked enough to venture on such an attempt, he would only be deceiving

you with a hope which would be utterly vain."

I understood all this, with an increasing fear in my mind. The prisoner was cunning enough to want to make sure that I was not playing him false.

After a pause, he said, "Well, Doctor, you know a poor devil in my fix will clutch at straws. Hope I have n't offended you."

"Not the least!" returned the doctor. "Shall I send to Mr. Smith?" This was my present name,—in fact I was known as the Rev. Mr. Eliphalet Smith.

"I would like it," answered File; "but as you go out, tell the warden I want to see him immediately about a matter of great importance."

At this stage, I began to conceive very distinctly that the time had arrived when it would be wiser for me to make my escape, if this step were yet possible. Accordingly I waited until I heard the doctor rise, and at once stepped quietly away to the far end of the corridor, which I had scarcely reached when the door which closed it was opened by a turnkey who had come to relieve the doctor. Of course my own peril was imminent. If the turnkey mentioned my near presence to the prisoner, immediate disclosure and arrest would follow. If time were allowed for the warden to obey the request from File, that he would visit him at once, I might gain thus half an hour, but hardly more. I therefore said to the officer: "Tell the warden that the doctor wishes to remain an hour longer with the prisoner, and that I shall return myself at the end of that time."

"Very good, sir," said the turnkey, allowing me to pass out, and relocking the door; "I'll tell him."

In a few moments I was outside of the jail gate, and saw my fellow-clergyman, Mr. Stagers, in full broadcloth and white tie, coming down the street towards me. As usual he was on guard; but this time he had to deal with a man grown perfectly desperate, with everything to win, and nothing to lose. My

plans were made, and, wild as they were, I thought them worth the trying. I must evade this man's terrible watch. How keen it was, you cannot imagine; but it was aided by three of the infamous gang to which File had belonged, for without these spies no one person could possibly have sustained so perfect a system.

I took Stagers's arm. "What time," said I, "does the first train start for Dayton?"

"At twelve," said the other; "what do you want?"

"How far is it?" I continued.

"About fifteen miles," he replied.

"Good; I can get back by eight o'clock to-night."

"Easily," said Stagers, "if you go. What is it you want?"

"I want," said I, "a smaller tube, to put in the windpipe. Must have it, in fact."

"Well, I don't like it," said he, "but the thing's got to go through somehow. If you must go, I will go along myself. Can't lose sight of you, Doc, just at present. You're monstrous precious. Did you tell File?"

"Yes," said I. "He's all right. Come. We've no time to lose." Nor had we. Within twenty minutes we were seated in the last car of a long train, and running at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards Dayton. In about ten minutes I asked Stagers for a cigar.

"Can't smoke here," said he.

"No," I answered; "I'll go forward into the smoking-car."

"Come along, then," said he, and we went through the train accordingly. I was not sorry he had gone with me when I found in the smoking-car one of the spies who had been watching me so constantly. Stagers nodded to him and grinned at me, and we sat down together.

"Chut," said I, "dropped my cigar. Left it on the window-ledge, in the hindmost car. Be back in a moment." This time, for a wonder, Stagers allowed me to leave unaccompanied. I hastened through to the back car, and gained the

platform at its nearer end, where I instantly cut the signal cord. Then I knelt down, and, waiting until the two cars ran together, I removed the connecting pin. The next moment I leaped to my feet, and screwed up the brake wheel, so as to check the pace of the car. Instantly the distance widened between me and the flying train. A few moments more, and the pace of my own car slackened, while the hurrying train flew around a distant curve. I did not wait for my own car to stop entirely before I slipped down off the steps, leaving the other passengers to dispose of themselves as they might until their absence should be discovered and the rest of the train return.

As I wish rather to illustrate my very remarkable professional career, than to amuse by describing its mere incidents, I shall not linger to tell how I succeeded, at last, in reaching St. Louis. Fortunately, I had never ceased to anticipate a moment when escape from File and his friends would be possible, so that I always carried about with me the funds with which I had hastily provided myself upon leaving. The whole amount did not exceed a hundred dollars; but with this, and a gold watch worth as much more, I hoped to be able to subsist until my own ingenuity enabled me to provide more liberally for the future. Naturally enough, I scanned the papers closely, to discover some account of File's death, and of the disclosures concerning myself which he was only too likely to have made. I met with a full account of his execution, but with no allusion to myself, an omission which I felt fearful was due only to a desire on the part of the police to avoid alarming me in such a way as to keep them from pouncing upon me on my way home. Be this as it may, from that time to the present hour I have remained ignorant as to whether or not the villain betrayed my part in that curious coroner's inquest.

Before many days I had resolved to make another and a bold venture. Accordingly appeared in the St. Louis

papers an advertisement to the effect that Dr. Von Ingenhoff, the well-known German physician, who had spent two years on the plains acquiring a knowledge of Indian medicine, was prepared to treat all diseases by vegetable remedies alone. Dr. Von Ingenhoff would remain in St. Louis for two weeks, and was to be found at the Grayson House every day from ten until two o'clock.

To my delight I got two patients the first day. The next I had twice as many; when at once I hired two connecting rooms, and made a very useful arrangement, which I may describe dramatically in the following way.

There being two or three patients waiting while I finish my cigar and morning julep, there enters a respectable looking old gentleman, who inquires briskly of the patients if this is really Dr. Von Ingenhoff's. He is told it is.

"Ah," says he, "I shall be delighted to see him; five years ago I was scalped on the plains, and now"—exhibiting a well-covered head—"you see what the Doctor did for me. 'Tis n't any wonder I've come fifty miles to see him. Any of you been scalped, gentlemen?"

To none of them had this misfortune arrived as yet; but, like most folks in the lower ranks of life and some in the upper ones, it was pleasant to find a genial person who would listen to their account of their own symptoms. Presently, after hearing enough, the old gentleman pulls out a large watch. "Bless me! it's late. I must call again. May I trouble you, sir, to say to the Doctor that his old friend, Governor Brown, called to see him, and will drop in again to-morrow. Don't forget: Governor Brown of Arkansas." A moment later the Governor visited me by a side-door, with his account of the symptoms of my patients. Enter a tall Hoosier,—the Governor having retired. "Now, Doc," says Hoosier, "I've been handled awful these two years back." "Stop," I exclaim, "open your eyes. There now, let me see," taking his

pulse as I speak. "Ah, you've a pain there, and you can't sleep. Cocktails don't agree any longer. Were n't you bit by a dog two years' ago?" "I was," says the Hoosier, in amazement. "Sir," I reply, "you have chronic hydrophobia. It's the water in the cocktails that disagrees with you. My bitters will cure in a week, sir."

The astonishment of my friend at these accurate revelations may be imagined. He is allowed to wait for his medicine in the ante-room, where the chances are in favor of his relating how wonderfully I had told all his symptoms at a glance.

Governor Brown of Arkansas was a small but clever actor, whom I met in the billiard-room, and who, day after day, in varying disguises and modes, played off the same trick, to our great mutual advantage.

At my friend's suggestion, we very soon added to our resources by the purchase of two electro-magnetic batteries. This special means of treating all classes of maladies has advantages which are altogether peculiar. In the first place, you instruct your patient that the treatment is of necessity a long one. A striking mode of putting it is to say, "Sir, you have been six months getting ill, it will require six months for a cure." There is a correct sound about such a phrase, and it is sure to satisfy. Two sittings a week, at three dollars a sitting, pays pretty well. In many cases the patient gets well while you are electrifying him. Whether or not the electricity cures him is a thing I shall never know. If, however, he begins to show signs of impatience, you advise him that he will require a year's treatment, and suggest that it will be economical for him to buy a battery and use it at home. Under this advice he pays you twenty dollars for an instrument which cost you ten, and you are rid of a troublesome case.

If the reader has followed me closely, he will have learned that I am a man of large views in my profession, and of

a very justifiable ambition. The idea had often occurred to me of combining in one establishment all the various modes of practice which are known as irregular. This, as will be understood, is merely a more liberal rendering of the same idea which prompted me to unite in my own business homœopathy and the ordinary practice of medicine. I proposed to my partner, accordingly, to combine with our present business that of spiritualism, which I knew had been very profitably turned to account in connection with medical practice. As soon as he agreed to this plan, which, by the way, I hoped to enlarge, so as to include all the available isms, I set about making such preparations as were necessary. I remembered to have read somewhere, that a Doctor Schiff had shown that you could produce remarkably clever knockings, so called, by voluntarily dislocating the great toe and then forcibly drawing it back again into its socket. A still better noise could be made by throwing the tendon of the peroneus longus muscle out of the hollow in which it lies, alongside of the ankle. After some effort I was able to accomplish both feats quite readily, and could occasion a remarkable variety of sounds, according to the power which I employed or the positions which I occupied at the time. As to all other matters, I trusted to the suggestions of my own ingenuity, which, as a rule, has rarely failed me.

The largest success attended the novel plan which my lucky genius had devised; so that soon we actually began to divide large profits, and to lay by a portion of our savings. It is, of course, not to be supposed that this desirable result was attained without many annoyances and some positive danger. My spiritual revelations, medical and other, were, as may be supposed, only more or less happy guesses; but in this, as in predictions as to the weather and other events, the rare successes always get more prominence in the minds of men than the numerous fail-

ures. Moreover, whenever a person has been fool enough to resort to folks like myself, he is always glad to be able to defend his conduct by bringing forward every possible proof of skill on the part of the man he has consulted. These considerations, and a certain love of mysterious or unusual means, I have commonly found sufficient to secure an ample share of gullible individuals; while I may add, that, as a rule, those who would be shrewd enough to understand and expose us are wise enough to keep away altogether. Such as did come were, as a rule, easy enough to manage, but now and then we hit upon some utterly exceptional patient, who was both fool enough to consult me and clever enough to know he had been swindled. When such a fellow made a fuss, it was occasionally necessary to return his money, if it was found impossible to bully him into silence. In one or two instances, where I had promised a cure upon prepayment of two or three hundred dollars, I was either sued or threatened with suit, and had to refund a part or the whole of the amount; but most folks preferred to hold their tongues, rather than expose to the world the extent of their own folly.

In one case I suffered personally to a degree which I never can recall without a distinct sense of annoyance, both at my own want of care and at the disgusting consequences which it brought upon me.

Early one morning an old gentleman called, in a state of the utmost agitation, and explained that he desired to consult the spirits as to a heavy loss which he had experienced the night before. He had left, he said, a sum of money in his pantaloons-pocket, upon going to bed. In the morning he had changed his clothes, and gone out, forgetting to remove the notes. Returning in an hour in great haste, he discovered that the garment still lay upon the chair where he had thrown it, but that the money was missing. I at once desired him to be

seated, and proceeded to ask him certain questions, in a chatty way, about the habits of his household, the amount lost, and the like, expecting thus to get some clew which would enable me to make my spirits display the requisite share of sagacity in pointing out the thief. I learned readily that he was an old and wealthy man, a little close too, I suspected; and that he lived in a large house, with but two servants, and an only son about twenty-one years old. The servants were both elderly women, who had lived in the household many years, and were probably innocent. Unluckily, remembering my own youthful career, I presently reached the conclusion that the young man had been the delinquent. When I ventured to inquire a little as to his character and habits, the old gentleman cut me very short, remarking that he came to ask questions, and not to be questioned, and that he desired at once to consult the spirits. Upon this I sat down at a table, and, after a brief silence, demanded in a solemn voice if there were present any spirits. By industriously cracking my big-toe joint, I was enabled to represent at once the presence of a numerous assembly of these worthies. Then I inquired if any one of them had been present when the robbery was effected. A prompt double-knock replied in the affirmative. I may say here, by the way, that the unanimity of the spirits as to their use of two knocks for yes, and one for no, is a very remarkable point; and shows, if it shows anything, how perfect and universal must be the social intercourse of the respected departed. It is worthy of note, also, that if the spirit, I will not say the medium, perceives, after one knock, that it were wiser to say yes, he can conveniently add the second tap. Some such arrangement in real life would, it appears to me, be very desirable.

To return to the subject. As soon as I explained that the spirit who answered had been a witness of the theft, the old man became strangely agitated. "Who was it?" said he. At once the

spirit indicated a desire to use the alphabet. As we went over the letters, (always a slow method, but useful when you want to observe excitable people,) my visitor kept saying, "Quicker. Go quicker." At length the spirit spelt out the words, "I know not his name." "Was it," said the gentleman, — "was it a — was it one of my household?" I knocked yes, without hesitation; who else could it have been? "Excuse me," he went on, "if I ask you for a little wine." This I gave him. He continued, "Was it Susan, or Ellen? answer instantly."

"No, — No."

"Was it —" He paused. "If I ask a question mentally, will the spirits reply?" I knew what he meant. He wanted to ask if it was his son, but did not wish to speak openly.

"Ask," said I.

"I have," he returned.

I hesitated. It was rarely my policy to commit myself definitely; yet here I fancied, from the facts of the case, and his own terrible anxiety, that he suspected or more than suspected his son as the guilty person. I became sure of this as I studied his face. At all events it would be easy to deny or explain, in case of trouble; and after all, what slander was there in two knocks! I struck twice as usual.

Instantly the old gentleman rose up, very white, but quite firm. "There," he said, and cast a bank-note on the table, "I thank you"; — and bending his head on his breast, walked, as I thought with great effort, out of the room.

On the following morning, as I made my first appearance in my outer room, which contained at least a dozen persons awaiting advice, who should I see standing by the window but the old gentleman with sandy-gray hair. Along with him was a stout young man, with a decided red head, and mustache and whiskers to match. Probably the son, thought I, — ardent temperament, remorse, — come to confess, etc. Except as to the temper, I was never more mistaken in my life. I was about

to go regularly through my patients, when the old gentleman began to speak.

"I called, Doctor," said he, "to explain the little matter about which I — about which I —"

"Troubled your spirits yesterday," added the youth jocosely, pulling his mustache.

"Beg pardon," I returned. "Had we not better talk this over in private? Come into my office," I added, touching the lad on the arm.

"Would you believe it? — he took out his handkerchief, and dusted the place I had touched. 'Better not,' he said. 'Go on, father; let us get done with this den.'"

"Gentlemen," said the elder person, addressing the patients, "I called here yesterday, like a fool, to ask who had stolen from me a sum of money, which I believed I left in my room on going out in the morning. This doctor here and his spirits contrived to make me suspect my only son. Well, I charged him at once with the crime, as soon as I got back home; and what do you think he did. He said, 'Father, let us go up stairs and look for it, and —'"

Here the young man broke in with "Come, father, don't worry yourself for nothing"; and then, turning, added, "To cut the thing short, he found the notes under his candlestick, where he had left them on going to bed. This is all of it. We came here to stop this fellow" (by which he meant me) "from carrying a slander further. I advise you, good people, to profit by the matter, and to look up a more honest doctor, if doctoring be what you want."

As soon as he had ended, I remarked solemnly: "The words of the spirits are not my words. Who shall hold them accountable?"

"Nonsense," said the young man. "Come, father," and they left the room.

Now was the time to retrieve my character. "Gentlemen," said I, "you have heard this very singular account. Trusting the spirits utterly and entirely as I do, it occurs to me that there is no reason why they may not after all have been right in their sus-

pitions of this young person. Who can say that, overcome by remorse, he may not have seized the time of his father's absence to replace the money?"

To my amazement up gets a little old man from the corner. "Well, you are a low cuss," said he; and, taking up a basket beside him, hobbled out of the room. You may be sure I said some pretty sharp things to him, for I was out of humor to begin with, and it is one thing to be insulted by a stout young man, and quite another to be abused by a wretched old cripple. However, he went away, and I supposed, for my part, that I was done with the whole business.

An hour later, however, I heard a rough knock at my door, and, opening it hastily, saw my red-headed young man with the cripple.

"Now," said the former, catching me by the collar, and pulling me into the room among my patients, "I want to know, my man, if this doctor said that it was likely I was the thief, after all?"

"That's what he said," replied the cripple; "just about that, sir."

I do not desire to dwell on the after conduct of this hot-headed young man. It was the more disgraceful, as I offered but little resistance, and endured a beating such as I would have hesitated to inflict upon a dog. Nor was this all; he warned me that, if I dared to remain in the city after a week, he would shoot me. In the East I should have thought but little of such a threat, but here it was only too likely to be practically carried out. Accordingly, with much grief and reluctance, I collected my whole fortune, which now amounted to at least seven thousand dollars, and turned my back upon this ungrateful town. I am sorry to say that I also left behind me the last of my good luck, as hereafter I was to encounter only one calamity after another.

Travelling slowly eastward, my spirits began at last to rise to their usual level, and when I arrived in Boston I set myself to thinking how best I could contrive to enjoy life, and at the same time to increase my means.

On former occasions I was a moneyless adventurer; now I possessed sufficient capital, and was able and ready to embark in whatever promised the best returns with the smallest personal risk. Several schemes presented themselves as worthy the application of industry and talent, but none of them altogether suited my tastes. I thought at times of travelling as a Physiological Lecturer, combining with it the business of a practitioner. Scare the audience at night with an enumeration of symptoms which belong to ten out of every dozen of healthy people, and then doctor such of them as are gulls enough to consult me next day. The bigger the fright, the better the pay. I was a little timid, however, about facing large audiences, as a man will be naturally if he has lived a life of adventure, so that, upon due consideration, I gave up the idea altogether.

The patent-medicine business also looked well enough, but it is somewhat overdone at all times, and requires a heavy outlay, with the possible result of ill-success. Indeed, I believe fifty quack remedies fail for one that succeeds; and millions must have been wasted in placards, bills, and advertisements, which never returned half their value to the speculator. If I live, I think I shall beguile my time with writing the lives of the principal quacks who have met with success. They are few in number, after all, as any one must know who recalls the countless remedies which are puffed awhile on the fences, and disappear to be heard of no more.

Lastly, I inclined for a while to undertake a private insane asylum, which appeared to me to offer facilities for money-making; as to which, however, I may have been deceived by the writings of certain popular novelists. I went so far, I may say, as actually to visit Concord for the purpose of finding a pleasant locality and a suitable atmosphere; but, upon due reflection, abandoned my plan as involving too much personal labor to suit one of my easy frame of mind.

Tired at last of idleness and of lounging on the Common, I engaged in two or three little ventures of a semi-professional character, such as an exhibition of laughing-gas; advertising to cure cancer; send ten stamps by mail to J. B., and receive an infallible receipt, etc. I did not find, however, that these little enterprises prospered well in New England, and I had recalled to me very forcibly a story which my grandfather was fond of relating to me in my boyhood. It briefly narrated how certain very knowing flies went to get molasses, and how it ended by the molasses getting them. This, indeed, was precisely what happened to me in all my little efforts to better myself in the Northern States, until at length my misfortunes climaxed in total and unexpected ruin.

The event which deprived me of the hard-won earnings of years of ingenious industry was brought about by the baseness of a man who was concerned with me in purchasing drugs for exportation to the Confederate States. Unluckily, I was obliged to employ as my agent a long-legged sea-captain from Maine. With his aid, I invested in this enterprise about six thousand dollars, which I reasonably hoped to quadruple. Our arrangements were cleverly made to run the blockade at Charleston, and we were to sail on a certain Thursday morning in September, 1863. I sent my clothes on board, and went down the evening before to go on board, but found that the little schooner had been hauled out from the pier. The captain, who met me at this time, endeavored to get a boat in order to ferry us to the ship, but the night was stormy, and we were obliged to return to our lodgings. Early next-day I dressed and went to the captain's room, which proved to be empty. I was instantly filled with doubt, and ran frantically to the foot of Long Wharf, where, to my horror, I could see no signs of schooner or captain. Neither have I ever again set eyes on them from that time to this.

I immediately lodged information with the police as to the unpatriotic designs of the rascal who had swindled me, but whether or not justice ever overtook him I am unable to say.

It was, as I perceived, such utterly spilt milk as to be little worth lamenting; and I therefore set to work with my accustomed energy to utilize on my own behalf the resources of my medical education, which so often before had saved me from want. The war, then raging at its height, appeared to me to offer numerous opportunities to men of talent. The path which I chose myself was apparently a humble one, but it enabled me to make very agreeable use of my professional knowledge, and afforded rapid and secure returns, without any other investment than a little knowledge cautiously employed. In the first place, I deposited my small remnant of property in a safe bank, and then proceeded to Providence, where, as I had heard, patriotic persons were giving very large bounties in order, I suppose, to insure to the government the services of better men than themselves. On my arrival I lost no time in offering myself as a substitute, and was readily accepted, and very soon mustered into the Twentieth Rhode Island. Three months were passed in camp, during which period I received bounties to the extent of six hundred and fifty dollars, with which I tranquilly deserted about two hours before the regiment left for the field. With the product of my industry I returned to Boston, and deposited all but enough to carry me to New York, where within a month I enlisted twice, earning on each occasion four hundred dollars.

My next essay was in Philadelphia, which I approached, even after some years of absence, with a good deal of doubt. It was an ill-omened place for me; for although I got nearly seven hundred dollars by entering the service as a substitute for an editor, — whose pen, I presume, was mightier than his sword, — I was disagreeably surprised by being hastily forwarded to the front

under a foxy young lieutenant, who brutally shot down a poor devil in the streets of Baltimore for attempting to desert. At this point I began to make use of my medical skill, for I did not in the least degree fancy being shot, either because of deserting or of not deserting. It happened, therefore, that a day or two later, while in Washington, I was seized in the street with a fit, which perfectly imposed upon the officer in charge, and caused him to leave me at the Douglas Hospital. Here I found it necessary to perform fits about twice a week; and as there were several real epileptics in the wards I had a capital chance of studying their symptoms, which finally I learned to imitate with the utmost cleverness.

I soon got to know three or four men, who, like myself, were personally averse to bullets, and who were simulating other forms of disease with more or less success. One of them suffered with rheumatism of the back, and walked about bent like an old man; another, who had been to the front, was palsied in the left arm; and a third kept open an ulcer on the leg, by rubbing in a little antimonial ointment, which I sold him at five dollars a box, and bought at fifty cents.

A change in the hospital staff brought all of us to grief. The new surgeon was a quiet, gentlemanly person, with pleasant blue eyes and clearly cut features, and a way of looking you through without saying much. I felt so safe myself that I watched his procedures with just that kind of enjoyment which one clever man takes in seeing another at work.

The first inspection settled two of us.

"Another back case," said the ward surgeon to his senior.

"Back hurt you?" says the latter, mildly.

"Yes, sir; run over by a howitzer; ain't never been straight since."

"A howitzer!" says the surgeon. "Lean forward, my man, so as to touch the floor, — so. That will do." Then, turning to his aid, he said, "Prepare this man's discharge papers."

"His discharge, sir?"

"Yes, I said that. Who's next?"

"Thank you, sir," groaned the man with the back. "How soon, sir, do you think it will be?"

"Ah, not less than a month," replied the surgeon, and passed on.

Now as it was unpleasant to be bent like a letter V, and as the patient presumed that his discharge was secure, he naturally took to himself a little relaxation in the way of becoming straighter. Unluckily, those nice blue eyes were everywhere at all hours; and, one fine morning, Smithson was appalled at finding himself in a detachment bound for the field, and bearing on his descriptive list an ill-natured endorsement about his malady.

The surgeon came next on O'Callahan. "Where's your cap, my man?"

"On my head, yer honor," said the other, insolently. "I've a paralytics in my arm."

"Humph!" cried the surgeon. "You have another hand."

"An' it's not rigulation to saloot with yer left," said the Irishman, with a grin, while the patients around us began to laugh.

"How did it happen?" said the surgeon.

"I was shot in the shoulder," answered the patient, "about three months ago, sir. I have n't stirred it since."

The surgeon looked at the scar.

"So recently?" said he. "The scar looks older; and, by the way, doctor," to his junior, "it could not have gone near the nerves. Bring the battery, orderly."

In a few moments the surgeon was testing, one after another, the various muscles. At last he stopped. "Send this man away with the next detachment. Not a word, my man. You are a rascal, and a disgrace to these good fellows who have been among the bullets."

The man muttered something, I did not hear what.

"Put this man in the guard-house," cried the surgeon; and so passed on, without smile or frown.

As to the ulcer case, to my amusement he was put in bed, and his leg locked up in a wooden splint, which effectually prevented him from touching the part diseased. It healed in ten days, and he too went as food for powder.

As for myself, he asked me a few questions, and, requesting to be sent for during my next fit, left me alone.

I was of course on my guard, and took care to have my attacks only in his absence, or to have them over before he arrived.

At length, one morning, in spite of my care, he chanced to be in the ward, when I fell at the door. I was carried in and laid on a bed, apparently in strong convulsions. Presently I felt a finger on my eyelid, and as it was raised, saw the surgeon standing beside me. To escape his scrutiny, I became more violent in my motions. He stopped a moment, and looked at me steadily. "Poor fellow!" said he, to my great relief, as I felt at once that I had successfully deceived him. Then he turned to the ward doctor and remarked: "Take care he does not hurt his head against the bed; and, by the by, doctor, do you remember the test we applied in Smith's case? Just tickle the soles of his feet, and see if it will cause those backward spasms of the head."

The aid obeyed him, and, very naturally, I jerked my head backwards as hard as I could.

"That will answer," said the surgeon, to my horror. "A clever rogue. Send him to the guard-house when he gets over it."

"Happy had I been if my ill-luck had ended here; but, as I crossed the yard, an officer stopped me. To my disgust it was the captain of my old Rhode Island company.

"Halloa!" said he; "keep that fellow safe. I know him."

To cut short a long story; I was tried, convicted, and forced to refund the Rhode Island bounty, for by ill luck they found my bank-book among my papers. I was finally sent to Fort

Mifflin for a year, and kept at hard labor, handling and carrying shot, policing the ground, picking up cigar-stumps, and other like unpleasant occupations.

Upon my release, I went at once to Boston, where I had about two thousand dollars in bank. I spent nearly all of the latter sum before I could prevail upon myself to settle down to some mode of making a livelihood; and I was about to engage in business as a vender of lottery policies, when I first began to feel a strange sense of lassitude, which soon increased so as quite to disable me from work of any kind. Month after month passed away, while my money lessened, and this terrible sense of weariness still went on from bad to worse. At last one day, after nearly a year had elapsed, I perceived on my face a large brown patch of color, in consequence of which I went in some alarm to consult a well-known physician. He asked me a multitude of tiresome questions, and at last wrote off a prescription, which I immediately read. It was a preparation of iron.

"What do you think," said I, "is the matter with me, doctor?"

"I am afraid," said he, "that you have a very serious trouble,—what we call Addison's disease."

"What's that?" said I.

"I do not think you would comprehend it," he replied. "It is an affection of the supra-renal capsules.

I dimly remembered that there were such organs, and that nobody knew what they were meant for. It seemed the doctors had found a use for them at last.

"Is it a dangerous disease?" I said.

"I fear so," he answered.

"Don't you know," I asked, "what's the truth about it?"

"Well," he returned gravely, "I am sorry to tell you it is a very dangerous malady."

"Nonsense," said I, "I don't believe it,"—for I thought it was only a doctor's trick, and one I had tried often enough myself.

"Thank you," said he, "you are a

very ill man, and a fool besides. Good morning." He forgot to ask for a fee, and I remembered not to offer one.

Several months went by; my money was gone; my clothes were ragged, and, like my body, nearly worn out; and I am an inmate of a hospital. To-day I feel weaker than when I first began to write. How it will end I do not know. If I die, the doctor will get this pleasant history; and if I live, I shall burn it, and, as soon as I get a little money, I will set out to look for my little sister, about whom I dreamed last night.

What I dreamed was not very agreeable. I thought I was walking up one of the vilest streets near my old office, when a girl spoke to me, — a shameless, worn creature, with great sad eyes, not so wicked as the rest of her face. Suddenly she screamed aloud, "Brother! Brother!" and then, remembering what she had been, — with her round, girlish, innocent face, and fair hair, — and seeing what she was, I awoke, and cursed myself in the darkness for the evil I had done in the days of my youth.

"THE LIE."

MANY years ago — now more than two hundred and fifty — some one in England wrote a short poem bearing the above emphatic title, which deservedly holds a place in the collections of old English poetry at the present day. It is a striking production, familiar, no doubt, to most lovers of ancient verse, and, although numbering only about a dozen stanzas, has outlasted many a ponderous folio.

I say, indefinitely enough, that this little poem was written by *some* one, and strange as it may appear, the name of that one is still in doubt. Its authorship was attributed, by Bishop Percy and others, to Sir Walter Raleigh, and sometimes with the fanciful addition, that he wrote it the night before his execution. The piece, however, was extant many years before the world was disgraced by that deed of wickedness.

After a while it began to be questioned whether the verses were really written by Sir Walter. Some old-poetry mouser appears to have lighted on an ancient folio volume, the work of Joshua Sylvester, and found among its contents a poem called "The Soul's Errand," which, it would seem, was thought to be the same that had been

credited to Sir Walter Raleigh under the title of "The Lie."

Joshua Sylvester was in his day a writer of some note. Colley Cibber, in his "Lives of the Poets," is quite lavish in his praise, and says his brethren in the sacred art called him the "Silver-tongued." The same phrase has been applied to others.

In his "Specimens of Early English Poets," Ellis "restores" the poem, with the title of "The Soul's Errand," to Sylvester, as its "ancient proprietor, till a more authorized claimant shall be produced."

Chambers, in his "Cyclopædia of English Literature," prints the poem, with the title of "The Soul's Errand," and he also gives it to Sylvester, "as the now generally received author of an impressive piece, long ascribed to Raleigh."

Sir Egerton Brydges, in his "Censura Literaria," doubts Percy's right to credit Sir Walter with the poem of "The Lie," of which he says there is a "parody" in the folio edition of Sylvester's works, where it is entitled "The Soul's Errand."

The veteran J. Payne Collier, the *emendator* of Shakespeare, has recently put forth a work, in four volumes, en-

titled "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language." In this work he claims the authorship of "The Lie," "otherwise called 'The Soul's Errand,'" for Sir Walter Raleigh, and rests his authority on a manuscript copy "of the time," headed, "Sir Walter Wrawly his Lye." He quotes the poem at length, beginning,

"Hence, soule, the bodies guest."

All other copies that I have seen read, "Go, soul," which I think will be deemed the more fitting word.

Collier does not allude to Sylvester in connection with this poem, but introduces him in another article, and treats him somewhat cavalierly, as "a mere literary adventurer and translating drudge." "When he died," Collier says, "is not precisely known." He might have known, since there were records all round him to show that Sylvester died in Holland, in September, 1618. His great contemporary, Sir Walter Raleigh, was beheaded in October, one month after.

(By the way, Payne Collier holds out marvellously. Here is his new work, dated 1866, and I have near me his "Poetical Decameron," published in 1820, *forty-six* years ago.)

Ritson, a noted reaper in the "old fields," supposes, that "The Lie" was written by Francis Davison; and in Kerl's "Comprehensive Grammar," among many poetical extracts, I find two stanzas of the poem quoted as written by Barnfield,—probably Richard. These two writers were of Raleigh's time, but I think their claims may be readily dismissed. Supposing that "The Lie" was written by either Joshua Sylvester or Sir Walter Raleigh, I shall try to show that it was not written by Sylvester, and that he has wrongfully enjoyed the credit of its authorship.

Critics and collators have for years been doubting about the authorship of this little poem, written over two centuries and a half ago; and, so far as I can ascertain, not one of them has ever

discovered, what is the simple fact, that there were *two* poems instead of *one*, similar in scope and spirit, but still two poems,—*"The Lie" and "The Soul's Errand."*

I have said that Sir Egerton Brydges alludes to a "parody" of "The Lie," in Sylvester's volume, there called "The Soul's Errand." In that volume I find what Sir Egerton calls a "parody." It is, in reality, another poem, bearing the title of "The Soul's Errand," consisting of *twenty* stanzas, all of four lines each, excepting the first stanza, which has six. "The Lie" consists of but *thirteen* stanzas, of six lines each, the fifth and sixth of which may be termed the refrain or burden of the piece. I annex copies of the two poems; Sir Walter's (so called) is taken from Percy's "Reliques," and Sylvester's is copied from his own folio.

On comparing the two pieces, it will be seen that they begin alike, and go on nearly alike for a few stanzas, when they diverge, and are then entirely different from each other to the end. I do not find that this difference has ever been pointed out, and am therefore left to suppose that it never was discovered. At this late day conjectures are not worth much, but it would appear that, the opening stanzas of the two poems being similar, their identity was at some time carelessly taken for granted by some collector, who read only the initial stanzas, and thus ignorantly deprived Sir Walter of "The Lie," and gave it to Sylvester, with the title of "The Soul's Errand."

This, however, is certain: "The Soul's Errand," so called, of *thirteen* stanzas, given to us by Ellis and by Chambers as Sylvester's, is not the poem that Sylvester wrote under that title, and we have his own authority for saying so. His poem of *twenty* stanzas, bearing that title, does not appear to have ever been reprinted, and it is believed cannot now be found anywhere out of his own book. Ellis, it is plain, is not to be trusted. Profess-

ing to be exact, he refers for his authority to page 652 of Sylvester's works, and then proceeds to print a poem as his which is not there. Had he read the page he quotes so carefully, he would have seen that "The Lie" and "The Soul's Errand" were two separate productions, alike only in the six stanzas taken from the former and included in the latter.

We learn that Sir Walter Raleigh's poems were never all collected into a volume, and, further, we learn that "The Lie," as a separate piece, was attributed to him at an early period. Payne Collier, as I have said, prints it as his, from a manuscript "of the time"; and in an elaborate article on Raleigh, in the *North British Review*, copied into *Littell's Living Age*, of June 9, 1855, the able reviewer refers particularly to "The Lie," "saddest of poems," as Sir Walter's, and adds in a note that "it is to be found in a manuscript of 1596." This would make the piece two hundred and seventy years old. When and by whom it was first taken from Sir Walter and given to Sylvester, with the altered title, and why Sylvester incorporated into his poem of "The Soul's Errand" six stanzas belonging to "The Lie," can now, of course, never be known.

I find that I have been indulging in quite a flow of words about a few old verses; but then they *are* verses, and such as one should not be robbed of. They have lived through centuries of time, and outlived generations of ambitious penmen, and the true name of the author ought to live with them. Long ago, when a school-boy, I used to read and repeat "The Lie," and it was then the undoubted work of Sir Walter Raleigh. In after years, on looking into various volumes of old English poetry, I was told that "The Lie" was *not* "The Lie," and was not written by Sir Walter Raleigh; that the true title of the piece was "The Soul's Errand," and that the real author of it was a certain Joshua Sylvester. Unwilling to displace the brave knight from the niche he had graced so long,

I hunted up Sylvester's old folio, and the result of my search may be found in these imperfect remarks.

Frankly, I would fain believe that "The Lie" was written by Sir Walter. It is true I am not able to prove it, but I think I prove that it was not written by Sylvester. He wrote another poem, "The Soul's Errand," and he is welcome to it; that is, he is welcome to fourteen of its twenty stanzas, — the other six do not belong to him. Give him also, painstaking man! due laudation for his version of the "Divine Du Bartas," of which formidable work any one who has the courage to grapple with its six hundred and fifty-odd folio pages may know where to find a copy.

But Sir Walter Raleigh, — heroic Sir Walter, — he is before me bodily, running his fingers along the sharp edge of the fatal axe, and calmly laying his noble head on the block.

"The good Knight is dust,
And his sword is rust";

but I want to feel that he left behind him, as the offspring of his great brain, one of the most impressive poems of his time, — ay, and indeed of any time.

THE LYE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it shoves
What 's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions:
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse:
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth;

And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

THE SOULES ERRAND.

BY JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Goe Soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thanklesse Errand,
Feare not to touch the best,
The Truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe thou, since I must die,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the Court it glowes,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church it shewes
What's good, but doth not good.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others Action,
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong, but by a faction.

Tell men of high condition,
That in Affaires of State
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.

Goe tell the young Nobility,
They doe degenerate,
Wasting their large ability,
In things effeminate.

Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
And, in their greatest cost,
Seeke but a self-commending.

Tell Zeale it wants Devotion,
Tell Love it is but Lust,
Tell Priests they hunt Promotion,
Tell Flesh it is but Dust.

Say Souldiers are the Sink
Of Sinne to all the Realme;
Given all to whores and drink,
To quarrell and blaspheme.

Tell Townesmen, that because that
They pranck their Brides so proud,
Too many times it drawes that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Goe tell the Palace-Dames
They paint their parboil'd faces,
Seeking by greater shames
To cover lesse disgraces.

Say to the City-wives,
Through their excessive brav'ry,
Their Husband hardly thrives,
But rather lives in Slav'ry.

Tell London Youths that Dice,
Faire Queanes, fine Clothes, full Boulds,
Consume the cursed price
Of their dead-Fathers Soules.

Say Maidens are too coy
To them that chastely seeke them,
And yet are apt to toy
With baser Jacks that like them.

Tell Poets of our dayes
They doe profane the Muses,
In soothing Sin with praise,
That all the world abuses.

Tell Tradesmen waight and measure
They craftily abuse,

Thereby to heap-up treasure,
Though Heav'n thereby they lose.

Goe tell the vitious rich,
By usury to gaine
Their fingers alwaies itch,
To soules and bodies paine.

Yea tell the wretched poore
That they the wealthy hate,
And grudge to see at doore
Another in their state.

Tell all the world throughout
That all's but vanity,
Her pleasures doe but flout
With sly security.

Tell Kings and Beggars base,
Yea tell both young and old,
They all are in one case,
And must all to the mould.

And now kinde Host adieu,
Rest thou in earthly Tombe,
Till Christ shall all renew,
And then I 'll thee resume.

THE BOWERY AT NIGHT.

COMING up from one of the Brooklyn ferries, after dark, on a sultry summer evening, I take my way through the close-built district of New York City still known as "The Swamp." The narrow streets of the place are deserted by this time, but they have been lively enough during the day with the busy leather-dealers and their teams; for this is the great hide and leather mart of the city, as any one might guess even now in the gloom by the pungent odors that arise on every side. The heavy iron doors and window-shutters of the buildings have been locked and barred for the night; and the thick atmosphere of the place appears to affect the gas-lights, which burn sickly and dim in the street lanterns. Nobody lives here at night. The footfalls of the solitary

policeman give out a hollow sound as he paces the narrow *trottoir* of Ferry Street, in the heart of "The Swamp." Over two hundred years ago, when Governor Peter Stuyvesant pastured his flocks and herds hereabouts, the wayfarer would have been more likely to mark a solitary heron than a solitary policeman; for it was really a swamp then, and much earthwork must have been expended in making the solid ground whereon the buildings now stand. Neither is it probable that, even on the most sultry of summer nights, the nose of old Mynheer Stuyvesant would have been saluted with odors of morocco leather, such as fill the air of "The Swamp" to-night. The wild swamp-flowers, though, gave out some faint perfumes to the night

air in those olden times; but the place could hardly have been so still of a summer night as it is now, for the booming of the bullfrog and the piping of his lesser kin must have made night resonant here, and it is reasonable to surmise that owls hooted in the cedar-trees that hung over the tawny sedges of the swamp. "Jack-o'-Lantern" was the only inhabitant who burned gas hereabouts in those times, and he manufactured his own. The nocturnal raccoon edged his way through the alders here, in the old summer nights, and the muskrat built his house among the reeds. Not a raccoon nor a muskrat is the wayfarer likely to meet with here to-night; but the gray rat of civilization is to be dimly discerned, as he lopes along the gutters in his nightly prowling.

There is something very bewildering to the untutored mind in the announcements on the dim, stony door-posts of the stores. Here it is set forth that "Kids and Gorings" are the staple of the concern. Puzzling though the inscription is to me, yet I recognize in it something that is pastoral and significant; for there were kids that skipped, probably, and bulls that gored, when the grass was green here. "Oak and Hemlock Leather," on the next door-post, reads well, for it is redolent of glades that were old before the masonry that now prevails here had been dreamed of. Here we have an announcement of "Russet Roans"; and the next merchant, who is apparently a cannibal or a ghoul, deliberately notifies the public that he deals in "Hatters' Skins." Many of the door-posts announce "Findings" and "Skivers"; and upon one of them I note the somewhat remarkable intimation of "Pulled Wool." Gold Street, also, is redolent of all these things, as I turn into it, nor is there any remission of the pungent trade-stenches of the district until I have gained a good distance up Spruce Street, toward the City Hall Park. Here the Bowery proper, viewed as a great artery of New York trade and travel, may be said to begin. The first

reach of it is called Chatham Street; and, having plunged into this, I have nothing before me now but Bowery for a distance of nearly two miles.

Leaving behind me, then, the twinkling lights of the newspaper buildings and those of the City Hall Park, northward along Chatham Street I bend my loitering steps. Israel predominates here, — Israel, with its traditional stock in trade of cheap clothing, and bawbles that are made to wear, but not to wear long. The shops here are mostly small, and quite open to the street in front, which gives the place a bazaar-like appearance in summer. Economy in space is practised to the utmost. It is curious to observe how closely crowded the goods (bads might be a more appropriate term for most of them) are outside the shops, as well as inside. The fronts of the houses are festooned with raiment of all kinds, until they look like tents made of variegated dry-goods. Here is a stall so confined that the occupant, rocking in his chair near the farther end of it, stretches his slippered feet well out upon the threshold. It is near closing time now, and many of the dealers, with their wives and children, are sitting out in front of their shops, and, if not under their own vines and fig-trees, at least under their own gaudy flannels and "loud-patterned" cotton goods, which are waving overhead in the sluggish evening breeze. Nothing can be more suggestive of lazily industrious Jewry than this short, thick-set clothier, with the curved nose, and spiral, oily hair, who sits out on the sidewalk and blows clouds from his meerschaum pipe. The women who lounge here are generally stoutish and slatternly, with few clothes on, but plenty of frowzy hair. Here and there one may see a pretty face among the younger girls; and it is sad to reflect that these little Hebrew maids will become stout and slatternly by and by, and have hooked noses like their mothers, and double chins. The labels on the ready-made clothing are curious in their way. Here a pair of trousers in glaring brown and yellow

stripes is ticketed with the alluring word, "Lovely." Other garments are offered to the public, with such guaranties as "Original," "Genteel," "Excelsior," and "Our Own." There is not an article among them but has its ticket of recommendation, and another card affixed to each sets forth the lowest price for which it is to be had. The number and variety of hats on show along this queer arcade are very characteristic of the people, with whom hats have long been a traditional article of commerce. Dimly-lighted cellars, down precipitous flights of narrow, dirty steps, up which come fumes of coffee and cooked viands, are to be seen at short intervals, and these restaurants are supported mainly by the denizens of the street. Shops in the windows of which blazes much cheap jewelry abound, and there are also many tobacconists on a small scale.

The lights of Chatham Square twinkle out now; and here I pause before a feature very peculiar to the Bowery, — one of those large, open shops in which vociferous salesmen address from galleries a motley crowd of men and women. One fellow in dirty shirt-sleeves and a Turkish cap flourishes aloft something which looks like a fan, but proves, on closer inspection, to be a group composed of several pocket-combs, a razor, and other small articles, constituting in all a "lot." This he offers, with stentorian utterances, for a price "a hundred per cent less, *you bet*, than you kin buy 'em for on Broadway." Other salesmen lean furiously over the gallery railing, flourishing shirts, stockings, and garments of every kind, mentionable and unmentionable, in the faces of the gaping loafers below. Sometimes a particular "lot" will attract the attention of a spectator, and he will chaffer about it for a while; but the sales do not often appear to be very brisk. The people one sees in these places are very characteristic of the Bowery. Many of them are what the police call "hard cases," — men, with coarse, bulldog features, their mustaches trimmed

very close, and dyed with something that gives them a foxy-black hue. Women, many of them with children in their arms, have come to look out for bargains. Near the entrance, which is quite open to the street, there stands a man with a light cane in his hand, which he lays every now and then over the shoulders of some objectionable youth marked by him in the crowd. The objectionable youth is a pickpocket, or a "sneak-thief," or both, and the man with the cane is the private detective attached to the place. He is well acquainted with the regular thieves of these localities, and his business is to "spot" them, and keep them from edging in among the loose articles lying about the store. He says that there are a great many notorious pickpockets in the crowd, and he looks like one who knows.

Here and there along the Bowery small, shrivelled Chinamen stand by rickety tables, on which a few boxes of cheap cigars are exposed for sale. These foreigners look uneasy in their Bowery clothes, which are of the cheapest quality sold at the places just mentioned. Some of them wear the traditional queue, but they wind it very closely round their heads, probably to avoid the derision of the street boys, to whom a Chinaman's "tail" offers a temptation not to be resisted. Others have allowed their hair to grow in the ordinary manner. They are not communicative when addressed, which may be due, perhaps, to the fact, that but few of them possess more of the English language than is necessary for the purposes of trade. Fireworks and tobacco are the principal articles in which these New York Chinamen deal.

Everybody who passes through the Bowery, and more especially at night, must have observed the remarkable prevalence of small children there. Swarms of well-clad little boys and girls, belonging to the shop-keepers, sport before the doors until a late hour at night. Here is a group of extremely diminutive ones, dancing an elf-like measure to the music of an itin-

erant organist. Darting about, here, there, and everywhere, are packs of ragged little urchins. They paddle along in the dirty gutter, the black ooze from which they spatter over the passers on the sidewalk, and run with confiding recklessness against the legs of hurrying pedestrians. Ragged and poor as they certainly are, they do not often ask for alms, but continually give themselves up, with wild *abandon*, to chasing each other in and out between the obstacles on the sidewalk. Boys of a better class carry on business here. Watch this one selling fans: he is so well dressed, and so genteel in appearance, that it is easy to see his livelihood does not altogether hang upon a commercial venture so small as the one in which he is at present engaged. That boy has evidently a mercantile turn, and may be a leading city man yet. Farther on, four smart-looking youngsters are indulging in some very frothy beverage at a street soda-water bar. High words are bandied about concerning the quality of the "stamps" offered by them in change, the genuine character of which has been challenged by a boy of their own size, who seems to be in charge of the concern. Numbers of these cheap soda-water stalls are to be seen in the Bowery; and they appear to drive a good business generally, notwithstanding the lager-beer saloons that so generally abound. Many larger establishments for the sale of temperance drinks are open here during the summer months. I notice a good number of people going to and from a large one, the entrance of which is so wide and high that it realizes the idea of "open house," and within which there are a great number of taps from which soda-water, ready mingled with all the various kinds of syrups, is drawn.

Let us cross over the Bowery, and take a look at Division Street, which diverges from it at the neck of Chatham Square, and is one of the curiosities of the district. It is a narrow street, very brilliantly lighted up on one side

by the show-windows of the milliners' shops; and a marvellously long row of milliners it is, never ending until it runs against a druggist just where Bayard Street makes an angle with Division. Every window and every show-case by the thresholds is filled with a curious variety of infinitesimally small bonnets and hats, some in a skeleton state, others bedizened in all the fancy modes of the season. Division Street may be termed the milliners' quarter of New York City. Most of the goods displayed here are of a "sensation" character, but that is just what pays on the east side. Yet I would not be understood here as meaning to disparage the west side; and indeed I have been told that ladies from the most fashionable quarters of the city are not above buying their millinery in Division Street. Numbers of young girls are passing to and fro here, pausing ever and anon to gaze in at the windows with longing eyes. If there be "sermons in stones," so are there also in show-cases, and many a sad romance of won and lost grows out of the latter too. The shop-girls have nearly got through their work now, and they lean against the door-posts or stand out on the sidewalk, gossiping in groups of twos and threes. You will observe that there is not a single milliner's shop on the other side of the street. The dealers there are mostly in the hardware and grocery lines, or they represent commerce as tobacconists, confectioners, and such like; but they have nearly all shut up for the night, and the glory of the gas is on the milliner side of the way alone. All along the Bowery the same order of things may be observed to prevail,—the west side being chiefly devoted to the dry-goods trade, while the hardware dealers, grocers, restaurateurs, and numerous other tradespeople occupy the east side.

And now again up the Bowery,—where the lights appear to stretch away into almost endless space. The numerous lines of horse-cars pass and

repass each other in long perspective, their lights twinkling like constellations on the rampage, as they run to and fro. The jingle of their harness-bells is pleasant of a sultry night, recalling the sleigh-bells of bracing winter. And the bells have something suggestive in them, too, of the old Bowery pastures, where the flocks and herds roamed at large, and the cow-bells rang bass to the shrill treble that came from the bell-wethers of the flock. But here we have something that is hardly so pastoral in its associations. Out from the portals of a large theatre issues a crowd of roughs, who elbow and jostle each other in their anxiety to reach the nearest place where bad liquor can be had. To-night the theatre has been given over to the gymnasts of the "prize-ring," and they have had a sparring exhibition there. Three or four interesting English pugilists, lately arrived in the city, have been showing their mettle with the gloves on; and, although a dollar a head is the usual admission fee on such occasions, the entertainment is always sure to bring together an immense crowd of the rough class. A little later, and another dense throng will emerge from the Old Bowery Theatre, just over the way. It will be a very mixed crowd of men, women, and children,—the street-boys, with their wondrous variety of sharp faces, owlish faces, wicked faces, and ragged clothes, being constant patrons of this popular east-side theatre. Not far from this are the most dangerous corners and lurking-places to be found anywhere in the Bowery. Here thieves and rowdies of the worst description hang about the doors of the low bar-rooms in the neighborhood, in gangs of five or six, all ready at a signal to concentrate their forces for a rescue, a robbery, or a row of any sort in which plunder may be secured. There are policemen in the Bowery, of course; but in many cases the tactics of the thieves prove to be too much for these guardians of the public peace. One night, for instance, in the merry month of May

of this year, a gang of about a dozen armed ruffians boarded a Third Avenue horse-car somewhere in these latitudes, knocked down the conductor with a slung-shot, robbed and otherwise maltreated several of the passengers, and got clear away before the first policeman had made his appearance. Such incidents are by no means uncommon in the Bowery and its purlieus at night. It is quite different now, remember, from the Bowery it was when old Peter Stuyvesant used to dot its cow-paths with the tip of his wooden leg.

Everywhere within the limits of the sidewalk, and sometimes out upon the pavement beyond, stand fruit-stalls loaded with oranges, apples, nuts, and all such fruits as are seasonable and plenty. There are tables on which pink, pulpy melons, flecked with the jet-black seeds, are set forth in slices, to tempt thirsty passengers; tables upon which large rocks of candy are broken up into nuggets to suit customers; and tables upon which bananas alone are exposed for sale. The lamps upon all these flame and smoke in the fitful whiffs of night air. The weighing-machine man is here, with a blazing light suspended in front of his brazen disk; and, as I pass on, I notice that the man who exhibits the moon is dismounting his big telescope, for the night is clouding fast, and his occupation is gone. Two small girls are scraping doleful strains from the sad catgut of violins nearly as big as themselves. They have long been frequenters of the Bowery at night, and were much smaller than their fiddles when I first saw them here. Off the sidewalk, upon the pavement of the street, there is a crowd of men and boys, closely grouped around something in the way of a show. As I approach, old voices of the once familiar woodlands and farm-yards greet my ear. I listen to them, for a brief moment, rapt. Alas! they are spurious. They emanate from a dirty man, who stands in the centre of the group, with a small wooden box slung before

him. By his side stands his torch-bearer, who illuminates him with a lamp suspended from a long pole. The performer takes something from his mouth, and, having made a laudatory address regarding its merits, replaces it between his teeth, and resumes his imitations of many birds and quadrupeds. His mocking-bird is very fair; his thrush, passable; but his canary less successful, being rather too reedy and harsh. Farm-yard sounds are thrown off with considerable imitative power. His pig is so good, indeed, that it invites a purchaser, who puts one of the calls into his mouth, and frightfully distorts his features in his wretched efforts to produce the desired grunts and squeaks. The crowing of cocks, the neighing of horses, the lowing of cows, and the bleating of sheep follow in succession,—sounds so appropriate to the memories of the Bowery that was, that one is tempted to applaud the rascal in spite of the swindle he is practising on the crowd. Of course, with the exception of the bird-songs, none of these sounds are produced by the aid of the calls, but are simply the fruit of long and assiduous practice on the part of the gifted performer.

On, on, still up the Bowery, of which the end is not yet. Great numbers of people are passing to and fro, an excess of the feminine element being generally observable. The sidewalks are cumbered with rough wooden cases. As in Chatham Street, the shop-keepers—or “merchants,” if they insist on being so designated—are sitting, mostly, outside their doors. Garlands of hosiery and forests of hoop-skirts wave beneath the awnings,—for most of the Bowery shops have awnings,—making the sidewalk in front of them a sort of arcade for the display of their goods. But the time has come now for taking in all these waving things for the night, and the young men and girls of the shops are unhooking them with long poles, or handing them down from step-ladders planted in the middle of the sidewalk. Ranged outside the larger establish-

ments are rows of headless dummies, intended to represent the female form divine, and to show off on their inanimate busts and shoulders the sweetest assortments ever seen of new things in summer fashions. These headless dummies of the Bowery have a very ghastly look at night. They suggest a procession of the ghosts of Bluebeard's wives, who, true to their instincts while in life, nightly revisit the “ladies' furnishing establishments” here, to rummage among scarfs and ribbons, and don for the brief hour before cock-crow the valuable stuffs and stuffings that are yet so dear to them.

Yonder is a group curious for color, and one well worth the consideration of a painter who has a fancy for striking effects. A negro girl with hot corn for sale stands just outside the reflection from a druggist's window, the bars of red and green light from the colored jars in which fall weirdly on the faces of two men who are buying from her. The trade in boots and shoes is briskly carried on, even at this late hour of the night. In the Bowery this trade is very extensive. Long strings of boots and shoes hang from the door-posts. Trays of the same articles are displayed outside, and it seems an easy matter for any nocturnal prowler to help himself, *en passant*, from the boxes full of cordwainers' work that stand on the edge of the footway next the street. On the eastern side of the way, there are fewer lights to be seen now than there were an hour ago. The tradespeople over there, generally, have put up their shutters, and the time for closing the drinking-saloons is at hand; but lights are yet lingering in the pawnbroker's establishments, for the *Mont de Piété* is an institution of an extremely wakeful, not to say wide-awake, kind.

Now the Bowery widens gradually to the northward, and may be likened to a river that turns to an estuary ere it joins the waters of the main. The vast and hideous brown-stone delta of the Cooper Institute divides it into two channels,—Third Avenue to the right, Fourth Avenue to the left. Properly

the Bowery may be said to end here ; but only a few blocks farther on, at the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, is marked the spot where stood the gateway leading to the original *Bowery*, the old mansion in which Peter Stuyvesant dwelt when New Amsterdam was, but as yet no New York. And here, till within a few months, stood the traditional Stuyvesant pear - tree, said to have been

brought from Holland, and planted by the hands of the old Dutch Governor himself. Spring-time after spring-time, until within a year or two past, the Stuyvesant pear-tree used to blossom, and its blossoms run to fruit. It lived, in a very gnarled and rheumatic condition, until the 26th of February last, when it sank quietly down to rest, and nothing but the rusty old iron railing is left to show where it stood.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER AND NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THIRTY-SIX years ago a young man, about twenty-five years of age, of a commanding height, — six feet full, the heels of his boots not included in the reckoning, — and dressed in scrupulous keeping with the fashion of the time, might have been seen sauntering idly along one of the principal streets of Cincinnati. To the few who could claim acquaintance with him he was known as an actor, playing at the time referred to a short engagement as light comedian in a theatre of that city. He does not seem to have attained to any noticeable degree of eminence in his profession, but he had established for himself a reputation among jolly fellows in a social way. He could tell a story, sing a song, and dance a hornpipe, after a style which, however unequal to complete success on the stage, proved, in private performance to select circles rendered appreciative by accessory refreshments, famously triumphant always. If it must be confessed that he was deficient in the more profound qualities, it is not to be inferred that he was destitute of all the distinguishing, though shallower, virtues of character. He had the merit, too, of a proper appreciation of his own capacity ; and his aims never rose above that capacity. As a superficial man he dealt with superficial

things, and his dealings were marked by tact and shrewdness. In his sphere he was proficient, and he kept his wits upon the alert for everything that might be turned to professional and profitable use. Thus it was that, as he sauntered along one of the main thoroughfares of Cincinnati, as has been written, his attention was suddenly arrested by a voice ringing clear and full above the noises of the street, and giving utterance, in an unmistakable dialect, to the refrain of a song to this effect : —

“ Turn about an’ wheel about an’ do jis so,
An’ eb’ry time I turn about I jump Jim Crow.”

Struck by the peculiarities of the performance, so unique in style, matter, and “character” of delivery, the player listened on. Were not these elements — was the suggestion of the instant — which might admit of higher than mere street or stable-yard development ? As a national or “race” illustration, behind the footlights, might not “Jim Crow” and a black face tickle the fancy of pit and circle, as well as the “Sprig of Shillalah” and a red nose ? Out of the suggestion leaped the determination ; and so it chanced that the casual hearing of a song trolled by a negro stage-driver, lolling lazily on the box of his vehicle, gave origin to a school of music destined to excel in

popularity all others, and to make the name of the obscure actor, W. D. RICE, famous.

As his engagement at Cincinnati had nearly expired, Rice deemed it expedient to postpone a public venture in the newly projected line until the opening of a fresh engagement should assure him opportunity to share fairly the benefit expected to grow out of the experiment. This engagement had already been entered into; and accordingly, shortly after, in the autumn of 1830, he left Cincinnati for Pittsburg.

The old theatre of Pittsburg occupied the site of the present one, on Fifth Street. It was an unpretending structure, rudely built of boards, and of moderate proportions, but sufficient, nevertheless, to satisfy the taste and secure the comfort of the few who dared to face consequences and lend patronage to an establishment under the ban of the Scotch-Irish Calvinists. Entering upon duty at the "Old Drury" of the "Birmingham of America," Rice prepared to take advantage of his opportunity. There was a negro in attendance at Griffith's Hotel, on Wood Street, named Cuff, — an exquisite specimen of his sort, — who won a precarious subsistence by letting his open mouth as a mark for boys to pitch pennies into, at three paces, and by carrying the trunks of passengers from the steamboats to the hotels. Cuff was precisely the subject for Rice's purpose. Slight persuasion induced him to accompany the actor to the theatre, where he was led through the private entrance, and quietly ensconced behind the scenes. After the play, Rice, having shaded his own countenance to the "contraband" hue, ordered Cuff to disrobe, and proceeded to invest himself in the cast-off apparel. When the arrangements were complete, the bell rang, and Rice, habited in an old coat forlornly dilapidated, with a pair of shoes composed equally of patches and places for patches on his feet, and wearing a coarse straw hat in a melancholy condition of rent and collapse over a dense black wig of matted moss,

waddled into view. The extraordinary apparition produced an instant effect. The crash of peanuts ceased in the pit, and through the circles passed a murmur and a bustle of liveliest expectation. The orchestra opened with a short prelude, and to its accompaniment Rice began to sing, delivering the first line by way of introductory recitative: —

"O, Jim Crow's come to town, as you all must know,

An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do jis so,

An' ebery time he wheel about he jump Jim Crow."

The effect was electric. Such a thunder of applause as followed was never heard before within the shell of that old theatre. With each succeeding couplet and refrain the uproar was renewed, until presently, when the performer, gathering courage from the favorable temper of his audience, ventured to improvise matter for his distiches from familiarly known local incidents, the demonstrations were deafening.

Now it happened that Cuff, who meanwhile was crouching in dishabille under concealment of a projecting *flat* behind the performer, by some means received intelligence, at this point, of the near approach of a steamer to the Monongahela Wharf. Between himself and others of his color in the same line of business, and especially as regarded a certain formidable competitor called Ginger, there existed an active rivalry in the baggage-carrying business. For Cuff to allow Ginger the advantage of an undisputed descent upon the luggage of the approaching vessel would be not only to forfeit all "considerations" from the passengers, but, by proving him a laggard in his calling, to cast a damaging blemish upon his reputation. Liberally as he might lend himself to a friend, it could not be done at that sacrifice. After a minute or two of fidgety waiting for the song to end, Cuff's patience could endure no longer, and, cautiously hazarding a glimpse of his profile beyond the edge of the flat, he called in a hur-

ried whisper: "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griffif wants me,—steamboat's comin'!"

The appeal was fruitless. Massa Rice did not hear it, for a happy hit at an unpopular city functionary had set the audience in a roar in which all other sounds were lost. Waiting some moments longer, the restless Cuff, thrusting his visage from under cover into full three-quarter view this time, again charged upon the singer in the same words, but with more emphatic voice: "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griffif wants me,—steamboat's comin'!"

A still more successful couplet brought a still more tempestuous response, and the invocation of the baggage-carrier was unheard and unheeded. Driven to desperation, and forgetful in the emergency of every sense of propriety, Cuff, in ludicrous undress as he was, started from his place, rushed upon the stage, and, laying his hand upon the performer's shoulder, called out excitedly: "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, gi' me nigga's hat,—nigga's coat,—nigga's shoes,—gi' me nigga's t'ings! Massa Griffif wants 'im,—STEAM-BOAT'S COMIN'!!"

The incident was the touch, in the mirthful experience of that night, that passed endurance. Pit and circles were one scene of such convulsive merriment that it was impossible to proceed in the performance; and the extinguishment of the footlights, the fall of the curtain, and the throwing wide of the doors for exit, indicated that the entertainment was ended.

Such were the circumstances—authentic in every particular—under which the first work of the distinct art of Negro Minstrelsy was presented.

Next day found the song of Jim Crow, in one style of delivery or another, on everybody's tongue. Clerks hummed it serving customers at shop counters, artisans thundered it at their toils to the time-beat of sledge and of tilt-hammer, boys whistled it on the streets, ladies warbled it in parlors,

and house-maids repeated it to the clink of crockery in kitchens. Rice made up his mind to profit further by its popularity: he determined to publish it. Mr. W. C. Peters, afterwards of Cincinnati, and well known as a composer and publisher, was at that time a music-dealer on Market Street in Pittsburg. Rice, ignorant himself of the simplest elements of musical science, waited upon Mr. Peters, and solicited his co-operation in the preparation of his song for the press. Some difficulty was experienced before Rice could be induced to consent to the correction of certain trifling informalities, rhythmical mainly, in his melody; but, yielding finally, the air as it now stands, with a piano-forte accompaniment by Mr. Peters, was put upon paper. The manuscript was put into the hands of Mr. John Newton, who reproduced it on stone with an elaborately embellished title-page, including a portrait of the subject of the song, precisely as it has been copied through succeeding editions to the present time. It was the first specimen of lithography ever executed in Pittsburg.

Jim Crow was repeated nightly throughout the season at the theatre; and when that was ended, Beale's Long Room, at the corner of Third and Market streets, was engaged for rehearsals exclusively in the Ethiopian line. "Clar de Kitchen" soon appeared as a companion piece, followed speedily by "Lucy Long," "Sich a Gittin' up Stairs," "Long-Tail Blue," and so on, until quite a *repertoire* was at command from which to select for an evening's entertainment.

Rice remained in Pittsburg some two years. He then visited Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, whence he sailed for England, where he met with high favor in his novel character, married, and remained for some time. He then returned to New York, and shortly afterwards died.

With Rice's retirement his art seems to have dropped into disuse as a feature of theatrical entertainment, and thence-

forward, for many years, to have survived only in the performances of circuses and menageries. Between acts the *extravaganzaist* in cork and wool would appear, and to the song of "Coal-Black Rose," or "Jim along Joe," or "Sittin' on a Rail," command, with the clown and monkey, full share of admiration in the arena. At first he performed *solus*, and to the accompaniment of the "show" band; but the school was progressive; couples presently appeared, and, dispensing with the aid of foreign instruments, delivered their melodies to the more appropriate music of the banjo. To the banjo, in a short time, were added the bones. The art had now outgrown its infancy, and, disdaining a subordinate existence, boldly seceded from the society of harlequin and the tumblers, and met the world as an independent institution. Singers organized themselves into quartet bands; added a fiddle and tambourine to their instruments — perhaps we should say implements — of music; introduced the hoe-down and the conundrum to fill up the intervals of performance; rented halls, and, peregrinating from city to city and from town to town, went on and prospered.

One of the earliest companies of this sort was organized and sustained under the leadership of Nelson Kneass, who, while skilful in his manipulations of the banjo, was quite an accomplished pianist besides, as well as a favorite ballad-singer. He had some pretensions as a composer, but has left his name identified with no work of any interest. His company met with such success in Pittsburg, that its visits were repeated from season to season, until about the year 1845, when Mr. Murphy, the leading caricaturist, determining to resume the business in private life which he had laid aside on going upon the stage, the company was disbanded.

Up to this period, if negro minstrelsy had made some progress, it was not marked by much improvement. Its charm lay essentially in its simplicity,

and to give it full development, retaining unimpaired meanwhile such original excellences as Nature in Sambo shapes and inspires, was the task of the time. But the task fell into bungling hands. The intuitive utterance of the art was misapprehended or perverted altogether. Its naïve misconceits were construed into coarse blunders; its pleasing incongruities were resolved into meaningless jargon. Glibberish became the staple of its composition. Slang phrases and crude jests, all odds and ends of vulgar sentiment, without regard to the idiosyncrasies of the negro, were caught up, jumbled together into rhyme, and, rendered into the lingo presumed to be genuine, were ready for the stage. The wit of the performance was made to consist in quibble and equivocate, and in the misuse of language, after the fashion, but without the refinement, of Mrs. Partington. The character of the music underwent a change. Original airs were composed from time to time, but the songs were more generally adaptations of tunes in vogue among Hard-Shell Baptists in Tennessee and at Methodist camp-meetings in Kentucky, and of backwoods melodies, such as had been invented for native ballads by "settlement" masters and brought into general circulation by stage-drivers, wagoners, cattle-drovers, and other such itinerants of earlier days. Music of the concert-room was also drafted into the service, and selections from the inferior operas, with the necessary mutilations of the text, of course; so that the whole school of negro minstrelsy threatened a lapse, when its course of decline was suddenly and effectually arrested.

A certain Mr. Andrews, dealer in confections, cakes, and ices, being stirred by a spirit of enterprise, rented, in the year 1845, a second-floor hall on Wood Street, Pittsburg, supplied it with seats and small tables, advertised largely, employed cheap attractions, — living statues, songs, dances, &c., — erected a stage, hired a piano, and, upon the dissolution of his band, en-

gaged the services of Nelson Kneass as musician and manager. Admission was free, the ten-cent ticket required at the door being received at its cost value within towards the payment of whatever might be called for at the tables. To keep alive the interest of the enterprise, premiums were offered, from time to time, of a bracelet for the best conundrum, a ring with a ruby setting for the best comic song, and a golden chain for the best sentimental song. The most and perhaps only really valuable reward—a genuine and very pretty silver cup, exhibited night after night, beforehand—was promised to the author of the best original negro song, to be presented before a certain date, and to be decided upon by a committee designated for the purpose by the audience at that time.

Quite a large array of competitors entered the lists; but the contest would be hardly worthy of mention, save as it was the occasion of the first appearance of him who was to prove the reformer of his art, and to a sketch of whose career the foregoing pages are chiefly preliminary.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, on the 4th of July, 1826. He was the youngest child of his father, William B. Foster,—originally a merchant of Pittsburg, and afterwards Mayor of his native city, member of the State Legislature, and a Federal officer under President Buchanan, with whom he was closely connected by marriage. The evidences of a musical capacity of no common order were apparent in Stephen at an early period. Going into a shop, one day, when about seven years old, he picked up a flageolet, the first he had ever seen, and comprehending, after an experiment or two, the order of the scale on the instrument, was able in a few minutes, uninstructed, to play any of the simple tunes within the octave with which he was acquainted. A Thespian society, composed of boys in their higher teens, was organized in Alleghany, into which

Stephen, although but in his ninth year, was admitted, and of which, from his agreeable rendering of the favorite airs of the day, he soon became the leading attraction.

At thirteen years of age, he made his first attempt at composition, producing for a public occasion at the seminary in Athens, Ohio, where he was a student at the time, the "Tioga Waltz," which, although quite a pretty affair, he never thought worthy of preservation. In the same year, shortly afterwards, he composed music to the song commencing, "Sadly to mine heart appealing," now embraced in the list of his publications, but not brought out until many years later.

Stephen was a boy of delicate constitution, not addicted to the active sports or any of the more vigorous habits of boys of his age. His only companions were a few intimate friends, and, thus secluded, his character naturally took a sensitive, meditative cast, and his growing disrelish for severer tasks was confirmed. As has been intimated, he entered as a pupil at Athens; but as the course of instruction in that institution was not in harmony with his tastes, he soon withdrew, applying himself afterwards to the study of the French and German languages (a ready fluency in both of which he finally acquired), and especially to the art dearer than all other studies. A recluse, owning and soliciting no guidance but that of his text-book, in the quiet of the woods, or, if that were inaccessible, the retirement of his chamber, he devoted himself to this art.

At the age of sixteen he composed and published the song, "Open thy Lattice, Love," which was admired, but did not meet with extraordinary success. In the year following he went to Cincinnati, entering the counting-room of his brother, and discharging the duties of his place with faithfulness and ability. His spare hours were still devoted, however, to his favorite pursuit, although his productions were chiefly preserved in manuscript, and kept for the private entertainment of

his friends. He continued with his brother nearly three years.

At the time Mr. Andrews of Pittsburg offered a silver cup for the best original negro song, Mr. Morrison Foster sent to his brother Stephen a copy of the advertisement announcing the fact, with a letter urging him to become a competitor for the prize. These saloon entertainments occupied a neutral ground, upon which eschewers of theatrical delights could meet with the abettors of play-house amusements, — a consideration of ruling importance in Pittsburg, where so many of the sterling population carry with them to this day, by legitimate inheritance, the stanch old Cameronian fidelity to Presbyterian creed and practice. Morrison, believing that these concerts would afford an excellent opportunity for the genius of his brother to appeal to the public, persisted in urging him to compete for the prize, until Stephen, who at first expressed a dislike to appear under such circumstances, finally yielded, and in due time forwarded a melody entitled, "Way down South, whar de Corn grows." When the eventful night came, the various pieces in competition were rendered to the audience by Nelson Kneass to his own accompaniment on the piano. The audience expressed by their applause a decided preference for Stephen's melody; but the committee appointed to sit in judgment decided in favor of some one else, himself and his song never heard of afterwards, and the author of "Way down South" forfeited the cup. But Mr. Kneass appreciated the merit of the composition, and promptly, next morning, made application at the proper office for a copyright in his own name as author, when Mr. Morrison Foster, happening in at the moment, interposed, and frustrated the discreditable intention.

This experiment of Foster's, if it fell short of the expectation of his friends, served, notwithstanding, a profitable purpose, for it led him to a critical investigation of the school of music to which it belonged. This school had been — was yet — unquestionably pop-

ular. To what, then, was it indebted for its captivating points? It was to its truth to Nature in her simplest and most childlike mood.

Settled as to theory, Foster applied himself to the task of its exemplification. Two attempts were made while he yet remained in Cincinnati, the pencil-drafts of which, however, were laid aside for the time being in his portfolio. His shrinking nature held timidly back at the thought of a venture before the public; and so the case stood until he reappeared in Pittsburg.

The Presidential campaign of 1844 was distinguished by political song-singing. Clubs for that purpose were organized in all the cities and towns and hamlets, — clubs for the platform, clubs for the street, clubs for the parlor, Whig clubs, Democratic clubs. Ballads innumerable to airs indefinite, new and old, filled the land, — Irish ballads, German ballads, Yankee ballads, and, preferred over all, negro ballads. So enthusiastic grew the popular feeling in this direction, that, when the November crisis was come and gone, the peculiar institution would not succumb to the limitation, but lived on. Partisan temper faded out; the fires of strife died down, but clubs sat perseveringly in their places, and in sounds, if not in sentiment, attuned to the old melodies, kept up the practice of the mad and merry time.

Among other organizations that thus lingered on was one, composed of half a dozen young men, since grown into graver habits, with Foster — home again, and a link once more in the circle of his intimates — at its head. The negro airs were still the favorites; but the collection, from frequent repetition, at length began to grow stale. One night, as a revival measure for the club, and as an opportunity for himself, Foster hinted that, with their permission, he would offer for trial an effort of his own. Accordingly he set to work; and at their next meeting laid before them a song entitled "Louisiana Belle." The piece elicited unanimous applause. Its success in the club-room

opened to it a wider field, each member acting as an agent of dissemination outside, so that in the course of a few nights the song was sung in almost every parlor in Pittsburg. Foster then brought to light his portfolio specimens, since universally known as "Uncle Ned," and "O Susanna!" The favor with which these latter were received surpassed even that rewarding the "Louisiana Belle?" Although limited to the one slow process of communication, — from mouth to ear, — their fame spread far and wide, until from the drawing-rooms of Cincinnati they were introduced into its concert-halls, and there became known to Mr. W. C. Peters, who at once addressed letters requesting copies for publication. These were cheerfully furnished by the author. He did not look for remuneration. For "Uncle Ned," which first appeared (in 1847), he received none; "O Susanna!" soon followed, and "imagine my delight," he writes, "in receiving one hundred dollars in cash! Though this song was not successful," he continues, "yet the two fifty-dollar bills I received for it had the effect of starting me on my present vocation of song-writer." In pursuance of this decision, he entered into arrangements with new publishers, chiefly with Firth, Pond, & Co. of New York, set himself to work, and began to pour out his productions with astonishing rapidity.

Out of the list, embracing about one hundred and fifty of his songs, the most flatteringly received among his negro melodies were those already enumerated, followed by "Nelly was a Lady," in 1849; "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Camptown Races," in 1850; "Old Folks at Home," in 1851; "Massa's in the Cold Ground," in 1852; "O Boys, carry me 'long," in 1853; "Hard Times come again no more," in 1854; "'Way down South," and "O Lemuel," in 1858; "Old Black Joe," in 1860; and (noticeable only as his last in that line) "Don't bet your Money on the Shanghai," in 1861.

In all these compositions Foster ad-

heres scrupulously to his theory adopted at the outset. His verses are distinguished by a *naïveté* characteristic and appropriate, but consistent at the same time with common sense. Enough of the negro dialect is retained to preserve distinction, but not to offend. The sentiment is given in plain phrase and under homely illustration; but it is a sentiment nevertheless. The melodies are of twin birth literally with the verses, for Foster thought in tune as he traced in rhyme, and traced in rhyme as he thought in tune. Of easy modulation, severely simple in their structure, his airs have yet the graceful proportions, animated with the fervor, unostentatious but all-subduing, of certain of the old hymns (not the chorals) derived from our fathers of a hundred years ago.

That he had struck upon the true way to the common heart, the successes attending his efforts surely demonstrate. His songs had an unparalleled circulation. The commissions accruing to the author on the sales of "Old Folks" alone amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. For permission to have his name printed on its title-page, as an advertising scheme, Mr. Christy paid five hundred dollars. Applications were unceasing from the various publishers of the country for some share, at least, of his patronage, and upon terms that might have seduced almost any one else; but the publishers with whom he originally engaged had won his esteem, and Foster adhered to them faithfully. Artists of the highest distinction favored him with their friendship; and Herz, Sivori, Ole Bull, Thalberg, were alike ready to approve his genius, and to testify that approval in the choice of his melodies as themes about which to weave their witcheries of embellishment. Complimentary letters from men of literary note poured in upon him; among others, one full of generous encouragement from Washington Irving, dearly prized and carefully treasured to the day of Foster's death. Similar mis-sives reached him from across the seas, — from strangers and from travellers in

lands far remote ; and he learned that, while "O Susanna!" was the familiar song of the cottager of the Clyde, "Uncle Ned" was known to the dweller in tents among the Pyramids.

Of his sentimental songs, "Ah, may the Red Rose live away!" "Maggie by my Side," "Jennie with the Light-Brown Hair," "Willie, we have missed you," "I see her still in my Dreams," "Wilt thou be gone, Love" (a duet, the words adapted from a well-known scene in *Romeo and Juliet*), and "Come where my Love lies dreaming" (quartet), are among the leading favorites. "I see her still in my Dreams" appeared in 1861, shortly after the death of his mother, and is a tribute to the memory of her to whom he was devotedly attached. The verses to most of these airs — to all the successful ones — were of his own composition. Indeed, he could seldom satisfy himself in his "settings" of the stanzas of others. If the metrical and symmetrical features of the lines in hand chanced to disagree with his conception of the motion and proportion befitting in a musical interpretation ; if the sentiment were one that failed, whether from lack of appreciation or of sympathy on his part, to command absolute approval ; or if the terms employed were not of a precise thread and tension, — if they were wanting, however minutely, in *vibratory* qualities, — of commensurate extent would be the failure attending the translation.

The last three years of his life Mr. Foster passed in New York. During all that time, his efforts, with perhaps one exception, were limited to the production of songs of a pensive character. The loss of his mother seems to have left an ineffaceable impression of melancholy upon his mind, and inspired such songs as "I dream of my Mother," "I'll be Home To-morrow," "Leave me with my Mother," and "Bury me in the Morning." He died, after a brief illness, on the 13th of January, 1864. His remains reached Pittsburg on the 20th, and were conveyed to Trinity Church, where on the day

following, in the presence of a large assembly, appropriate and impressive ceremonies took place, the choral services being sustained by a company of his former friends and associates. His body was then carried to the Alleghany Cemetery, and, to the music of "Old Folks at Home," finally committed to the grave.

Mr. Foster was married, on the 22d of July, 1850, to Miss Jane D. McDowell of Pittsburg, who, with her daughter and only child, Marian, twelve years of age at the date of his death, still survives him. He was of rather less than medium height, of slight frame, with parts well proportioned, and showing to advantage in repose, although not entirely so in action. His shoulders were marked by a slight droop, — the result of a habit of walking with his eyes fixed upon the ground a pace or two in advance of his feet. He nearly always when he ventured out, which was not often, walked alone. Arrived at the street-crossings, he would frequently pause, raise himself, cast a glance at the surroundings, and if he saw an acquaintance nod to him in token of recognition, and then, relapsing into the old posture, resume his way. At such times, — indeed, at any time, — while he did not repel, he took no pains to invite society. He was entertaining in conversation, although a certain hesitancy, from want of words and not from any organic defect, gave a broken style to his speech. For his study he selected a room in the topmost story of his house, farthest removed from the street, and was careful to have the floor of the apartment, and the avenues of approach to it, thickly carpeted, to exclude as effectually as possible all noises, inside as well as outside of his own premises. The furniture of this room consisted of a chair, a lounge, a table, a music-rack, and a piano. From the sanctum so chosen, seldom opened to others, and never allowed upon any pretence to be disarranged, came his choicest compositions. His disposition was naturally amiable, although, from the tax

imposed by close application to study upon his nervous system, he was liable to fits of fretfulness and scepticism that, only occasional and transient as they were, told nevertheless with disturbing effect upon his temper. In the same unfortunate direction was the tendency of a habit grown insidiously upon him,—a habit against the damning control of which (as no one better than the writer of this article knows) he wrestled with an earnestness indescribable, resorting to all the remedial expedients which professional skill or his own experience could suggest, but never entirely delivering himself from its inexorable mastery.

In the true estimate of genius, its achievements only approximate the highest standard of excellence as they are representative, or illustrative, of

important truth. They are only great as they are good. If Mr. Foster's art embodied no higher idea than the vulgar notion of the negro as a man-monkey,—a thing of tricks and antics,—a funny specimen of superior gorilla,—then it might have proved a tolerable catch-penny affair, and commanded an admiration among boys of various growths until its novelty wore off. But the art in his hands teemed with a nobler significance. It dealt, in its simplicity, with universal sympathies, and taught us all to feel with the slaves the lowly joys and sorrows it celebrated.

May the time be far in the future ere lips fail to move to its music, or hearts to respond to its influence, and may we who owe him so much preserve gratefully the memory of the master, STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE FEAST OF HARVEST.

THE fair Earth smiled and turned herself and woke,
 And to the Sun with nuptial greeting said:—
 "I had a dream, wherein it seemed men broke
 A sovran league, and long years fought and bled,
 Till down my sweet sides ran my children's gore,
 And all my beautiful garments were made red,
 And all my fertile fields were thicket-grown,
 Nor could thy dear light reach me through the air;
 At last a voice cried, 'Let them strive no more!'
 Then music breathed, and lo! from my despair
 I wake to joy,—yet would not joy alone!

"For, hark! I hear a murmur on the meads,—
 Where as of old my children seek my face,—
 The low of kine, the peaceful tramp of steeds,
 Blithe shouts of men in many a pastoral place,
 The noise of tilth through all my goodliest land;
 And happy laughter of a dusky race
 Whose brethren lift them from their ancient toil,
 Saying: 'The year of jubilee has come;
 Gather the gifts of Earth with equal hand;
 Henceforth ye too may share the birthright soil,
 The corn, the wine, and all the harvest-home.'

"O, my dear lord, my radiant bridegroom, look!
Behold their joy who sorrowed in my dreams,—
The sword a share, the spear a pruning-hook;
Lo, I awake, and turn me toward thy beams
Even as a bride again! O, shed thy light
Upon my fruitful places in full streams!
Let there be yield for every living thing;
The land is fallow,—let there be increase
After the darkness of the sterile night;
Ay, let us twain a festival of Peace
Prepare, and hither all my nations bring!"

The fair Earth spake: the glad Sun speeded forth,
Hearing her matron words, and backward drave
To frozen caves the icy Wind of the North,—
And bade the South Wind from the tropic wave
Bring watery vapors over river and plain,—
And bade the East Wind cross her path, and lave
The lowlands, emptying there her laden mist,—
And bade the Wind of the West, the best wind, blow
After the early and the latter rain,—
And beamed himself, and oft the sweet Earth kissed,
While her swift servitors sped to and fro.

Forthwith the troop that, at the beck of Earth,
Foster her children, brought a glorious store
Of viands, food of immemorial worth,
Her earliest gifts, her tenderest evermore.
First came the Silvery Spirit, whose marshalled files
Climb up the glades in billowy breakers hoar,
Nodding their crests,—and at his side there sped
The Golden Spirit, whose yellow harvests trail
Across the continents and fringe the isles,
And freight men's argosies where'er they sail:
O, what a wealth of sheaves he there outspread!

Came the dear Spirit whom Earth doth love the best,
Fragrant of clover-bloom and new-mown hay,
Beneath whose mantle weary ones find rest,
On whose green skirts the little children play:
She bore the food our patient cattle crave.
Next, robed in silk, with tassels scattering spray,
Followed the generous Spirit of the Maize,—
And many a kindred shape of high renown
Bore in the clustering grape, the fruits that wave
On orchard branches or in gardens blaze,
And those the wind-shook forest hurtles down.

Even thus they laid a great and marvellous feast,
And Earth her children summoned joyously,
Throughout that goodliest land wherein had ceased
The vision of battle, and with glad hands free

These took their fill, and plenteous measures poured,
 Beside, for those who dwelt beyond the sea;
 Praise, like an incense, upward rose to Heaven
 For that full harvest, — and the autumnal Sun
 Stayed long above, — and ever at the board,
 Peace, white-robed angel, held the high seat given,
 And War far off withdrew his visage dun.

A GREAT PUBLIC CHARACTER.

IT is the misfortune of American biography that it must needs be more or less provincial, and that, contrary to what might have been predicted, this quality in it predominates in proportion as the country grows larger. Wanting any great and acknowledged centre of national life and thought, our expansion has hitherto been rather aggregation than growth; reputations must be hammered out thin to cover so wide a surface, and the substance of most hardly holds out to the boundaries of a single State. Our very history wants unity, and down to the Revolution the attention is wearied and confused by having to divide itself among thirteen parallel threads, instead of being concentrated on a single clew. A sense of remoteness and seclusion comes over us as we read, and we cannot help asking ourselves, "Were *not* these things done in a corner?" Notoriety may be achieved in a narrow sphere, but fame demands for its evidence a more distant and prolonged reverberation. To the world at large we were but a short column of figures in the corner of a blue-book, New England exporting so much salt-fish, timber, and Medford rum, Virginia so many hogshead of tobacco, and buying with the proceeds a certain amount of English manufactures. The story of our early colonization had a certain moral interest, to be sure, but was altogether inferior in picturesque fascination to that of Mexico or Peru. The

lives of our worthies, like that of our nation, are bare of those foregone and far-reaching associations with names, the divining-rods of fancy, which the soldiers and civilians of the Old World get for nothing by the mere accident of birth. Their historians and biographers have succeeded to the good-will, as well as to the long-established stand, of the shop of glory. Time is, after all, the greatest of poets, and the sons of Memory stand a better chance of being the heirs of Fame. The philosophic poet may find a proud solace in saying,

"Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
 Trita solo";

but all the while he has the splendid centuries of Greece and Rome behind him, and can begin his poem with invoking a goddess from whom legend derived the planter of his race. His eyes looked out on a landscape saturated with glorious recollections; he had seen Cæsar, and heard Cicero. But who shall conjure with Saugus or Cato Four Corners, — with Israel Putnam or Return Jonathan Meigs? We have been transplanted, and for us the long hierarchical succession of history is broken. The Past has not laid its venerable hands upon us in consecration, conveying to us that mysterious influence whose force is in its continuity. We are to Europe as the Church of England to her of Rome. The latter old lady may be the Scarlet Woman, or the Beast with ten horns, if you will,

but hers are all the heirlooms, hers that vast spiritual estate of tradition, nowhere yet everywhere, whose revenues are none the less fruitful for being levied on the imagination. We may claim that England's history is also ours, but it is a *de jure*, and not a *de facto* property that we have in it, — something that may be proved indeed, yet is a merely intellectual satisfaction, and does not savor of the realty. Have we not seen the mockery crown and sceptre of the exiled Stuarts in St. Peter's? the medal struck so lately as 1784 with its legend, HEN IX MAG BRIT ET HIB REX, whose contractions but faintly typify the scantness of the fact?

As the novelist complains that our society wants that sharp contrast of character and costume which comes of caste, so in the narrative of our historians we miss what may be called background and perspective, as if the events and the actors in them failed of that cumulative interest which only a long historical entail can give. Relatively, the crusade of Sir William Pepperell was of more consequence than that of St. Louis, and yet forgive us, injured shade of the second American baronet, if we find the narrative of Joinville more interesting than your despatches to Governor Shirley. Relatively, the insurrection of that Daniel whose Irish patronymic Shea was euphonized into Shays, as a set-off for the debasing of French *chaise* into *shay*, was more dangerous than that of Charles Edward; but for some reason or other (as vice sometimes has the advantage of virtue) the latter is more enticing to the imagination, and the least authentic relic of it in song or story has a relish denied to the painful industry of Minot. Our events seem to fall short of that colossal proportion which befits the monumental style. Look grave as we will, there is something ludicrous in Counsellor Keane's pig being the pivot of a revolution. We are of yesterday, and it is to no purpose that our political augurs divine from the flight of our eagles that to-mor-

row shall be ours, and flatter us with an all-hail hereafter. Things do really gain in greatness by being acted on a great and cosmopolitan stage, because there is inspiration in the thronged audience, and the nearer match that puts men on their mettle. Webster was more largely endowed by nature than Fox, and Fisher Ames not much below Burke as a talker; but what a difference in the intellectual training, in the literary culture and associations, in the whole social outfit, of the men who were their antagonists and companions! It should seem that, if it be collision with other minds and with events that strikes or draws the fire from a man, then the quality of those might have something to do with the quality of the fire, — whether it shall be culinary or electric. We have never known the varied stimulus, the inexorable criticism, the many-sided opportunity of a great metropolis, the inspiring reinforcement of an undivided national consciousness. In everything but trade we have missed the invigoration of foreign rivalry. We may prove that we are this and that and the other, — our Fourth-of-July orators have proved it time and again, — the census has proved it; but the Muses are women, and have no great fancy for statistics, though easily silenced by them. We are great, we are rich, we are all kinds of good things; but did it never occur to you that somehow we are not interesting, except as a phenomenon? It may safely be affirmed that for one cultivated man in this country who studies American, there are fifty who study European history, ancient or modern.

Till within a year or two we have been as distant and obscure to the eyes of Europe as Ecuador to our own. Every day brings us nearer, enables us to see the Old World more clearly, and by inevitable comparison to judge ourselves with some closer approach to our real value. This has its advantage so long as our culture is, as for a long time it must be, European; for we shall be little better than apes and parrots till we are forced to measure our mus-

cle with the trained and practised champions of that elder civilization. We have at length established our claim to the noblesse of the sword, the first step still of every nation that would make its entry into the best society of history. To maintain ourselves there, we must achieve an equality in the more exclusive circle of culture, and to that end must submit ourselves to the European standard of intellectual weights and measures. That we have made the hitherto biggest gun might excite apprehension (were there a dearth of iron), but can never exact respect. That our pianos and patent reapers have won medals does but confirm us in our mechanic and material measure of merit. We must contribute something more than mere contrivances for the saving of labor, which we have been only too ready to misapply in the domain of thought and the higher kinds of invention. In those Olympic games where nations contend for truly immortal wreaths, it may well be questioned whether a mowing-machine would stand much chance in the chariot-races,—whether a piano, though made by a chevalier, could compete successfully for the prize of music.

We shall have to be content for a good while yet with our provincialism, and must strive to make the best of it. In it lies the germ of nationality, and that is, after all, the prime condition of all thorough-bred greatness of character. To this choicest fruit of a healthy life, well rooted in native soil, and drawing prosperous prices thence, nationality gives the keenest flavor. Mr. Lincoln was an original man, and in so far a great man; yet it was the Americanism of his every thought, word, and act which not only made his influence equally at home in East and West, but drew the eyes of the outside world, and was the pedestal that lifted him where he could be seen by them. Lincoln showed that native force may transcend local boundaries, but the growth of such nationality is hindered and hampered by our division into so many half-independent communities,

each with its objects of county ambition, and its public men great to the borders of their district. In this way our standard of greatness is insensibly debased. To receive any national appointment, a man must have gone through precisely the worst training for it; he must have so far narrowed and belittled himself with State politics as to be acceptable at home. In this way a man may become chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, because he knows how to pack a caucus in Catawampus County, or sent ambassador to Barataria, because he has drunk bad whiskey with every voter in Wildcat City. Should we ever attain to a conscious nationality, it will have the advantage of lessening the number of our great men, and widening our appreciation to the larger scale of the two or three that are left,—if there should be so many. Meanwhile we offer a premium to the production of great men in a small way, by inviting each State to set up the statues of two of its immortals in the Capitol. What a niggardly percentage! Already we are embarrassed, not to find the two, but to choose among the crowd of candidates. Well, seventy-odd heroes in about as many years is pretty well for a young nation. We do not envy most of them their eternal martyrdom in marble, their pillory of indiscriminate. We fancy even native tourists pausing before the greater part of the effigies, and, after reading the names, asking desperately, "Who was *he*?" Nay, if they should say, "Who the devil was *he*?" it were a pardonable invocation, for none so fit as the Prince of Darkness to act as *cicerone* among such palpable obscurities. We recall the court-yard of the Uffizj at Florence. That also is not free of parish celebrities; but Dante, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli,—shall the inventor of the sewing-machine, even with the button-holing improvement, let us say, match with these, or with far lesser than these? Perhaps he was more practically useful than any one of these, or all of them together, but the soul is

sensible of a sad difference somewhere. These also were citizens of a provincial capital; so were the greater part of Plutarch's heroes. Did they have a better chance than we moderns, — than we Americans? At any rate they have the start of us, and we must confess that

"By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
Our elder brothers, but one in blood."

Yes, one in blood; that is the hardest part of it. Is our provincialism then in some great measure due to our absorption in the practical, as we politely call it, meaning the material, — to our habit of estimating greatness by the square mile and the hundred-weight? Even during our war, in the midst of that almost unrivalled stress of soul, were not our speakers and newspapers so enslaved to the vulgar habit as to boast ten times of the thousands of square miles it covered with armed men, for once that they alluded to the motive that gave it all its meaning and its splendor? Perhaps it was as well that they did not exploit that passion of patriotism as an advertisement in the style of Barnum or Perham. "I scale one hundred and eighty pounds, but when I'm mad I weigh two ton," said the Kentuckian, with a true notion of moral avoirdupois. That ideal kind of weight is wonderfully increased by a national feeling, whereby one man is conscious that thirty millions of men go into the balance with him. The Roman in ancient, and the Englishman in modern times, have been most conscious of this representative solidity, and wherever one of them went there stood Rome or England in his shoes. We have made some advance in the right direction. Our civil war, by the breadth of its proportions and the implacability of its demands, forced us to admit a truer valuation, and gave us, in our own despite, great soldiers and sailors, allowed for such by all the world. The harder problems it has left behind may in time compel us to have great statesmen, with views capable of reaching beyond the next election. The

criticism of Europe alone can rescue us from the provincialism of an over or false estimate of ourselves. Let us be thankful, and not angry, that we must accept it as our touchstone. Our stamp has so often been impressed upon base metal, that we cannot expect it to be taken on trust, but we may be sure that true gold will be equally persuasive the world over. Real manhood and honest achievement are nowhere provincial, but enter the select society of all time on an even footing.

Spanish America might be a good glass for us to look into. Those Catharine-wheel republics, always in revolution while the powder lasts, and sure to burn the fingers of whoever attempts intervention, have also their great men, as placidly ignored by us as our own by jealous Europe. The following passage from the life of Don Simon Bolivar might allay many *motus animorum*, if rightly pondered. Bolivar, then a youth, was travelling in Italy, and his biographer tells us that "near Castiglione he was present at the grand review made by Napoleon of the columns defiling into the plain large enough to contain sixty thousand men. The throne was situated on an eminence that overlooked the plain, and Napoleon on several occasions looked through a glass at Bolivar and his companions, who were at the base of the hill. The hero Cæsar could not imagine that he beheld the liberator of the world of Columbus!" And small blame to him, one would say. We are not, then, it seems, the only foundling of Columbus, as we are so apt to take for granted. The great Genoese did not, as we supposed, draw that first star-guided furrow across the vague of waters with a single eye to the future greatness of the United States. And have we not sometimes, like the enthusiastic biographer, fancied the Old World staring through all its telescopes at us, and wondered that it did not recognize in us what we were fully persuaded we were *going* to be and do?

Our American life is dreadfully barren of those elements of the social picturesque which give piquancy to anecdote. And without anecdote, what is biography, or even history, which is only biography on a larger scale? Clio, though she take airs on herself, and pretend to be "philosophy teaching by example," is, after all, but a gossip who has borrowed Fame's speaking-trumpet, and should be figured with a tea-cup instead of a scroll in her hand. How much has she not owed of late to the tittle-tattle of her gillflirt sister Thalia? In what gutters has not Macaulay raked for the brilliant bits with which he has put together his admirable mosaic picture of England under the last two Stuarts? Even Mommson himself, who dislikes Plutarch's method as much as Montaigne loved it, cannot get or give a lively notion of ancient Rome, without running to the comic poets and the anecdote-mongers. He gives us the very beef-tea of history, nourishing and even palatable enough, excellently portable for a memory that must carry her own packs, and can afford little luggage; but for our own part, we prefer a full, old-fashioned meal, with its side-dishes of spicy gossip, and its last relish, the Stilton of scandal, so it be not too high. One volume of contemporary memoirs, stuffed though it be with lies, (for lies to be good for anything must have a potential probability, must even be true so far as their moral and social setting is concerned,) will throw more light into the dark backward of time than the gravest Camden or Thuanus. If St. Simon is not accurate, is he any the less essentially true? No history gives us so clear an understanding of the moral condition of average men after the restoration of the Stuarts as the unconscious blabbings of the Puritan tailor's son, with his two consciences, as it were,—an inward, still sensitive in spots, though mostly toughened to India-rubber, and good rather for rubbing out old scores than retaining them, and an outward, alert, and termagantly effective in Mrs. Pepys. But we can have no St. Simons

or Pepyses till we have a Paris or London to delocalize our gossip and give it historic breadth. All our capitals are fractional, merely greater or smaller gatherings of men, centres of business rather than of action or influence. Each contains so many souls, but is not, as the word "capital" implies, the true head of a community and seat of its common soul.

Has not life itself perhaps become a little more prosaic than it once was? As the clearing away of the woods scants the streams, may not our civilization have dried up some feeders that helped to swell the current of individual and personal force? We have sometimes thought that the stricter definition and consequent seclusion from each other of the different callings in modern times, as it narrowed the chance of developing and giving variety to character, lessened also the interest of biography. Formerly arts and arms were not divided by so impassable a barrier as now. There was hardly such a thing as a *pékin*. Cæsar gets up from writing his Latin Grammar to conquer Gaul, change the course of history, and make so many things possible,—among the rest our English language and Shakespeare. Horace had been a colonel; and from Æschylus, who fought at Marathon, to Ben Jonson, who trailed a pike in the Low Countries, the list of martial civilians is a long one. A man's education seems more complete who has smelt hostile powder from a less æsthetic distance than Goethe. It raises our confidence in Sir Kenelm Digby as a physicist, that he is able to illustrate some theory of acoustics in his Treatise of Bodies by instancing the effect of his guns in a sea-fight off Scanderoon. One would expect the proportions of character to be enlarged by such variety and contrast of experience. Perhaps it will by and by appear that our own civil war has done something for us in this way. Colonel Higginson comes down from his pulpit to draw on his jack-boots, and thenceforth rides in our imagination alongside of John Bunyan and Bishop Compton. To have stored

moral capital enough to meet the drafts of Death at sight, must be an unmatched tonic. We saw our light-hearted youth come back with the modest gravity of age, as if they had learned to throw out pickets against a surprise of any weak point in their temperament. Perhaps that American shiftiness, so often complained of, may not be so bad a thing, if, by bringing men acquainted with every humor of fortune and human nature, it puts them in fuller possession of themselves.

But with whatever drawbacks in special circumstances, the main interest of biography must always lie in the amount of character or essential manhood which the subject of it reveals to us, and events are of import only as means to that end. It is true that lofty and far-seen exigencies may give greater opportunity to some men, whose energy is more sharply spurred by the shout of a multitude than by the grudging *Well done!* of conscience. Some theorists have too hastily assumed that, as the power of public opinion increases, the force of private character, or what we call originality, is absorbed into and diluted by it. But we think Horace was right in putting tyrant and mob on a level as the trainers and tests of a man's solid quality. The amount of resistance of which one is capable to whatever lies outside the conscience, is of more consequence than all other faculties together; and democracy, perhaps, tries this by pressure in more directions, and with a more continuous strain, than any other form of society. In Josiah Quincy we have an example of character trained and shaped, under the nearest approach to a pure democracy the world has ever seen, to a firmness, unity, and self-centred poise that recall the finer types of antiquity, in whom the public and private man was so wholly of a piece that they were truly everywhere at home, for the same sincerity of nature that dignified the hearth carried also a charm of homeliness into the forum. The phrase "a great public character," once common, seems to be going out

of fashion, perhaps because there are fewer examples of the thing. It fits Josiah Quincy exactly. Active in civic and academic duties till beyond the ordinary period of man, at fourscore and ten his pen, voice, and venerable presence were still efficient in public affairs. A score of years after the energies of even vigorous men are declining or spent, his mind and character made themselves felt as in their prime. A true pillar of house and state, he stood unflinchingly upright under whatever burden might be laid upon him. The French Revolutionists aped what was itself but a parody of the elder republic, with their hair *à la Brutus* and their pedantic moralities *à la Cato Minor*, but this man unconsciously was the antique Roman they laboriously went about to be. Others have filled places more conspicuous, few have made the place they filled so conspicuous by an exact and disinterested performance of duty.

In the biography of Mr. Quincy by his son, there is something of the provincialism of which we have spoken as inherent in most American works of the kind. His was a Boston life in the strictest sense. But provincialism is relative, and where it has a flavor of its own, as in Scotland, it is often agreeable in proportion to its very intensity. The Massachusetts in which Mr. Quincy's habits of thought were acquired was a very different Massachusetts from that in which we of later generations have been bred. Till after he had passed middle life, Boston was more truly a capital than any other city in America, before or since, except possibly Charleston. The acknowledged head of New England, with a population of wellnigh purely English descent, mostly derived from the earlier emigration, with ancestral traditions and inspiring memories of its own, it had made its name familiar in both worlds, and was both historically and politically more important than at any later period. The Revolution had not interrupted, but rather given a freer current to the tendencies of its past. Both by its history and position, the town had what the

French call a solidarity, an almost personal consciousness, rare anywhere, rare especially in America, and more than ever since our enormous importation of fellow-citizens to whom America means merely shop, or meat three times a day. Boston has been called the "American Athens." *Æsthetically*, the comparison is ludicrous, but politically it was more reasonable. Its population was homogeneous, and there were leading families; while the form of government by town-meeting, and the facility of social and civic intercourse, gave great influence to popular personal qualities and opportunity to new men. A wide commerce, while it had insensibly softened the asperities of Puritanism and imported enough foreign refinement to humanize, not enough foreign luxury to corrupt, had not essentially qualified the native tone of the town. Retired sea-captains (true brothers, of Chaucer's Shipman), whose exploits had kindled the imagination of Burke, added a not unpleasant savor of salt to society. They belonged to the old school of Gilbert, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake, parcel-soldiers all of them, who had commanded armed ships and had tales to tell of gallant fights with privateers or pirates, truest representatives of those Vikings who, if trade in lumber or peltry was dull, would make themselves Dukes of Dublin or Earls of Orkney. If trade pinches the mind, commerce liberalizes it; and Boston was also advantaged with the neighborhood of the country's oldest College, which maintained the wholesome traditions of culture,—where Homer and Horace are familiar there is a certain amount of cosmopolitanism,—and would not allow bigotry to become despotism. Manners were more self-respectful, and therefore more respectful of others, and personal sensitiveness was fenced with more of that ceremonial with which society armed itself when it surrendered the ruder protection of the sword. We had not then seen a Governor in his chamber at the State-House with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet upon the stove. Domestic service,

in spite of the proverb, was not seldom an inheritance, nor was household peace dependent on the whim of a foreign armed neutrality in the kitchen. Servant and master were of one stock; there was decent authority and becoming respect; the tradition of the Old World lingered after its superstition had passed away. There was an aristocracy such as is healthful in a well-ordered community, founded on public service, and hereditary so long as the virtue which was its patent was not escheated. The clergy, no longer hedged by the reverence exacted by sacerdotal caste, were more than repaid by the consideration willingly paid to superior culture. What changes, many of them for the better, some of them surely for the worse, and all of them inevitable, did not Josiah Quincy see in that wellnigh secular life which linked the war of independence to the war of nationality! We seemed to see a type of them the other day in a colored man standing with an air of comfortable self-possession while his boots were brushed by a youth of catholic neutral tint, but whom nature had planned for white. The same eyes that had looked on Gage's red-coats, saw Colonel Shaw's negro regiment march out of Boston in the national blue. Seldom has a life, itself actively associated with public affairs, spanned so wide a chasm for the imagination. Oglethorpe's offers a parallel,—the aide-de-camp of Prince Eugene calling on John Adams, American Ambassador to England. Most long lives resemble those threads of gossamer, the nearest approach to nothing unmeaningly prolonged, scarce visible pathway of some worm from his cradle to his grave; but Quincy's was strung with seventy active years, each one a rounded bead of usefulness and service.

Mr. Quincy was a Bostonian of the purest type. Since the settlement of the town, there had been a colonel of the Boston regiment in every generation of his family. He lived to see a grandson brevetted with the same title for gallantry in the field. Only child of one among the most eminent advo-

cates of the Revolution, and who but for his untimely death would have been a leading actor in it, his earliest recollections belonged to the heroic period in the history of his native town. With that history his life was thenceforth intimately united by offices of public trust, as Representative in Congress, State Senator, Mayor, and President of the University, to a period beyond the ordinary span of mortals. Even after he had passed ninety, he would not claim to be *emeritus*, but came forward to brace his townsmen with a courage and warm them with a fire younger than their own. The legend of Colonel Goffe at Deerfield became a reality to the eyes of this generation. The New England breed is running out, we are told! This was in all ways a beautiful and fortunate life, — fortunate in the goods of this world, — fortunate, above all, in the force of character which makes fortune secondary and subservient. We are fond in this country of what are called self-made men (as if real success could ever be other); and this is all very well, provided they make something worth having of themselves. Otherwise it is not so well, and the examples of such are at best but stuff for the Alnaschar dreams of a false democracy. The gist of the matter is not where a man starts from, but where he comes out. We are glad to have the biography of one who, beginning as a gentleman, kept himself such to the end, — who, with no necessity of labor, left behind him an amount of thoroughly done work such as few have accomplished with the mighty help of hunger. Some kind of pace may be got out of the veriest jade by the near prospect of oats; but the thorough-bred has the spur in his blood.

Mr. Edmund Quincy has told the story of his father's life with the skill and good taste that might have been expected from the author of "Wensley." Considering natural partialities, he has shown a discretion of which we are oftener reminded by missing than by meeting it. He has given extracts enough from speeches to show their

bearing and quality, — from letters, to recall bygone modes of thought and indicate many-sided friendly relations with good and eminent men; above all, he has lost no opportunity to illustrate that life of the past, near in date, yet alien in manners, whose current glides so imperceptibly from one generation into another that we fail to mark the shiftings of its bed or the change in its nature wrought by the affluents that discharge into it on all sides, — here a stream bred in the hills to sweeten, there the sewerage of some great city to corrupt. We cannot but lament that Mr. Quincy did not earlier begin to keep a diary. "Miss not the discourses of the elders," though put now in the Apocrypha, is a wise precept, but incomplete unless we add, "Nor cease from recording whatsoever thing thou hast gathered therefrom," — so ready is Oblivion with her fatal shears. The somewhat greasy heap of a literary rag-and-bone-picker, like Athenæus, is turned to gold by time. Even the *Virgilium vide tantum* of Dryden about Milton, and of Pope again about Dryden, is worth having, and gives a pleasant fillip to the fancy. There is much of this quality in Mr. Edmund Quincy's book, enough to make us wish there were more. We get a glimpse of President Washington, in 1795, who reminded Mr. Quincy "of the gentlemen who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin County, in the western part of the State. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers. He had the air of a country-gentleman not accustomed to mix much in society, perfectly polite, but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements." Our figures of Washington have been so long equestrian, that it is pleasant to meet him dismounted for once. In the same way we get a card of invitation to a dinner of sixty covers at John Hancock's, and see the rather light-weighted great man wheeled round the room (for he had adopted Lord

Chatham's convenient trick of the gout) to converse with his guests. In another place we are presented, with Mr. Merry, the English Minister, to Jefferson, whom we find in an unofficial costume of studied slovenliness, intended as a snub to haughty Albion. Slippers down at the heel and a dirty shirt become weapons of diplomacy and threaten more serious war. Thus many a door into the past, long irrevocably shut upon us, is set ajar, and we of the younger generation on the landing catch peeps of distinguished men, and bits of their table-talk. We drive in from Mr. Lyman's beautiful seat at Waltham (unique at that day in its stately swans and half-shy, half-familiar deer) with John Adams, who tells us that Dr. Priestley looked on the French monarchy as the tenth horn of the Beast in Revelations, — a horn that has set more sober wits dancing than that of Huon of Bordeaux. Those were days, we are inclined to think, of more solid and elegant hospitality than our own, — the elegance of manners, at once more courtly and more frugal, of men who had better uses for wealth than merely to display it. Dinners have more courses now, and, like the Gascon in the old story, who could not see the town for the houses, we miss the real dinner in the multiplicity of its details. We might seek long before we found so good cheer, so good company, or so good talk as our fathers had at Lieutenant-Governor Winthrop's or Senator Cabot's.

We shall not do Mr. Edmund Quincy the wrong of picking out in advance all the plums in his volume, leaving to the reader only the less savory mixture that held them together, — a kind of filling unavoidable in books of this kind, and too apt to be what boys at boarding-school call *stick-jaw*, but of which there is no more than could not be helped here, and that light and palatable. But here and there is a passage where we cannot refrain, for there is a smack of Jack Horner in all of us, and a reviewer were nothing without it. Josiah Quincy was born in 1772. His father, returning from a mission to England,

died in sight of the dear New England shore three years later. His young widow was worthy of him, and of the son whose character she was to have so large a share in forming. There is something very touching and beautiful in this little picture of her which Mr. Quincy drew in his extreme old age.

"My mother imbibed, as was usual with the women of the period, the spirit of the times. Patriotism was not then a profession, but an energetic principle beating in the heart and active in the life. The death of my father, under circumstances now the subject of history, had overwhelmed her with grief. She viewed him as a victim in the cause of freedom, and cultivated his memory with veneration, regarding him as a martyr, falling, as did his friend Warren, in the defence of the liberties of his country. These circumstances gave a pathos and vehemence to her grief, which, after the first violence of passion had subsided, sought consolation in earnest and solicitous fulfilment of duty to the representative of his memory and of their mutual affections. Love and reverence for the memory of his father was early impressed on the mind of her son, and worn into his heart by her sadness and tears. She cultivated the memory of my father in my heart and affections, even in my earliest childhood, by reading to me passages from the poets, and obliging me to learn by heart and repeat such as were best adapted to her own circumstances and feelings. Among others, the whole leave-taking of Hector and Andromache, in the sixth book of Pope's *Homer*, was one of her favorite lessons, which she made me learn and frequently repeat. Her imagination, probably, found consolation in the repetition of lines which brought to mind and seemed to typify her own great bereavement.

'And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be, —
A widow I, a helpless orphan he?'

These lines, and the whole tenor of Andromache's address and circumstances, she identified with her own sufferings, which seemed relieved by the tears my repetition of them drew from her.²⁷

Pope's Homer is not Homer, perhaps ; but how many noble natures have felt its elation, how many bruised spirits the solace of its bracing, if monotonous melody ! To us there is something inexpressibly tender in this instinct of the widowed mother to find consolation in the idealization of her grief by mingling it with those sorrows which genius has turned into the perennial delight of mankind. This was a kind of sentiment that was healthy for her boy, refining without unnerving, and associating his father's memory with a noble company unassailable by time. It was through this lady, whose image looks down on us out of the past, so full of sweetness and refinement, that Mr. Quincy became of kin with Mr. Wendell Phillips, so justly eminent as a speaker. There is something nearer than cater-cousinship in a certain impetuous audacity of temper common to them both.

When six years old, Mr. Quincy was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, where he remained till he entered college. His form-fellow here was a man of thirty, who had been a surgeon in the Continental Army, and whose character and adventures might almost seem borrowed from a romance of Smollett. Under Principal Pearson, the lad, though a near relative of the founder of the school, seems to have endured all that severity of the old *a posteriori* method of teaching which still smarted in Tusser's memory when he sang,

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had."

The young victim of the wisdom of Solomon was boarded with the parish minister, in whose kindness he found a lenitive for the scholastic discipline he underwent. This gentleman had been a soldier in the Colonial service, and Mr. Quincy afterwards gave as a reason for his mildness, that, "while a sergeant at Castle William, he had seen something of mankind." This, no doubt, would be a better preparative for successful dealing with the young than is

generally thought. However, the birch was then the only classic tree, and every round in the ladder of learning was made of its inspiring wood. Dr. Pearson, perhaps, thought he was only doing justice to his pupil's claims of kindred by giving him a larger share of the educational advantages which the neighboring forest afforded. The vividness with which this system is always remembered by those who have been subjected to it would seem to show that it really enlivened the attention, and thereby invigorated the memory, nay, might even raise some question as to what part of the person is chosen by the mother of the Muses for her residence. With an appetite for the classics quickened by "Cheever's Accidence," and such other preliminary whets as were then in vogue, young Quincy entered college, where he spent the usual four years, and was graduated with the highest honors of his class. The amount of Latin and Greek imparted to the students of that day was not very great. They were carried through Horace, Sallust, and the *De Oratoribus* of Cicero, and read portions of Livy, Xenophon, and Homer. Yet the chief end of classical studies was perhaps as often reached then as now, in giving young men a love for something apart from and above the more vulgar associations of life. Mr. Quincy, at least, retained to the last a fondness for certain Latin authors. While he was President of the College, he told a gentleman, from whom we received the story, that, "if he were imprisoned, and allowed to choose one book for his amusement, that one should be Horace."

In 1797, Mr. Quincy was married to Miss Eliza Susan Morton of New York, a union which lasted in unbroken happiness for more than fifty years. His case might be cited among the leading ones in support of the old poet's axiom, that

"He never loved, that loved not at first sight" ;

for he saw, wooed, and won in a week. In later life he tried in a most amusing way to account for this rashness, and

to find reasons of settled gravity for the happy inspiration of his heart. He cites the evidence of Judge Sedgwick, of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, of the Rev. Dr. Smith, and others, to the wisdom of his choice. But it does not appear that he consulted them beforehand. If love were not too cunning for that, what would become of the charming idyl, renewed in all its wonder and freshness for every generation? Let us be thankful that in every man's life there is a holiday of romance, an illumination of the senses by the soul, that makes him a poet while it lasts. Mr. Quincy caught the enchantment through his ears, a song of Burns heard from the next room conveying the infection, — a fact still inexplicable to him after lifelong meditation thereon, as he "was not very impressible by music"! To us there is something very characteristic in this rapid energy of Mr. Quincy, something very delightful in his naïve account of the affair. It needs the magic of no Dr. Heidegger to make these dried roses, that drop from between the leaves of a volume shut for seventy years, bloom again in all their sweetness. Mr. Edmund Quincy tells us his mother was "not handsome"; but those who remember the gracious dignity of her old age will hardly agree with him. She must always have had that highest kind of beauty which grows more beautiful with years, and keeps the eyes young, as if with a sort of partial connivance of Time.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Quincy closely through his whole public life, which, beginning with his thirty-second, ended with his seventy-third year. He entered Congress as the representative of a party privately the most respectable, publicly the least sagacious, among all those which under different names have divided the country. The Federalists were the only proper Tories our politics have ever produced, whose conservatism truly represented an idea, and not a mere selfish interest, — men who honestly distrusted democracy, and stood up for experience, or the tradition which they

believed for such, against empiricism. During his Congressional career, the government was little more than an *attaché* of the French legation, and the opposition to which he belonged a helpless *revenant* from the dead and buried Colonial past. There are some questions whose interest dies the moment they are settled; others, into which a moral element enters that hinders them from being settled, though they may be decided. It is hard to revive any enthusiasm about the *Embargo*, though it once could inspire the boyish Muse of Bryant, or in the impressment quarrel, though the Trent difficulty for a time rekindled its old animosities. The stars in their courses fought against Mr. Quincy's party, which was not in sympathy with the instincts of the people, groping about for some principle of nationality, and finding a substitute for it in hatred of England. But there are several things which still make his career in Congress interesting to us, because they illustrate the personal character of the man. He prepared himself honestly for his duties, by a thorough study of whatever could make him efficient in them. It was not enough that he could make a good speech; he wished also to have something to say. In Congress, as everywhere else, *quod voluit valde voluit*; and he threw a fervor into the most temporary topic, as if his eternal salvation depended upon it. He had not merely, as the French say, the courage of his opinions, but his opinions became principles, and gave him that gallantry of fanaticism which made him always ready to head a forlorn hope, — the more ready, perhaps, that it was a forlorn hope. This is not the humor of a statesman, — no, unless he holds a position like that of Pitt, and can charge a whole people with his own enthusiasm, and then we call it genius. Mr. Quincy had the moral firmness which enabled him to decline a duel without any loss of personal *prestige*. His opposition to the Louisiana purchase illustrates that Roman quality in him

to which we have alluded. He would not conclude the purchase till each of the old thirteen States had signified its assent. He was reluctant to endow a Sabine city with the privilege of Roman citizenship. It is worth nothing, that while in Congress, and afterwards in the State Senate, many of his phrases became the catchwords of party politics. He always dared to say what others deemed it more prudent only to think, and whatever he said he intensified with the whole ardor of his temperament. It is this which makes Mr. Quincy's speeches good reading still, even when the topics they discussed were ephemeral. In one respect he is distinguished from the politicians, and must rank with the far-seeing statesmen of his time. He early foresaw and denounced the political danger with which the slave power threatened the Union. His fears, it is true, were aroused for the balance of power between the old States, rather than by any moral sensitiveness, which would, indeed, have been an anachronism at that time. But the Civil War justified his prescience.

It was as Mayor of his native city that his remarkable qualities as an administrator were first called into requisition and adequately displayed. He organized the city government, and put it in working order. To him we owe many reforms in police, in the management of the poor, and other kindred matters,—much in the way of cure, still more in that of prevention. The place demanded a man of courage and firmness, and found those qualities almost superabundantly in him. His virtues lost him his office, as such virtues are only too apt to do in peaceful times, where they are felt more as a restraint than a protection. His address on laying down the mayoralty is very characteristic. We quote the concluding sentences:—

“And now, gentlemen, standing as I do in this relation for the last time in your presence and that of my fellow-citizens, about to surrender forever a station full of difficulty, of labor and

temptation, in which I have been called to very arduous duties, affecting the rights, property, and at times the liberty of others; concerning which the perfect line of rectitude—though desired—was not always to be clearly discerned; in which great interests have been placed within my control, under circumstances in which it would have been easy to advance private ends and sinister projects;—under these circumstances, I inquire, as I have a right to inquire,—for in the recent contest insinuations have been cast against my integrity,—in this long management of your affairs, whatever errors have been committed,—and doubtless there have been many,—have you found in me anything selfish, anything personal, anything mercenary? In the simple language of an ancient seer, I say, ‘Behold, here I am; witness against me. Whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? At whose hands have I received any bribe?’

“Six years ago, when I had the honor first to address the City Council, in anticipation of the event which has now occurred, the following expressions were used: ‘In administering the police, in executing the laws, in protecting the rights and promoting the prosperity of the city, its first officer will be necessarily beset and assailed by individual interests, by rival projects, by personal influences, by party passions. The more firm and inflexible he is in maintaining the rights and in pursuing the interests of the city, the greater is the probability of his becoming obnoxious to the censure of all whom he causes to be prosecuted or punished, of all whose passions he thwarts, of all whose interests he opposes.’

“The day and the event have come. I retire—as in that first address I told my fellow-citizens, ‘If, in conformity with the experience of other republics, faithful exertions should be followed by loss of favor and confidence,’ I should retire—‘rejoicing, not, indeed, with a public and patriotic, but with a private

and individual joy'; for I shall retire with a consciousness weighed against which all *human suffrages* are but as the light dust of the balance."

Of his mayoralty we have another anecdote quite Roman in color. He was in the habit of riding early in the morning through the various streets that he might look into everything with his own eyes. He was once arrested on a malicious charge of violating the city ordinance against fast driving. He might have resisted, but he appeared in court and paid the fine, because it would serve as a good example "that no citizen was above the law."

Hardly had Mr. Quincy given up the government of the city, when he was called to that of the College. It is here that his stately figure is associated most intimately and warmly with the recollections of the greater number who hold his memory dear. Almost everybody looks back regretfully to the days of some Consul Plancus. Never were eyes so bright, never had wine so much wit and good-fellowship in it, never were we ourselves so capable of the various great things we have never done. Nor is it merely the sunset of life that casts such a ravishing light on the past, and makes the western windows of those homes of fancy we have left forever tremble with a sentiment of such sweet regret. We set great store by what we had, and cannot have again, however indifferent in itself, and what is past is infinitely past. This is especially true of college life, when we first assume the titles without the responsibilities of manhood, and the President of our year is apt to become our Plancus very early. Popular or not while in office, an ex-president is always sure of enthusiastic cheers at every college festival. Mr. Quincy had many qualities calculated to win favor with the young,—that one above all which is sure to do it, indomitable pluck. With him the dignity was in the man, not in the office. He had some of those little oddities, too, which afford amusement without contempt, and which rather tend to heighten than

diminish personal attachment to superiors in station. His punctuality at prayers, and in dropping asleep there, his forgetfulness of names, his singular inability to make even the shortest off-hand speech to the students,—all the more singular in a practised orator,—his occasional absorption of mind, leading him to hand you his sand-box instead of the leave of absence he had just dried with it,—the old-fashioned courtesy of his, "Sir, your servant," as he bowed you out of his study,—all tended to make him popular. He had also a little of what is somewhat contradictorily called dry humor, not without influence in his relations with the students. In taking leave of the graduating class, he was in the habit of paying them whatever honest compliment he could. Who, of a certain year which shall be nameless, will ever forget the gravity with which he assured them that they were "the *best-dressed* class that had passed through college during his administration"? How sincerely kind he was, how considerate of youthful levity, will always be gratefully remembered by whoever had occasion to experience it. A visitor not long before his death found him burning some memoranda of college peccadilloes, lest they should ever rise up in judgment against the men eminent in Church and State who had been guilty of them. One great element of his popularity with the students was his *esprit de corps*. However strict in discipline, he was always on *our* side as respected the outside world. Of his efficiency, no higher testimony could be asked than that of his successor, Dr. Walker. Here also many reforms date from his time. He had that happiest combination for a wise vigor in the conduct of affairs,—he was a conservative with an open mind.

One would be apt to think that, in the various offices which Mr. Quincy successively filled, he would have found enough to do. But his indefatigable activity overflowed. Even as a man of letters, he occupies no inconsiderable place. His "History of Harvard Col-

lege" is a valuable and entertaining treatment of a subject not wanting in natural dryness. His "Municipal History of Boston," his "History of the Boston Athenæum," and his "Life of Colonel Shaw" have permanent interest and value. All these were works demanding no little labor and research, and the thoroughness of their workmanship makes them remarkable as the by-productions of a busy man. Having consented, when more than eighty, to write a memoir of John Quincy Adams, to be published in the "Proceedings" of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he was obliged to excuse himself. On account of his age? Not at all, but because the work had grown to be a volume under his weariless hand. *Ohne Hast ohne Rast*, was as true of him as of Goethe. We find the explanation of his accomplishing so much in a rule of life which he gave, when President, to a young man employed as his secretary, and who was a little behindhand with his work: "When you have a number of duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable one first." No advice could have been more in character.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of Mr. Quincy's life was his old age. What in most men is decay, was in him but beneficent prolongation and adjournment. His interest in affairs unabated, his judgment undimmed, his fire unchilled, his last years were indeed "lovely as a Lapland night." Till within a year or two of its fall, there were no signs of dilapidation in that stately edifice. Singularly felicitous was Mr. Winthrop's application to him of Wordsworth's verses:—

"The monumental pomp of age
Was in that goodly personage."

Everything that Macbeth foreboded the want of, he had in deserved abundance,—the love, the honor, the obedience, the troops of friends. His equanimity was beautiful. He loved life, as men of large vitality always do, but he did not fear to lose life by changing the scene of it. Visiting him in his ninetyeth year with a friend, he said to us,

among other things: "I have no desire to die, but also no reluctance. Indeed, I have a considerable curiosity about the other world. I have never been to Europe, you know." Even in his extreme senescence there was an April mood somewhere in his nature "that put a spirit of youth in everything." He seemed to feel that he could draw against an unlimited credit of years. When eighty-two, he said smilingly to a young man just returned from a foreign tour, "Well, well, I mean to go myself when I am old enough to profit by it." We have seen many old men whose lives were mere waste and desolation, who made longevity disreputable by their untimely persistence in it; but in Mr. Quincy's length of years there was nothing that was not venerable. To him it was fulfilment, not deprivation; the days were marked to the last for what they brought, not for what they took away.

The memory of what Mr. Quincy did will be lost in the crowd of newer activities; it is the memory of what he was that is precious to us. *Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.* If John Winthrop be the highest type of the men who shaped New England, we can find no better one of those whom New England has shaped than Josiah Quincy. It is a figure that we can contemplate with more than satisfaction,—a figure of admirable example in a democracy as that of a model citizen. His courage and high-mindedness were personal to him; let us believe that his integrity, his industry, his love of letters, his devotion to duty, go in some sort to the credit of the society which gave him birth and formed his character. In one respect he is especially interesting to us, as belonging to a class of men of whom he was the last representative, and whose like we shall never see again. Born and bred in an age of greater social distinctions than ours, he was an aristocrat in a sense that is good even in a republic. He had the sense of a certain personal dignity *inherent* in him, and which could not be alienated by any whim of the

popular will. There is no stouter buckler than this for independence of spirit, no surer guaranty of that courtesy which, in its consideration of others, is but paying a debt of self-respect. During his presidency, Mr. Quincy was once riding to Cambridge in a crowded omnibus. A colored woman got in, and could nowhere find a seat. The President instantly gave her his own, and stood the rest of the way, a silent rebuke of the general rudeness. He was a man of quality in the true sense,—of quality not hereditary, but personal. Position might be taken from him, but *he* remained where he was. In what he valued most, his sense of personal worth, the world's opinion could neither help nor hinder. We do not mean that this was conscious in him; if it had been, it would have been a weakness. It was an instinct, and acted with the force and promptitude proper to such. Let us hope that the scramble of democracy will give us something as good; anything of so classic dignity we shall not look to see again.

Josiah Quincy was no seeker of office; from first to last he and it were drawn together by the mutual attraction of need and fitness, and it clung to him as most men cling to it. The people often make blunders in their choice; they are apt to mistake presence of speech for presence of mind; they love so to help a man rise from the ranks, that they will spoil a good demagogue to make a bad general; a great many faults may be laid at their door, but they are not fairly to be charged with fickleness. They are constant to whoever is constant to his real self, to the best manhood that is in him, and not to the mere selfishness, the *antica lupa* so cunning to hide herself in the sheep's fleece even from ourselves. It is true, the contemporary world is apt to be the gull of brilliant parts, and the maker of a lucky poem or picture

or statue, the winner of a lucky battle, gets perhaps more than is due to the solid result of his triumph. It is time that fit honor should be paid also to him who shows a genius for public usefulness, for the achievement of character, who shapes his life to a certain classic proportion, and comes off conqueror on those inward fields where something more than mere talent is demanded for victory. The memory of such men should be cherished as the most precious inheritance which one generation can bequeath to the next. However it might be with popular favor, public respect followed Mr. Quincy unwaveringly for seventy years, and it was because he had never forfeited his own. In this, it appears to us, lies the lesson of his life, and his claim upon our grateful recollection. It is this which makes him an example, while the careers of so many of our prominent men are only useful for warning. As regards history, his greatness was narrowly provincial; but if the measure of deeds be the spirit in which they are done, that fidelity to instant duty, which, according to Herbert, makes an action fine, then his length of years should be very precious to us for its lesson. Talleyrand, whose life may be compared with his for the strange vicissitude which it witnessed, carried with him out of the world the respect of no man, least of all his own; and how many of our own public men have we seen whose old age but accumulated a disregard which they would gladly have exchanged for oblivion! In Quincy the public fidelity was loyal to the private, and the withdrawal of his old age was into a sanctuary,—a diminution of publicity with addition of influence.

"Conclude we, then, felicity consists
Not in exterior fortunes. . . .
Sacred felicity doth ne'er extend
Beyond itself. . . .
The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy man."

THE CONSPIRACY AT WASHINGTON.

THE people of the United States now have the mortification of standing before the world in the attitude of a swindled democracy. Their collective will is crossed by the will of one individual, whose only title to such autocracy is in the fact that he has cheated and betrayed those who elected him. There might be some little compensation for this outrage, if the man himself possessed any of those commanding qualities of mind and disposition which ordinarily distinguish usurpers; but it is the peculiarity of Mr. Johnson that the indignation excited by his claims is only equalled by the contempt excited by his character. He is despised even by those he benefits, and his nominal supporters feel ashamed of the trickster and apostate, while condescending to reap the advantages of his faithlessness. No party in the South or in the North thinks of selecting him as its candidate, for the vices and weaknesses which make an excellent accomplice and tool are not those which any party would consider desirable in a leader. Whatever office-seekers, partisans, traitors, and public enemies may find in Mr. Johnson, it is certain that they find in him nothing to respect. He is cursed with that form of moral disease which sometimes renders a man ridiculous, sometimes infamous, but which never renders him respectable, — namely, vanity of will. Other men may be vain of their talents and accomplishments, but he is vain of the personal pronoun itself, utterly regardless of what it covers and includes. Reason, conscience, understanding, have no impersonality to him. When he uses the words, he uses them as synonymes of his determinations, or as decorative terms into which it pleases him to translate the rough vernacular of his wilfulness and caprices. The "Constitution," also, a word constantly profaned by his lips, is not so much, as he uses it, the Constitution of the United

States as the moral and mental constitution of Andrew Johnson, which, in his view, is the one primary fact to which all other facts must be subordinate. His gross inconsistencies of opinion and policy, his shameless betrayal of his party, his incapacity to hold himself to his word, his hatred of a cause the moment its defenders cease to flatter him, his habit of administering laws he has vetoed, on the principle that they do not mean what he vetoed them for meaning, his delight in little tricks of low cunning, — in short, all the immoral and unreasonable acts of his administration have their central source in a passionate sense of self-importance, inflaming a mind of extremely limited capacity.

Such a person, whose mere presence in the executive chair of a constitutional country is itself "a high crime and misdemeanor," is of course the natural prey of demagogues, and he now appears to be surrounded by demagogues of the most desperate class. His advisers are conspirators, and they have so wrought on his vulgar and malignant nature that the question of his impeachment has now come to be merged in the more momentous question whether he will submit to be impeached. Constitutionally, there is no limit to the power of Congress in this respect but that which Congress may itself impose. The power is plain, and there can be no revision of the judgment of the Senate by any other power in the government. But Mr. Johnson thinks, or says he thinks, that Congress itself, as at present constituted, is unconstitutional. He believes, or says he believes, that the defeated Rebel States whose representatives Congress now excludes are as much States in the Union, and as much entitled to representation, as New York or Ohio. As he specially represents the defeated Rebel States, it is hardly to be supposed that he will consent to be punished for crimes commit-

ted in their behalf by a Congress from which their representatives are excluded; and it is also to be presumed that the measures he is now taking to obstruct the operation of the laws of Congress relating to reconstruction are but preliminary to a design to resist Congress itself.

The madness of such a scheme leads judicious people to disbelieve in its possibility; but in respect to Mr. Johnson it has been found that the only way to prevent the occurrence of mischief is to diffuse extensively among the people the suspicion that it is meditated. Judicious and dispassionate persons are often poor judges of what men of fierce passions and distempered minds will do; for they unconsciously attribute to such men some of their own ideas of honesty, propriety, and regard for the public welfare. The legislators whom Louis Napoleon overthrew were overthrown, because, bad as their opinion of him was, it was not so bad as events proved it ought to have been. In the case of Mr. Johnson, there is not the same excuse for misconception, since his cunning is utterly divorced from sagacity, and he has not the intelligence to conceal what his impulses prompt him to attempt. The kind of man he is would seem to be obvious to the most superficial observer; the natural inference is, therefore, that he will act after his kind; but this is an inference which dispassionate statesmen have hesitated fully to draw. They have been continually surprised at acts which they should have foreseen. They were surprised that, during the months he was left to his own devices and to the counsels of Southern politicians, he matured his policy of reconstruction. They were surprised that he would not abandon his policy rather than break with the Republican party. They were surprised when they learned that he meditated a *coup d'état* on the assembling of the Fortieth Congress. They were surprised when they found that no law could be made which would bind him according to its intent. They were surprised when, as soon as Con-

gress adjourned, he began to take measures which can have no other intelligible purpose than that of making him master of Congress when it reassembles. And to crown all, though it has been apparent since February, 1866, that he was the enemy of the country, they have still had technical reasons for retaining him as the proper executive of its laws.

It would then seem that, in dealing with such a man as Andrew Johnson, it is the part of wisdom to suspect the worst. Without any special knowledge of the treasonable intrigue now going on in Washington, it is still possible to fathom the President's designs, and to understand the resources on which he relies. In the first place, his conceit makes him believe that he is the first man in the nation, and that he is not only adored at the South, but popular at the North. The slightest sign of reaction in Northern and Western elections he considers a testimony to his individual merit, and an indorsement of his policy. In case he refuses to recognize the present Congress, turns its members by military power out of their seats, and appeals for support to the white population of the Rebel as well as Loyal States, he will count on being sustained by the nation. The Democratic party agrees with him as far as regards the constitutionality of the laws which he will, in the name of the Constitution, be compelled to disregard in order to get possession of the military power of the country; and he thinks that party will support him in resuming those functions as commander-in-chief of which he has been deprived by a "usurping" Congress. The army and navy, with all Republican officers removed, including, of course, General Grant and Admiral Farragut, he thinks will obey his orders. The South, he supposes, will rally round him to a man. The thoroughly Rebel military organization in Maryland, controlled by a Governor after his own heart, will interpose obstacles to the passage of troops from the Northern States to Washington. The Demo-

crats in those States will do all they can to prevent troops from being sent. Before there could be any efficient military organization in the Loyal States brought to bear on his dictatorship, he expects to have a Congress of "the whole nation" around him, of which at least a majority will be defeated Rebels and Copperheads. The whole thing is to be done in the name of the Constitution; and the Proclamation he has issued to all officers of the United States, civil and military, telling them to obey the Constitution (i. e. Mr. Johnson), may be considered the first step in the development of the scheme.

It is needless to say that such a scheme could only find hospitable reception in the head of a spiteful, inflated, and unprincipled egotist, for such an egotist Mr. Johnson assuredly is. It is needless to say that it would break down through the refusal of General Grant to give up his command, and through the refusal of the great body of the army to obey the President; for the danger is not so much the success of the attempt as the convulsion which the mere attempt would occasion. That the danger is a serious one, provided the October and November elections show a considerable Republican loss, is evident from a consideration of the President's position. He has already gone far enough in his course to exasperate Congress, and unite its Republican members, conservative and radical, in favor of his impeachment. Without going over the long list of delinquencies and usurpations which would justify that measure, it is sufficient to name the recent Proclamation of Amnesty as an act which promises to secure it. That Proclamation is a plain violation of the Constitution as the Constitution is understood by Congress; and it is upon the Congressional interpretation of the Constitution that, in the matter of impeachment, the President must stand or fall. Congress, by giving the power of granting amnesty to Mr. Lincoln, evidently conceived that it was not a power given to him by the Constitution; by taking it

away from Mr. Johnson, it as evidently conceived that it could not be exercised by him except by usurpation. In usurping this power, Mr. Johnson must have known that his act belonged, in the opinion of Congress, to the class of "high crimes and misdemeanors," for the commission of which the Constitution expressly provides that Presidents may be impeached; and he must also have known that Congress, in judging of his infractions of the Constitution, would be bound neither by his individual opinion of his constitutional powers nor by the opinion of the Supreme Court, but was at perfect liberty to act on its own interpretation of his constitutional duty. It is not therefore to be supposed that he intended to limit his defiance of Congress to the mere issuing of the Amnesty Proclamation, especially as the principle on which that Proclamation was issued would cover his refusal to carry out the whole Congressional plan of reconstruction. His conviction or assertion that Congress has no right to withhold from him the power to pardon defeated rebels and public enemies by the wholesale, is certainly not greater or more emphatic than his conviction or assertion that, in its plan of reconstruction, Congress has granted to subordinates powers which constitutionally belong to him. If he can exalt his will over Congress in the one case, there is no reason why he should not do it in the other.

Indeed, in the Proclamation of Amnesty, Mr. Johnson practically claims that his power to grant pardons extends to a dispensing power over the laws. But it is evident that the Constitution, in giving the President the power to pardon criminals, does not give him the power to dispense with the laws against crime. At one period, Mr. Johnson seems to have done this in respect to the crime of counterfeiting, by his repeated pardons extended to convicted counterfeiters. Still there is a broad line of distinction between the abuse of this power to pardon criminals after conviction, and the assumption of power to restore to

whole classes of traitors and public enemies their forfeited rights of citizenship. By the pardon of murderers and counterfeiters, the President cannot much increase the number of his political supporters ; by the pardon of traitors and public enemies, he may build up a party to support him in his struggle against the legislative department of the government. The reasons which have induced Mr. Johnson to dispense with the laws against treason are political reasons, and bear no relation to his prerogative of mercy. No-body pretends that he pardoned counterfeiters because they were his political partisans ; everybody knows he pardons traitors and public enemies in order to gain their influence and votes. A public enemy himself, and leagued with public enemies, he has the impudence to claim that he is constitutionally capable of perverting his power to pardon into a power to gain political support in his schemes against the loyal nation.

But it is not probable that the President will limit his usurpations to a measure whose chief significance consists in its preliminary character. Before Congress meets in November, he will doubtless have followed it up by others which will make his impeachment a matter of certainty. The only method of preventing him from resisting impeachment by force, is an awakening of the people to the fact that the final battle against reviving rebellion is yet to be fought at the polls. Any apathy or divisions among Republicans in the State elections in October and November, resulting in a decrease of their vote, will embolden Mr. Johnson to venture his meditated *coup d'état*. He never will submit to be impeached and removed from office unless Congress is sustained by a majority of the people so great as to frighten him into submission. Elated by a little victory, he can only be depressed by a ruinous defeat ; and such a defeat it is the solemn duty of the people to prepare for him. Even into his conceited brain must be driven the

idea that his contemplated enterprise is hopeless, and that, in attempting to commit the greatest of political crimes, he would succeed only in committing the most enormous of political blunders.

Still, it is not to be concealed that there are circumstances in the present political condition of the country which may give the President just that degree of apparent popular support which is all he needs to stimulate him into open rebellion against the laws. It is, of course, his duty to recognize the people of the United States in their representatives in the Fortieth Congress ; but, on the other hand, it is the character of his mind to regard the people as multiplied duplicates of himself, and a mob yelling for "Andy" under his windows is to him more representative of the people than the delegates of twenty States. In the autumn elections only two Representatives to Congress will be chosen ; the political strife will relate generally to local questions and candidates ; and it is to be feared that the Republicans will not be sufficiently alive to the fact, that divisions on local questions and candidates will be considered at Washington as significant of a change in the public mind on the great national question which it is the business of the Fortieth Congress to settle. That Congress needs the moral support of a great Republican vote *now*, and will obtain it provided the people are roused to a conviction of its necessity. But a large and influential portion of the Republican party is composed of business men, whose occupations disconnect them from politics except in important exigencies, and who can with difficulty be made to believe that politics is a part of their business, as long as the safety of their business is not threatened by civil disorders. They think the reconstruction question is practically settled, and when you speak to them of plots such as are now hatching in Washington, and which seem as preposterous as the story of a sensational novel, their incredulity confirms them in the notion that it is safe

to allow things to take their course. Their very good sense makes them blind to the designs of such a Bobadil-Cromwell as Andrew Johnson. The great body of the Republican party, indeed, shows at present a little of the exhaustion which is apt to follow a series of victories, and exhibits altogether too much of the confidence which so often attends an incomplete triumph.

The Democratic party, on the contrary, is all alive, and is preparing for one last desperate attempt to recover its old position in the nation. Its leaders fear that, if the Congressional plan of reconstruction be carried out, it will result in republicanizing the Southern States. This would be the political extinction of their party. In fighting against that plan, they are, therefore, fighting for life, and are accordingly more than usually profligate in the character of the stimulants they address to whatever meanness, baseness, dishonesty, lawlessness, and ignorance there may be in the nation. Taxation presses hard on the people, and they have not hesitated to propose repudiation of the public debt as the means of relief. The argument is addressed to ignorance and passion, for Mirabeau hit the reason of the case when he defined repudiation as taxation in its most cruel and iniquitous form. But the method of repudiation which the Democratic leaders propose to follow is of all methods the worst and most calamitous. They would make the dollar a mere form of expression by the issue of an additional billion or two of greenbacks, and then "pay off" the debt in the currency they had done all they could to render worthless. In other words they would not only swindle the public creditor, but wreck all values. A party which advocates such a scheme as this, to save it from the death it deserves, would have no hesitation in risking a civil convulsion for the same purpose. Indeed, the reopening of the civil war would not produce half the misery which would be created by the adoption of their project to dilute the currency.

Now, if by apathy on the part of Re-

publicans and audacity on the part of Democrats the autumn elections result unfavorably, it will then be universally seen how true was Senator Sumner's remark made in January last, that "Andrew Johnson, who came to supreme power by a bloody accident, has become the successor of Jefferson Davis in the spirit by which he is governed, and in the mischief he is inflicting on the country"; that "the President of the Rebellion is revived in the President of the United States." What this man now proposes to do has been impressively stated by Senator Thayer of Nebraska, in a public address at Cincinnati: "I declare," he said, "upon my responsibility as a Senator of the United States, that to-day Andrew Johnson meditates and designs forcible resistance to the authority of Congress. I make this statement deliberately, having received it from an unquestioned and unquestionable authority." It would seem that this authority could be none other than the authority of the Acting Secretary of War and General of the Army of the United States, who, reticent as he is, does not pretend to withhold his opinion that the country is in imminent peril, and in peril from the action of the President. But it is by some considered a sufficient reply to such statements, that, if Mr. Johnson should overturn the legislative department of the government, there would be an uprising of the people which would soon sweep him and his supporters from the face of the earth. This may be very true, but we should prefer a less Mexican manner of ascertaining public sentiment. Without leaving their peaceful occupations, the people can do by their votes all that it is proposed they shall do by their muskets. It is hardly necessary that a million or half a million of men should go to Washington to speak their mind to Mr. Johnson, when a ballot-box close at hand will save them the expense and trouble. It will, indeed, be infinitely disgraceful to the nation if Mr. Johnson dares to put his purpose into act, for his courage to violate his own duty will come from the

neglect of the people to perform theirs. Let the great uprising of the citizens of the Republic be at the polls this autumn, and there will be no need of a fight in the winter. The House of Representatives, which has the sole power of impeachment, will in all probability impeach the President. The Senate, which has the sole power to try impeachments, will in all probab-

ity find him guilty, by the requisite two thirds of its members, of the charges preferred by the House. And he himself, cowed by the popular verdict against his contemplated crime, and hopeless of escaping from the punishment of past delinquencies by a new act of treason, will submit to be removed from the office he has too long been allowed to dishonor.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The New Life of DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IN "The New Life" Dante tells how first he met Beatrice and loved her; but how he feigned that it was another lady he loved, making a defence of her and others still that his real passion might not be known; how Beatrice would not salute him, believing him false and inconstant with these ladies, her friends; how being at a banquet where she was, he was so visibly stricken with love that some of the ladies derided him; how Beatrice's father died, and how Dante himself fell ill; how Beatrice quitted the city, and soon after the world; and how Dante was so grateful to another lady who pitied his affliction that his heart turned toward her in love, but he restrained it, and remained true to Beatrice forever. Part of this is told as the experience of children in years, Dante being nine at the time he first sees his love, and she of "a very youthful age"; but the narrative then extends over the course of sixteen years. The incidents of the slight history furnish occasion for sonnets and canzonets, which often repeat the facts and sentiments of the prose, and which are again elaborately expounded.

Such is "The New Life,"—a medley of passionate feeling, of vaguest narrative, of scholastic pedantry. It is readily conceivable that to transfer such a work to another tongue with verbal truth, and without lapse from the peculiar spirit of the original, is a labor of great and unusual

difficulty. The slightest awkwardness in the translation of these mystical passages of prose and rhyme connected by a thread of fact so fragile and so subtle that we must seem to have done it violence in touching it, would be almost fatal to the reader's enjoyment, or even patience. Their version demands deep knowledge, not only of the language in which they first took form, but of all the civil and intellectual conditions of the time and country in which they were produced, as well as the utmost fidelity, and exquisite delicacy of taste. It appears to us that Mr. Norton has met these requirements, and executed his task with signal grace and success.

The translator of the "*Vita Nuova*" has not departed from the principle which Mr. Longfellow's translation of the "*Commedia*" is to render sole in the version of poetry. Indeed, there was a greater need, if possible, of literalness in rendering the less than the greater work, while the temptations to "improvement" and modification of the original must have been even more constant. Yet there is a very notable difference between Mr. Longfellow's literalness and Mr. Norton's, which strikes at first glance, and which goes to prove that within his proper limits the literal translator can always find room for the play of individual feeling. Mr. Longfellow seems to have developed to its utmost the Latin element in our poetical diction, and to have found in words of a kindred stock the best interpretation of the Italian, while Mr. Norton instinctively chooses for the rendering of Dante's tenderness and sim-

plicity a diction almost as purely Saxon as that of the Bible. This gives the prose of "The New Life" with all its proper archaic quality; and those who read the following sonnet can well believe that it is not unjust to the beauty of the verse:—

"So gentle and so modest doth appear
My lady when she giveth her salute,
That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute;
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.
Although she hears her praises, she doth go
Benignly vested with humility;
And like a thing come down, she seems to be,
From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.
So pleaseth she whoever cometh nigh,
She gives the heart a sweetness through the
eyes,
Which none can understand who doth not
prove.
And from her countenance there seems to move
A spirit sweet, and in Love's very guise,
Who to the soul is ever saying, Sigh!"

Mr. Norton has in all cases kept to the metres of the original, but in most of the canzonets has sacrificed rhyme to literary, — a sacrifice which we are inclined to regret, chiefly because the translator has elsewhere shown that the closest fidelity need not involve the loss of any charm of the original. We have not room here to make any general comparison of Mr. Norton's version with the Italian, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving the following sonnet, so exquisite in both tongues, for the better proof of what we say in praise of the translator:—

"Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore;
Per che si fa gentil ciocch' ella mira:
Ove ella passa, ogni uom ver lei si gira,
E cui saluta fa tremar to core.
Sicchè bassando 'l viso tutto smuore,
Ed ogni suo difetto allor sospira:
Fugge dinanzi a lei superbia ed ira.
Aiutatemi, donne, a farle onore.
Ogni dolcezza, ogni pensiero onile
Nasce nel core, a chi parlar la sente,
Onde è laudato chi prima la vide.
Quel, ch' ella par, quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, nè tenere a mente;
Sì è nuovo miracolo, e gentile."

"Within her eyes my lady beareth Love,
So that whom she regards is gentle made;
All toward her turn, where'er her path is laid,
And whom she greets, his heart doth trembling
move;
So that with face cast down, all pale to view,
For every fault of his he then doth sigh;
Anger and pride away before her fly:—
Assist me, dames, to pay her honor due.
All sweetness truly, every humble thought,
The heart of him who hears her speak doth
hold;
Whence he is blessed who hath her seen ere-
while.

What seems she when a little she doth smile
Cannot be kept in mind, cannot be told,
Such strange and gentle miracle is wrought."

The poems are of course rendered with varying degrees of felicity, and this we think one of the happiest versions, though few in their literalness lack that ease and naturalness of movement supposed to be the gift solely of those wonder-workers who render the "spirit" of an author, while disdaining a "slavish fidelity" to his words,—who as painters would portray a man's expression without troubling themselves to reproduce his features.

It appears to us that generally the sonnets are translated better than the canzonets, and that where Mr. Norton has found the rhyme quite indispensable, he has all the more successfully performed his task. In the prose there is naturally less inequality, and here, where excellence is quite as important as in the verse, the translator's work is irreproachable. His vigilant taste seems never to have failed him in the choice of words which should keep at once all the dignity and all the quaintness of the original, while they faithfully reported its sense.

The essays appended to the translation assemble from Italian and English writings all the criticism that is necessary to the enjoyment of "The New Life," and include many valuable and interesting comments by the translator upon the work itself, and the spirit of the age and country in which it was written.

The notes, which, like the essays, are pervaded by Mr. Norton's graceful and conscientious scholarship, are not less useful and attractive.

We do not know that we can better express our very high estimate of the work as a whole, than by saying that it is the fit companion of Mr. Longfellow's unmatched version of the "Divina Commedia," with which it is likewise uniform in faultless mechanical execution.

The Bulls and the Jonathans; comprising John Bull and Brother Jonathan, and John Bull in America. By JAMES K. PAULDING. Edited by WILLIAM I. PAULDING. New York: Charles Scribner and Company.

"JOHN BULL and Brother Jonathan" is an allegory, conveying in a strain of fatiguing drollery the history of the relations between Great Britain and the United

States previous to the war of 1812, and reflecting the popular feeling with regard to some of the English tourists who overran us after the conclusion of peace. In this ponderous travesty John Bull of Bullock is England, and Brother Jonathan the United States; Napoleon figures as Beau Napperity, Louis XVI. as Louis Baboon, and France as Frogmore. It could not have been a hard thing to write in its day, and we suppose that it must once have amused people, though it is not easy to understand how they could ever have read it through.

"John Bull in America" is a satire, again, upon the book-making tourists, and the ideas of our country generally accepted from them in England. It is in the form of a narrative, and probably does not exaggerate the stories told of us by Captain Ashe, Mr. Richard Parkinson, Farmer Faux, Captain Hamilton, Captain Hall, and a tribe of now-forgotten travellers, who wrote of adventure in the United States when, as Mr. Dickens intimates, one of the readiest means of literary success in England was to visit the Americans and abuse them in a book. Mr. Paulding's parody gives the idea that their lies were rather dull and foolish, and that the parodist's work was not so entirely a diversion as one might think. He wrote for a generation now passing away, and it is all but impossible for us to enter into the feeling that animated him and his readers. For this reason, perhaps, we fail to enjoy his book, though we are not entirely persuaded that we should have found it humorous when it first appeared.

The Life and Death of Jason. A Poem.

By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WHETHER the reader shall enjoy and admire this poem or not, depends almost solely upon the idea with which he comes to

its perusal. If he expects to find it a work of genius, with an authentic and absolute claim upon his interest, he will be disappointed. If he is prepared to see in it a labor of the most patient and wonderful ingenuity, to behold the miracle of an Englishman of our day writing exactly in the spirit of the heroic ages, with no thought or feeling suggested by the experience of the last two thousand years, it will fully answer his expectations. The work is so far Greek as to read in many parts like Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*; though it must be confessed that Homer is, if not a better Pagan, at least a greater poet than Mr. Morris. Indeed, it appears to us that Mr. Morris's success is almost wholly in the reflected sentiment and color of his work, and it seems, therefore, to have no positive value, and to add nothing to the variety of letters or intellectual life. It is a kind of performance in which failure is intolerably offensive, and triumph more to be wondered at than praised. For to be more or less than Greek in it is to be ridiculous, and to be just Greek is to be what has already perfectly and sufficiently been. If one wished to breathe the atmosphere of Greek poetry, with its sensuous love of beauty and of life, its pathetic acceptance of events as fate, its warped and unbalanced conscience, its abhorrence of death, and its conception of a future sad as annihilation, we had already the Greek poets; and does it profit us that Mr. Morris can produce just their effects and nothing more in us?

We are glad to acknowledge his transcendent talent, and we have felt in reading his poem all the pleasure that faultless workmanship can give. He is alert and sure in the management of his materials; his descriptions of sentiment and nature are so clever, and his handling of a familiar plot so excellent, that he carries you with him to the end, and leaves you unfatigued, but sensible of no addition to your stock of ideas and feelings.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

MURRAY BRADSHAW PLAYS HIS LAST CARD.

"HOW can I see that man this evening, Mr. Lindsay?"

"May I not be *Clement*, dearest? I would not see him at all, Myrtle. I don't believe you will find much pleasure in listening to his fine speeches."

"I cannot endure it. Kitty, tell him I am engaged, and cannot see him this evening. No, no! don't say engaged, say very much occupied."

Kitty departed, communing with herself in this wise:—"Ockipied, is it? An' that's what ye cahl it when ye're kapin' company with one young gentleman an' don't want another young gentleman to come in an' help the two of ye? Ye won't get y'r pigs to market to-day, Mr. Bridshaw,—no, nor to-morrow, nayther, Mr. Bridshaw. It's Mrs. Lindsay that Miss Myrtle is goin' to be,—an' a big cake there'll be at the weddin', frosted all over,—won't ye be played with a slice o' that, Mr. Bridshaw?"

With these reflections in her mind,

Mistress Kitty delivered her message, not without a gleam of malicious intelligence in her look that stung Mr. Bradshaw sharply. He had noticed a hat in the entry, and a little stick by it which he remembered well as one he had seen carried by Clement Lindsay. But he was used to concealing his emotions, and he greeted the two older ladies, who presently came into the library, so pleasantly, that no one who had not studied his face long and carefully would have suspected the bitterness of heart that lay hidden far down beneath his deceptive smile. He told Miss Silence, with much apparent interest, the story of his journey. He gave her an account of the progress of the case in which the estate of which she inherited the principal portion was interested. He did not tell her that a final decision which would settle the right to the great claim might be expected at any moment, and he did not tell her that there was very little doubt that it would be in favor of the heirs of Malachi Withers. He was very sorry he could not see Miss Hazard that

evening,—hoped he should be more fortunate to-morrow forenoon, when he intended to call again,—had a message for her from one of her former school friends, which he was anxious to give her. He exchanged certain looks and hints with Miss Cynthia, which led her to withdraw and bring down the papers he had intrusted to her. At the close of his visit, she followed him into the entry with a lamp, as was her common custom.

"What's the meaning of all this, Cynthia? Is that fellow making love to Myrtle?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Bradshaw. He's been here several times, and they seem to be getting intimate. I could n't do anything to stop it."

"Give me the papers,—quick!"

Cynthia pulled the package from her pocket. Murray Bradshaw looked sharply at it. A little crumpled,—crowded into her pocket. Seal unbroken. All safe.

"I shall come again to-morrow forenoon. Another day and it will be all up. The decision of the court will be known. It won't be my fault if one visit is not enough.—You don't suppose Myrtle is in love with this fellow?"

"She acts as if she might be. You know he's broke with Susan Posey, and there's nothing to hinder. If you ask my opinion, I think it's your last chance: she is n't a girl to half do things, and if she has taken to this man it will be hard to maké her change her mind. But she's young, and she has had a liking for you, and if you manage it well there's no telling."

Two notes passed between Myrtle Hazard and Master Byles Gridley that evening. Mistress Kitty Fagan, who had kept her ears pretty wide open, carried them.

Murray Bradshaw went home in a very desperate state of feeling. He had laid his plans, as he thought, with perfect skill, and the certainty of their securing their end. These papers were to have been taken from the envelope, and found in the garret

just at the right moment, either by Cynthia herself or one of the other members of the family, who was to be led on, as it were accidentally, to the discovery. The right moment must be close at hand. He was to offer his hand—and heart, of course—to Myrtle, and it was to be accepted. As soon as the decision of the land case was made known, or not long afterwards, there was to be a search in the garret for papers, and these were to be discovered in a certain dusty recess, where, of course, they would have been placed by Miss Cynthia.

And now the one condition which gave any value to these arrangements seemed like to fail. This obscure youth—this poor fool, who had been on the point of marrying a simpleton to whom he had made a boyish promise—was coming between him and the object of his long pursuit,—the woman who had every attraction to draw him to herself. It had been a matter of pride with Murray Bradshaw that he never lost his temper so as to interfere with the precise course of action which his cool judgment approved; but now he was almost beside himself with passion. His labors, as he believed, had secured the favorable issue of the great case so long pending. He had followed Myrtle through her whole career, if not as her avowed lover, at least as one whose friendship promised to flower in love in due season. The moment had come when the scene and the characters in this village drama were to undergo a change as sudden and as brilliant as in those fairy spectacles where the dark background changes to a golden palace and the sober dresses are replaced by robes of regal splendor. The change was fast approaching; but he, the enchanter, as he had thought himself, found his wand broken, and his power given to another.

He could not sleep during that night. He paced his room, a prey to jealousy and envy and rage, which his calm temperament had kept him from feel-

ing in their intensity up to this miserable hour. He thought of all that a maddened nature can imagine to deaden its own intolerable anguish. Of revenge. If Myrtle rejected his suit, should he take her life on the spot, that she might never be another's, — that neither man nor woman should ever triumph over him, — the proud, ambitious man, defeated, humbled, scorned? No! that was a meanness of egotism which only the most vulgar souls could be capable of. Should he challenge her lover? It was not the way of the people and time, and ended in absurd complications, if anybody was foolish enough to try it. Shoot him? The idea floated through his mind, for he thought of everything; but he was a lawyer, and not a fool, and had no idea of figuring in court as a criminal. Besides, he was not a murderer, — cunning was his natural weapon, not violence. He had a certain admiration of desperate crime in others, as showing nerve and force, but he did not feel it to be his own style of doing business.

During the night he made every arrangement for leaving the village the next day, in case he failed to make any impression on Myrtle Hazard and found that his chance was gone. He wrote a letter to his partner, telling him that he had left to join one of the regiments forming in the city. He adjusted all his business matters so that his partner should find as little trouble as possible. A little before dawn he threw himself on the bed, but he could not sleep; and he rose at sunrise, and finished his preparations for his departure to the city.

The morning dragged along slowly. He would not go to the office, not wishing to meet his partner again. After breakfast he dressed himself with great care, for he meant to show himself in the best possible aspect. Just before he left the house to go to The Poplars, he took the sealed package from his trunk, broke open the envelope, took from it a single paper, — it had some spots on it which distinguished it from

all the rest, — put it separately in his pocket, and then the envelope containing the other papers.

The calm smile he wore on his features as he set forth cost him a greater effort than he had ever made before to put it on. He was moulding his face to the look with which he meant to present himself; and the muscles had been sternly fixed so long that it was a task to bring them to their habitual expression in company, — that of ingenuous good-nature.

He was shown into the parlor at The Poplars; and Kitty told Myrtle that he had called and inquired for her, and was waiting down stairs.

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said. "And, Kitty, now mind just what I tell you. Leave your kitchen door open, so that you can hear anything fall in the parlor. If you hear a book fall, — it will be a heavy one, and will make some noise, — run straight up here to my little chamber, and hang this red scarf out of the window. The *left-hand side-sash*, mind, so that anybody can see it from the road. If Mr. Gridley calls, show him into the parlor, no matter who is there."

Kitty Fagan looked amazingly intelligent, and promised that she would do exactly as she was told. Myrtle followed her down stairs almost immediately, and went into the parlor, where Mr. Bradshaw was waiting.

Never in his calmest moments had he worn a more insinuating smile on his features than that with which he now greeted Myrtle. So gentle, so gracious, so full of trust, such a completely natural expression of a kind, genial character did it seem, that to any but an expert it would have appeared impossible that such an effect could be produced by the skilful balancing of half a dozen pairs of little muscles that manage the lips and the corners of the mouth. The tones of his voice were subdued into accord with the look of his features; his whole manner was fascinating, as far as any conscious effort could make it so.

It was just one of those artificially pleasing effects that so often pass with such as have little experience of life for the genuine expression of character and feeling. But Myrtle had learned the look that shapes itself on the features of one who loves with a love that seeketh not its own, and she knew the difference between acting and reality. She met his insinuating approach with a courtesy so carefully ordered that it was of itself a sentence without appeal. Artful persons often interpret sincere ones by their own standard. Murray Bradshaw thought little of this somewhat formal address, — a few minutes would break this thin film to pieces. He was not only a suitor with a prize to gain, he was a colloquial artist about to employ all the resources of his specialty.

He introduced the conversation in the most natural and easy way, by giving her the message from a former schoolmate to which he had referred, coloring it so delicately, as he delivered it, that it became an innocent-looking flattery. Myrtle found herself in a rose-colored atmosphere, not from Murray Bradshaw's admiration, as it seemed, but only reflected by his mind from another source. That was one of his arts, — always, if possible, to associate himself incidentally, as it appeared, and unavoidably, with an agreeable impression.

So Myrtle was betrayed into smiling and being pleased before he had said a word about himself or his affairs. Then he told her of the adventures and labors of his late expedition; of certain evidence which at the very last moment he had unearthed, and which was very probably the turning-point in the case. He could not help feeling that she must eventually reap some benefit from the good fortune with which his efforts had been attended. The thought that it might yet be so had been a great source of encouragement to him, — it would always be a great happiness to him to remember that he had done anything to make her happy.

Myrtle was very glad that he had been so far successful, — she did not know that it made much difference to her, but she was obliged to him for the desire of serving her that he had expressed.

"My services are always yours, Miss Hazard. There is no sacrifice I would not willingly make for your benefit. I have never had but one feeling toward you. You cannot be ignorant of what that feeling is."

"I know, Mr. Bradshaw, it has been one of kindness. I have to thank you for many friendly attentions, for which I hope I have never been ungrateful."

"Kindness is not all that I feel towards you, Miss Hazard. If that were all, my lips would not tremble as they do now in telling you my feelings. I love you."

He sprang the great confession on Myrtle a little sooner than he had meant. It was so hard to go on making phrases! Myrtle changed color a little, for she was startled.

The seemingly involuntary movement she made brought her arm against a large dictionary, which lay very near the edge of the table on which it was resting. The book fell with a loud noise to the floor.

There it lay. The young man awaited her answer; he did not think of polite forms at such a moment.

"It cannot be, Mr. Bradshaw, — it must not be. I have known you long, and I am not ignorant of all your brilliant qualities, but you must not speak to me of love. Your regard, — your friendly interest, — tell me that I shall always have these, but do not distress me with offering more than these."

"I do not ask you to give me your love in return; I only ask you not to bid me despair. Let me believe that the time may come when you will listen to me, — no matter how distant. You are young, — you have a tender heart, — you would not doom one who only lives for you to wretchedness. So long that we have known each other! It cannot be that any other has come between us —"

Myrtle blushed so deeply that there was no need of his finishing his question.

"Do you mean, Myrtle Hazard, that you have cast me aside for another?—for this stranger—this artist—who was with you yesterday when I came, bringing with me the story of all I had done for you,—yes, for you,—and was ignominiously refused the privilege of seeing you?" Rage and jealousy had got the better of him this time. He rose as he spoke, and looked upon her with such passion kindling in his eyes that he seemed ready for any desperate act.

"I have thanked you for any services you may have rendered me, Mr. Bradshaw," Myrtle answered, very calmly, "and I hope you will add one more to them by sparing me this rude questioning. I wished to treat you as a friend; I hope you will not render that impossible."

He had recovered himself for one more last effort. "I was impatient: overlook it, I beg you. I was thinking of all the happiness I have labored to secure for you, and of the ruin to us both it would be if you scornfully rejected the love I offer you,—if you refuse to leave me any hope for the future,—if you insist on throwing yourself away on this man, so lately pledged to another. I hold the key of all your earthly fortunes in my hand. My love for you inspired me in all that I have done, and, now that I come to lay the result of my labors at your feet, you turn from me, and offer my reward to a stranger. I do not ask you to say this day that you will be mine,—I would not force your inclinations,—but I do ask you that you will hold yourself free of all others, and listen to me as one who may yet be more than a friend. Say so much as this, Myrtle, and you shall have such a future as you never dreamed of. Fortune, position, all that this world can give, shall be yours!"

"Never! never! If you could offer me the whole world, or take away from me all that the world can give, it would

make no difference to me. I cannot tell what power you hold over me, whether of life and death, or of wealth and poverty; but after talking to me of love, I should not have thought you would have wronged me by suggesting any meaner motive. It is only because we have been on friendly terms so long that I have listened to you as I have done. You have said more than enough, and I beg you will allow me to put an end to this interview."

She rose to leave the room. But Murray Bradshaw had gone too far to control himself,—he listened only to the rage which blinded him.

"Not yet!" he said. "Stay one moment, and you shall know what your pride and self-will have cost you!"

Myrtle stood, arrested, whether by fear, or curiosity, or the passive subjection of her muscles to his imperious will, it would be hard to say.

Murray Bradshaw took out the spotted paper from his breast pocket, and held it up before her. "Look here!" he exclaimed. "This would have made you rich,—it would have crowned you a queen in society,—it would have given you all, and more than all, that you ever dreamed of luxury, of splendor, of enjoyment; and I, who won it for you, would have taught you how to make life yield every bliss it had in store to your wishes. You reject my offer unconditionally?"

Myrtle expressed her negative only by a slight contemptuous movement.

Murray Bradshaw walked deliberately to the fireplace, and laid the spotted paper upon the burning coals. It writhed and curled, blackened, flamed, and in a moment was a cinder dropping into ashes. He folded his arms, and stood looking at the wreck of Myrtle's future, the work of his cruel hand. Strangely enough, Myrtle herself was fascinated, as it were, by the apparent solemnity of this mysterious sacrifice. She had kept her eyes steadily on him all the time, and was still gazing at the altar on which her happiness had been in some way offered up, when the door was opened by Kitty Fagan, and Mas-

ter Byles Gridley was ushered into the parlor.

"Too late, old man!" Murray Bradshaw exclaimed in a hoarse and savage voice, as he passed out of the room, and strode through the entry and down the avenue. It was the last time the old gate of The Poplars was to open or close for him. That same day he left the village; and the next time his name was mentioned it was as an officer in one of the regiments just raised and about marching to the seat of war.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SPOTTED PAPER.

WHAT Master Gridley may have said to Myrtle Hazard that served to calm her after this exciting scene cannot now be recalled. That Murray Bradshaw thought he was inflicting a deadly injury on her was plain enough. That Master Gridley did succeed in convincing her that no great harm had probably been done her is equally certain.

Like all bachelors who have lived a lonely life, Master Gridley had his habits, which nothing short of some terrestrial convulsion—or perhaps, in his case, some instinct that drove him forth to help somebody in trouble—could possibly derange. After his breakfast, he always sat and read awhile,—the paper, if a new one came to hand, or some pleasant old author,—if a little neglected by the world of readers, he felt more at ease with him, and loved him all the better.

But on the morning after his interview with Myrtle Hazard, he had received a letter which made him forget newspapers, old authors, almost everything, for the moment. It was from the publisher with whom he had had a conversation, it may be remembered, when he visited the city, and was to this effect:—That Our Firm propose to print and stereotype the work originally published under the title of "Thoughts on the Universe"; said

work to be remodelled according to the plan suggested by the Author, with the corrections, alterations, omissions, and additions proposed by him; said work to be published under the following title, to wit: — — —; said work to be printed in 12mo, on paper of good quality, from new types, etc., etc., and for every copy thereof printed the author to receive, etc., etc.

Master Gridley sat as in a trance, reading this letter over and over, to know if it could be really so. So it really was. His book had disappeared from the market long ago, as the elm seeds that carpet the ground and never germinate disappear. At last it had got a certain value as a curiosity for book-hunters. Some one of them, keener-eyed than the rest, had seen that there was a meaning and virtue in this unsuccessful book, for which there was a new audience educated since it had tried to breathe before its time. Out of this had grown at last the publisher's proposal. It was too much: his heart swelled with joy, and his eyes filled with tears.

How could he resist the temptation? He took down his own particular copy of the book, which was yet to do him honor as its parent, and began reading. As his eye fell on one paragraph after another, he nodded approval of this sentiment or opinion, he shook his head as if questioning whether this other were not to be modified or left out, he condemned a third as being no longer true for him as when it was written, and he sanctioned a fourth with his hearty approval. The reader may like a few specimens from this early edition, now a rarity. He shall have them, with Master Gridley's verbal comments. The book, as its name implied, contained "Thoughts" rather than consecutive trains of reasoning or continuous disquisitions. What he read and remarked upon were a few of the more pointed statements which stood out in the chapters he was turning over. The worth of the book must not be judged by these almost random specimens.

"The best thought, like the most perfect digestion, is done unconsciously.—Develop that.—Ideas at compound interest in the mind.—Be aye sticking in *an idea*,—while you're sleeping it'll be growing. Seed of a thought to-day,—flower to-morrow—next week—ten years from now, etc.—Article by and by for the . . .

"Can the Infinite be supposed to shift the responsibility of the ultimate destiny of any created thing to the finite? Our theologians pretend that it can. I doubt.—Heretical. Stet.

"Protestantism means None of your business. But it is afraid of its own logic.—Stet. No logical resting-place short of None of your business.

"The supreme self-indulgence is to surrender the will to a spiritual director.—Protestantism gave up a great luxury.—Did it, though?

"Asiatic modes of thought and speech do not express the relations in which the American feels himself to stand to his Superiors in this or any other sphere of being. Republicanism must have its own religious phraseology, which is not that borrowed from Oriental despotisms.

"Idols and dogmas in place of character; pills and theories in place of wholesome living. See the histories of theology and medicine passim.—Hits 'em.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Do you mean to say, Jean Chauvin, that

'Heaven LIES about us in our infancy'?

"Why do you complain of your organization? Your soul was in a hurry, and made a rush for a body. There are patient spirits that have waited from eternity, and never found parents fit to be born of.—How do you know anything about all that? Dele.

"What sweet, smooth voices the negroes have! A hundred generations fed on bananas.—Compare them with our apple-eating white folks!—It won't do. Bananas came from the West Indies.

"To tell a man's temperament by his handwriting. See if the dots of his *i's*

run ahead or not, and if they do, how far.—I've tried that—on myself.

"Marrying into some families is the next thing to being canonized.—Not so true now as twenty or thirty years ago. As many bladders, but more pins.

"Fish and dandies only keep on ice.—Who will take? Explain in note how all warmth approaching blood-heat spoils fops and flounders.

"Flying is a lost art among men and reptiles. Bats fly, and men ought to. Try a light turbine. Rise a mile straight, fall half a mile slanting,—rise half a mile straight, fall half a mile slanting, and so on. Or slant up and slant down.—Poh! You ain't such a fool as to think that is new,—are you?

"Put in my telegraph project. Central station. Cables with insulated wires running to it from different quarters of the city. These form the centripetal system. From central station, wires to all the livery stables, messenger stands, provision shops, etc., etc. These form the centrifugal system. Any house may have a wire in the nearest cable at small cost.

"Do you want to be remembered after the continents have gone under, and come up again, and dried, and bred new races? Have your name stamped on all your plates and cups and saucers. Nothing of you or yours will last like those. I never sit down at my table without looking at the china service, and saying, 'Here are my monuments. That butter-dish is my urn. This soup-plate is my memorial tablet.'—No need of a skeleton at my banquets! I feed from my tombstone and read my epitaph at the bottom of every teacup.—Good."

He fell into a reverie as he finished reading this last sentence. He thought of the dim and dread future,—all the changes that it would bring to him, to all the living, to the face of the globe, to the order of earthly things. He saw men of a new race, alien to all that had ever lived, excavating with

strange, vast engines the old ocean-bed, now become habitable land. And as the great scoops turned out the earth they had fetched up from the unexplored depths, a relic of a former simple civilization revealed the fact that here a tribe of human beings had lived and perished.—Only the coffee-cup he had in his hand half an hour ago.—Where would he be then? and Mrs. Hopkins, and Gifted, and Susan, and everybody? and President Buchanan? and the Boston State-House? and Broadway?—O Lord, Lord, Lord! And the sun perceptibly smaller, according to the astronomers, and the earth cooled down a number of degrees, and inconceivable arts practised by men of a type yet undreamed of, and all the fighting creeds merged in one great universal—

A knock at his door interrupted his reverie. Miss Susan Posey informed him that a gentleman was waiting below who wished to see him.

"Show him up to my study, Susan Posey, if you please," said Master Gridley.

Mr. Penhallow presented himself at Mr. Gridley's door, with a countenance expressive of a very high state of excitement.

"You have heard the news, Mr. Gridley, I suppose?"

"What news, Mr. Penhallow?"

"First, that my partner has left very unexpectedly to enlist in a regiment just forming. Second, that the great land-case is decided in favor of the heirs of the late Malachi Withers."

"Your partner must have known about it yesterday?"

"He did, even before I knew it. He thought himself possessed of a very important document, as you know, of which he has made, or means to make, some use. You are aware of the artifice I employed to prevent any possible evil consequences from any action of his. I have the genuine document, of course. I wish you to go over with me to The Poplars, and I should be glad to have good-old Father Pemberton go with us; for it is a serious

matter, and will be a great surprise to more than one of the family."

They walked together to the old house, where the old clergyman had lived for more than half a century. He was used to being neglected by the people who ran after his younger colleague; and the attention paid him in asking him to be present on an important occasion, as he understood this to be, pleased him greatly. He smoothed his long white locks, and called a grand-daughter to help make him look fitly for such an occasion, and, being at last got into his grandest Sunday aspect, took his faithful staff, and set out with the two gentlemen for The Poplars. On the way, Mr. Penhallow explained to him the occasion of their visit, and the general character of the facts he had to announce. He wished the venerable minister to prepare Miss Silence Withers for a revelation which would materially change her future prospects. He thought it might be well, also, if he would say a few words to Myrtle Hazard, for whom a new life, with new and untried temptations, was about to open. His business was, as a lawyer, to make known to these parties the facts just come to his own knowledge affecting their interests. He had asked Mr. Gridley to go with him, as having intimate relations with one of the parties referred to, and as having been the principal agent in securing to that party the advantages which were to accrue to her from the new turn of events. "You are a second parent to her, Mr. Gridley," he said. "Your vigilance, your shrewdness, and your—spectacles have saved her. I hope she knows the full extent of her obligations to you, and that she will always look to you for counsel in all her needs. She will want a wise friend, for she is to begin the world anew."

What had happened, when she saw the three grave gentlemen at the door early in the forenoon, Mistress Kitty Fagan could not guess. Something relating to Miss Myrtle, no doubt:

she was n't goin' to be married right off to Mr. Clement,—was she,—and no church, nor cake, nor anything? The gentlemen were shown into the parlor. "Ask Miss Withers to go into the library, Kitty," said Master Gridley. "Dr. Pemberton wishes to speak with her." The good old man was prepared for a scene with Miss Silence. He announced to her, in a kind and delicate way, that she must make up her mind to the disappointment of certain expectations which she had long entertained, and which, as her lawyer, Mr. Penhallow, had come to inform her and others, were to be finally relinquished from this hour.

To his great surprise, Miss Silence received this communication almost cheerfully. It seemed more like a relief to her than anything else. Her one dread in this world was her "responsibility"; and the thought that she might have to account for ten talents hereafter, instead of one, had often of late been a positive distress to her. There was also in her mind a secret disgust at the thought of the hungry creatures who would swarm round her if she should ever be in a position to bestow patronage. This had grown upon her as the habits of lonely life gave her more and more of that fastidious dislike to males in general, as such, which is not rare in maidens who have seen the roses of more summers than politeness cares to mention.

Father Pemberton then asked if he could see Miss Myrtle Hazard a few moments in the library before they went into the parlor, where they were to meet Mr. Penhallow and Mr. Gridley, for the purpose of receiving the lawyer's communication.

What change was this which Myrtle had undergone since love had touched her heart, and her visions of worldly enjoyment had faded before the thought of sharing and ennobling the life of one who was worthy of her best affections,—of living for another, and of finding her own noblest self in that divine office of woman? She had laid aside the bracelet which she had so long worn

as a kind of charm as well as an ornament. One would have said her features had lost something of that look of imperious beauty which had added to her resemblance to the dead woman whose glowing portrait hung upon her wall. And if it could be that, after so many generations, the blood of her who had died for her faith could show in her descendant's veins, and the soul of that elect lady of her race look out from her far-removed offspring's dark eyes, such a transfusion of the martyr's life and spiritual being might well seem to manifest itself in Myrtle Hazard.

The large-hearted old man forgot his scholastic theory of human nature as he looked upon her face. He thought he saw in her the dawning of that grace which some are born with; which some, like Myrtle, only reach through many trials and dangers; which some seem to show for a while and then lose; which too many never reach while they wear the robes of earth, but which speaks of the kingdom of heaven already begun in the heart of a child of earth. He told her simply the story of the occurrences which had brought them together in the old house, with the message the lawyer was to deliver to its inmates. He wished to prepare her for what might have been too sudden a surprise.

But Myrtle was not wholly unprepared for some such revelation. There was little danger that any such announcement would throw her mind from its balance after the inward conflict through which she had been passing. For her lover had left her almost as soon as he had told her the story of his passion, and the relation in which he stood to her. He, too, had gone to answer his country's call to her children, not driven away by crime and shame and despair, but quitting all—his new-born happiness, the art in which he was an enthusiast, his prospects of success and honor—to obey the higher command of duty. War was to him, as to so many of

the noble youth who went forth, only organized barbarism, hateful but for the sacred cause which alone redeemed it from the curse that blasted the first murderer. God only knew the sacrifice such young men as he made.

How brief Myrtle's dream had been! She almost doubted, at some moments, whether she would not awake from it, as from her other visions, and find it all unreal. There was no need of fearing any undue excitement of her mind after the alternations of feeling she had just experienced. Nothing seemed of much moment to her which could come from without,—her real world was within, and the light of its day and the breath of its life came from her love, made holy by the self-forgetfulness on both sides which was born with it.

Only one member of the household was in danger of finding the excitement more than she could bear. Miss Cynthia knew that all Murray Bradshaw's plans, in which he had taken care that she should have a personal interest, had utterly failed. What he had done with the means of revenge in his power,—if, indeed, they were still in his power,—she did not know. She only knew that there had been a terrible scene, and that he had gone, leaving it uncertain whether he would ever return. It was with fear and trembling that she heard the summons which went forth, that the whole family should meet in the parlor to listen to a statement from Mr. Penhallow. They all gathered as requested, and sat round the room, with the exception of Mistress Kitty Fagan, who knew her place too well to be sittin' down with the likes o' them, and stood with attentive ears in the doorway.

Mr. Penhallow then read from a printed paper the decision of the Supreme Court in the land-case so long pending, where the estate of the late Malachi Withers was the claimant, against certain parties pretending to hold under an ancient grant. The decision was in favor of the estate.

"This gives a great property to the

heirs," Mr. Penhallow remarked, "and the question as to who these heirs are has to be opened. For the will under which Silence Withers, sister of the deceased, has inherited, is dated some years previously to the decease, and it was not very strange that a will of later date should be discovered. Such a will has been discovered. It is the instrument I have here."

Myrtle Hazard opened her eyes very widely, for the paper Mr. Penhallow held looked exactly like that which Murray Bradshaw had burned, and, what was curious, had some spots on it just like some she had noticed on that.

"This will," Mr. Penhallow said, "signed by witnesses dead or absent from this place, makes a disposition of the testator's property in some respects similar to that of the previous one, but with a single change, which proves to be of very great importance."

Mr. Penhallow proceeded to read the will. The important change in the disposition of the property was this. In case the land-claim was decided in favor of the estate, then, in addition to the small provision made for Myrtle Hazard, the property so coming to the estate should all go to her. There was no question about the genuineness and the legal sufficiency of this instrument. Its date was not very long after the preceding one, at a period when, as was well known, he had almost given up the hope of gaining his case, and when the property was of little value compared to that which it had at present.

A long silence followed this reading. Then, to the surprise of all, Miss Silence Withers rose, and went to Myrtle Hazard, and wished her joy with every appearance of sincerity. She was relieved of a great responsibility. Myrtle was young and could bear it better. She hoped that her young relative would live long to enjoy the blessings Providence had bestowed upon her, and to use them for the good of the community, and especially the promotion of the education of deserving

youth. If some fitting person could be found to advise Myrtle, whose affairs would require much care, it would be a great relief to her.

They all went up to Myrtle and congratulated her on her change of fortune. Even Cynthia Badlam got out a phrase or two which passed muster in the midst of the general excitement. As for Kitty Fagan, she could not say a word, but caught Myrtle's hand and kissed it as if it belonged to her own saint, and then, suddenly applying her apron to her eyes, retreated from a scene which was too much for her, in a state of complete mental beatitude and total bodily discomfiture.

Then Silence asked the old minister to make a prayer, and he stretched his hands up to Heaven, and called down all the blessings of Providence upon all the household, and especially upon this young handmaiden, who was to be tried with prosperity, and would need all aid from above to keep her from its dangers.

Then Mr. Penhallow asked Myrtle if she had any choice as to the friend who should have charge of her affairs.

Myrtle turned to Master Byles Gridley, and said, "You have been my friend and protector so far,—will you continue to be so hereafter?"

Master Gridley tried very hard to begin a few words of thanks to her for her preference, but, finding his voice a little uncertain, contented himself with pressing her hand and saying, "Most willingly, my dear daughter!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

THE same day the great news of Myrtle Hazard's accession to fortune came out, the secret was told that she had promised herself in marriage to Mr. Clement Lindsay. But her friends hardly knew how to congratulate her on this last event. Her lover was gone, to risk his life, not improbably to lose it, or to come home a wreck, crippled by wounds, or worn out with disease.

Some of them wondered to see her so cheerful in such a moment of trial. They could not know how the manly strength of Clement's determination had nerved her for womanly endurance. They had not learned that a great cause makes great souls, or reveals them to themselves,—a lesson taught by so many noble examples in the times that followed. Myrtle's only desire seemed to be to labor in some way to help the soldiers and their families. She appeared to have forgotten everything for these duties; she had no time for regrets, if she were disposed to indulge them, and she hardly asked a question as to the extent of the fortune which had fallen to her.

The next number of the "Banner and Oracle" contained two announcements which she read with some interest when her attention was called to them. They were as follows:—

"A fair and accomplished daughter of this village comes, by the late decision of the Supreme Court, into possession of a property estimated at a million of dollars or more. It consists of a large tract of land purchased many years ago by the late Malachi Withers, now become of immense value by the growth of a city in its neighborhood, the opening of mines, etc., etc. It is rumored that the lovely and highly educated heiress has formed a connection looking towards matrimony with a certain distinguished artist."

"Our distinguished young townsman, William Murray Bradshaw, Esq., has been among the first to respond to the call of the country for champions to defend her from traitors. We understand that he has obtained a captaincy in the —th Regiment, about to march to the threatened seat of war. May victory perch on his banners!"

The two lovers, parted by their own self-sacrificing choice in the very hour that promised to bring them so much happiness, labored for the common cause during all the terrible years of warfare, one in the camp and the field, the other in the not less needful work which the good women carried on at home, or wherever their services were needed. Clement—now Captain Lindsay—returned at the end of his first campaign charged with a special office. Some months later, after one of the great battles, he was sent home wounded. He wore the leaf on his

shoulder which entitled him to be called Major Lindsay. He recovered from his wound only too rapidly, for Myrtle had visited him daily in the military hospital where he had resided for treatment; and it was bitter parting. The telegraph wires were thrilling almost hourly with messages of death, and the long pine boxes came by almost every train,—no need of asking what they held!

Once more he came, detailed on special duty, and this time with the eagle on his shoulder,—he was Colonel Lindsay. The lovers could not part again of their own free will. Some adventurous women had followed their husbands to the camp, and Myrtle looked as if she could play the part of the Maid of Saragossa on occasion. So Clement asked her if she would return with him as his wife; and Myrtle answered, with as much willingness to submit as a maiden might fairly show under such circumstances, that she would do his bidding. Thereupon, with the shortest possible legal notice, Father Pemberton was sent for, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of a few witnesses in the large parlor at The Poplars, which was adorned with flowers, and hung round with all the portraits of the dead members of the family, summoned as witnesses to the celebration. One witness looked on with unmoved features, yet Myrtle thought there was a more heavenly smile on her faded lips than she had ever seen before beaming from the canvas,—it was Ann Holyoake, the martyr to her faith, the guardian spirit of Myrtle's visions, who seemed to breathe a holier benediction than any words—even those of the good old Father Pemberton himself—could convey.

They went back together to the camp. From that period until the end of the war, Myrtle passed her time between the life of the tent and that of the hospital. In the offices of mercy which she performed for the sick and the wounded and the dying, the dross of her nature seemed to be

burned away. The conflict of mingled lives in her blood had ceased. No lawless impulses usurped the place of that serene resolve which had grown strong by every exercise of its high prerogative. If she had been called now to die for any worthy cause, her race would have been ennobled by a second martyr, true to the blood of her who died under the cruel Queen.

Many sad sights she saw in the great hospital where she passed some months at intervals,—one never to be forgotten. An officer was brought into the ward where she was in attendance. "Shot through the lungs,—pretty nearly gone."

She went softly to his bedside. He was breathing with great difficulty; his face was almost convulsed with the effort, but she recognized him in a moment: it was Murray Bradshaw,—Captain Bradshaw,—as she knew by the bars on his coat flung upon the bed where he had just been laid.

She addressed him by name, tenderly as if he had been a dear brother; she saw on his face that hers were to be the last kind words he would ever hear.

He turned his glazing eyes upon her. "Who are you?" he said in a feeble voice.

"An old friend," she answered; "you knew me as Myrtle Hazard."

He started. "You by my bedside! You caring for me!—for me, that burned the title to your fortune to ashes before your eyes! You can't forgive that,—I won't believe it! Don't you hate me, dying as I am?"

Myrtle was used to maintaining a perfect calmness of voice and countenance, and she held her feelings, firmly down. "I have nothing to forgive you, Mr. Bradshaw. You may have meant to do me wrong, but Providence raised up a protector for me. The paper you burned was not the original,—it was a copy substituted for it—"

"And did the old man outwit me after all?" he cried out, rising suddenly in bed, and clasping his hands behind his head to give him a few

more gasps of breath. "I knew he was cunning, but I thought I was his match. It must have been Byles Gridley,—nobody else. And so the old man beat me after all, and saved you from ruin! Thank God that it came out so! Thank God! I can die now. Give me your hand, Myrtle."

She took his hand, and held it until it gently loosed its hold, and he ceased to breathe. Myrtle's creed was a simple one, with more of trust and love in it than of systematized articles of belief. She cherished the fond hope that these last words of one who had erred so miserably were a token of some blessed change which the influences of the better world might carry onward until he should have outgrown the sins and the weaknesses of his earthly career.

Soon after this she rejoined her husband in the camp. From time to time they received stray copies of the "Banner and Oracle," which, to Myrtle especially, were full of interest, even to the last advertisement. A few paragraphs may be reproduced here which relate to persons who have figured in this narrative.

"TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

"Married, on the 6th instant, Fordyce Hurlbut, M. D., to Olive, only daughter of the Rev. Ambrose Eveleth. The editor of this paper returns his acknowledgments for a bountiful slice of the wedding-cake. May their shadows never be less!"

Not many weeks after this appeared the following:—

"Died in this place, on the 28th instant, the venerable Lemuel Hurlbut, M. D., at the great age of XCVI years.

"With the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days understanding."

Myrtle recalled his kind care of her in her illness, and paid the tribute of a sigh to his memory,—there was nothing in a death like his to call for any aching regret.

The usual routine of small occurrences was duly recorded in the village paper for some weeks longer, when she was startled and shocked by receiving a number containing the following paragraph:—

"CALAMITOUS ACCIDENT!"

"It is known to our readers that the steeple of the old meeting-house was struck by lightning about a month ago. The frame of the building was a good deal jarred by the shock, but no danger was apprehended from the injury it had received. On Sunday last the congregation came together as usual. The Rev. Mr. Stoker was alone in the pulpit, the Rev. Doctor Pemberton having been detained by slight indisposition. The sermon was from the text, '*The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.*' (Isaiah xl. 6.) The pastor described the millennium as the reign of love and peace, in eloquent and impressive language. He was in the midst of the prayer which follows the sermon, and had just put up a petition that the spirit of affection and faith and trust might grow up and prevail among the flock of which he was the shepherd, more especially those dear lambs whom he gathered with his arm, and carried in his bosom, when the old sounding-board, which had hung safely for nearly a century,—loosened, no doubt, by the bolt which had fallen on the church,—broke from its fastenings, and fell with a loud crash upon the pulpit, crushing the Rev. Mr. Stoker under its ruins. The scene that followed beggars description. Cries and shrieks resounded through the house. Two or three young women fainted entirely away. Mr. Penhallow, Deacon Rumrill, Gifted Hopkins, Esq., and others, came forward immediately, and after much effort succeeded in removing the wreck of the sounding-board, and extricating their unfortunate pastor. He was not fatally injured, it is hoped; but, sad to relate, he received such a violent blow upon the spine of the back, that palsy of the lower extremities is like to ensue. He is at present lying entirely helpless. Every attention is paid to him by his affectionately devoted family."

Myrtle had hardly got over the pain which the reading of this unfortunate occurrence gave her, when her eyes were gladdened by the following pleasing piece of intelligence, contained in a subsequent number of the village paper:—

"IMPOSING CEREMONY.

"The Reverend Doctor Pemberton performed the impressive rite of baptism upon the first-born child of our distinguished townsman, Gifted Hopkins, Esq., the Bard of Oxbow Village, and Mrs. Susan P. Hopkins, his amiable and respected lady. The babe conducted himself with singular propriety on this occasion. He received the Christian name of Byron Tennyson Browning. May he prove worthy of his name and his parentage!"

The end of the war came at last, and found Colonel Lindsay among its unharmed survivors. He returned with Myrtle to her native village, and they established themselves, at the request of Miss Silence Withers, in the old family mansion. Miss Cynthia, to whom Myrtle made a generous allow-

ance, had gone to live in a town not many miles distant, where she had a kind of home on sufferance, as well as at The Poplars. This was a convenience just then, because Nurse Byloe was invited to stay with them for a month or two; and one nurse and two single women under the same roof keep each other in a stew all the time, as the old dame somewhat sharply remarked.

Master Byles Gridley had been appointed Myrtle's legal protector, and, with the assistance of Mr. Penhallow, had brought the property she inherited into a more manageable and productive form; so that, when Clement began his fine studio behind the old mansion, he felt that at least he could pursue his art, or arts, if he chose to give himself to sculpture, without that dreadful hag, Necessity, standing by him to pinch the features of all his ideals, and give them something of her own likeness.

Silence Withers was more cheerful now that she had got rid of her responsibility. She embellished her spare person a little more than in former years. These young people looked so happy! Love was not so unendurable, perhaps, after all.—No woman need despair,—especially if she has a house over her, and a snug little property. A worthy man, a former missionary, of the best principles, but of a slightly jocose and good-humored habit, thought that he could piece his widowed years with the not insignificant fraction of life left to Miss Silence, to their mutual advantage. He came to the village, therefore, where Father Pemberton was very glad to have him supply the pulpit in the place of his unfortunate disabled colleague. The courtship soon began, and was brisk enough; for the good man knew there was no time to lose at his period of life,—or hers either, for that matter. It was a rather odd specimen of love-making; for he was constantly trying to subdue his features to a gravity which they were not used to, and she was as constantly endeavoring to be as lively as possible, with the innocent desire of pleasing her light-hearted suitor.

"Vieille fille fait jeune mariée." Silence was ten years younger as a bride than she had seemed as a lone woman. One would have said she had got out of the coach next to the hearse, and got into one some half a dozen behind it,—where there is often good and reasonably cheerful conversation going on about the virtues of the deceased, the probable amount of his property, or the little slips he may have committed, and where occasionally a subdued pleasantness at his expense sets the four waistcoats shaking that were lifting with sighs a half-hour ago in the house of mourning. But Miss Silence, that was, thought that two families, with all the possible complications which time might bring, would be better in separate establishments. She therefore proposed selling The Poplars to Myrtle and her husband, and removing to a house in the village, which would be large enough for them, at least for the present. So the young folks bought the old house, and paid a mighty good price for it, and enlarged it, and beautified and glorified it, and one fine morning went together down to the Widow Hopkins's, whose residence seemed in danger of being a little crowded,—for Gifted lived there with his Susan,—and what had happened might happen again,—and gave Master Byles Gridley a formal and most persuasively worded invitation to come up and make his home with them at The Poplars.

Now Master Gridley has been betrayed into palpable and undisguised weakness at least once in the presence of this assembly, who are looking upon him almost for the last time before they part from him, and see his face no more. Let us not inquire too curiously, then, how he received this kind proposition. It is enough, that, when he found that a new study had been built on purpose for him, and a sleeping-room attached to it so that he could live there without disturbing anybody if he chose, he consented to remove there for a while, and that he was there established amidst great rejoicing.

Cynthia Badlam had fallen of late in-

to poor health. She found at last that she was going; and as she had a little property of her own,—as almost all poor relations have, only there is not enough of it,—she was much exercised in her mind as to the final arrangements to be made respecting its disposition. The Rev. Dr. Pemberton was one day surprised by a message, that she wished to have an interview with him. He rode over to the town in which she was residing, and there had a long conversation with her upon this matter. When this was settled, her mind seemed to be more at ease. She died with a comfortable assurance that she was going to a better world, and with a bitter conviction that it would be hard to find one that would offer her a worse lot than being a poor relation in this.

Her little property was left to Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton and Jacob Penhallow, Esq., to be by them employed for such charitable purposes as they should elect, educational or other. Father Pemberton preached an admirable funeral sermon, in which he praised her virtues, known to this people among whom she had long lived, and especially that crowning act by which she devoted all she had to purposes of charity and benevolence.

The old clergyman seemed to have renewed his youth since the misfortune of his colleague had incapacitated him from labor. He generally preached in the *forenoon* now, and to the great acceptance of the people,—for the truth was that the honest minister who had married Miss Silence was not young enough or good-looking enough to be an object of personal attentions like the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker,—and the old minister appeared to great advantage contrasted with him in the pulpit. Poor Mr. Stoker was now helpless, faithfully and tenderly waited upon by his own wife, who had regained her health and strength,—in no small measure, perhaps, from the great need of sympathy and active aid which her unfortunate husband now experienced. It was an astonishment to herself when

she found that she who had so long been served was able to serve another. Some who knew his errors thought his accident was a judgment; but others believed that it was only a mercy in disguise,—it snatched him roughly from his sin, but it opened his heart to gratitude towards her whom his neglect could not alienate, and through gratitude to repentance and better thoughts. Bathsheba had long ago promised herself to Cyprian Eveleth; and, as he was about to become the rector of a parish in the next town, the marriage was soon to take place.

How beautifully serene Master Byles Gridley's face was growing! Clement loved to study its grand lines, which had so much strength and fine humanity blended in them. He was so fascinated by their noble expression that he sometimes seemed to forget himself, and looked at him more like an artist taking his portrait than like an admiring friend. He maintained that Master Gridley had a bigger bump of benevolence and as large a one of cautiousness as the two people most famous for the size of these organs on the phrenological chart he showed him, and proved it, or nearly proved it, by careful measurements of his head. Master Gridley laughed, and read him a passage on the pseudo-sciences out of his book.

The disposal of Miss Cynthia's bequest was much discussed in the village. Some wished the trustees would use it to lay the foundations of a public library. Others thought it should be applied for the relief of the families of soldiers who had fallen in the war. Still another set would take it to build a monument to the memory of those heroes. The trustees listened with the greatest candor to all these gratuitous hints. It was, however, suggested, in a well-written anonymous article which appeared in the village paper, that it was desirable to follow the general lead of the testator's apparent preference. The trustees were at liberty to do as they saw fit; but, other things being equal, some educational object

should be selected. If there were any orphan children in the place, it would seem to be very proper to devote the moderate sum bequeathed to educating them. The trustees recognized the justice of this suggestion. Why not apply it to the instruction and maintenance of those two pretty and promising children, virtually orphans, whom the charitable Mrs. Hopkins had cared for so long without any recompense, and at a cost which would soon become beyond her means? The good people of the neighborhood accepted this as the best solution of the difficulty. It was agreed upon at length by the trustees, that the Cynthia Badlam Fund for Educational Purposes should be applied for the benefit of the two foundlings known as Isosceles and Helminthia Hopkins.

Master Byles Gridley was greatly exercised about the two "preposterous names," as he called them, which in a moment of eccentric impulse he had given to these children of nature. He ventured to hint as much to Mrs. Hopkins. The good dame was vastly surprised. She thought they was about as pooty names as anybody had had given 'em in the village. And they was so handy, spoke short, — Sossy and Minthy, — she never should know how to call 'em anything else.

"But, my dear Mrs. Hopkins," Master Gridley urged, "if you knew the meaning they have to the ears of scholars, you would see that I did very wrong to apply such absurd names to my little fellow-creatures, and that I am bound to rectify my error. More than that, my dear madam, I mean to consult you as to the new names; and if we can fix upon proper and pleasing ones, it is my intention to leave a pretty legacy in my will to these interesting children."

"Mr. Gridley," said Mrs. Hopkins, "you 're the best man I ever see, or ever shall see, . . . except my poor dear Ammi. . . . I'll do jest as you say about that, or about anything else in all this livin' world."

"Well, then, Mrs. Hopkins, what shall be the boy's name?"

"Byles Gridley Hopkins!" she answered instantly.

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Gridley, "think a minute, my dear madam. I will not say one word, — only think a minute, and mention some name that will not suggest quite so many winks and whispers."

She did think something less than a minute, and then said aloud, "Abraham Lincoln Hopkins."

"Fifteen thousand children have been so christened the past year, on a moderate computation."

"Do think of some name yourself, Mr. Gridley; I shall like anything that you like. To think of those dear babes having a fund — if that's the right name — on purpose for 'em, and a promise of a legacy, — I hope they won't get *that* till they 're a hundred year old!"

"What if we change Isosceles to Theodore, Mrs. Hopkins? That means *the gift of God*, and the child has been a gift from Heaven, rather than a burden."

Mrs. Hopkins seized her apron, and held it to her eyes. She was weeping. "Theodore!" she said, — "Theodore! My little brother's name, that I buried when I was only eleven year old. Drowned. The dearest little child that ever you see. I have got his little mug with Theodore on it now. Kep' o' purpose. Our little Sossy shall have it. Theodore P. Hopkins, — sha'n't it be, Mr. Gridley?"

"Well, if you say so; but why that P., Mrs. Hopkins? Theodore Parker, is it?"

"Does n't P. stand for Pemberton, and is n't Father Pemberton the best man in the world — next to you, Mr. Gridley?"

"Well, well, Mrs. Hopkins, let it be so, if you like; if you are suited, I am. Now about Helminthia; there can't be any doubt about what we ought to call her, — surely the friend of orphans should be remembered in naming one of the objects of her charity."

"Cynthia Badlam Fund Hopkins,"

said the good woman triumphantly, — “is that what you mean?”

“Suppose we leave out one of the names, — four are too many. I think the general opinion will be that Helminthia should unite the names of her two benefactresses, — Cynthia Badlam Hopkins.”

“Why, law! Mr. Gridley, is n’t that nice? — Minthy and Cynthy, — there ain’t but one letter of difference! Poor Cynthy would be pleased if she could know that one of our babes was to be called after her. She was dreadful fond of children.”

On one of the sweetest Sundays that ever made Oxbow Village lovely, the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Pemberton was summoned to officiate at three most interesting ceremonies, — a wedding and two christenings, one of the latter a double one.

The first was celebrated at the house of the Rev. Mr. Stoker, between the Rev. Cyprian Eveleth and Bathsheba, daughter of the first-named clergyman. He could not be present on account of his great infirmity, but the door of his chamber was left open that he might hear the marriage service performed. The old, white-haired minister, assisted, as the papers said, by the bridegroom’s father, conducted the ceremony according to the Episcopal form. When he came to those solemn words in which the husband promises fidelity to the wife so long as they both shall live, the nurse, who was watching near the poor father, saw him bury his face in his pillow, and heard him murmur the words, “God be merciful to me a sinner!”

The christenings were both to take place at the same service, in the old meeting-house. Colonel Clement Lindsay and Myrtle his wife came in, and stout Nurse Byloe bore their sturdy infant in her arms. A slip of paper was handed to the Reverend Doctor on which these words were written: — “The name is Charles Hazard.”

The solemn and touching rite was then performed; and Nurse Byloe disappeared with the child, its forehead

glistening with the dew of its consecration.

Then, hand in hand, like the babes in the wood, marched up the broad aisle — marshalled by Mrs. Hopkins in front, and Mrs. Gifted Hopkins bringing up the rear — the two children hitherto known as Isosceles and Helminthia. They had been well schooled, and, as the mysterious and to them incomprehensible ceremony was enacted, maintained the most stoical aspect of tranquillity. In Mrs. Hopkins’s words, “They looked like picters, and behaved like angels.”

That evening, Sunday evening as it was, there was a quiet meeting of some few friends at The Poplars. It was such a great occasion that the Sabbatical rules, never strict about Sunday evening, — which was, strictly speaking, secular time, — were relaxed. Father Pemberton was there, and Master Byles Gridley, of course, and the Rev. Ambrose Eveleth, with his son and his daughter-in-law, Bathsheba, and her mother, now in comfortable health, Aunt Silence and her husband, Doctor Hurlbut and his wife (Olive Eveleth that was), Jacob Penhallow, Esq., Mrs. Hopkins, her son and his wife (Susan Posey that was), the senior deacon of the old church (the admirer of the great Scott), the Editor-in-chief of the “Banner and Oracle,” and, in the background, Nurse Byloe and the privileged servant, Mistress Kitty Fagan, with a few others whose names we need not mention.

The evening was made pleasant with sacred music, and the fatigues of two long services repaired by such simple refectations as would not turn the holy day into a day of labor. A large-paper copy of the new edition of Byles Gridley’s remarkable work was lying on the table. He never looked so happy, — could anything fill his cup fuller? In the course of the evening Clement spoke of the many trials through which they had passed in common with vast numbers of their countrymen, and some of those peculiar dangers which

Myrtle had had to encounter in the course of a life more eventful, and attended with more risks, perhaps, than most of them imagined. But Myrtle, he said, had always been specially cared for. He wished them to look upon the semblance of that protecting spirit who had been faithful to her in her gravest hours of trial and danger. If they would follow him into one of the lesser apartments up stairs they would have an opportunity to do so.

Myrtle wondered a little, but followed with the rest. They all ascended to the little projecting chamber, through the window of which her scarlet jacket caught the eyes of the boys paddling about on the river in those early days when Cyprian Eveleth gave it the name of the Fire-hang-bird's Nest.

The light fell softly but clearly on the dim and faded canvas from which looked the saintly features of the mar-

tyred woman, whose continued presence with her descendants was the old family legend. But underneath it Myrtle was surprised to see a small table with some closely covered object upon it. It was a mysterious arrangement, made without any knowledge on her part.

"Now, then, Kitty!" Mr. Lindsay said.

Kitty Fagan, who had evidently been taught her part, stepped forward, and removed the cloth which concealed the unknown object. It was a lifelike marble bust of Master Byles Gridley.

"And this is what you have been working at so long, — is it, Clement?" Myrtle said.

"Which is the image of your protector, Myrtle?" he answered, smiling.

Myrtle Hazard Lindsay walked up to the bust, and kissed its marble forehead, saying, "This is the face of my Guardian Angel!"

A MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE.

FROM the first, our country has been a refuge, not only for kings and princes and statesmen and warriors, but for all sorts of adventurers and impostors. Following hard after Kosciuszko, General Charles Lee, Baron Steuben, Baron de Kalb, Lord Stirling, and Lafayette, we had Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, and Jerome Bonaparte, and Joseph, king of Spain; and, but for a sudden change of wind, might have had Napoleon the Great himself — after the affair of Waterloo. We have always been, and must continue to be, overrun with pretendérs, mountebanks, blood relations of Charles Fox, Lord Byron, and the Guelphs, who are always in the market.

Never, at any time, however, have we had a more puzzling or mysterious visitant than Major-General Bratish

— Baron Fratelin — Count Eliovich. I knew him well, — better, I believe, than others who had known him longer, but under less trying circumstances. I stood by him through thick and thin. I fought his battles for a long while, and almost always single-handed, against a cloud of enemies, at a time when he appeared to be hunted for his life by a band of conspirators, and was undoubtedly beset by eavesdroppers and spies at every turn.

All at once, after a dazzling career in the political and literary world beyond seas, continuing for many years, and followed by a course here which kept him always before the public, and for something more than two years made it almost a distinction for anybody to be acquainted with him, this General Bratish — Count Eliovich —

found himself an outcast, helpless and hopeless, obliged to live from hand to mouth.

That he was greatly belied, I had reason to know. That he was cruelly misunderstood, and wickedly misrepresented by the whole newspaper press of our country, I had reason to believe, upon evidence not to be questioned; but we are anticipating.

One day, in the summer or fall of 1839, Colonel Bouchette of Quebec, son of the late Surveyor-General of Canada, brought a stranger to see me, whom he introduced as Major-General Bratish, late in the service of her Catholic Majesty, the Queen of Spain, and associate of General De Lacy Evans, of the Auxiliary Legion. They were both (Bouchette and Bratish) living in Portland at the time, and occupied chambers in the same building; and I inferred from what passed in this or in a subsequent interview that the Colonel had known the General in Quebec or Montreal, about the time of the outbreak there in which they were implicated.

The object they had in view, on their first visit, was to open a way for General Bratish to lecture in Portland, upon some one—or more—of many subjects,—on Greece, Hungary, Poland, the war in Spain, South America, our own Revolutionary War, modern languages, or matters and things in general.

The appearance and deportment of the gentleman were much in his favor. He seemed both frank and fearless, with a mixture of modesty and self-reliance quite captivating. He looked to be about five-and-thirty, according to my present recollection, stood five feet nine or ten, with a broad chest and good figure. He had not much of military bearing,—certainly not more than we see in General Grant,—and on the whole bore the appearance of a young, handsome, healthy, well-bred Englishman, accustomed to good society. He was neither talkative nor reserved, but natural and free; speaking our language with uncommon pro-

priety, French and German still better, and Italian like a native, and often expressing himself with singular strength and picturesqueness,—reminding me of the Italian poet and critic, Ugo Foscolo,—whom I saw at the time he was furnishing the papers translated by Mrs. Sarah Austin for the Edinburgh Review.

Arrangements were soon made for a first appearance; and the result was all that could have been hoped for, and much more than could reasonably have been expected. His manner was dignified, unpretending, and earnest; and he had a sort of unstudied natural eloquence, quite wonderful in a foreigner, unacquainted with our idioms and unaccustomed to platform speaking. Whatever might be the subject, he always talked with an air of modest truthfulness, and gave the most dramatic and startling narratives, like an eyewitness on the stand, testifying under oath. Never shall I forget Warsaw, nor the battle of Navarino, as rapidly sketched by him in a sort of parenthesis, while he was lecturing upon a very different subject; he wanted an illustration, and both of these pictures flashed suddenly out upon us. The other lectures that followed his first seemed, up to the very last, to grow better and better, until we had faith, not only in his representations, but in the man himself.

Instead of shunning, he rather invited inquiry; and at an interview with the late Mr. Edward Preble, son of the Commodore, when that gentleman was questioning him about Tripoli, and was preparing to show him the very charts used by the Commodore, the General refused to look at them, and instantly drew a sketch of the harbor, with the castles, batteries, and fortifications, and gave the soundings and approaches; and all these, upon a careful examination, proved to be correct in every particular, according to the testimony of Mr. Preble himself.

About this time, in consequence of the favorable notices that appeared in our Portland papers, the Philadelphia

Ledger, the Saturday Courier, and some other journals of that city, opened upon him in full cry, followed by the American press generally; the Courier declaring that he had taken *leg bail* and escaped from Canada,—that he had run away from Rochester, after obtaining five hundred dollars from Henry McIlvaine, Esq., of the Philadelphia bar, in the shape of fees for constituting that gentleman “Consul-General of Greece”! By others he was charged with being a tin-pedler, a horse-thief, and a leech-doctor, who had assumed the title of Count long after his arrival in this country. Among many anonymous letters—letters addressed to strangers in Portland—came one from Henry McIlvaine himself, saying: “I see by the Portland papers, that a man calling himself *sometimes* General Bratish, at others General Eliovich, Count Eliovich, Baron Fratelin and Walbeck, and claiming to have been a general in the Polish, Spanish, Mexican, and other armies, is now in your town; and I should suppose, from the papers *who* have noticed him, imposing upon respectable people. Having seen something of this person, and been *myself* a *victim*, I have felt it due to my friends in Portland to put them on their guard. He is the son of a merchant in Trieste, driven from his home and his friends in consequence of his crimes. His pretension to any of the titles he claims is altogether without foundation. After *exhausting Europe*, he has within a few years turned his talents to good account in our country. He made his appearance here about two years ago as Consul-General and Envoy from Greece, in which capacity he was very free with his commissions of vice-consulships in New York and Philadelphia. He was indicted here for forgery,—*convicted*,—obtained a new trial by the false oaths of his associates, some of whom are now in the state prison (one for horse-stealing), and gave bail for his appearance at the next term. The pretence for a new trial was the absence of a witness *who never existed*, but who was ex-

pected to prove his innocence. Before the next term, the Consul-General took wing, leaving his bail, a simple Frenchman, to pay the forfeit. It would be impossible for me to give anything like a history of his crimes in a letter. Suffice it to say that he is a notorious swindler, the most unblushing and inexhaustible liar and the most finished rascal I ever saw.”

If this were true, how happened it that the notorious swindler, the horse-thief, the convicted forger, and the escaped convict was still at large,—and not only at large, but always before the public, and *always without a change of name*? Why was he not surrendered by his bail? Why not followed by a bench warrant, or a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania? Of course, the story could not be true, as told by Mr. McIlvaine. It was too absurd on the face of it.

But was any part of the story true? and, if so, how much? Having been frequently imposed upon, both at home and abroad, by adventurers and pretenders, I determined to go to the bottom of this case before I committed myself, and I must say that, for a while, the stories told by General Bratish, and the explanations he gave, seemed to me still more absurd and preposterous.

According to his story—to give one example out of a score—he had been obliged to apply for the benefit of the Insolvent Act, in Philadelphia, owing to losses he had sustained by lending money to distressed compatriots, and eleemosynary outcasts, and had been opposed in the Court of Insolvency by Colonel John Stille, Jr. and Mr. Henry McIlvaine, who threatened him with a prosecution for the forgery of consular papers, if he dared to appear. He declared that he did appear, nevertheless, and was honorably discharged; that his claims and evidences of debt, handed over to Mr. McIlvaine, the assignee, amounted to \$7,620 for cash lent, while his debts altogether amounted to less than \$1,000; that he was arrested while in court, on a warrant for forgery, and

there subjected to a long and rigorous examination by Messrs. McIlvaine and Stille, who had got possession of all the claims against him; that the offence charged consisted in issuing a commission as Vice-Consul of Greece, *with General Bratish's own signature!* that McIlvaine went before Mr. Alderman Binns to get the warrant for forgery, and employed Colonel John Stille, Jr., his coadjutor, to appear as public prosecutor in the Mayor's Court of Philadelphia; that he, General Bratish, was put upon trial before a bench of aldermen, not a man of the whole except the Recorder being acquainted with the rudiments of law; that, on being arraigned, he refused to plead, and called no witnesses himself, though some were called by his counsel, — when the Recorder directed the plea of “Not guilty” to be entered, and the trial to proceed; that he claimed to be a foreign consul provisionally appointed, entered a formal protest, which appeared in the papers of the day, and never deigned to open his mouth, until, to the consternation and amazement of all who understood the case, the jury found him *guilty*, under the direction of the Recorder, — a direction which amounted to this, namely, that, while General Bratish could not be legally convicted of the offence charged, he might be convicted of another offence *not charged!* that a motion for a new trial was entered at the suggestion of the Recorder himself, and was finally argued in a burst of indignation by General Bratish, who thrust aside his counsel, and refused to be delivered on technical grounds; that the motion was opposed by Messrs. McIlvaine and Stille, but prevailed; that the verdict was set aside, a new trial granted, and General Bratish was allowed to go at large, on greatly reduced bail, every member of the court concurring, except Mr. Alderman McKean; that no sooner was the trial over, and the proceedings published, than a public meeting was called through the National Gazette, the Public Ledger, the United States Gazette, and the Pennsylvanian, and all persons were in-

vited to appear, and bring forward their charges — if any they had — against him; that such a meeting, both large and respectable, was held at the College of Pharmacy, and resolutions were adopted, declaring the character of General Bratish to be “*unimpeached and unimpeachable*,” his authority from Greece to be fully proved, and his identity to have been established by the testimony of “several highly respectable gentlemen present”; that, before he could have another trial, the court was abolished; and that, after waiting two months for the prosecutor to move, for want of something better to do, General Bratish betook himself to Canada; that he was followed there, watched, arrested for a horse-thief, immediately and honorably discharged, re-arrested upon a suspicion of high treason, put beyond the reach of a *habeas corpus* writ, and confined for seven months, in the citadel of Quebec and elsewhere, *as à prisoner of state*, &c., &c.

Such was a part of his story; and astonishing as it* may appear — incredible, I might say — I found it, after a most careful investigation, to be not only substantially true, but scrupulously exact. The evidence came to me through unwilling or prejudiced witnesses, — my friend, Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia, among the number, — and was corroborated throughout by official documents and published proceedings. And here I may as well add, that Mr. Arnold Buffum was chairman, and J. Griffith, M. D. secretary, of the meeting above referred to, of March 6th, 1838.

While this unhappy controversy was raging, and our people were dividing upon the questions involved, a little incident occurred which had a very wholesome effect upon our misgivings. The General happened to be in conversation with a stranger one day, when the subject of Unitarianism, as it existed in the North of Europe, came up. Something was then said about the great Unitarian Convention held at Cork, Ireland, two or three years be-

fore. General Bratish said he was in attendance, and had let fall some remarks there. A by-stander, who had very little faith in our hero, caught at the ravelling thus dropped. If what the General said were true, surely some evidence might be found by diligent search. And, sure enough! the gentleman found a copy of the *Christian Pioneer*, in Boston, giving an account of that very Convention. He acknowledged to me that he opened the journal with fear and trembling, but soon came upon what purported to be an abstract of a speech by General Bratish, and what furnished abundant confirmation of his highest pretensions as a soldier, as a writer, as a patriot, and as a philanthropist. I saw the *Pioneer* myself. It was a monthly journal, published in Glasgow, Scotland, July, 1835. The speech, as reported, was eminently characteristic, and the summary that followed was in the following words:—

"The society was gratified on this occasion by the presence of the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow, whose visit to Cork the committee gladly availed themselves of, earnestly requesting his attendance; and of Mr. Bratish, a native of Hungary, and a member of the Hungarian Diet, who, in consequence of his intrepid advocacy of the cause of much-injured Poland, both in his place in the legislature, and subsequently with his pen and his sword, has been obliged to fly his country, and take refuge in this kingdom."

Among the most damaging allegations was one to this effect, that Mr. Forsyth, our Secretary of State, had contradicted the story of General Bratish about his consular authority and proceedings in every particular. So far was this from being true, that Mr. Forsyth confirmed the story of General Bratish in substance, acknowledging to me that he knew nothing to his prejudice, and that General Bratish had held such communications with him as he had represented.

Yet more, while I was patiently and quietly pursuing these investigations,

Colonel Bouchette handed me a copy of the Bath (Me.) *Telegraph Extra*, of July 19, 1839, containing a report of the proceedings at a public meeting held there, in consequence of the newspaper charges and anonymous letters which had followed our adventurer to that city. It was headed "*General Bratish Eliovich (Baron Fratelin)*," and was signed by Judge Clapp (Ebenezer), and by Henry Masters, Secretary. The resolutions were brief but conclusive; and the committee that drew them up, after a thorough investigation, were chosen from among the most respectable citizens of the place. "Every specific charge brought forward by responsible persons," they say, "was most completely refuted, and the truth was found entirely in accordance with the statements and accounts of the transactions given beforehand by General Bratish"; and they declare him "entitled to the confidence and respect of the community at large," saying that "his conduct in this State has been that of a gentleman and man of honor."

I found too, that, go where he would, behave as he might, the moment his name appeared in the papers, anonymous letters and paragraphs followed, denouncing him as a "pedler," as a "native Yankee," as a thief who had robbed a fellow-boarder at Bedford Springs and then run away, taking one of the most unfrequented roads "across the country to Cumberland, upon which no public conveyance runs"; and yet I found, upon further inquiry, that he went off by the regular mail coach direct to Philadelphia, drove straight to the Marshall House, where he had always put up, (one of the largest and most respectable establishments in the city,) and entered his name at length on the travellers' book in the usual way, and was received by McIlvaine himself and others he had met with at Bedford Springs, on a footing of the most friendly intimacy, for over two months after the alleged robbery and exposure.

I ascertained further, that he came to this country in the summer of 1836 on board the *Statesman*, Captain Mans-

field, from Gothenburg to Salem, with letters from Christopher Hughes, our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Stockholm, to his son at New York, and with a Swedish passport to North America, duly authenticated, in which he was called "the Honorable John Bratish de Fratelín"; that he had many other letters, bills of credit, and drafts, and a large amount of money in gold, — some "thousands of dollars" according to the testimony of Captain N. B. Mansfield himself, with whom I communicated by letter; that he was brought on board in the Governor's barge, and was known to have been treated with great distinction by the Swedish nobility, and to have been so well received by Bernadotte himself, the king of Sweden, as to give rise to a report that he was a son of Murat, the late king of Naples, whose queen he certainly resembled, as he did others of the Bonaparte family; that on the passage he put on no airs, claimed no title, but chose to be called plain Mr. Bratish, until his rank was discovered, and he came to be known as General John Bratish Eliovich (the son of Elias), Baron Fratelin; that after a twelve-month's residence at Boston and Salem, holding intercourse with what is there called the best society, he went to Washington, where he passed the winter of 1837–38 among the fashionables and upper-tens; that, while there, he received the provisional appointment of Consul-General for the United States from the Regency of Greece, dated February 15, 1837, upon which he threw up an engagement he had entered into with General Duff Greene, which secured him a respectable support, and set about seeing the country; that after travelling from New York to New Orleans, he returned to the North, and stopped for a month or two at Bedford Springs, *about a day's journey from Philadelphia*; that being disappointed in remittances and receipts, and unable to collect moneys he had lent to his compatriots, he could not pay his bill for six weeks' board, amounting to fifty dollars, and went to Philadelphia, leav-

ing with Mr. Brown, the landlord, a part of his baggage and books, after trying in vain to dispose of a valuable platina medal; that in Philadelphia, Mr. McIlvaine — notwithstanding the alleged robbery — lent him one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and was constituted Vice-Consul of Greece *ad interim*, that is, "until the pleasure of his Majesty, the king of Greece, should be known."

Here then was the foundation of all the attacks made upon the unhappy General; but was there not something behind, — something *below* this foundation? The extraordinary case of Dr. Follen, who was hunted from pillar to post, year after year, and wellnigh lied into his grave, shows what may be done by conspirators and spies and slanderers, when a respectable man grows obnoxious to a foreign power. If he is at all headstrong or imprudent, nothing can save him. Oddly enough, it happens that one of the very papers which followed Dr. Follen whithersoever he went, like a sleuth-hound, — the Philadelphia Gazette, — was among the bitterest and most unrelenting of those that assailed General Bratish.

While pursuing these investigations, I learned from what I regarded as high authority, that General Bratish had presented an address to Lord Normanby, at the head of the whole consular body, having been chosen for that special purpose; and I was referred to the Irish Royal Cork Almanac for 1835, where, under the head of Foreign Consuls, I read, "Colonel John Bratish (d'Elias) Eliovich, K. C. C., S. S., L. H., Consul-General of Greece, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, and Switzerland, Consular Agent of Turkey."

How were these contradictions to be reconciled, — the facts proved with the stories told? If General Bratish was the swindler and impostor they pretended, the sooner he was exposed, and the more publicly, the better. On the contrary, if he was an honest man — a man greatly wronged and belied, like Dr. Follen — he ought to be defended, — but how? He was poor and friend-

less, and the whole newspaper press of the country was either against him, or wholly indifferent. Had he been on trial in a court of justice, any lawyer would have defended him, — nay, for that matter, he might have defended himself. But if he entered the field as a writer, alone against a host, volumes would have to be written, — and who would publish them, — who read them?

That I might bring the matter to issue at once, knowing well, and from long experience, that, when people are accused through the newspaper press of our country, they are always believed to be guilty until they have *established their innocence*, I sent a communication to the Portland Advertiser of October 15, 1839, with my name, charging upon Mr. Henry McIlvaine and Colonel John Stille, Jr. all that I afterwards repeated with more distinctness and solemnity in "The New World," for which I was then writing (and from which I withdrew in consequence of what I then regarded as unfairness toward General Bratish on the part of my coadjutors, Messrs. Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent), and arraigning both McIlvaine and Stille, as conspirators and libellers.

One day, while this controversy was raging, the General called upon me, and begged me, for my own satisfaction, to inquire of Baron de Mareschal, the Austrian Minister, respecting certain charges that had just appeared against him. I consented, and immediately despatched the following letter to the care of my friend, the Honorable George Evans, our Representative in Congress, requesting him to see the Baron for me.

"To HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL BARON DE MARESCHAL, *Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.*

"The undersigned is led to apply to your Excellency in behalf of a gentleman here, who has been assailed by a great variety of newspaper slanders, most of which have been triumphantly

refuted. The gentleman referred to is known here, by his passports and other credentials, as John Bratish Eliovich, late a general in the service of her most Catholic Majesty, the Queen of Spain, and is now an American citizen.

"He states — and he bids me trust confidently to the character of your Excellency for an early reply — that in 1828 he was at Rio Janeiro; that instead of 'running away,' as reported, with a large amount of funds belonging to his uncle, Christopher Bratish, he left Rio Janeiro in consequence of being appointed by the Emperor, Dom Pedro, Brazilian Consul to Austria, with the approbation and consent of your Excellency, manifested by a regular passport, granted by your Excellency's legation.

"The friends of General Bratish in this region are numerous and respectable, and they beg your Excellency's reply to the following questions: —

"Is the statement above made by General Bratish true?

"And if your Excellency would be so kind as to say whether, in your opinion, there can be any foundation for the story respecting the 'large amount of money' said to have been carried off by General Bratish, when he is reported to have run away from Rio Janeiro, your Excellency would gladly oblige, not only the undersigned, but a number of other persons deeply interested in the character of General Bratish.

"Meanwhile, I am with respect your Excellency's most obedient servant,

"_____."

"PORTLAND, ME., April, 1840."

"That your Excellency may know who has taken this liberty, the undersigned begs leave to refer you to the Hon. George Evans, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, General Scott, or to any member of Congress from the Northern or Middle States."

Through some oversight in the transcribing, the full date of this letter does not appear; but I soon received the following from Mr. Evans: —

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON,
April 20, 1840.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of —, enclosing letter for General Mareschal was duly received, and I immediately despatched a messenger to deliver it to the General, with a note in your behalf. Yesterday the General called upon me to say that he felt constrained, from various circumstances, to decline a reply to it. He wishes you to understand that he does this with entire respect for yourself, whom he should be very happy personally to oblige. He said, if the information you seek was desirable for any personal or private purposes of your own, — such as, for instance, if any alliance was in contemplation with any of your friends, — he should feel bound to give you a reply. But he does not think that he ought to be drawn into a newspaper discussion, or to become the subject of comment or remark in such a matter. He wished me to explain his feelings, and hopes you will not impute his declining to any want of regard for you, and that you will appreciate the motives which govern him. I am not at liberty to detail a conversation I held with him on the general subject of your letter. He did not show it to me, though he spoke of its contents.

"Very faithfully yours,

"GEO. EVANS."

Very adroit and very diplomatic, to be sure, on the part of the Baron; but surely he might have answered yes or no to the first question, without committing himself. And why not show my letter to Mr. Evans? Taking the ground he did, however, he forced me to the following conclusion, namely, that he could not answer *No*, and was afraid, for reasons of state, perhaps, to answer *Yes*.

And now, what was to be done? Should I prepare a memoir, setting forth all these charges, with such refutations and such explanations as had occurred, and appeal to the public. There seemed to be no other way left.

While I was preparing this memoir,

which made a pamphlet of forty-eight large octavo pages, with the documentary evidence in small print, General Bratish was at my elbow; and one evening, after I had read over to him what I had written, I happened to say that I was exceedingly sorry for the loss of his orders and decorations in Canada, — they would have been such a corroboration of his story.

"Lost!" said he, "they are not lost."

"Where are they?"

"In the bank, with some other valuables."

"In the bank! When can you get them for me?"

"To-morrow, when the bank is open."

Shall I confess the truth? So sudden and so startling was this declaration, after what I had seen in the papers about the loss of these badges and orders in Canada, that I began, for the first time, to have uncomfortable suspicions. But, sure enough, the next day he brought them all to me, together with the original contract entered into between Colonel De Lacy Evans (afterward General Evans) and General Bratish, with the approbation of Alva, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James, whereby it was provided that "John Bratish Eliovich, Esquire, K. C. C., V. S. S., V. L. H., &c., &c.," should enjoy the rank, pay, and emoluments of a Major-General in the Auxiliary Legion then raising for the Queen of Spain. This document, signed by Colonel De Lacy Evans and Carbonel, and approved by Alva, styled him "Major-General John Bratish Eliovich, K. C. C., V. L. H., &c., &c.," and bore the signature of General Bratish, whereby his identity was established; and the decorations and orders put into my hands were the following: "Knight Commander of Christ," the "Tower and Sword" of Portugal, the "Saviour" of Greece, and the "South Star" of Brazil.

Here, certainly, was pretty strong confirmation; and yet on this very evening, my wife, who sat where she could see all the changes of his counte-

nance while I was writing the memoir and occasionally asking a question without looking up, saw enough to satisfy her that Bratish was making a fool of her husband, and, the moment his back was turned, expressed her astonishment that a man of sense—meaning me—could be so easily imposed upon. So much for the instinct of a woman; but more of this hereafter.

Not long after this, the General rushed into my office in a paroxysm of rage,—the only time I ever saw him disturbed. His honor had been questioned, and by whom, of all the world? Why,—would I believe it?—by his friend, Colonel Bouchette! Upon further inquiry, I found that he had received a draft from his sister, which had to pass through a secret channel to him, lest their estates should be confiscated in Hungary; that, after two or three disappointments, he had succeeded in getting it cashed here without endangering a certain friend in New York; that on mentioning the circumstance to Colonel Bouchette, who had counselled him not to attempt the negotiation here, that gentleman had laughed in his face; whereupon the General turned his back on him, and hurried off to my office. A friend was with me at the time. “Ach, mein Freund!” said the General, as he finished the story, “he doubted my word, he questioned my honor, he asked to see the money; but I refused to show him the money,—I was indignant, outraged; but I have it here,—*here!*” slapping his breast-pocket, “and I am ready to show it to you.” I declined; he persisted; until at last, afraid of the impression he might make upon my friend Winslow, who was present, I consented. But he only talked the louder and the faster, without producing the money; and when I grew serious, and insisted on seeing it, he acknowledged that he had n’t it with him!

“Where is it, sir?” said I.

“At my lodgings.”

“And how long will it take you to produce it?”

“Ten minutes.”

“Very well,”—taking out my watch,—“I will wait fifteen, and my friend here will stay with me, and be a witness.”

Away went the General, and, to my amazement, I must acknowledge, within the fifteen minutes he returned, bringing with him a cigar-box containing about five hundred dollars in bills and specie, which I counted.

Here was a narrow escape,—a matter of life or death to him, certainly, if not to me. But where had he got the money? He was very poor, judging by appearances. The lecturing was over for a time, and there was no field for conjecture. To this hour the whole affair is a mystery. Unlikely as it was that he should have obtained it from his sister, there seemed to be no other explanation possible.

Other perplexing and contradictory evidence for and against the General began to appear. I never saw him on horseback but once, and then I was frightened for him. As a general, he ought, of course, to know how to ride. As a native Hungarian, he must have been born *to* the saddle, if not *in* it. Nevertheless, I trembled for him, though the creature he had mounted was far from being either vicious or spirited; and then, too, when he tried waltzing, he reminded me, and others I am afraid, of “the man a-mowing.”

On the other hand, he was well-bred and self-possessed, full of accurate information, and never obtrusive. And here I am reminded of another singular circumstance, which went far in confirmation of the story he told. He gave J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M. P., whom I had known in London as the Oriental traveller, a letter to me, in which he speaks of him as a member of the British-Polish Committee in London,—thereby endangering the whole superstructure he had been rearing with so much care. Mr. Buckingham wrote me from New York, but failed to see me.

Worn out and wellnigh discouraged by these persecutions, the General now left us, and went to New York, from

which place he wrote me, under date of October 9, 1840, as follows. I give his own orthography, to show that, although acquainted with our language to such a degree that he was able to lecture in it, as Kossuth did, and to speak it with uncommon readiness, he must have learnt it by *ear*, like many others with which he was familiar enough for ordinary purposes.

"One of my last occupation upon American soil is one of a painful, and at the same times pleasant nature, to wit, to address you, my noble, my chivalerouse, my excellent friend. My God revard you and may he for the benefit of mankind scater many such persons trought the world—it would prevent misantropy and it would serve as the best antidote against crimes and deceptions, persecutions and sufferings. O could you know all what I suffered in my eventful life, you would indead believe that no romance is equal to reality. But—basta—God is great and merciful, and I never yit and I hope never will find occassion to doubt the wundaful ways of his mercy. . . . Perhaps no times since I cam to America, I had occassion for more patience than during the first days of my arrival in N. Y. Harshed by law, cut by some friends, findig once more by European new a change in Greece, with my funds low, I began indeed to feel bitterly my sad fate—when by one of this suden fricks which I offen prouve that man must never despair all changed quit casualy it was raported to the German Association that I am her—immediately I was invited to ther mittings, the French Lafayette Club followed suit, and yesterday evning your humble servant was by acclamation apointed Vice-President of the General Union of all the forign assotiations of the city of New York (the German Tepcanoe Club 30 pers. excepted). . . .

"I am very sorry that I cannot tell you where I go—I sail in the cliper armed brig Fairfield for the West India untr very avantageouse circumstances a ecelent pay rang and emoluments you may guess the rest

be assured it is a honorable a very honorable employment. My next for the South wia Havanna or New York or New Orleans will inform you of the rest."

Accompanying this letter was a slip from one of the large New York dailies confirming his story, and reporting the resolutions passed at a great public meeting, of which A. Sarony was President and Chairman, John Bratish, Vice-President, and George Sonne, Secretary. "The call of the meeting was read and adopted," says the report, "when General Bratish addressed the assemblage in the English, French, and German languages, in the most patriotic and eloquent manner. His speech was received with enthusiastic and repeated applause."

And here for a long season we lost sight of the General, though two or three circumstances occurred, each trivial in itself, but all tending to give a new aspect to the affair. Just before he left us, we had a small party at our house, where, among other amusements, a game called "The Four Elements" was introduced. When it was all over, and our visitors were gone, a costly handkerchief, with a lace border, was not to be found. It had been last seen in the hands of General Bratish. Having no idea that, if he had pocketed it by mistake, it would not be returned, we waited patiently,—very patiently,—supposing he might have thrown aside his company dress-coat without examining the pockets, and that when he put it on again the handkerchief would be forthcoming, of course. But no,—nothing was heard of it, until one evening at a lecture my wife suddenly caught my arm, and, pointing to a white handkerchief the General was flourishing within reach, said, "There's Aunt Mary's handkerchief, now!"—"Nonsense, my dear!"—"It is, I tell you; I can see where he has ripped off the lace." I thought her beside herself; but still—why the sudden substitution of a large red Spitalfields for the white handkerchief? "Perhaps," said I to

my wife,—"perhaps the handkerchief was not marked, and he did not know where to find the owner."—"But it was marked, and he knows the owner as well as you do," was the reply. Of course, I had nothing more to say; and so I laughed the exhibition off, as a sort of *pas de mouchoir*, like that which brought Forrest into a controversy with Macready.

And then something else happened. I missed the only copy I had in the world of "Niagara and Goldau," which he had borrowed of me and returned, with emphasis; and many months after he had disappeared, I received a volume of poems from the heart of Germany, entitled, "Der Heimathgruss, Eine Pfingstgabe von Mathilde von Tabouillot, geborene Giesler," published at Wesel, 1840, with a letter from the lady herself, thanking me with great warmth and earnestness for my pamphlet in defence of General Bratish. Putting that and that together, I began to have a suspicion that my copy of "Niagara and Goldau" had been presented to the authoress by my friend, the General,—perhaps in the name of the author.

Yet more. While these little incidents were accumulating and seething and simmering, I received a letter from Louis Bratish, in beautiful French, dated Birmingham, 7th October, 1841, in which he thanked me most heartily for what I had done as the friend of his brother, "John Bratish,"—withholding the "General,"—and begging me to consider it as coming from the family; and about the same time, another letter, and the last I ever received, from the General himself. It was dated "Torrington House, near London, 12th October, 1841," and contained the following passages:—

"I cannot account for the very extraordinary silence in spite of all my request that you would at least be so kind as to inform me if you really don't wish to hear more from me. I know your Hart too well not to be persuaded that it must be some mistake or some intrigue.

"At last my family begin to understand how much they did wrong me and I have the pleasure to enclose you a letter of my youngest brother, which is now at the house of Messrs. Toniola brothers, a volunteer partner, to learn the english. . . .

"Mr. Josua Dodge, late Special Agent of the U. S. in Germany, is returning in one or two days to America; this gentleman in consequence of his mission crossed and recrossed all Germany and Belgium. I met him in Germany; he was present at Stuttgart in a most critical moment, when, denounced by the Germanic Federation (in the name of Austria) I was in imminent peril. He acted as a true American, boldly stepped forward, asked the way and the wherefore and united with my firmness, the American passports were respected, and Mr. Dodge succeeded to get an official acknowledgment that nothing was known against my moral character, and they took refuge upon some little irregularity in the passport. . . . He, my friends and my family wished very much that I should at least for some times rethurn to America (*pour reson bien juste*) but the recollection is too bitter yet. . . . Several Americans are now visiting my sister and her husband in Belgium—among them Mr. Bishop of Cont. and Mr. Rowly, C. S. of N. Y.—What would I give to see J. N. and his amable family! . . .

"My address is Monsieur Le General Bratish (Eliovich), *raccommandé* à Mons. Latard, Vervois Belgique.

"P. S. Great excitement at London. The Morning Chronicle is out upon me for having done I don't know what in North America and Germany. All fiddle-stick. I send you the paper to see how easy John Bull is gulled. I could send you some important news. Attention!!! keep your powder dry!"

Nothing more was heard of our mysterious General until a letter fell into my hands, purporting to be written by his brother Luigi. It was in choice Italian, and dated Birmingham, 16th April, 1842, charging the "Caro Fra-

tello" with having deceived him about Mr. Everett, complaining of his behavior to Dr. Sleigh and others who had befriended him; telling him that Dr. Sleigh, to whom he referred, doubted his Spanish commission, and believed him to have been a member of the "Hunter's Association,"—a band of horse-thieves in Canada,—and signifying, in language not to be misunderstood, that the family had given up all hope of him.

The next information we had was that the General had turned up at Havre, and was about being married to the daughter of a wealthy banker, and carried a commission as Major-General from the Governor of Maine! And then, after a lapse of two years, that he had been travelling with a British nobleman, whose baggage he had run away with,—that he was arrested for the offence, and tried in Malta, I do not know with what result; but I have now before me a supplement of the Malta Times of October 9, 1844, in Italian, Spanish, and English, wherein he refers to the testimonials of my friend, Albert Smith, Ex-M. C., and Levi Cutter, Mayor of Portland; complains bitterly of the late Mr. Carr, Minister of the United States at Constantinople; and says, among other things, what of itself were enough to show that he had claimed to be a General of the State of Maine, and thereby settling the question most conclusively and forever. His language is: "To one charge of Mr. Everett, I plead guilty; to wit, to have usurped, or succeeded to gain the good opinion of respectable people in the United States, and here I am glad, at the same time, to put Mr. Everett's mind at rest; *he thinks it possible that I may be a General of the State of Maine*, but he admits *only* the possibility, and expresses the hope that it

may not be so,—this, after the pretension to know my birthplace, life, death, and miracles, and an assertion on his part to have had, or seen, a correspondence with the Executive of Maine, in my regard, is very diplomatic—*very!*—but his Excellency may be easy on this head. I do not share *now* the military glory and honor of fellowship with that very numerous body of generals of the United States Militia; and if evidence may be produced that I was attended by a staff, I assure his Excellency, that it was only to have my boots cleaned by a captain, to be shaved by a major, to be helped by a colonel, and to get my meals at the private personal headquarters of a *General* at one dollar per day."

And here I stop. From that day to this, nothing has been heard of General British; but I should not be surprised to have him reappear, as if he had risen from the dead, in some new character, and so managing as to deceive the very elect. No such pretender has appeared since Cagliostro; and nobody ever succeeded so well in misleading public opinion, and embroiling so many persons of consideration, both in this country and in Europe, not excepting the Chevalier d'Éon, and the Princess Cariboo. Many other strange things might be related of British, as, for example, his great speech in the Hungarian Diet, reported in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*,—the most impudent forgery of our day. But this paper is already longer than I intended; and I have only to add, that I have reason to believe now that he was indeed a native of Trieste, and that Colonel Stille and Mr. McIlvaine were right in saying what they did of him *generally*, though wrong in many of the particulars upon which they chiefly relied.

A TOUR IN THE DARK.

ONE February evening, more than a year ago, after a drive of fourteen miles over a lonely Kentucky road, I drew rein in front of a huge, rambling wooden building, standing solitary in the midst of the forest.

There was no village in sight to account for the presence of so large a structure, no adjacent farms, and, except a little patch in front of the house, no fields, — nothing but the solemn woods which nearly shut it in on every side.

I did not ask if this was the Mammoth Cave Hotel. I knew it without asking.

Here I was, then, at last, — about to see what I had desired to see ever since I was a boy!

But delay frequently comes with the certainty of accomplishing any long-cherished desire; and though I had driven with a hasty whip from the railway station fourteen miles away, and though the hotel proprietor offered to procure me a guide that evening, my haste to see the cave was unaccountably over. I ordered a fire in my room, and concluded to wait until morning.

It was too early in the season for the usual summer visitors, and I found myself the sole guest in this big, lonesome caravansary, that looked as though a dozen old-fashioned Dutch farm-houses had been placed in the midst of a wood-lot, and then connected by the roofs, the whole forming one straggling, weather-stained, labyrinthine building, full of little nests of rooms, high-pitched gables, cumbrous outside chimney-stacks, cavernous fireplaces, and low, wide corridors open at either end, where were uncertain shadows, and draughts of damp air that whispered and moaned all night long.

In the evening, as I sat before the blazing pile of logs in the fireplace, some one knocked at my door, and a negro servant looked in. Would I like to see the guide?

"Certainly. What is his name?"

"Nicholas, sah, Nicholas! But we all calls him Ole Nick."

Rather an ominous name, to be sure! but then, if one goes to the regions below, what guide so appropriate?

On presentation, his Majesty proved to be an interesting black man, considerably past middle age; wrinkled, as none but a genuine negro ever becomes; a short, broad, strong man, with a grizzled beard and mustache, quiet but steady eyes, grave in his demeanor, and concise in his conversation. He tells me of two routes by which I can make a tour through his dominions. The shortest one will require six hours to travel, and at the farthest will take me to the banks of the river Styx, six miles from the entrance to the cave. The other route will take the whole day, and will lead as far as the so-called "Maelström," — a singular pit, a hundred and seventy-five feet deep, — and place nine miles of gloom between me and this outer world. And with these facts to be juggled and distorted in ridiculous combinations with remembrances of many persons and places in the vagaries of dreams, I went to bed and to sleep.

As the sun came up, we went down, — my guide and I, — down a rocky path along the side of a ravine that grew narrower and deeper until we came to a dilapidated house where the ravine seemed to end. Stepping upon the rotting piazza of this old house and facing "right about," there opened before us, as broad and lofty as the entrance to some ancient Egyptian temple, the mouth of the cave. From where we stood, a path, as wide as an ordinary city sidewalk and as smooth, sloped gently downward through the portal.

Turning to the right to avoid the drip of a limpid stream, — that falls over the entrance like a perpetual liba-

tion to Pluto,—a few minutes' walk places us many hundred feet vertically beneath the surface, and in the "Rotunda," an enlargement of the cave, which looks about as large as the interior of Trinity Church, but is in reality larger; being quite as lofty, and measuring at its greatest diameter a hundred and seventy-five feet.

Here, as we paused to look, with our flaring lamps poised above our heads, a strange squeaking noise was heard, which seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere in particular. I glanced inquiringly at my guide, in answer to which he simply replied, "Bats," and pointed to the walls, where, on closer inspection, I found these creatures clinging by thousands, literally blackening the wall, and hanging in festoons a foot or two in length. The manner of forming these festoons was curious enough: three or four bats having first taken hold of some sharp projecting ledge with their hindmost claws, and hanging thereby with their heads downward, others had seized their leathery wings at the second joint, and they too, hanging with downward heads, had offered their wings as holding-places for still others; and so the unsightly pendent mass had grown, until in some instances it contained as many as twenty or thirty bats. The wonder seemed that four or five pairs of little claws not so large as those of a mouse could sustain a weight that must have been in some instances as much as three pounds.

The mysterious influence of the approaching spring had penetrated even into these abodes of darkness, and aroused in the bats a little life after their long hibernation; and their weak, plaintive squeak, which had something impish in it withal, came from every shadowy recess, and from the dark vault overhead. This "Rotunda" should have been called the "Bower of Bats."

As they all hung too high to reach by other means, I flung my stick at random upward against the wall, and brought down two of the black masses, that writhed helpless upon the stony

floor of the cave. Poor, palpitating things, unable to loose their clutch upon each other's wings, it was hard to say whether they were more disgusting or pitiful. What Eshcol clusters these, to bear back from this Canaan of darkness, saying, "This is the fruit of it!"

Such an immense number of bats had harbored and died here from time immemorial, that more than a hundred acres of the earthy floor of the cave had, from their decomposing remains, become impregnated with nitre; and during the years 1812 to 1814, a party of saltpetre-makers took up their residence here. They made great vats in the cave, in which they lixiviated the impregnated earth, and by wooden pipes conveyed it to a place where they boiled the water drawn from the vats. Their rude mechanical contrivances are standing yet, in the same positions in which they were left so long ago; and so dry and pure is the air of the cave, that, though more than half a century has passed, these wooden pipes and vats show no more indication of decay than they did when first put in. In one place my guide dug up from the clayey floor—where it was their custom to feed the oxen employed in drawing the materials to and fro—some corn-cobs, very dry and light, but as perfect as though they were only a few months old.

The footprints of the oxen, made in the earth that was then moist, are plainly visible in many places; and the clay has since become almost as hard as stone, so that I found it difficult to make any impression in it with the point of my pocket-knife.

A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the "Giant's Coffin," an enormous rock forty feet in length, which has fallen from the ceiling. The resemblance to a coffin is so strangely exact, that, having heard mention of it before coming in, I recognized it at the first glance. The upper part of the rock is composed of a stratum whiter than the rest, and gives it the appearance of having a border of white ornamentation around it, just below the lid. It

rests upon a gigantic bier about ten feet high, and a little longer than the coffin, and the effect is as though some kingly son of Anak were lying in state in this huge sepulchral vault.

Near at hand is a cluster of objects, not carved out by the accidents of time or the long attrition of subterranean rivers, as is the case with almost everything else in the cave, but shaped by human hands into a mournful resemblance to cottages; the likeness being all the more pathetic when one learns the fact that for many months a number of benighted human beings made their home here, under the delusion that the air of the cave, which is chemically pure and dry, would cure their pulmonary diseases; and that here, like plants shut out from the generous, fostering sun, they paled and died.

The appearance of those who came out after two or three months' residence in the cave is described as frightful. "Their faces," says one who saw them, "were entirely bloodless, eyes sunken, and pupils dilated to such a degree that the iris ceased to be visible; so that, no matter what the original color of the eye might have been, it appeared entirely black."

These cottages, if by a great stretch of courtesy I may call them such, are very small, consisting each of but one room about ten feet square; they had been built of stones collected in the cave, and laid loosely in the wall without mortar; they had fireplaces and chimneys, good wooden floors, and doors, but no windows, as there was neither light to let in nor prospect to view without. As there was neither rain nor snow fall, neither midday heat nor dew of night, beneath that stony cope, roofs also were useless; so that the structures were only cells that strongly reminded one of sepulchres. I can conceive of nothing more melancholy than the existence of the seven or eight consumptives, who I am told occupied these *ante mortem* tombs at one time about fifteen years ago. Three died there, and every one of the others who had resided in the cave for a pe-

riod of two months died within two or three weeks after coming out.

Near to these monuments of ignorance and despair, I noticed a monument of another sort, and of later date, — a tribute to one of the most gallant and genial of men, in whom it was fully demonstrated that "the bravest are the tenderest." It was a pyramidal pile, about eight feet high, of carefully selected stones, laid without mortar, but with mathematical precision; and on one stone near the top was scratched a name dear to every soldier's heart, — "McPherson."

The cells where the living died, and this pile which tells how the memory of the dead yet lives, are the last objects on our route that have any association with the things of this outer world; these are the pillars that mark the beginning of a realm devoid of human association, — its Pillars of Hercules, beyond which is a silent waste whose darkness breeds the wildest mysteries.

Walking continuously through the gloom, one loses to some extent the idea of progression. Here he can get no look ahead, no backward view. He is the centre of a little circle of light, beyond which is immeasurable darkness, whence objects seem to come to him like apparitions, changing form as the first and last rays of light fall upon them, as though the shape in which they appear under the full light of the lamp were only some disguise of assumed innocence, which they cast off as they glide silently into the dark again, to take on some semblance too awful for mortal eyes. Farther and farther we went along these arched, crypt-like ways; passing frequently through lofty chambers where the roof could not be discovered, each with some fanciful and often inappropriate name assigned to it, until we came at length to what looked like a window in the side wall of the cave. Peering through this, and holding my lamp high over my head, I could see neither roof nor sides nor bottom, — only the wall in which was the window through which

I looked. Upward it was lost in the darkness, and from my breast it descended, perpendicular as a plummet line, until it vanished in the gulf below, from which arose a sound of dripping water. This, my guide informed me, was "Gorin's Dome." Taking then from his haversack a Bengal light, he ignited it and threw it into the dark void. The sulphurous light shot up and up into a dome unlike anything built by human hands, unless it might be the interior of some tremendous tower, eighty feet in width, and nearly two hundred in height, which the beholder viewed from without, looking inwards through a window placed at two thirds of the entire height from the bottom.

The inaccessible floor of this place is nearly level, and the walls strictly perpendicular from base to summit; the whole cavern having been hollowed out by the constant dripping of water holding carbonic acid in solution, which cuts the rock as ordinary water channels the ice of a glacier or the mural face of an iceberg into a semblance of columns, and sometimes into the folds of an immense curtain.

The brief light fell upon the distant floor; flashed up once, bringing into strong relief every salient angle in the wonderful walls, and then died out; the awful prospect vanishing like a nightmare vision, and leaving nothing to the sense but the sound of the water dripping into the depths below. The light had burned only half a minute; but so strange was the scene, that this glimpse sufficed to photograph it indelibly in my memory.

Gorin's Dome is not the largest of this class of sub-cavities in the cave, being smaller than Mammoth Dome; but it is the first of its class that the tourist sees, and it is viewed from so singular a stand-point that it makes the most startling impression.

Five minutes' farther walk brought us to a wooden footbridge, — a narrow, shaky contrivance, with a treacherous footing and a slender hand-rail. Here the bottom of the cave seemed to have

dropped out, and the roof to have gone in search of it; and but for the dim glimpse of the rock on the other side one might have suspected that this bridge would launch him into that un-geographical locality called, in the old Norse mythology, "Ginnunga Gap," — a place where there was neither side, edge, nor bottom to anything.

The vault overhead is called "Minerva's Dome"; the gulf below is called the "Side-Saddle Pit," though I failed to discover any degree of appropriateness in the odd name.

Standing in the middle of the bridge, my guide flung one of his Bengal lights far upward, in the midst of the slow-falling drops that had already carved out this tremendous well and were still making it larger. The light turned them for an instant into a shower of diamonds; then down it fell, down, down! As in its descent it passed the bridge on which we stood, the shadows of our two figures rushed up the opposite wall, like a pair of demons scared out of their abode by the hissing flame; and Nick, the guide, as he leaned over, looking downward after it, — every one of the innumerable wrinkles in his black face made more distinct, with his white beard and mustache, and the whites of his eyes seeming to glow in the blue elfish light, — was a caricature, half grotesque, almost terrible, of Satan himself.

Minerva's Dome and Side-Saddle Pit, both being one place and formed by the same dripping water, correspond to Gorin's Dome and the pit beneath it; that part which has been hollowed out above the roof of the cave being called the dome, and the part below the floor of the cave the pit. The only difference between the two is that in the case of Gorin's Dome the dripping waters have bored their huge shaft on one side of the track of the cave, only just piercing the wall of it in one spot, to make the window through which it is viewed; while in the case of the Side-Saddle Pit the vertical shaft cuts directly across the track of the cave, or, to speak more correctly,

across the tunnel which was once the bed of a subterranean river, but which is now a broad, smooth, dry path.

The topography of this underground realm may be divided into three departments, as follows : —

First, — as being greatest in extent, — the “avenues,” or tunnels, which present conclusive evidence of having once been the channels of a subterranean stream, whose waters, having some peculiar solvent property, wore their bed lower and lower in the rock, until they cut through into some lower opening, through which they were drawn off, leaving the old channels dry. Imagine one of the narrow, crooked streets in the old part of Boston, spanned by a continuous stone archway from the summits of the buildings on either hand; then close with solid masonry every window and loop-hole by which a ray of light could struggle in, and you have for proportions and sinuosity not a bad semblance of these tunnels, which constitute four fifths of the extent of the Mammoth Cave.

The second and next largest department is that of the “chambers.” These are places in the general course of the former river where the roof fell in before the withdrawal of the waters, opening great spaces upward; the fallen mass forming a sort of island in the centre of the stream, and crowding the waters on either side of it against the walls of the cave, so that they were worn out to twice the average width, and finally itself disappearing under the combined action of the current and the solvent properties of the water.

The air in all these tunnels and chambers is remarkably dry and pure. Wood seems never to decay here; as is instanced in the wooden pipes and vats of the saltpetre-makers, upon which the lapse of a half-century has not had any visible effect.

The general width of the tunnels or avenues is about forty or fifty feet, and the average height about thirty feet; but this uniformity is broken every few hundred yards by chambers, varying in width from eighty to two

hundred feet, and in height from seventy to two hundred and fifty feet. The floor is formed in some places of sand, but generally of indurated mud, so hard that it is impossible to make any indentation in it with the heel of the boot, and remarkably even and smooth, so that almost anywhere one can walk with as much ease as on city sidewalks. The walls also are clean and smooth, as in the arched crypts of some mighty cathedral. A cross section of almost any one of these tunnels would show an elliptic outline, the vertical diameter being the shortest, and the bottom being filled with indurated mud or sand to a sufficient depth to make a level floor.

The third division or class of openings is that of the “domes” and “pits.” These were formed by the same kind of agency as the tunnels and chambers, namely, by the action of water holding carbonic acid in solution; but acting in a different manner, and at a period long after the subterranean river had ceased to flow through its tunnels.

The solvent acid of the water must be acquired in percolating through the several hundreds of feet of superincumbent earth and sandstone, as there is but one of these domes, “Sandstone Dome,” that extends upward to the sandstone. The solvent water then, after finding its way into the vertical crevices of the limestone, gradually rounded them out like wells, until the pieces which occasionally fell from the top formed a sort of floor. Through the interstices of this floor, the dissolved substance of the rock is carried into some deeper and yet undiscovered cavities beneath. The floor itself gradually sinks, the domes grow higher, and the walls recede as long as the water continues to drip into them.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the substratum of limestone in all the country for many miles in the vicinity is perforated with these tremendous shafts; as those which are seen in the cave are only such as happened to be in the course of the tunnels composing

the Mammoth Cave. It is not improbable that there are many others on every side, close to the line of the tunnels, but not yet connected with them.

In any one of the above-mentioned departments, the description of one place answers for most others, except in dimensions. The following are a few out of many hundreds of measurements taken in as many different places:—

The "Rotunda," the first chamber from the entrance of the cave, is about one hundred feet high, and one hundred and seventy-five in diameter.

The "Methodist Church," eighty feet in diameter, and forty in height.

"Wright's Rotunda" is four hundred feet in its shortest diameter, being nearly circular; the roof seems perfectly level, and is about forty-five feet high.

"Kinney's Arena" is a hundred feet in diameter, and is fifty feet high.

"Proctor's Arcade" is one hundred feet in width and three quarters of a mile in length. The walls, which are about forty-five feet high, are nearly perpendicular throughout the whole length of the arcade, joining the roof nearly at right angles, and are so smooth that they look like hammer-dressed stone.

"Silliman's Avenue" is a mile and a half in length and about forty feet in height, its width varying from twenty to two hundred feet.

"Shelby's Dome" and the pit beneath it are two hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and about twenty-five in diameter.

"Mammoth Dome" is two hundred and fifty feet high, and nearly one hundred in diameter.

"Lucy's Dome," the highest in the cave, is sixty feet in diameter, and three hundred in height.

Nine miles from the entrance of the cave is the "Maelström," a dry pit or well, one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and about twenty in diameter; and from the bottom of this shaft may be seen the openings to three other avenues, which lead farther into this Plutonian labyrinth than mortal foot has ever trod.

Although the distance of nine miles is about as far as tourists usually get from the entrance, that is by no means the measure of its extent, but only the extent of the direct route; there being a number of other tunnels branching off from it on either side, some of which connect with it again at a distance of several miles, and some of which have not been explored to their connection, if they have any.

The total length of all the explored avenues is estimated at over one hundred miles. If a single day's experience in the cave were sufficient ground for offering an opinion, I should say that this was a large over-estimate; but I have no doubt that, like all other great works of both art and nature, it grows upon the sense of the beholder. But even setting down its extent at half the foregoing estimate, none can tread these hollow chambers, thinking of others unexplored, and extending not only from that distant nine-mile-station, but on every hand, into the unknown, without a feeling of awe and fear.

Thus on and on through the echoing avenues, where the reverberation of our footsteps seemed to follow stealthily far behind us, through chamber and hall, where my guide in the advance flung up his lights, revealing for an instant the grim and distant vaults,—through "Star Chamber," five hundred feet long, seventy in width, and sixty in height, "Cloud Room," a quarter of a mile in length, sixty feet in height, "Deserted Chamber," "River Hall," "Revellers' Hall," "The Great Walk,"—through all these, and a dozen more, we wandered, until, after two hours' walk, and at a distance of four and a half miles from the entrance to the cave, I paused upon the muddy banks of the "Styx," and, stooping, dipped up in my hands a draught from its cold, sunless waters.

Here my guide would willingly have played Charon to my Ulysses, but as no one had penetrated thus far into the cave for several months, the boat used to carry visitors over, and to voyage up and down the short river (only a

hundred and fifty yards in length), had sunk, and we found it impossible to raise it.

The river is about twenty-five feet in width, its course crossing that of the cave at right angles, and its channel being simply another avenue or tunnel on a little lower level than the one by which the visitor approaches it.

In this stream, as well as in "Echo River," are found the famous eyeless fish. We dipped in vain, for a long time, in hopes of capturing some of these. At last I was fortunate enough to secure one tiny specimen, about two inches long, which was shaped like other minnows, but had no eyes, and was perfectly white, there being not the slightest shade of coloring on the back. The upper part of its head was as translucent as agate, through which could be seen opaque spots imbedded in the head where the base of the eye-sockets should have been. The specimen I obtained was one of the smallest, as the guide told me these fishes frequently attained the length of six or seven inches.

I secured also an eyeless crawfish about three inches in length. This forlorn little creature, like the fish, was entirely colorless. It had two slightly protuberant spots in its head where the eyes should be; but they were dull and opaque, and did not seem to differ in texture from the rest of its body, which had not the translucence of that of the fish, but looked as though carved out of white marble.

The fish are found also in "Lake Lethe," a quarter of a mile from the Styx, as well as in "Echo River," the largest and most interesting body of water in the cave. This last flows out of a tunnel which has such a low roof that the volume of water nearly fills it, and from here to where it enters the rocks again is three quarters of a mile. Here the blind white creatures that inhabit its dark, slow-flowing waters are more plentiful, but are as unlike those nimble, glistening fellows which inhabit the streams of the outer world, as the cavern's atmosphere of darkness and death is different from our

atmosphere of light and life. They refuse to bite at any bait; they move sluggishly, and, when caught in a net, flop languidly, and die. The only food they are known to have is the smaller ones of their own kind; and, oddest of all, they, as well as the crawfish, give birth to their young alive, instead of spawning the eggs to be hatched by the sun. Last and remotest of these sunless streams is "Roaring River," the margin of whose solemn waters is nine miles from the entrance of the cave. This should be Acheron, which hated the light, and ran sighing down into a cave; for from this stream too comes a perpetual moan.

The region where the several rivers mentioned are grouped is lower than the rest of the cave, and much more gloomy in appearance than the high, dry chambers through which one passes in coming back toward the entrance.

I was somewhat disappointed in the display of stalactites and other similar formations of the protocarbonate of lime found in the cave. For a number of years I had been familiar with mines and mining operations in the lead-mining districts of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, and had there seen some of the most beautiful, though not the largest, specimens of calcareous spar known to exist. The lime in these localities being in most instances perfectly pure, the stalactites, to the length of three feet sometimes, are as free from coloring as icicles. Sometimes the miners' drift (which compared with the Mammoth Cave is as a rabbit's burrow to a railway tunnel) is opened into small, low-roofed caves; and in these, in addition to the translucent stalactites, there are little hollows in the floor covered with thin sheets of protocarbonate of lime, no thicker than a pane of window-glass, and as white as snow. From beneath these the water has sunk away, leaving a hollow space, and giving the whole precisely the appearance of those little pools which every one has noticed when a muddy road suddenly congeals: the pools of water freeze over, and the wa-

ter disappears, leaving the ice only a shell over a cavity.

Nothing of this kind, however, is found in the Mammoth Cave. The lime of which the stalactites are formed being mixed with various oxides and other impurities, they are all of a dark brown, or gray, or muddy color. With the exception of some stalactite columns in the "Gothic Arcade," which form a fine alcove called the "Gothic Chapel," there are no stalactites of extraordinary size. There is a stalactite mass (or was some years ago) in "Uh-rig's Cave," in the suburbs of the city of St. Louis, about twelve feet in height and four feet in diameter, which exceeds in size anything I saw in the Mammoth Cave.

The gypsum or alabaster flowers are the crowning beauty of the Mammoth Cave. These are an entirely different formation from the stalactites, being formed only in a perfectly dry atmosphere, while the stalactites are necessarily formed in a moist one.

The gypsum is formed by crystallization, and in that process exerts the same expansive force as ice. Wherever it forms in crevices it fractures the rocks that enclose it, and protrudes from the crevice; its own bulk divides, or splits, and curves open, and outward, with much more tenacity than ice. It seems to have a fibrous texture, in the direction of which the split always opens.

I found in the "Snowball Room" and in a large chamber called "Cleveland's Cabinet," a beautiful display of these flowers. In the Snowball Room, the likeness to winter appears again, in the knots strongly resembling snowballs stuck all over the ceiling. And in Cleveland's Cabinet I found some singularly beautiful specimens of alabaster formations. One kind seemed to be literally growing from the ceiling as a vegetable would, and looked more than anything else like short, thick stalks of celery. If an ordinary stalk of celery were split, so that its natural tendency to curl over backward could be freely exercised, it

would give a very good idea of the shape of some of the gypsum flowers, except that these are not often longer than four inches, and in that length frequently curl so as to make a complete circle. They have the same fibrous appearance as celery, and are as white as snow.

When five or six of these stalks — if I may call them so — start from one point, and curve outward in different directions from a common centre, they frequently form beautiful rosettes. Imagine one of the common tiger-lilies, which, instead of its thin, red curving petals, has stalks of celery, curving as much, but broken off square at the ends; then imagine the celery to be of the purest conceivable white; and you have a tolerable conception of one of these beautiful alabaster flowers.

This alabaster growth is found only in a few places throughout the cave; when it is in chambers or spaces in which the atmosphere is very dry, it invariably has a beautiful fibrous texture like wood or celery, and the curved form; but if the atmosphere is damp, it forms on the ceiling in round nodules, from two to three inches in diameter, as in the Snowball Room.

In the Gothic Arcade there is a sort of colonnade formed along the side of the tunnel by the meeting of the down-growing stalactites and the upward-growing stalagmites; the two together having formed slender columns of spar, from three to six feet in height. One group of these, about eight feet high, which is the most beautiful in the cave, is called the Gothic Chapel. In many of the formations, it is very difficult to trace even the remotest resemblance to the objects after which they have been named; but in one instance, that of a stalactite called the "Elephant's Head," the resemblance is remarkable.

Ordinarily it is the custom for one guide to conduct a party of four or five persons into the cave. I dislike over-officious guides and the hackneyed comparisons and wordy wonder of gabbling tourists in grand and

solemn places like this; therefore, in the morning, before starting, I congratulated myself that I should be alone, with the exception of the guide, who fortunately seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place in which he had spent the greater portion of his time for seventeen years.

He was as grave and taciturn as some cave-keeping anchorite. During our inward progress, he had carefully pointed out every place and object of interest, and hurled his blue-lights here and there into domes and pits and cavernous retreats of darkness. But now, on our backward course, he stalked silently and abstractedly before, though he seemed to listen to every step of my feet; for, if I paused or made a misstep, he instantly looked round.

At last he turned, and, looking me curiously in the face, asked whether I thought I should be afraid if left in the dark there a little while. Some people could not bear it, he said, and one gentleman who had consented to the ordeal of darkness had been half crazed by it, and when the guide, who had withdrawn and concealed himself, with his light, returned, the traveller tried first to run away into the darkness, and then, under some strange hallucination, fired his pistol in the guide's face.

I had a suspicion that the effect of the obscurity was exaggerated; I was disposed, moreover, to "try the dark," from curiosity. But I must acknowledge that, when the guide, with that doubting look, repeated his inquiry, I hesitated, asking, "Is there any danger? and from what?"

"Nobody knows, massa," said he seriously; "only some people's nerve can't stan' it, dat's all."

The mention of that odious word, "nerve" sounded so much like the familiar solicitation, "Try your nerves, gentlemen?" from the electrical-machine man, — who is found on the curbstone of some thoroughfare in every city, — that for one brief instant the prestige of the great cave was gone.

Poh! I thought, so it is only clap-trap after all? "Here, take the lamps,

all of them, matches too, and go away so far that I cannot hear you halloo, even at your loudest. I will sit here until you come back!" So saying, I sat down upon a rock in the Star Chamber; and he, taking the lights, walked away toward the entrance of the cave.

"So then," I thought, "this is the perfect darkness, the total absence of light, which is seldom if ever known above ground; for even in the darkest night and the darkest house there are some wandering rays of light; though they may not be sufficient to enable the eye to distinguish anything, they are there; they penetrate, reflected in a hundred zigzags, into the darkest places of the outer world. But here there are miles between me and the utmost limits of their influence!"

I held my hand before my face, but could not distinguish by sight that it was there. A few pale, phosphorescent gleams, that seemed to be wandering in the air, I was convinced were only the remembrances of the optic nerve, — eidolons of the retina; but they seemed to some extent plastic to my thoughts, and ready to become the subjective creations of the brain, outlined in the dark. I could conceive then how the brain, excited by fear, or stimulated by emotion, might multiply these phantasms, moulding them into the likeness of objects and beings that never had any existence in reality. My sense of hearing, too, seemed preternaturally sharpened; I could hear the ticking of the watch in my pocket, the throbbing of my own heart, the murmur of the air in my lungs. I held my breath so that the slightest sound from any other source than my own organism should not escape me; the ringing vacancy in my ears grew more and more painful. Not the remotest breath of any sound, except a faint dropping of water in some distant place! (I could think of none but in that awful place called Gorin's Dome.) It seemed to whisper, "Hush! hush! hush!" Sometimes I could not hear the dropping; for just the same reason that, if one listens intently to the ticking of a clock for ten

minutes, there are intervals when his ear cannot detect it, because of its regular monotonous sound.

In such intervals the tympanum of the ear, aching with the dead collapse of its world, made sounds for itself; and it required the exercise of reason to convince myself, sometimes, that I did not hear distant babbling voices.

But hark! There *is* a sound! Not distant, but near! Here!— There! A sound like large, soft feet treading cautiously. No, not that, but— something breathing. Pshaw! I believe it was only the sound of my own respiration after all!

I did not exactly “whistle to keep my courage up,” but, feeling that I must do something to assert my vitality, my antagonism to this overpowering dark, I cleared my throat vehemently, defiantly,—*AHEM! AHEM! AHEM!!* But it sounded so incongruous, so impertinent I might say, in the midst of that awful silence! Besides, it woke such queer echoes from unexpected quarters, that I stopped to listen, and heard the water-drops again in Go-

rin’s Dome, whispering, “Hush! hush! hush!” And from all the gloomy chambers and tunnels came the echo, breathing, “Hush! hush! hush!”

It began to be terrifying to think that release from this hell of silence was dependent upon one man’s will, and he too a man I had never seen until within a few hours. Where was he now, my dark-faced guide? What if he should not be able to find me again in the midst of this hundred miles of tunnels that look so much alike? What if he should not intend to come? What if— But, thank Heaven! there he is at last! That is the firm, substantial sound of a mortal footstep; not those stealthy, phantom steps I seemed to hear before! There too is the distant glinting of the red lamplight on the sides of the cave! How long it takes him to get here! There he is at last! Blessed be his black face! how unlike the pale, phosphorescent forms I fancied just a little while ago! How foolish seem all those dreadful fancies now, so terribly real then!

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BELOW the headland with its cedar-plumes
A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen,
An ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms
And flashes of clear green.

The sumac’s garnet pennons where I lie
Are mingled with the tansy’s faded gold;
Fleet hawks are screaming in the light-blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold.

The plump peach steals the dying rose’s red;
The yellow pippin ripens to its fall;
The dusty grapes, to purple fulness fed,
Droop from the garden-wall.

And yet, where rainbow foliage crowns the swamp,
I hear in dreams an April robin sing,
And memory, amid this Autumn pomp,
Strays with the ghost of Spring.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

A VISIT TO THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

I.

AS the steamer Mallorca slowly moved out of the harbor of Barcelona, I made a rapid inspection of the passengers gathered on deck, and found that I was the only foreigner among them. Almost without exception they were native Majorcans, returning from trips of business or pleasure to the Continent. They spoke no language except Spanish and Catalan, and held fast to all the little habits and fashions of their insular life. If anything more had been needed to show me that I was entering upon untrodden territory, it was supplied by the joyous surprise of the steward when I gave him a fee. This fact reconciled me to my isolation on board, and its attendant awkwardness.

I knew not why I should have chosen to visit the Balearic Islands, unless for the simple reason that they lie so much aside from the highways of travel, and are not represented in the journals and sketch-books of tourists. If any one had asked me what I expected to see, I should have been obliged to confess my ignorance; for the few dry geographical details which I possessed were like the chemical analysis of a liquor wherefrom no one can reconstruct the taste. The *flavor* of a land is a thing quite apart from its statistics. There is no special guide-book for the islands, and the slight notices in the works on Spain only betray the haste of the authors to get over a field with which they are unacquainted. But this very circumstance, for me, had grown into a fascination. One gets tired of studying the bill of fare in advance of the repast. When the sun and the Spanish coast had set together behind the placid sea, I went to my berth with the delightful certainty that the sun of the morrow, and of many

days thereafter, would rise upon scenes and adventures which could not be anticipated.

The distance from Barcelona to Palma is about a hundred and forty miles; so the morning found us skirting the southwestern extremity of Majorca, — a barren coast, thrusting low headlands of gray rock into the sea, and hills covered with parched and stunted chaparral in the rear. The twelfth century, in the shape of a crumbling Moorish watch-tower, alone greeted us. As we advanced eastward into the Bay of Palma, however, the wild shrubbery melted into plantations of olive, solitary houses of fishermen nestled in the coves, and finally a village, of those soft ochre-tints which are a little brighter than the soil, appeared on the slope of a hill. In front, through the pale morning mist which still lay upon the sea, I saw the cathedral of Palma, looming grand and large beside the towers of other churches, and presently, gliding past a mile or two of country villas and gardens, we entered the crowded harbor.

Inside the mole there was a multitude of the light craft of the Mediterranean, — xebecs, feluccas, speronaras, or however they may be termed, — with here and there a brigantine which had come from beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Our steamer drew into her berth beside the quay, and after a very deliberate review by the port physician we were allowed to land. I found a porter, Arab in everything but costume, and followed him through the water-gate into the half-awake city. My destination was the Inn of the Four Nations, where I was cordially received, and afterwards roundly swindled, by a French host. My first demand was for a native attendant, not so much from any need of guide as simply to become

more familiar with the people through him ; but I was told that no such serviceable spirit was to be had in the place. Strangers are so rare that a class of people who live upon them has not yet been created.

"But how shall I find the Palace of the Government, or the monastery of San Domingo, or anything else?" I asked.

"O, we will give you directions, so that you cannot miss them," said the host ; but he laid before me such a confusion of right turnings and left turnings, ups and downs, that I became speedily bewildered, and set forth, determined to let the "spirit in my feet" guide me. A labyrinthine place is Palma, and my first walks through the city were so many games of chance. The streets are very narrow, changing their direction, it seemed to me, at every tenth step ; and whatever landmark one may select at the start is soon shut from view by the high, dark houses. At first, I was quite astray, but little by little I regained the lost points of the compass.

After having had the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, and Saracens as masters, Majorca was first made Spanish by King Jaime of Aragon, the Conquistador, in the year 1235. For a century after the conquest it was an independent kingdom, and one of its kings was slain by the English bowmen at the battle of Crecy. The Spanish element has absorbed, but not yet entirely obliterated, the characteristics of the earlier races who inhabited the island. Were ethnology a more positively developed science, we might divide and classify this confused inheritance of character ; as it is, we vaguely feel the presence of something quaint, antique, and unusual, in walking the streets of Palma, and mingling with the inhabitants. The traces of Moorish occupation are still noticeable everywhere. Although the Saracenic architecture no longer exists in its original forms, its details may be detected in portals, court-yards, and balconies, in almost every street.

The conquerors endeavored to remodel the city, but in doing so they preserved the very spirit which they sought to destroy.

My wanderings, after all, were not wholly undirected. I found an intelligent guide, who was at the same time an old acquaintance. The whirligig of time brings about, not merely its revenges, but also its compensations and coincidences. Twenty-two years ago, when I was studying German as a boy in the old city of Frankfort, guests from the South of France came to visit the amiable family with whom I was residing. There were M. Laurens, a painter and a musical enthusiast, his wife, and Mademoiselle Rosalba, a daughter as fair as her name. Never shall I forget the curious letter which the artist wrote to the manager of the theatre, requesting that Beethoven's *Fidelio* might be given (and it was !) for his own especial benefit, nor the triumphant air with which he came to us one day, saying, "I have something of most precious," and brought forth, out of a dozen protecting envelopes, a single gray hair from Beethoven's head. Nor shall I forget how Madame Laurens taught us French plays, and how the fair Rosalba declaimed André Chénier to redeem her pawns ; but I might have forgotten all these things, had it not been for an old volume* which turned up at need, and which gave me information, at once clear, precise, and attractive, concerning the streets and edifices of Palma. The round, solid head, earnest eyes, and abstracted air of the painter came forth distinct from the limbo of things overlaid but never lost, and went with me through the checkered blaze and gloom of the city.

The monastery of San Domingo, which was the head-quarters of the Inquisition, was spared by the progressive government of Mendizabal, but destroyed by the people. Its ruins must have been the most picturesque sight of Palma ; but since the visit of M. Laurens

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage d'Art à l'Isle de Majorque*. Par J.-B. Laurens.

they have been removed, and their broken vaults and revealed torture-chambers are no longer to be seen. There are, however, two or three buildings of more than ordinary interest. The *Casa Consistorial*, or City Hall, is a massive Palladian pile of the sixteenth century, resembling the old palaces of Pisa and Florence, except in the circumstance that its roof projects at least ten feet beyond the front, resting on a massive cornice of carved wood with curious horizontal caryatides in the place of brackets. The rich burnt-sienna tint of the carvings contrasts finely with the golden-brown of the massive marble walls,—a combination which is shown in no other building of the Middle Ages. The sunken rosettes, surrounded by raised arabesque borders, between the caryatides, are sculptured with such a careful reference to the distance at which they must be seen, that they appear as firm and delicate as if near the spectator's eye.

The Cathedral, founded by the Conquistador, and built upon, at intervals, for more than three centuries, is not yet finished. It stands upon a natural platform of rock, overhanging the sea, where its grand dimensions produce the greatest possible effect. In every view of Palma, it towers solidly above the houses and bastioned walls, and insists upon having the sky as a background for the light Gothic pinnacles of its flying buttresses. The government has recently undertaken its restoration, and a new front of very admirable and harmonious design is about half completed. The soft amber-colored marble of Majorca is enriched in tint by exposure to the air, and even when built in large, unrelieved masses retains a bright and cheerful character. The new portion of the cathedral, like the old, has but little sculpture, except in the portals; but that little is so elegant that a greater profusion of ornament would seem out of place.

Passing from the clear, dazzling day into the interior, one finds himself, at first, in total darkness; and the dimensions of the nave—nearly three hun-

dred feet in length by one hundred and forty in height—are amplified by the gloom. The wind, I was told, came through the windows on the sea side with such force as to overturn the chalices, and blow out the tapers on the altar, whereupon every opening was walled up, except a rose at the end of the chancel, and a few slits in the nave, above the side-aisles. A sombre twilight, like that of a stormy day, fills the edifice. Here the rustling of stoles and the muttering of prayers suggest incantation rather than worship; the organ has a hollow, sepulchral sound of lamentation; and there is a spirit of mystery and terror in the stale, clammy air. The place resembles an antechamber of Purgatory much more than of Heaven. The mummy of Don Jaime II., son of the Conquistador and first king of Majorca, is preserved in a sarcophagus of black marble. This is the only historic monument in the Cathedral, unless the stranger chooses to study the heraldry of the island families from their shields suspended in the chapels.

When I returned to the Four Nations for breakfast, I found at the table a gentleman of Palma, who invited me to sit down and partake of his meal. For the first time this Spanish custom, which really seems picturesque and fraternal when coming from shepherds or muleteers in a mountain inn, struck me as the hollowest of forms. The gentleman knew that I would not accept his invitation, nor he mine; he knew, moreover, that I knew he did not wish me to accept it. The phrase, under such conditions, becomes a cheat which offends the sacred spirit of hospitality. How far the mere form may go was experienced by George Sand, who, having accepted the use of a carriage most earnestly offered to her by a Majorcan count, found the equipage at her door, it is true, but with it a letter expressing so much vexation, that she was forced to withdraw her acceptance of the favor at once, and to apologize for it! I have always found much hospitality among the common

people of Spain, and I doubt not that the spirit exists in all classes ; but it requires some practice to distinguish between empty phrase and the courtesy which comes from the heart. A people who boast of some special virtue generally do not possess it.

My own slight intercourse with the Majorcans was very pleasant. On the day of my arrival, I endeavored to procure a map of the island, but none of the bookstores possessed the article. It could be found in one house in a remote street, and one of the shopmen finally sent a boy with me to the very door. When I offered money for the service, my guide smiled, shook his head, and ran away. The map was more than fifty years old, and drawn in the style of two centuries ago, with groups of houses for the villages, and long files of conical peaks for the mountains. The woman brought it down, yellow and dusty, from a dark garret over the shop, and seemed as delighted with the sale as if she had received money for useless stock. In the streets, the people inspected me curiously, as a stranger, but were always ready to go out of their way to guide me. The ground-floor being always open, all the features of domestic life and of mechanical labor are exposed to the public. The housewives, the masters, and apprentices, busy as they seem, manage to keep one eye disengaged, and no one passes before them without notice. Cooking, washing, sewing, tailoring, shoemaking, coopering, rope and basket making, succeed each other, as one passes through the narrow streets. In the afternoon, the mechanics frequently come forth and set up their business in the open air, where they can now and then greet a country acquaintance or a city friend or sweetheart.

When I found that the ruins of San Domingo had been removed, and a statue of Isabella II. erected on the Alameda, I began to suspect that the reign of old things was over in Majorca. A little observation of the people made this fact more evident. The

island costume is no longer worn by the young men, even in the country ; they have passed into a very comical transition state. Old men, mounted on lean asses or mules, still enter the gates of Palma, with handkerchiefs tied over their shaven crowns, and long gray locks falling on their shoulders, — with short, loose jackets, shawls around the waist, and wide Turkish trousers gathered at the knee. Their gaunt brown legs are bare, and their feet protected by rude sandals. Tall, large-boned, and stern of face, they hint both of Vandal and of Moslem blood. The younger men are of inferior stature, and nearly all bow-legged. They have turned the flowing trousers into modern pantaloons, the legs of which are cut like the old-fashioned *gigot* sleeve, very big and baggy at the top, and tied with a drawing-string around the waist. My first impression was, that the men had got up in a great hurry, and put on their trousers hinder-end foremost. It would be difficult to invent a costume more awkward and ungraceful than this.

In the city the young girls wear a large triangular piece of white or black lace, which covers the hair, and tightly encloses the face, being fastened under the chin and the ends brought down to a point on the breast. Their almond-shaped eyes are large and fine, but there is very little positive beauty among them. Most of the old country-women are veritable hags, and their appearance is not improved by the broad-brimmed stove-pipe hats which they wear. Seated astride on their donkeys, between panniers of produce, they come in daily from the plains and mountains, and you encounter them on all the roads leading out of Palma. Few of the people speak any other language than the *Mallorquin*, a variety of the Catalan, which, from the frequency of the terminations in *ch* and *tz*, constantly suggests the old Provençal literature. The word *vitch* (son) is both Celtic and Slavonic. Some Arabic terms are also retained, though fewer, I think, than in Andalusia.

In the afternoon I walked out into the

country. The wall, on the land side, which is very high and massive, is pierced by five guarded gates. The dry moat, both wide and deep, is spanned by wooden bridges, after crossing which one has the choice of a dozen high-ways, all scantily shaded with rows of ragged mulberry-trees, glaring white in the sun and deep in impalpable dry dust. But the sea-breeze blows freshening across the parched land; shadows of light clouds cool the arid mountains in the distance; the olives roll into silvery undulations; a palm in full, rejoicing plumage rustles over your head; and the huge spatulate leaves of a banana in the nearest garden twist and split into fringes. There is no languor in the air, no sleep in the deluge of sunshine; the landscape is active with signs of work and travel. Wheat, wine, olives, almonds, and oranges are produced, not only side by side, but from the same fields, and the painfully thorough system of cultivation leaves not a rood of the soil unused.

I had chosen, at random, a road which led me west toward the nearest mountains, and in the course of an hour I found myself at the entrance of a valley. Solitary farm-houses, each as massive as the tower of a fortress and of the color of sunburnt gold, studded the heights, overlooking the long slopes of almond-orchards. I looked about for water, in order to make a sketch of the scene; but the bed of the brook was as dry as the highway. The nearest house toward the plain had a splendid sentinel palm beside its door,—a dream of Egypt, which beckoned and drew me towards it with a glamour I could not resist. Over the wall of the garden the orange-trees lifted their mounds of impenetrable foliage; and the blossoms of the pomegranates, sprinkled against such a background, were like coals of fire. The fig-bearing cactus grew about the house in clumps twenty feet high, covered with pale-yellow flowers. The building was large and roomy, with a court-yard, around which ran a shaded gallery. The farmer who was issuing therefrom as I ap-

proached wore the shawl and Turkish trousers of the old generation, while his two sons, reaping in the adjoining wheat-fields, were hideous in the modern *gigots*. Although I was manifestly an intruder, the old man greeted me respectfully, and passed on to his work. Three boys tended a drove of black hogs in the stubble, and some women were so industriously weeding and hoeing in the field beyond, that they scarcely stopped to cast a glance upon the stranger. There was a grateful air of peace, order, and contentment about the place; no one seemed to be suspicious, or even surprised, when I seated myself upon a low wall, and watched the laborers.

The knoll upon which the farm-house stood sloped down gently into the broad, rich plain of Palma, extending many a league to the eastward. Its endless orchards made a dim horizon-line, over which rose the solitary double-headed mountain of Felaniche, and the tops of some peaks near Arta. The city wall was visible on my right, and beyond it a bright arc of the Mediterranean. The features of the landscape, in fact, were so simple, that I fear I cannot make its charm evident to the reader. Looking over the nearer fields, I observed two peculiarities of Majorca, upon which depends much of the prosperity of the island. The wheat is certainly, as it is claimed to be, the finest of any Mediterranean land. Its large, perfect grains furnish a flour of such fine quality that the whole produce of the island is sent to Spain for the pastry and confectionery of the cities, while the Majorcans import a cheap, inferior kind in its place. Their fortune depends on their abstinence from the good things which Providence has given them. Their pork is greatly superior to that of Spain, and it leaves them in like manner; their best wines are now bought up by speculators and exported for the fabrication of sherry; and their oil, which might be the finest in the world, is so injured by imperfect methods of preservation that it might pass for the worst. These things, how-

ever, give them no annoyance. Southern races are sometimes indolent, but rarely Epicurean in their habits; it is the Northern man who sighs for his flesh-pots.

I walked forward between the fields toward another road, and came upon a tract which had just been ploughed and planted for a new crop. The soil was ridged in a labyrinthine pattern, which appeared to have been drawn with square and rule. But more remarkable than this was the difference of level, so slight that the eye could not possibly detect it, by which the slender irrigating streams were conducted to every square foot of the field, without a drop being needlessly wasted. The system is an inheritance from the Moors, who were the best natural engineers the world has ever known. Water is scarce in Majorca, and thus every stream, spring, rainfall, — even the dew of heaven, — is utilized. Channels of masonry, often covered to prevent evaporation, descend from the mountains, branch into narrower veins, and visit every farm on the plain, whatever may be its level. Where these are not sufficient, the rains are added to the reservoir, or a string of buckets, turned by a mule, lifts the water from a well. But it is in the economy of distributing water to the fields that the most marvellous skill is exhibited. The grade of the surface must not only be preserved, but the subtle, tricky spirit of water so delicately understood and humored that the streams shall traverse the greatest amount of soil with the least waste or wear. In this respect, the most skilful application of science could not surpass the achievements of the Majorcan farmers.

Working my way homeward through the tangled streets, I was struck with the universal sound of wailing which filled the city. All the tailors, shoemakers, and basket-makers, at work in the open air, were singing, rarely in measured strains, but with wild, irregular, lamentable cries, exactly in the manner of the Arabs. Sometimes the song was antiphonal, flung back and

forth from the farthest visible corners of a street; and then it became a contest of lungs, kept up for an hour at a time. While breakfasting, I had heard, as I supposed, a *miserere* chanted by some procession of monks, and wondered when the doleful strains would cease. I now saw that they came from the mouths of some cheerful coopers, who were heading barrels a little farther down the street. The Majorcans still have their troubadours, who are hired by languishing lovers to improvise strains of longing or reproach under the windows of the fair, and perhaps the latter may listen with delight; but I know of no place where the Enraged Musician would so soon become insane. The isle is full of noises, and a Caliban might say that they hurt not; for me they murdered sleep, both at midnight and at dawn.

I had decided to devote my second day to an excursion to the mountain paradise of Valdemosa, and sallied forth early, to seek the means of conveyance. Up to this time I had been worried — tortured, I may say, without exaggeration — by desperate efforts to recover the Spanish tongue, which I had not spoken for fourteen years. I still had the sense of possessing it, but in some old drawer of memory, the lock of which had rusted and would not obey the key. Like Mrs. Dombey, I felt as if there were Spanish words somewhere in the room, but I could not positively say that I had them, — a sensation which, as everybody knows, is far worse than absolute ignorance. I had taken a carriage for Valdemosa, after a long talk with the proprietor, a most agreeable fellow, when I suddenly stopped, and exclaimed to myself, "You are talking Spanish, — did you know it?" It was even so: as much of the language as I ever knew was suddenly and unaccountably restored to me. On my return to the Four Nations, I was still further surprised to find myself repeating songs, without the failure of a line or word, which I had learned from a Mexican as a school-boy, and had not thought of for twenty years. The un-

used drawer had somehow been unlocked or broken open while I slept.

Valdemosa is about twelve miles north of Palma, in the heart of the only mountain-chain of the island, which forms its western, or rather northwestern coast. The average altitude of these mountains will not exceed three thousand feet; but the broken, abrupt character of their outlines, and the naked glare of their immense precipitous walls, give them that intrinsic grandeur which does not depend on measurement. In their geological formation they resemble the Pyrenees; the rocks are of that *palombino*, or dove-colored limestone, so common in Sicily and the Grecian islands, — pale bluish-gray, taking a soft orange tint on the faces most exposed to the weather. Rising directly from the sea on the west, they cease almost as suddenly on the land side, leaving all the central portion of the island a plain, slightly inclined toward the southeast, where occasional peaks or irregular groups of hills interrupt its monotony.

In due time my team made its appearance, — an omnibus of basket-work, with a canvas cover, drawn by two horses. It had space enough for twelve persons, yet was the smallest vehicle I could discover. There appears to be nothing between it and the two-wheeled cart of the peasant, which, on a pinch, carries six or eight. For an hour and a half we traversed the teeming plain, between stacks of wheat worthy to be laid on the altar at Eleusis, carob-trees with their dark, varnished foliage, almond-orchards bending under the weight of their green nuts, and the country-houses with their garden clumps of orange, cactus, and palm. As we drew near the base of the mountains, olive-trees of great size and luxuriance covered the earth with a fine sprinkle of shade. Their gnarled and knotted trunks, a thousand years old, were frequently split into three or four distinct and separate trees, which in the process assumed forms so marvellously human in their distortion, that I could scarcely believe them to be accidental.

Doré never drew anything so weird and grotesque. Here were two club-headed individuals fighting, with interlocked knees, convulsed shoulders, and fists full of each other's hair; yonder a bully was threatening attack, and three cowards appeared to be running away from him with such speed that they were tumbling over one another's heels. In one place a horrible dragon was devouring a squirming, shapeless animal; in another, a drunken man, with whirling arms and tangled feet, was pitching forward upon his face. The living wood in Dante was tame beside these astonishing trees.

We now entered a wild ravine, where, nevertheless, the mountain-sides, sheer and savage as they were, had succumbed to the rule of man, and nourished an olive or a carob tree on every corner of earth between the rocks. The road was built along the edge of the deep, dry bed of a winter stream, so narrow that a single arch carried it from side to side, as the windings of the glen compelled. After climbing thus for a mile in the shadows of threatening masses of rock, an amphitheatre of gardens, enframed by the spurs of two grand, arid mountains, opened before us. The bed of the valley was filled with vines and orchards, beyond which rose long terraces, dark with orange and citron trees, obelisks of cypress and magnificent groups of palm, with the long white front and shaded balconies of a hacienda between. Far up, on a higher plateau between the peaks, I saw the church-tower of Valdemosa. The sides of the mountains were terraced with almost incredible labor, walls massive as the rock itself being raised to a height of thirty feet, to gain a shelf of soil two or three yards in breadth. Where the olive and the carob ceased, box and ilex took possession of the inaccessible points, carrying up the long waves of vegetation until their foam-sprinkles of silver-gray faded out among the highest clefts. The natural channels of the rock were straightened and made to converge at the base, so that not a wandering cloud could bathe the

wild growths of the summit without being caught and hurried into some tank below. The wilderness was forced, by pure toil, to become a Paradise; and each stubborn feature, which toil could not subdue, now takes its place as a contrast and an ornament in the picture. Verily, there is nothing in all Italy so beautiful as Valdemosa!

Lest I should be thought extravagant in my delight, let me give you some words of George Sand, which I have since read. "I have never seen," she says, "anything so bright, and at the same time so melancholy, as these perspectives where the ilex, the carob, pine, olive, poplar, and cypress mingle their various hues in the hollows of the mountain,—abysses of verdure, where the torrent precipitates its course under mounds of sumptuous richness and an inimitable grace. . . . While you hear the sound of the sea on the northern coast, you perceive it only as a faint shining line beyond the sinking mountains and the great plain which is unrolled to the southward;—a sublime picture, framed in the foreground by dark rocks covered with pines; in the middle distance by mountains of boldest outline, fringed with superb trees; and beyond these by rounded hills which the setting sun gilds with burning colors, where the eye distinguishes, a league away, the microscopic profile of trees, fine as the antennæ of butterflies, black and clear as pen-drawings of India-ink on a ground of sparkling gold. It is one of those landscapes which oppress you because they leave nothing to be desired, nothing to be imagined. Nature has here created that which the poet and the painter behold in their dreams. An immense *ensemble*, infinite details, inexhaustible variety, blended forms, sharp contours, dim, vanishing depths,—all are present, and art can suggest nothing further. Majorca is one of the most beautiful countries of the world for the painter, and one of the least known. It is a green Helvetia under the sky of Calabria, with the solemnity and silence of the Orient."

The village of Valdemosa is a picturesque, rambling place, brown with age, and buried in the foliage of fig and orange trees. The highest part of the narrow plateau where it stands is crowned by the church and monastery of the Trappists (*Cartusa*), now deserted. My coachman drove under the open roof of a venta, and began to unharness his horses. The family, who were dining at a table so low that they appeared to be sitting on the floor, gave me the customary invitation to join them, and when I asked for a glass of wine brought me one which held nearly a quart. I could not long turn my back on the bright, wonderful landscape without; so, taking books and colors, I entered the lonely cloisters of the monastery. Followed first by one small boy, I had a retinue of at least fifteen children before I had completed the tour of the church, court-yard, and the long-drawn, shady corridors of the silent monks; and when I took my seat on the stones at the foot of the towers, with the very scene described by George Sand before my eyes, a number of older persons added themselves to the group. A woman brought me a chair, and the children then planted themselves in a dense row before me, while I attempted to sketch under such difficulties as I had never known before. Precisely because I am no artist, it makes me nervous to be watched while drawing; and the remarks of the young men on this occasion were not calculated to give me courage.

When I had roughly mapped out the sky with its few floating clouds, some one exclaimed, "He has finished the mountains, there they are!" and they all crowded around me, saying, "Yes, there are the mountains!" While I was really engaged upon the mountains, there was a violent discussion as to what they might be; and I don't know how long it would have lasted, had I not turned to some cypresses nearer the foreground. Then a young man cried out: "O, that's a cypress! I wonder if he will make them all,—how many are there? One, two, three, four,

five,—yes, he makes five!” There was an immediate rush, shutting out earth and heaven from my sight, and they all cried in chorus, “One, two, three, four, five,—yes, he has made five!” “Cavaliers and ladies,” I said, with solemn politeness, “have the goodness not to stand before me.” “To be sure! Santa Maria! How do you think he can see?” yelled an old woman, and the children were hustled away. But I thereby won the ill-will of those garlic-breathing and scratching imps, for very soon a shower of water-drops fell upon my paper. Next a stick, thrown from an upper window, dropped on my head, and more than once my elbow was intentionally jogged from behind. The older people scolded and threatened, but young Majorca was evidently against me. I therefore made haste to finish my impotent mimicry of air and light, and get away from the curious crowd.

Behind the village there is a gleam of the sea, near, yet at an unknown depth. As I threaded the walled lanes, seeking some point of view, a number of lusty young fellows, mounted on unsaddled mules, passed me with a courteous greeting. On one side rose a grand pile of rock, covered with ilex-trees,—a bit of scenery so admirable, that I fell into a new temptation. I climbed a little knoll and looked around me. Far and near no children were to be seen; the portico of an unfinished house offered both shade and seclusion. I concealed myself behind a pillar, and went to work. For half an hour I was happy; then a round black head popped up over a garden-wall, a small brown form crept towards me, beckoned, and presently a new multitude had assembled. The noise they made provoked a sound of cursing from the interior of a stable adjoining the house. They only made a louder tumult in answer; the voice became more threatening, and at the end of five minutes the door burst open. An old man, with wrath flashing from his eyes, came forth. The children took to their heels; I greeted the new-comer politely, but he

hardly returned the salutation. He was a very fountain of curses, and now hurled stones with them after the fugitives. When they had all disappeared behind the walls, he went back to his den, grumbling and muttering. It was not five minutes, however, before the children were back again, as noisy as before; so, at the first thunder from the stable, I shut up my book, and returned to the inn.

While the horses were being harnessed, I tried to talk with an old native, who wore the island costume, and was as grim and grizzly as Ossawatimie Brown. A party of country people from the plains, who seemed to have come up to Valdemosa on a pleasure trip, clambered into a two-wheeled cart drawn by one mule, and drove away. My old friend gave me the distances of various places, the state of the roads, and the quality of the wine; but he seemed to have no conception of the world outside of the island. Indeed, to a native of the village, whose fortune has simply placed him beyond the reach of want, what is the rest of the world? Around and before him spread one of its loveliest pictures; he breathes its purest air; and he may enjoy its best luxuries, if he heeds or knows how to use them.

Up to this day the proper spice and flavor had been wanting. Palma had only interested me, but in Valdemosa I found the inspiration, the heat and play of vivid, keen sensation, which one (often somewhat unreasonably) expects from a new land. As my carriage descended, winding around the sides of the magnificent mountain amphitheatre, in the alternate shadows of palm and ilex, pine and olive, I looked back, clinging to every marvellous picture, and saying to myself, over and over again, “I have not come hither in vain.” When the last shattered gate of rock closed behind me, and the wood of insane olive-trunks was passed, with what other eyes I looked upon the rich orchard-plain! It had now become a part of one superb whole; as the background of my mountain view, it had caught a

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new glory, and still wore the bloom of the invisible sea.

In the evening I reached the Four Nations, where I was needlessly invited to dinner by certain strangers, and dined alone, on meats cooked in rancid oil. When the cook had dished the last course, he came into a room adjoining the dining apartment, sat down to a piano in his white cap, and played loud, long, and badly. The landlord had papered this room with illustrations from all the periodicals of Europe: dancing-girls pointed their toes under cardinals' hats, and bulls were baited before the shrines of saints. Mixed with the woodcuts were the landlord's own artistic productions, wonderful to behold. All the house was proud of this room, and with reason; for there is assuredly no other room like it in the world. A notice in four languages, written with extraordinary flourishes, announced in the English division that travellers will find "confortation and modest prices." The former advantage, I discovered, consisted in the art of the landlord, the music and oil of the cook, and the attendance of a servant so distant that it was easier to serve myself than seek him; the latter may have been "modest" for Palma, but in any other place they would have been considered brazenly impertinent. I should therefore advise travellers to try the "Three Pigeons," in the same street, rather than the Four Nations.

The next day, under the guidance of my old friend, M. Laurens, I wandered for several hours through the streets, peeping into court-yards, looking over garden-walls, or idling under the trees of the Alameda. There are no pleasant suburban places of resort, such as are to be found in all other Spanish cities; the country commences on the other side of the moat. Three small cafés exist, but cannot be said to flourish, for I never saw more than one table occupied. A theatre has been built, but is only open during the winter, of course. Some placards on the walls, however, announced that the na-

tional (that is, Majorcan) diversion of baiting bulls with dogs would be given in a few days.

The noblesse appear to be even haughtier than in Spain, perhaps on account of their greater poverty; and much more of the feudal spirit lingers among them, and gives character to society, than on the main-land. Each family has still a crowd of retainers, who perform a certain amount of service on the estates, and are thenceforth entitled to support. This custom is the reverse of profitable; but it keeps up an air of lordship, and is therefore retained. Late in the afternoon, when the new portion of the Alameda is in shadow, and swept by a delicious breeze from the sea, it begins to be frequented by the people; but I noticed that very few of the upper class made their appearance. So grave and sombre are these latter, that one would fancy them descended from the conquered Moors, rather than the Spanish conquerors.

M. Laurens is of the opinion that the architecture of Palma cannot be ascribed to an earlier period than the beginning of the sixteenth century. I am satisfied, however, either that many fragments of Moorish sculpture must have been used in the erection of the older buildings, or that certain peculiarities of Moorish art have been closely imitated. For instance, that Moorish combination of vast, heavy masses of masonry with the lightest and airiest style of ornament, which the Gothic sometimes attempts, but never with the same success, is here found at every step. I will borrow M. Laurens's words, descriptive of the superior class of edifices, both because I can find no better of my own, and because this very characteristic has been noticed by him. "Above the ground-floor," he says, "there is only one story and a low garret. The entrance is a semi-circular portal without ornament; but the number and dimensions of the stones, disposed in long radii, give it a stately aspect. The grand halls of the main story are lighted by win-

dows divided by excessively slender columns, which are entirely Arabic in appearance. This character is so pronounced, that I was obliged to examine more than twenty houses constructed in the same manner, and to study all the details of their construction, in order to assure myself that the windows had not really been taken from those fairy Moresque palaces, of which the Alhambra is the only remaining specimen. Except in Majorca, I have nowhere seen columns which, with a height of six feet, have a diameter of only three inches. The fine grain of the marble of which they are made, as well as the delicacy of the capitals, led me to suppose them to be of Saracenic origin."

I was more impressed by the *Lonja*, or Exchange, than any other building in Palma. It dates from the first half of the fifteenth century, when the kings of the island had built up a flourishing commerce, and expected to rival Genoa and Venice. Its walls, once crowded with merchants and seamen, are now only opened for the Carnival balls and other festivals sanctioned by religion. It is a square edifice, with light Gothic towers at the corners, displaying little ornamental sculpture, but nevertheless a taste and symmetry, in all its details, which are very rare in Spanish architecture. The interior is a single vast hall, with a groined roof, resting on six pillars of exquisite beauty. They are sixty feet high, and fluted spirally from top to bottom, like a twisted cord, with a diameter of not more than two feet and a half. It is astonishing how the airy lightness and grace of these pillars relieve the immense mass of masonry, spare the bare walls the necessity of ornament, and make the ponderous roof light as a tent. There is here the trace of a law of which our modern architects seem to be ignorant. Large masses of masonry are always oppressive in their effect; they suggest pain and labor, and the Saracens, even more than the Greeks, seem to have discovered the necessity of introducing a sportive, fanciful element, which shall

express the delight of the workman in his work.

In the afternoon, I sallied forth from the western coast-gate, and found there, sloping to the shore, a village inhabited apparently by sailors and fishermen. The houses were of one story, flat-roofed, and brilliantly whitewashed. Against the blue background of the sea, with here and there the huge fronds of a palm rising from among them, they made a truly African picture. On the brown ridge above the village were fourteen huge windmills, nearly all in motion. I found a road leading, along the brink of the overhanging cliffs, toward the castle of Belver, whose brown mediæval turrets rose against a gathering thunder-cloud. This fortress, built as a palace for the kings of Majorca immediately after the expulsion of the Moors, is now a prison. It has a superb situation, on the summit of a conical hill, covered with umbrella-pines. In one of its round, massive towers, Arago was imprisoned for two months in 1808. He was at the time employed in measuring an arc of the meridian, when news of Napoleon's violent measures in Spain reached Majorca. The ignorant populace immediately suspected the astronomer of being a spy and political agent, and would have lynched him at once. Warned by a friend, he disguised himself as a sailor, escaped on board a boat in the harbor, and was then placed in Belver by the authorities, in order to save his life. He afterwards succeeded in reaching Algiers, where he was seized by order of the Bey, and made to work as a slave. Few men of science have known so much of the romance of life.

I had a long walk to Belver, but I was rewarded by a grand view of the Bay of Palma, the city, and all the southern extremity of the island. I endeavored to get into the fields, to seek other points of view; but they were surrounded by such lofty walls that I fancied the owners of the soil could only get at them by scaling-ladders. The grain and trees on either side of the road were hoary with dust, and the

soil, of the hue of burnt chalk, seemed never to have known moisture. But while I loitered on the cliffs the cloud in the west had risen and spread; a cold wind blew over the hills, and the high gray peaks behind Valdemosa disappeared, one by one, in a veil of rain. A rough *tartana*, which performed the service of an omnibus, passed me returning to the city, and the driver, having no passengers, invited me to ride. "What is your fare?" I asked. "Whatever people choose to give," said he, — which was reasonable enough; and I thus reached the Four Nations in time to avoid a deluge.

The Majorcans are fond of claiming their island as the birthplace of Hannibal. There are some remains supposed to be Carthaginian near the town of Alcudia, but, singularly enough, not a fragment to tell of the Roman domination, although their *Balearis Major* must have been then, as now, a rich and important possession. The Saracens, rather than the Vandals, have been the spoilers of ancient art. Their religious detestation of sculpture was at the bottom of this destruction. The Christians could consecrate the old temple to a new service, and give the names of saints to the statues of the gods; but to the Moslem every representation of the human form was worse than blasphemy. For this reason, the symbols of the most ancient faith, massive and unintelligible, have outlived the monuments of those which followed.

In a forest of ancient oaks near the village of Arta, there still exists a number of Cyclopean constructions, the character of which is as uncertain as

the date of their erection. They are cones of huge, irregular blocks, the jambs and lintels of the entrances being of single stones. In a few the opening is at the top, with rude projections resembling a staircase to aid in the descent. Cinerary urns have been found in some of them, yet they do not appear to have been originally constructed as tombs. The Romans may have afterwards turned them to that service. In the vicinity there are the remains of a Druid circle, of large upright monoliths. These singular structures were formerly much more numerous, the people (who call them "the altars of the Gentiles") having destroyed a great many in building the village and the neighboring farm-houses.

I heard a great deal about a cavern on the eastern coast of the island, beyond Arta. It is called the Hermit's Cave, and the people of Palma consider it the principal thing to be seen in all Majorca. Their descriptions of the place, however, did not inspire me with any very lively desire to undertake a two days' journey for the purpose of crawling on my belly through a long hole, and then descending a shaky rope-ladder for a hundred feet or more. When one has performed these feats, they said, he finds himself in an immense hall, supported by stalactitic pillars, the marvels of which cannot be described. Had the scenery of the eastern part of the island been more attractive, I should have gone as far as Arta; but I wished to meet the steamer Minorca at Alcudia, and there were but two days remaining.

MINOR ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS.

IN the present paper we propose to consider six dramatists who were more immediately the contemporaries of Shakespeare and Jonson, and who have the precedence in time, and three of them, if we may believe some critics, not altogether without claim to the precedence in merit, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. These are Heywood, Middleton, Marston, Dekkar, Webster, and Chapman.

They belong to the school of dramatists of which Shakespeare was the head, and which is distinguished from the school of Jonson by essential differences of principle. Jonson constructed his plays on definite external rules, and could appeal confidently to the critical understanding, in case the regularity of his plot and the keeping of his characters were called in question. Shakespeare constructed his, not according to any rules which could be drawn from the practice of other dramatists, but according to those interior laws which the mind, in its creative action, instinctively divines and spontaneously obeys. In his case, the appeal is not to the understanding alone, but to the feelings and faculties which were concerned in producing the work itself; and the symmetry of the whole is felt by hundreds who could not frame an argument to sustain it. The laws to which his genius submitted were different from those to which other dramatists had submitted, because the time, the circumstances, the materials, the purpose aimed at, were different. The time demanded a drama which should represent human life in all its diversity, and in which the tragic and comic, the high and the low, should be in juxtaposition, if not in combination. The dramatists of whom we are about to speak represented them in juxtaposition, and rarely succeeded in vitally combining them so as to produce symmetrical works. Their com-

edy and tragedy, their humor and passion, move in parallel rather than in converging lines. They have diversity; but as their diversity neither springs from, nor tends to, a central principle of organization or of order, the result is often a splendid anarchy of detached scenes, more effective as detached than as related. Shakespeare alone had the comprehensive energy of impassioned imagination to fuse into unity the almost unmanageable materials of his drama, to organize this anarchy into a new and most complex order, and to make a world-wide variety of character and incident consistent with oneness of impression. Jonson, not pretending to give his work this organic form, put forth his whole strength to give it mechanical regularity; every line in his solidest plays costing him, as the wits said, "a cup of sack." But the force implied in a Shakespearian drama, a force that crushes and dissolves the resisting materials into their elements, and recombines or fuses them into a new substance, is a force so different in kind from Jonson's, that it would of course be idle to attempt an estimate of its superiority in degree. And in regard to those minor dramatists who will be the subjects of the present paper, if they fall below Jonson in general ability, they nearly all afford scenes and passages superior to his best in depth of passion, vigor of imagination, and audacious self-committal to the primitive instincts of the heart.

The most profuse, but perhaps the least poetic of these dramatists, was Thomas Heywood, of whom little is known, except that he was one of the most prolific writers the world has ever seen. In 1598 he became an actor, or, as Henslowe, who employed him, phrases it, "came and hired himself to me as a covenanted servant for two years." The date of his first published drama is 1601; that of his last published work,

a "General History of Women," is 1657. As early as 1633 he represents himself as having had an "entire hand, or at least a main finger," in two hundred and twenty plays, of which only twenty-three were printed. "True it is," he says, "that my plays are not exposed to the world in volumes, to bear the title of Works, as others : one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost ; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print ; and a third, that it was never any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read." It was said of him, by a contemporary, that he "not only acted every day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years ; but many of his plays being composed loosely in taverns, occasions them to be so mean." Besides his labors as a playwright, he worked as translator, versifier, and general maker of books. Late in life he conceived the design of writing the lives of all the poets of the world, including his contemporaries. Had this project been carried out, we should have known something about the external life of Shakespeare ; for Heywood must have carried in his brain many of those facts which we of this age are most curious to know.

Heywood's best plays evince large observation, considerable dramatic skill, a sweet and humane spirit, and an easy command of language. His style, indeed, is singularly simple, pure, clear, and straightforward ; but it conveys the impression of a mind so diffused as almost to be characterless, and incapable of flashing its thoughts through the images of imaginative passion. He is more prosaic, closer to ordinary life and character, than his contemporaries. Two of his plays, and the best of them all, "A Woman killed with Kindness," and "The English Traveller," are thoroughly domestic dramas, the first, and not the worst, of their class. The plot of "The English Traveller" is specially good ; and in reading few works of

fiction do we receive a greater shock of surprise than in Geraldine's discovery of the infidelity of Wincott's wife, whom he loves with a Platonic devotion. It is as unanticipated as the discovery, in Jonson's "Silent Woman," that Epicæne is no woman at all, while at the same time it has less the appearance of artifice, and is more the result of natural causes.

With less fluency of diction, less skill in fastening the reader's interest to his fable, harsher in versification, and generally clumsier in construction, the best plays of Thomas Middleton are still superior to Heywood's in force of imagination, depth of passion, and fullness of matter. It must, however, be admitted that the sentiments which direct his powers are not so fine as Heywood's. He depresses the mind, rather than invigorates it. The eye he cast on human life was not the eye of a sympathizing poet, but rather that of a sagacious cynic. His observation, though sharp, close, and vigilant, is somewhat ironic and unfeeling. His penetrating, incisive intellect cuts its way to the heart of a character as with a knife ; and if he lays bare its throbs of guilt and weakness, and lets you into the secrets of its organization, he conceives his whole work is performed. This criticism applies even to his tragedy of "Women beware Women," a drama which shows a deep study of the sources of human frailty, considerable skill in exhibiting the passions in their consecutive, if not in their conflicting action, and a firm hold upon character ; but it lacks pathos, tenderness, and humanity ; its power is out of all proportion to its geniality ; the characters, while they stand definitely out to the eye, are seen through no visionary medium of sentiment and fancy ; and the reader feels the force of Leantio's own agonizing complaint, that his affliction is

"Of greater weight than youth was made to bear,
As if a punishment of after-life
Were fall'n upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable."

There is, indeed, no atmosphere to Middleton's mind ; and the hard, bald caus-

tic peculiarity of his genius, which is unpleasantly felt in reading any one of his plays, becomes a source of painful weariness as we plod doggedly through the five thick volumes of his works. Like the incantations of his own witches, it "casts a thick scurf over life." It is most powerfully felt in his tragedy of "The Changeling," at once the most oppressive and impressive effort of his genius. The character of De Flores in this play has in it a strangeness of iniquity, such as we think is hardly paralleled in the whole range of the Elizabethan drama. The passions of this brute imp are not human. They are such as might be conceived of as springing from the union of animal with fiendish impulses, in a nature which knew no law outside of its own lust, and was as incapable of a scruple as of a sympathy.

But of all the dramatists of the time, the most disagreeable in disposition, though by no means the least powerful in mind, was John Marston. The time of his birth is not known; his name is entangled in contemporary records with that of another John Marston; and we may be sure that his mischief-loving spirit would have been delighted could he have anticipated that the antiquaries, a century after his death, would be driven to despair by the difficulty of discriminating one from the other. It is more than probable, however, that he was the John Marston who was of a respectable family in Shropshire; who took his bachelor's degree at Oxford in 1592; and who was afterwards married to a daughter of the chaplain of James the First. Whatever may have been Marston's antecedents, they were such as to gratify his tastes as a cynical observer of the crimes and follies of men,—an observer whose hatred of evil sprang from no love of good, but to whom the sight of depravity and baseness was welcome, inasmuch as it afforded him the occasion to wreak his own scorn and pride. His ambition was to be the English Juvenal; and it must be conceded that he had the true Iago-like

disposition "to spy out abuses." Accordingly, in 1598, he published a series of venomous satires called "The Scourge of Villanie," rough in versification, condensed in thought, tainted in matter, evincing a cankered more than a caustic spirit, and producing an effect at once indecent and inhuman. To prove that this scourging of villany, which would have put Mephistopheles to the blush, was inspired by no respect for virtue, he soon followed it up with a poem so licentious that, before it was circulated to any extent, it was suppressed by order of Archbishop Whitgift, and nearly all the copies destroyed. A writer could not be thus dishonored without being brought prominently into notice, and old Henslowe, the manager, was after him at once to secure his libellous ability for the Rose. Accordingly, we learn from Henslowe's diary, under date of September 28, 1599, that he had lent to William Borne "to lend unto John Mastone," "the new poete," "the sum of forty shillings," in earnest of some work not named. There is an undated letter of Marston to Henslowe, written probably in reference to this matter, which is characteristic in its disdainfully confident tone. Thus it runs:—

"MR. HENSLOWE, at the Rose on the Bankside.

"If you like my playe of Columbus, it is verie well, and you shall give me noe more than twentie poundes for it, but If nott, lett me have it by the Bearer againe, as I know the kinges men will freeilie give me as much for it, and the profits of the third daye more-over.

"Soe I rest yours,
"JOHN MARSTON."

He seems not to have been popular among the band of dramatists he now joined, and it is probable that his insulting manners were not sustained by corresponding courage. Ben Jonson had many quarrels with him, both literary and personal, and mentions one occasion on which he beat him, and took away his pistol. His temper was

Italian rather than English, and one would conceive of him as quicker with the stiletto than the fist. His connection with the stage ceased in 1613, after he had produced a number of dramas, of which nine have been preserved. He died about twenty years afterwards, in 1634, seemingly in comfortable circumstances.

Marston's plays, whether comedies or tragedies, all bear the mark of his bitter and misanthropic spirit,—a spirit that seemed cursed by the companionship of its own thoughts, and forced them out through a well-grounded fear that they would fester if left within. His comedies of "The Malcontent," "The Fawn," and "What You Will," have no genuine mirth, though an abundance of scornful wit,—of wit which, in his own words, "stings, blisters, galls off the skin, with the acrimony of its sharp quickness." The baser its objects, the brighter its gleam. It is stimulated by the desire to give pain, rather than the wish to communicate pleasure. Marston is not without sprightliness, but his sprightliness is never the sprightliness of the kid, though it is sometimes that of the hyena, and sometimes that of the polecat. In his *Malcontent* he probably drew a flattering likeness of his inner self: yet the most compassionate reader of the play would experience little pity in seeing the *Malcontent* hanged. So much, indeed, of Marston's satire is directed at depravity, that Ben Jonson used to say that "Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies." It is to be hoped, however, that the spirit of the chaplain's tirades against sins was not, like his son-in-law's, worse than the sins themselves.

If Marston's comic vein is thus, to use one of Dekkar's phrases, that of "a thorny-toothed rascal," it may be supposed that his tragic is a still fiercer libel on humanity. His tragedies, indeed, though not without a gloomy power, are extravagant and horrible in conception and conduct. Even when he copies, he makes the thing his own by caricaturing it. Thus the plot of

"Antonio's Revenge" is plainly taken from "Hamlet," but it is "Hamlet" passed through Marston's intellect and imagination, and so debased as to look original. Still, the intellect in Marston's tragedies strikes the reader as forcible in itself, and as capable of achieving excellence, if it could only be divorced from the bad disposition and deformed conscience which direct its exercise. He has fancy, and he frequently stutters into imagination; but the imp that controls his heart corrupts his taste and taints his sense of beauty, and the result is that he has a malicious satisfaction in deliberately choosing words whose uncouthness finds no extenuation in their expressiveness, and in forging elaborate metaphors which disgust rather than delight. His description of a storm at sea is among the least unfavorable specimens of this perversion of his poetical powers:—

"The sea grew mad;

Strait swarthy darkness *apt* out Phoebus' eye,
And blurred the jocund face of bright-cheek'd day;
Whilst cruddled fogs masked even darkness' brow;
Heaven bade 's good night, and the rocks groaned
At the intestine uproar of the main."

It must be allowed that both his tragedies and comedies are full of strong and striking thoughts, which show a searching inquisition into the worst parts of human nature. Occasionally he expresses a general truth with great felicity, as when he says,

"Pygmy cares
Can shelter under patience' shield; but giant griefs
Will burst all covert."

His imagination is sometimes stimulated into unusual power in expressing the fiercer and darker passions; as, for example, in this image:—

"O, my soul's enthroned
In the triumphant chariot of revenge!"

And in this:—

"Ghastly amazement, with upstart hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamor with a sound of death."

He has three descriptions of morning, which seem to have been written in emulation of Shakespeare's in "Hamlet"; two of them being found in the tragedy which "Hamlet" suggested.

"Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?"

For see the dapple-gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

Darkness is fled; look, infant morn hath drawn
Bright silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
And now Aurora's horse trots azure rings,
Breathing fair light about the firmament."

These last two lines appear feeble enough as contrasted with the beautiful intensity of imagination in Emerson's picturing of the same scene:—

"O, tenderly the haughty Day
Fills his blue urn with fire."

The most beautiful passage in Marston's plays is the lament of a father over the dead body of his son, who has been defamed. It is so apart from his usual style, as to breed the suspicion that the worthy chaplain's daughter, whom he made Mrs. Marston, must have given it to him from her purer imagination:—

"Look on those lips,

Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to part
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy."

If among the dramatists of the period any person could be selected who in disposition was the opposite of Marston, it would be Thomas Dekkar,—a man whose inborn sweetness and gleefulness of soul carried him through vexations and miseries which would have crushed a spirit less hopeful, cheerful, and humane. He was probably born about the year 1575; commenced his career as player and playwright before 1598; and for forty years was an author by profession, that is, was occupied in fighting famine with his pen. The first intelligence we have of him is characteristic of his whole life. It is from Henslowe's Diary, under date of February, 1598: "Lent unto the company, to discharge Mr. Decker out of the counter in the powltry, the sum of 40 shillings." Oldys tells us that "he was in King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616"; and the antiquary adds ominously, "how much longer I know not."

Indeed, Dr. Johnson's celebrated condensation of the scholar's life would stand for a biography of Dekkar:—

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

This forced familiarity with poverty and distress does not seem to have embittered his feelings or weakened the force and elasticity of his mind. He turned his calamities into commodities. If indigence threw him into the society of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, he made the knowledge of low life he thus obtained serve his purpose as dramatist or pamphleteer. Whatever may have been the effect of his vagabond habits on his principles, they did not stain the sweetness and purity of his sentiments. There is an innocence in his very coarseness, and a brisk, bright good-nature chirps in his very scurrility. In the midst of distresses of all kinds, he still seems, like his own Fortunatus, "all felicity up to the brims"; but that his content with Fortune is not owing to an unthinking ignorance of her caprice and injustice is proved by the words he puts into her mouth:—

"This world is Fortune's ball wherewith she sports.
Sometimes I strike it up into the air,
And then create I emperors and kings;
Sometimes I spurn it, at which spurn crawls out
The wild beast multitude: curse on, you fools,
'Tis I that tumble princes from their thrones,
And gild false brows with glittering diadems;
'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors,
And when like semi-gods they have been drawn
In ivory chariots to the Capitol,
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
The shouts of every tongue, love of all hearts,
Being swoln with their own greatness, I have
pricked
The bladder of their pride, and made them die
As water-bubbles (without memory):
I thrust base cowards into honor's chair,
Whilst the true-spirited soldier stands by
Bareheaded, and all bare, whilst at his scars
They scoff, that ne'er durst view the face of wars.
I set an idiot's cap on virtue's head,
Turn learning out of doors, clothe wit in rags,
And paint ten thousand images of loam
In gaudy silken colors: on the backs
Of mules and asses I make asses ride,
Only for sport to see the apish world
Worship such beasts with sound idolatry.
This Fortune does; and when all this is done,
She sits and smiles to hear some curse her name,
And some with adoration crown her fame."

The boundless beneficence of Dekkar's heart is specially embodied in the

character of the opulent lord, Jacomo Gentili, in his play of "The Wonder of a Kingdom." When Gentili's steward brings him the book in which the amount of his charities is recorded, he exclaims impatiently : —

"Thou vain vainglorious fool, go burn that book ;
No herald needs to blazon charity's arms,

I launch not forth a ship, with drums and guns
And trumpets, to proclaim my gallantry ;
He that will read the wasting of my gold
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the wind
Will scatter ere he spells it."

He will have neither wife nor children.
When, he says,

"I shall have one hand in heaven,
To write my happiness in leaves of stars,
A wife would pluck me by the other down.
This bark has thus long sailed about the world,
My soul the pilot, and yet never listened
To such a mermaid's song.

My heirs shall be poor children fed on alms ;
Soldiers that want limbs ; scholars poor and scorned ;
And these will be a sure inheritance
Not to decay ; manors and towns will fall,
Lordships and parks, pastures and woods, be sold ;
But this land still continues to the lord :
No tricks of law can me beguile of this.
But of the beggar's dish, I shall drink healths
To last forever ; whilst I live, my roof
Shall cover naked wretches ; when I die,
'T is dedicated to St. Charity."

We should not do justice to Dekkar's disposition, even after these quotations, did we omit that enumeration of positives and negatives which, in his view, make up the character of the happy man : —

"He that in the sun is neither beam nor moat,
He that 's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes This his sea and That his shore,
He that in 's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts Youth his sword and Age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead no crow, — he is a Happy Man."

As Dekkar wrote under the constant goad of necessity, he seems to have been indifferent to the requirements of art. That "wet-eyed wench, Care," was as absent from his ink as from his soul. Even his best plays, "Old Fortunatus," "The Wonder of a Kingdom," and another whose title cannot be mentioned, are good in particular scenes and characters rather than good

as wholes. Occasionally, as in the character of Signior Orlando Frisco-baldo, he strikes off a fresh, original, and masterly creation, consistently sustained throughout, and charming us by its loveliness, as well as thrilling us by its power ; but generally his sentiment and imagination break upon us in unexpected felicities, strangely better than what surrounds them. These have been culled by the affectionate admiration of Lamb, Hunt, and Hazlitt, and made familiar to all English readers. To prove how much finer, in its essence, his genius was than the genius of so eminent a dramatist as Massinger, we only need to compare Massinger's portions of the play of "The Virgin Martyr" with Dekkar's. The scene between Dorothea and Angelo, in which she recounts her first meeting with him as a "sweet-faced beggar-boy," and the scene in which Angelo brings to Theophilus the basket of fruits and flowers which Dorothea has plucked in Paradise, are inexpressibly beautiful in their exquisite subtlety of imagination and artless elevation of sentiment. It is difficult to understand how a writer capable of such refinements as these should have left no drama which is a part of the classical literature of his country.

One of these scenes — that between Dorothea, the Virgin Martyr, and Angelo, an angel who waits upon her in the disguise of a page — we cannot refrain from quoting, familiar as it must be to many readers : —

"Dor. My book and taper.

"Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

"Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never

Was ravished with a more celestial sound,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest ;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppressed.

"Ang. No, my dear lady ; I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I 'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

"Dor. Be nigh me still then.

In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
Thy little pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, — with lucky hand !
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubim, than it did before.

"Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

"Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father. . . .

Show me thy parents ;

Be not ashamed.

"Angelo. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure
you,

And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven ; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand,
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

"Dor. O blessed day !
We all long to be there, but lose the way."

But the passage in all Dekkar's works
which will be most likely to immortal-
ize his name is that often-quoted one,
taken from a play whose very name is
unmentionable to prudish ears : —

"Patience, my lord ! why, 't is the soul of peace ;
Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to heaven ;
It makes men look like gods. — The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a Sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

A more sombre genius than Dekkar,
though a genius more than once asso-
ciated with his own in composition, was
John Webster, of whose biography
nothing is certainly known, except that
he was a member of the Merchant
Tailors' Company. His works have
been thrice republished within thirty
years ; but the perusal of the whole
does not add to the impression left on
the mind by his two great tragedies.
His comic talent was small ; and for
all the mirth in his comedies of "West-
ward Hoe" and "Northward Hoe" we
are probably indebted to his associate,
Dekkar. His play of "Appius and
Virginia" is far from being an ade-
quate rendering of one of the most
beautiful and affecting fables that ever

crept into history. "The Devil's Law
Case," a tragi-comedy, has not suffi-
cient power to atone for the want of
probability in the plot and want of
nature in the characters. The histori-
cal play of "Sir Thomas Wyatt" can
only be fitly described by using the
favorite word in which Ben Jonson was
wont to condense his critical opinions,
—"It is naught." But "The White
Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy"
are tragedies which even so rich and
varied a literature as the English could
not lose without a sensible diminution
of its treasures.

Webster was one of those writers
whose genius consists in the expres-
sion of special moods, and who, out-
side of those moods, cannot force their
creative faculties into vigorous action.
His mind by instinctive sentiment was
directed to the contemplation of the
darker aspects of life. He brooded
over crime and misery until his imagi-
nation was enveloped in their atmos-
phere, found a fearful joy in probing
their sources and tracing their conse-
quences, became strangely familiar
with their physiognomy and psychol-
ogy, and felt a shuddering sympathy
with their "deep groans and terrible
ghastly looks." There was hardly a
remote corner of the soul, which hid a
feeling capable of giving mental pain,
into which this artist in agony had
not curiously peered ; and his medita-
tions on the mysterious disorder pro-
duced in the human consciousness by
the rebound of thoughtless or criminal
deeds might have found fit expression
in the lines of the great poet of our
own times : —

"Action is momentary, —
The motion of a muscle, this way or that.
Suffering is long, obscure, and infinite."

With this proclivity of his imagina-
tion, Webster's power as a dramatist
consists in confining the domain of
his tragedy within definite limits, in
excluding all variety of incident and
character which could interfere with
his main design of awaking terror and
pity, and in the intensity with which
he arrests, and the tenacity with which

he holds the attention, as he drags the mind along the pathway which begins in misfortune or guilt, and ends in death. He is such a spendthrift of his stimulants, and accumulates horror on horror, and crime on crime, with such fatal facility, that he would render the mind callous to his terrors, were it not that what is acted is still less than what is suggested, and that the souls of his characters are greater than their sufferings or more terrible than their deeds. The crimes and the criminals belong to Italy as it was in the sixteenth century, when poisoning and assassination were almost in the fashion; the feelings with which they are regarded are English; and the result of the combination is to make the poisoners and assassins more fiendishly malignant in spirit than they actually were. Thus Ferdinand, in "The Duchess of Malfy," is the conception formed by an honest, deep-thoughted Englishman of an Italian duke and politician, who had been educated in those maxims of policy which were generalized by Machiavelli. Webster makes him a devil, but a devil with a soul to be damned. The Duchess, his sister, is discovered to be secretly married to her steward; and in connection with his brother, the Cardinal, the Duke not only resolves on her death, but devises a series of preliminary mental torments to madden and break down her proud spirit. The first is an exhibition of wax figures, representing her husband and children as they appeared in death. Then comes a dance of madmen, with dismal howls and songs and speeches. Then a tomb-maker whose talk is of the charnel-house, and who taunts her with her mortality. She interrupts his insulting homily with the exclamation, "Am I not thy Duchess?" "Thou art," he scornfully replies, "some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear; a little infant that breeds its

teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow." This mockery only brings from her firm spirit the proud assertion, "I am Duchess of Malfy still." Indeed, her mind becomes clearer and calmer as the tortures proceed. At first she had imprecated curses on her brothers, and cried,

"Plagues that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!"

But now, when the executioners appear, when her dirge is sung, containing those tremendous lines,

"Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror,"—

when all that malice could suggest for her torment has been expended, and the ruffians who have been sent to murder her approach to do their office, her attitude is that of quiet dignity, forgetful of her own sufferings, solicitous for others. Her attendant, Cariola, screams out:

"Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
"Duchess. To whom,—to our next neighbors?
They are mad folks.

"Bosola. Remove that noise.

"Duchess. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

"Cariola. I will die with her.

"Duchess. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please:

What death?

"Bosola. Strangling; here are your executioners.

"Duchess. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength

Must pull down heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go, tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet."

The strange, unearthly stupor which precedes the remorse of Ferdinand for her murder is true to nature, and especially his nature. Bosola, pointing to the dead body of the Duchess, says:

"Fix your eye here.

"*Ferd.* Constantly.

"*Bosola.* Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

"*Ferd.* Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle:
She died young.

"*Bosola.* I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.

"*Ferd.* She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute."

We have said that Webster's peculiarity is the tenacity of his hold on the mental and moral constitution of his characters. We know of their appetites and passions only by their effects on their souls. He has properly no sensuousness. Thus in "The White Devil," his other great tragedy, the events proceed from the passion of Brachiano for Vittoria Corombona, — a passion so intense as to lead one to order the murder of his wife, and the other the murder of her husband. If either Fletcher or Ford had attempted the subject, the sensual and emotional motives to the crime would have been represented with overpowering force, and expressed in the most alluring images, so that wickedness would have been almost resolved into weakness; but Webster lifts the wickedness at once from the senses into the region of the soul, exhibits its results in spiritual depravity, and shows the satanic energy of purpose which may spring from the ruins of the moral will. There is nothing lovable in Vittoria. She seems, indeed, almost without sensations; and the affection between her and Brachiano is simply the magnetic attraction which one evil spirit has for another evil spirit. Francisco, the brother of Brachiano's wife, says to him:

"Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and locked
fast
In her last winding-sheet, when I gave thee
But one."

This is the language of the intensest passion, but as applied to the adulterous lover of Vittoria it seems little more than the utterance of reasonable regret; for devil can only truly mate with devil,

and Vittoria is Brachiano's real "infinity."

The moral confusion they produce by their deeds is traced with more than Webster's usual steadiness of nerve and clearness of vision. The evil they inflict is a cause of evil in others; the passion which leads to murder rouses the fiercer passion which aches for vengeance; and at last, when the avengers of crime have become morally as bad as the criminals, they are all involved in a common destruction. Vittoria is probably Webster's most powerful delineation. Bold, bad, proud, glittering in her baleful beauty, strong in that evil courage which shrinks from crime as little as from danger, she meets her murderers with the same self-reliant scorn with which she met her judges. "Kill her attendant first," exclaimed one of them.

"*Vittoria.* You shall not kill her first; behold
my breast:

I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.

"*Gasparo.* Are you so brave?

"*Vittoria.* Yes, I shall welcome death,
As princes do some great ambassadors;
I'll meet thy weapon half-way.

"*Lodovico.* Strike, strike,
With a joint motion.

"*Vittoria.* 'T was a manly blow;
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,
And then thou wilt be famous."

Webster tells us, in the Preface to "The White Devil," that he does not "write with a goose-quill winged with two feathers"; and also hints that the play failed in representation through its being acted in winter in "an open and black theatre," and because it wanted "a full and understanding auditory." "Since that time," he sagely adds, "I have noted most of the people that come to the playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books." And then comes the ever-recurring wail of the playwright, Elizabethan as well as Georgian, respecting the taste of audiences. "Should a man," he says, "present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of

style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death in the passionate and weighty *Nuntius*; yet after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia*, the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison it."

Of all the contemporaries of Shakespeare, Webster is the most Shakespearean. His genius was not only influenced by its contact with one side of Shakespeare's many-sided mind, but the tragedies we have been considering abound in expressions and situations either suggested by or directly copied from the tragedies of him he took for his model. Yet he seems to have had no conception of the superiority of Shakespeare to all other dramatists; and in his Preface to "The White Devil," after speaking of the "full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the labored and understanding works of Master Jonson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher," he adds his approval, "without wrong last to be named," of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekkar, and Master Heywood." This is not half so felicitous a classification as would be made by a critic of our century, who should speak of the "right happy and copious industry" of Master Goethe, Master Dickens, and Master G. P. R. James.

Webster's reference, however, to "the full and heightened style of Master Chapman" is more appropriate; for no writer of that age impresses us more by a certain rude heroic height of character than George Chapman. Born in 1559, and educated at the University of Oxford, he seems, on his first entrance into London life, to have acquired the patronage of the noble, and the friendship of all who valued genius and scholarship. He was among the few men whom Ben Jonson said he loved. His greatest performance, and it was a gigantic one, was his translation of Homer, which, in spite of obvious faults, excels all other translations in the power to rouse and lift and inflame

the mind. Some eminent painter, we believe Barry, said that, when he went into the street after reading it, men seemed ten feet high. Pope averred that the translation of the Iliad might be supposed to have been written by Homer before he arrived at years of discretion; and Coleridge declares the version of the Odyssey to be as truly an original poem as the Faery Queen. Chapman himself evidently thought that he was the first translator who had been admitted into intimate relations with Homer's soul, and caught by direct contact the sacred fury of his inspiration. He says finely of those who had attempted his work in other languages:

"They failed to search his deep and treasured heart.
The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
Of Nature, in their downright strength of art,
With Poesy to open Poesy."

Chapman was also a voluminous dramatist, and of his many comedies and tragedies some sixteen were printed. It is to be feared that the last twenty years of his long and honorable life were passed in a desperate struggle for the means of subsistence. But his ideas of the dignity of his art were so interwoven into his character that he probably met calamity bravely. Poesy he early professed to prefer above all worldly wisdom, being composed, in his own words, of the "sinews and souls of all learning, wisdom, and truth." "We have example sacred enough," he said, "that true Poesy's humility, poverty, and contempt are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings, that nothing but riches, honors, and magistracy" can content. "I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit until I sink into my grave, than shine in your vainglorious bubbles and impieties; all your poor policies, wisdoms, and their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut." These sentiments were probably fresh in his heart when, in 1634, friendless and poor, at the age of seventy-five, he died. Anthony Wood describes him as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and

temperate ; qualities," he spitefully adds, "rarely meeting in a poet."

Chapman was a man with great elements in his nature, which were so imperfectly harmonized that what he was found but a stuttering expression in what he wrote and did. There were gaps in his mind ; or, to use Victor Hugo's image, "his intellect was a book with some leaves torn out." His force, great as it was, was that of an Ajax, rather than that of an Achilles. Few dramatists of the time afford nobler passages of description and reflection. Few are wiser, deeper, manlier in their strain of thinking. But when we turn to the dramas from which these grand things have been detached, we find extravagance, confusion, huge thoughts lying in helpless heaps, sublimity in parts conducing to no general effect of sublimity, the movement lagging and unwieldy, and the plot urged on to the catastrophe by incoherent expedients. His imagination partook of the incompleteness of his intellect. Strong enough to clothe the ideas and emotions of a common poet, it was plainly inadequate to embody the vast, half-formed conceptions which gasped for expression in his soul in its moments of poetic exaltation. Often we feel his meaning, rather than apprehend it. The imagery has the indefiniteness of distant objects seen by moonlight. There are whole passages in his works in which he seems engaged in expressing Chapman to Chapman, like the deaf egotist who only placed his trumpet to his ear when he himself talked.

This criticism applies more particularly to his tragedies, and to his expression of great sentiments and passions. His comedies, though over-informed with thought, reveal him to us as a singularly sharp, shrewd, and somewhat cynical observer, sparkling with worldly wisdom, and not deficient in airiness any more than wit. Hazlitt, we believe, was the first to notice that Monsieur D'Olive, in the comedy of that name, is "the undoubted prototype of that light, flippant, gay, and infinitely delightful class of character, of the pro-

fessed men of wit and pleasure about town, which we have in such perfection in Wycherly and Congreve, such as Sparkish, Witwond, Petulant, &c., both in the sentiments and the style of writing"; and Tharsalio in "The Widow's Tears," and Ludovico in "May-Day," have the hard impudence and cynical distrust of virtue, the arrogant and glorying self-unrighteousness, that distinguish another class of characters which the dramatists of the age of Charles and Anne were unwearied in providing with insolence and repartees. Occasionally we have a jest which Falstaff would not disown. Thus in "May-Day," when Cuthbert, a barber, approaches Quintiliano, to get, if possible, "certain odd crowns" the latter owes him, Quintiliano says, "I think thou'rt newly married?" "I am indeed, sir," is the reply. "I thought so; keep on thy hat, man, 'twill be the less perceived." Chapman, in his comedies generally, shows a kind of philosophical contempt for woman, as a frailer and flimsier, if fairer, creature than man, and he sustains his bad judgment with infinite ingenuity of wilful wit and penetration of ungracious analysis. In "The Widow's Tears" this unpoetic infidelity to the sex pervades the whole plot and incidents, as well as gives edge to many an incisive sarcasm. My sense, says Tharsalio, "tells me how short-lived widows' tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; all of which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolved to burn in that faith." "He," says Lodovico, in "May-Day,"—he "that holds religious and sacred thought of a woman, he that holds so reverend a respect to her that he will not touch her but with a kist hand and a timorous heart, he that adores her like his goddess, let him be sure she will shun him like her slave. . . . Whereas nature made" women "but half fools, we make 'em all fool: and this is our palpable flattery of them, where they had rather have plain dealing." In all Chapman's comic writing there is something of Ben Jonson's

mental self-assertion and disdainful glee in his own superiority to the weakness he satirizes.

In passing from a comedy like "May-Day" to a tragedy like "Bussy D'Ambois," we find some difficulty in recognizing the features of the same nature. "Bussy D'Ambois" represents a mind not so much in creation as in eruption, belching forth smoke, ashes, and stones, no less than flame. Pope speaks of it as full of fustian; but fustian is rant in the words when there is no corresponding rant in the soul; whilst Chapman's tragedy, like Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," indicates a greater swell in the thoughts and passions of his characters than in their expression. The poetry is to Shakespeare's what gold ore is to gold. Veins and lumps of the precious metal gleam on the eye from the duller substance in which it is imbedded. Here are specimens:—

*"Man is torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summed with all his substance;
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (coming near their haven)
Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor stayed fisherman, that never past
His country's sight, to wait and guide them in:
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,
Topped with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port."*

*"In a king
All places are contained. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove;
His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opens, and leaves no tracks,
Nor prints of precedent for mean men's acts."*

*"His great heart will not down: 't is like the sea
That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon
Bristled with surges, never will be won,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are
burst.)
To make retreat into his settled home,
Till he be crowned with his own quiet foam."*

*Now, all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of
waters,
Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest*

*That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charmed
hour
Fix like the centre."*

*"There is One
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind:
He sees through doors and darkness and our
thoughts."*

*"O, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugned:
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mixed with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth but their own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us."*

*"Terror of darkness! O thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse doth strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle:
O thou great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest! open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
Of some ill it includes would feign lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light."*

It is hardly possible to read Chapman's serious verse without feeling that he had in him the elements of a great nature, and that he was a magnificent specimen of what is called "irregular genius." And one of his poems, the dedication of his translation of the Iliad to Prince Henry, is of so noble a strain, and from so high a mood, that, while borne along with its rapture, we are tempted to place him in the first rank of poets and of men. You can feel and hear the throbs of the grand old poet's heart in such lines as these:—

*"O, 't is wondrous much,
Though nothing prized, that the right virtuous
touch
Of a well-written soul to virtue moves;
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflamed.
How much were then this kingdom's main soul
mained,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls."*

*Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers.*

*A prince's statue, or in marble carved,
Or steel, or gold, and shrouded, to be preserved,
Aloft on pillars and pyramids,
Time into lowest ruins may depress;
But drawn with all his virtues in learned verse,
Fame shall resound them on oblivion's hearse,
Till graves gasp with their blasts, and dead men
rise."*

OUR PACIFIC RAILROADS.

TWO thirds of the United States lie west of the Mississippi River. This vast domain has already exercised a tremendous influence over our political destiny. The Territories were the immediate occasion of our civil war. During an entire generation they furnished the arena for the prelusive strife of that war. The Missouri Compromise was to us of the East a flag of truce. But neither nature nor the men who populated the Western Territories recognized this flag. The vexed question of party platforms and sectional debate, the right and the reason of slavery, solved itself in the West with a freedom and rough rapidity natural to the soil and its population. Climatic limitations and prohibitions went hand in hand with the inflow of an emigration mainly from the Northern States,—an emigration fostered by political emotions and fevered by political injustice. While the South was menacing and the North deprecating war, far removed from this tumult of words the conflict was going on, and was being decided. And it was because slavery was doomed in the great West, and therefore in the nation, that rebellion ensued.

It is worthy of note that the same generation which witnessed the growth of the Calhoun school of politics in the South, and of the Free Soil and (afterward) the Republican party in the North, and which followed with intense interest the stages of the Territorial struggle, witnessed also the employment of steam and electricity as agents of human progress. These agents, these organs of velocity, abbreviating time and space, said, Let the West be East; and before the locomotive the West fled from Buffalo to Chicago, across the prairies, the Rocky Mountains, the desert steppes beyond, and down the Pacific slope, until it stared the Orient into a self-contradiction.

It was on the part of our govern-

ment a sublime recognition of the power of steam, that, while it was struggling for existence, it gave its sanction to the Pacific Railroad enterprise. Curiously enough, it is through Kansas and Nebraska—the Epidaurus of our Peloponnesian war—that the two great rival Pacific Railroad routes are to run.

In the summer of 1861, the project of a trans-continental railway connecting our Pacific communities with the older population of the East first assumed a practical aspect. For nearly three decades the nation had been dreaming of the scheme, but it had done little more than dream. Almost with the earliest track-laying in America, a visionary New-Yorker startled a sceptical generation by proclaiming the age of steam, and pointing at the locomotive as the instrument whereby men should yet penetrate the mysterious depths of the Far West, and secure for our growing commerce the prize of Asiatic wealth. Curious readers will find in the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of 1837 an article by Dr. Hartley Carver, advocating a Pacific Railroad; and in view of how little was known at this time of the country beyond the Alleghanies,—so little, indeed, that the Territories of the extreme West had no definite outline, but were measured from the crest of the Rocky Mountains,—the audacity of the proposition might justly have inspired suspicions of the sanity of its author. But if Dr. Carver was chimerical, he was at least courageous in his persistence. Ten years later, this lineal descendant of old John Carver transferred the question from the arena of newspaper discussion, and boldly memorialized Congress. Here he found a rival advocate in Asa Whitney, whose brain throbbed with the glowing possibilities of the Chinese trade, while his specious statistics and contagious eloquence arrested public attention.

Neither of these projectors, however, found the atmosphere of Washington propitious. Failing there, they once more had recourse to the press. The discovery of gold in California gave fresh vigor to the agitation. In 1850, that notable railroad king, William B. Ogden, lent his name to the enterprise, and by his cogent and well-considered appeals excited confidence in statesmen and capitalists. Three years after, Congress yielded to the popular pressure, and ordered those surveys, the result of which lies in eleven bulky departmental volumes, and bears the name of "Pacific Railroad Reports." Then came the Fremont campaign, with its burning enthusiasm, the Pacific Railroad plank in the Republican platform, and the defeat which was almost a victory. The succeeding year a strong effort was made to secure a national charter; but though supported by the Senate, the measure failed to carry in the Lower House.

This disastrous rebuff at Washington produced a profound indignation throughout wide sections; yet it may be questioned whether the arguments on which the railway scheme was based were sufficiently solid to justify such encouragement to the investment of floating capital as the passage of the bill would have implied. Beyond the Missouri River, even on the line of Western travel, population was as sparsely scattered as in an Indian reservation. Neither the gold reaches of Colorado nor the silver-bearing "leads" of the Washoe district had as yet been discovered. California was known only as a region of placer-digging, and its agricultural capacities were very inadequately comprehended. Nor had the Pacific Steamship Company ventured to create its China line. A railroad certain to cost one hundred and forty millions, as the War Department asserted, had in prospect for an immediate revenue only the meagre trade of Salt Lake City, and the freightage of bullion from the Pacific shore. Indeed, the prevailing faith in the enterprise almost passes belief, when it

is remembered that no satisfactory survey had been made of the Sierra Nevada. That terrible pile of snow-crowned peaks, of deep-sunk ravines, of jagged ridges and perilous chasms, where the winding bridle-track scarcely permits a driver to walk beside his mule, seemed to defy the skill of our boldest engineers. Overland travellers reported depths of snow varying from twenty to fifty feet. Fearful stories were narrated of luckless wagon-trains caught in the narrow defiles by sudden mountain storms, and perishing helplessly amid these Alpine rigors. It was surely a legitimate question whether a railroad were possible in the face of such embarrassments; and it is fair to attribute the adverse action of Congress to these considerations, rather than to occult and scarcely explicable sectional motives.

At the commencement of the next decade, all this, however, was changed. California had developed into a rich grape-producing country. Its cereals were beyond the demands of local consumption. A considerable trade had sprung up with Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and latterly with China. The production of quicksilver was on the increase. Valuable copper mines had recently been opened. Moreover, the immense gold seams of Colorado, the vast silver deposits in Nevada, and the auriferous quartz of Idaho, were disclosed almost simultaneously, diverting population to the interior table-lands, and calling loudly for an economical method of transit. Upon the Pacific shore, the desire for a through road suddenly became intensified, while the profitableness of a railway, at least to the Humboldt Sink, became more and more apparent. If only the Sierra might be pierced! That appalling obstacle still threw its shadow over the enterprise. Fortunately, at this very crisis there wandered down from the mountain, in the pleasant summer days, a railway surveyor and engineer, Theodore D. Judah, who had had extensive Eastern experiences, and Californian as well. He was a thin, short, light-haired

Massachusetts man, enthusiastic, conscientious, cautious, and with a quick eye for discovering the opportunities of science amid the obstacles of nature, — a trait which in an engineer is rightly named genius. While engaged in the survey of private claims, he had worked out what appeared, on a hurried examination, to be a perfectly feasible route through the hills. At Sacramento he modestly stated this belief; and in a resident merchant, Mr. C. P. Huntington, he found a willing listener. Mr. Huntington, who is to the California end of the Pacific Railroad what Durant is to the co-operating Nebraska branch, describes in graphic language the earnest consultations, prolonged for several weeks, which he and a few other friends held in Leland Stanford's store after the day's business was through. There were seven of these men all told, not one of them worth less than half a million, and each ready to stake his entire property in the enterprise, if it promised success. The maps of the new-comer were consulted, the lines carefully studied, and the result of their deliberations was the temporary organization of what is now known as the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California. The engineer in whose representations so much confidence was placed soon proved that he was worthy of that confidence; money was forthcoming; an adequate surveying party was sent out; and in the summer months of 1861, Judah demonstrated the existence of a route by the South Yuba River and the Donner Pass greatly superior to all other projected lines, with no insuperable engineering difficulties, and capable of defence against all interruption by freshet or snow. In the mean while the State Legislature had granted a charter to the incorporators in July; and at the first stockholders' meeting Stanford was elected president and Huntington vice-president of the company. It was evident, however, that an undertaking of such vast dimensions could not be completed without government help; and the Sacramento party, confident that in Mr. Judah's surveys

lay the solution of the Pacific problem, repaired at once to Washington, and opened anew the railroad agitation.

While the energy of the West was still engaged in penetrating the secrets of the formidable Sierra, a movement meaning work began to develop itself on the Eastern border. As a general statement, and without reference to individual routes, it may be said that in the Northern cis-Mississippi States there are two separate railroad systems, running in lines about parallel from east to west; the upper combination of routes debouching at Chicago, the lower, or central, at St. Louis. These lines are slightly entangled with the roads concentrating at Cincinnati and Indianapolis; but the division into an upper and lower route is sufficiently preserved to admit of distinct classification. The capitalists of both the great cities which form the terminal points of these systems had long been equally alive to the vast possibilities of the Pacific trade, and were eager, not only from local pride, but also from knowledge of the simplest principles of commercial policy, to secure to their respective communities the main bulk of this immense prospective traffic. With this view, Chicago had projected three lines across the State of Iowa, all of which were ultimately to converge at Council Bluffs. Thence across the coffee-colored Missouri, over rolling prairies, and up the slowly curving line of the Platte, stretched an easily rising ascent, which, engineers affirmed, had been graduated by nature as the most direct and practicable route for the interoceanic railroad. As yet no one of these Iowa lines was complete; but they all had a corporate existence, and their stockholders formed a nucleus for a distinct Pacific movement.

St. Louis, on the other hand, aided by the State of which it was the commercial capital, had as early as 1851 commenced the construction of the Missouri Pacific Railway, whose line shot straight as an arrow westward across the State, curving slightly to the north at its terminus, which was fixed at Kan-

sas City. Four years later, the Territorial government of Kansas incorporated the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railroad, with privilege to build from Leavenworth to Fort Riley, and thence westerly. It is apparent that the two companies might readily connect, and thus form a rival grand trunk Pacific road.

Both the upper and the lower enterprises, however, remained for many years after their inception in a quiescent state, serving simply as topics of newspaper discussion, or of buncombe addresses from local rostrums. But in 1860-61 the unexpected discovery of large deposits of the precious metals in Colorado and in Nevada gave an enormous impulse to the carrying trade of the plains, and the same argument which proved so cogent in California aroused the Western capitalists from their lethargy. Rumors of the new line over the Sierra also found their way East; and the Legislature of Kansas, now a young and vigorous State, passed a joint resolution in March, 1862, urging on Congress the immediate creation of a national Pacific Railroad Company. In anticipation of this action, the agents of the lower route had already proceeded to Washington, where they found themselves suddenly in the presence, not only of the representatives of the Central Company of California, but also of the Chicago projectors and their New York friends.

It will scarcely be profitable at the present time to descend into the particulars of the rivalry which interests in many respects so divergent necessarily entailed. A gentleman who had singular opportunities for arriving at an unprejudiced judgment recently informed the writer of this article that one company alone employed the element of "influence" to the extent of three millions of dollars, or its supposed equivalent. Facts of this nature, however, are outside of our purpose; and we shall limit our illustration of the character of the struggle to a brief glance at the curious tangle of compromises which the charter itself presents. Passed in the

Lower House by a catch vote, and pushed with difficulty through the Senate by appeals to party pledges, by unimpeachable proofs of the feasibility of the scheme and the financial integrity of its advocates, and above all by intimations amounting almost to threats of a possible secession of the Pacific communities, the act of 1862 bears the evidence of a conflict of purposes in almost every one of its sections. It is evident, for example, that, with the tide of civil war beating fiercely around the national capital, Congress was still under the spell of the past, and severely distrustful of any avoidable increase of public obligations. Bonds were loaned to the enterprise at the rate of sixteen thousand dollars per mile for the easy work, with treble aid for the mountain division and double for the Salt Lake Valley; but this loan was made a first mortgage, twenty-five per cent was reserved till the completion of the road, and the transit business of government was to be paid solely by the extinguishment of the bonded debt. The land grant also was but six thousand four hundred acres per mile. The clashing interests of St. Louis and Chicago are shown in the ignoring of any special eastern terminus, and the location of the initial point of a new trunk road upon the one hundredth meridian, at some equidistant station, to be designated by the President. As the Kansas party was already possessed of an organization, the charter modified this advantage by incorporating the Nebraska line,* under the name of the Union Pacific Company, and gave it a predominant place in the specifications of the act. The aid of government, however, was prof-

* The use of this phrase requires explanation. It has been previously stated that Council Bluffs was the point on which the Chicago lines were concentrating. It is now to be added, that beyond this growing settlement, across the Missouri River, lies Nebraska, and the proposed route would necessarily pass through the whole length of this State. As the rival roads are connected to a greater or less degree with the interests of the States in which are their respective eastern termini, and as the legal titles of the two roads are at once ambiguous and disagreeably long, we have preferred to designate them simply as the Kansas and Nebraska lines.

fered in equal degree to the road which was to cross the mountains from Sacramento, and to both the Eastern lines; the last two being required to complete a hundred miles each within two years after they had respectively filed their assent to the terms of the act, while the Central was to build at the rate of twenty-five miles a year up the ridges of the Sierra.

In hard-currency times, and with the labor and iron market easy, these terms might have been sufficient to invite the ready aid of capital. But the close of 1862 and the year succeeding were the darkest periods of the war. Gold vibrated from 140 to 180. Iron, which in 1859 sold for \$35 a ton, was now selling for \$130. Moreover, while money was tight, labor was also scarce. The two great agencies on which a vast public work like this must inevitably depend proved utterly inadequate to the emergency. Nevertheless, both the companies which had already an organic existence bent themselves with no inconsiderable vigor to their task. The Central Pacific accepted the responsibilities and obligations of the charter six months after its passage, and commenced the work of grading in the succeeding February. Rails, chairs, and rolling stock were forwarded by sea, involving heavy expenditures for freightage, and a ten per cent war risk on insurance. The company endured further embarrassments from the lack of capital, and the fact that in California a metallic currency formed the only circulating medium. Nor was it the least of its difficulties that the enterprise met with an ambiguous reception in many portions of the State, San Francisco especially regarding it with cold indifference. The zeal with which the road was pushed amid these embarrassments is a striking evidence of the thorough faith of its projectors. Although it soon became apparent that further legislation would be needed to relieve them from the disabilities inherent in the meagreness of the government subsidy, they nevertheless succeeded by the 6th of June, 1864, in cutting their line through to New

Castle, and in laying thereon a solid and continuous track.

In Kansas, the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railroad Company, or, as they were beginning to style themselves, the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, had contracted for an immediate and rapid construction of their line as early as September 30th. By the spring of 1863, the contractors, Messrs. Ross, Steele, & Co., had involved themselves to the extent of five millions of dollars, and were in full operation with an adequate corps of laborers, grading, quarrying stone, building culverts, etc. Suddenly, however, all this busy movement ceased. By one of those strange revolutions that occasionally occur in the management of corporations, a man notorious throughout the whole border, familiarly called Sam Hallet, assumed control of the company, denounced the contract as in nowise valid, and peremptorily ordered the agents of the contracting party to abandon the work. The agents refused. Affairs now assumed the aspect of war. Hallet procured a company of United States dragoons from Fort Leavenworth, and rode down upon the contumacious contractors. The result of this cavalry dash is rather picturesquely described in a letter of this novel railroad general, dated August 15, 1863:—

"I have had an awful row with Carter, a battle on the works, and a sharp 'pitch in' to get possession; we drove them back, and into the river, until they cried enough. S. S. Sharp, my foreman Section No. 1, led Carter to the river-bank by the collar; and but for his begging, he would have ducked him. I expect Steele and Carter on again with reinforcements. Let them come! We will put them into the river the next time. We have had to use *strong force, quick and bold*. We have taken all their ties, houses, and works, and shall hold them."

Triumphant on the battle-field, Hallet now made a rapid counter-movement, and effected a transfer of the ownership of the company to a new set of capitalists, putting them into immediate pos-

session of the entire property of the old corporation. Of the legal merits of this singular manoeuvre we are not prepared to give an opinion ; but it is proper for us to add, that it met with vigorous resistance on the part of the former stockholders, at the head of whom stood Fremont. Sharp litigations and stormy altercations ensued ; and for many months most vital to its interests the whole Kansas enterprise was shut from view.

While these two companies were moving forward, the one steadily overcoming financial and engineering difficulties, the other plunging into an inexplicable imbroglio of contested management and contested contracts, that great combination of capitalists which held the destinies of the Union Pacific met at Chicago in September, 1862, and took the preliminary steps for the formation of a company. Books for stock subscriptions were opened in every loyal State and Territory. In June of the next year the acceptance of the charter by a provisional direction was filed at Washington. Nevertheless, an annoying apathy filled the public mind. Capital was shy of the enterprise. The terms of the act of 1862 were deemed unsatisfactory. Up to August, 1863, only about eighty thousand dollars had been subscribed.

At this point, Thomas C. Durant, whose connection with Western roads had inspired so much faith in the Pacific project, threw the weight of his capital and influence so determinately into the scale, that by October the subscriptions had reached two millions, and the company was in a condition to organize. Major-General John A. Dix was elected president, Dr. Durant became vice-president and general manager, and the preliminary survey which he had ordered at his personal expense was approved and officially adopted by the direction. As, however, a wide-spread feeling existed, not only that additional legislation was necessary, but that it might also be obtained, the company contented itself that year with the selection of its eastern terminus. President Lincoln was consulted ; and, acting

upon his unofficial sanction, the Union Pacific broke ground for the railroad at Omaha, then a struggling village in Nebraska Territory, nearly opposite Council Bluffs. The inaugural ceremony took place December 2d, and with this event the year closed.

For the next few months the efforts of all the companies converged upon Congress. The Union Pacific Company appeared at Washington in great force. The Central, equally urgent, presented arguments that amounted to demonstration ; the chief points being the energy with which they had striven to comply with the terms of the charter, and the painful failure that had attended their endeavor, — a failure clearly imputable to the insufficiency of the original bill. The Kansas Company, though rent in twain by rival boards of directors, was also on the ground, animated by very ambitious purposes, and with a determination to win its ends in spite of internal complications. The vigor with which the latter body took the field gave a complex character to the struggle, and very much prolonged it. On vital points, however, all parties were in accord, and in the main results of the campaign each achieved a splendid success. The supplementary bill, approved July 2, 1864, as much surpassed the legislation of two years previous as the sixteen hundred million national debt of 1864 exceeded the five hundred million debt of 1862. The colossal expenditures of the war had led Congressmen to accept the estimates of railroad men with implicit credence, and to second their demands with generosity. The land grant was doubled, the government bonds were made a second lien to the roads under construction, the twenty-five per cent reservation was removed, and one half of government business was to be paid in money.

The Union Pacific Company effected an important modification of the charter in respect to their particular interests. Their maximum capital was still fixed at one hundred millions, but individual shares were lowered from a thousand to

a hundred dollars each. Furthermore, the hitherto unwieldy board of direction was limited to fifteen members. On the other hand, the Kansas organization obtained the privilege of making their own road the grand trunk route, connecting with the Central Pacific, in case they should anticipate the Nebraska line in reaching the one hundredth meridian, and the latter road should not appear to be proceeding in good faith.

As the act which bestowed such signal favors had granted an extension of a year for the completion of the first division of each road, the Union Pacific was under no absolute compulsion to hasten its work. Nevertheless, surveying parties were kept in the field, and the contract for the construction of the road to the one hundredth meridian was signed in August. This agreement, though nominally known as the Hoxie contract, derived the guaranty of its performance from the Credit Mobilier, —an organization with an actual capital of two millions and a half, recently created upon the model of the great Paris corporation, and in the hands of a few moneyed men whose enterprise and energy were admirably proportioned to their large wealth. Its heaviest capitalists were also stockholders in the projected road; and as payment was to be made in bonds and shares, the Credit Mobilier at once became an overshadowing stockholder in the Union Pacific. The arrangement at a subsequent period may not have been wholly beneficial; but at the date of the contract the alliance was of incalculable importance. Although two millions of stock had been subscribed, the Nebraska line had in reality only twenty thousand dollars in its treasury. Without the Credit Mobilier, it would have faltered on the threshold of success. Even with this powerful auxiliary, it was not yet strong enough to prevent an unexpected and vexatious delay.

The first forty miles west from Omaha had been intrusted to Peter A. Dey, an engineer of some experience in the West. This gentleman, whose ideas seem to have been limited to a straight

line, had constructed a track satisfactory in its alignments, but with a maximum grade of eighty feet per mile, and involving a temporary grading of one hundred and sixteen feet at several points of the route. A later survey, made under the supervision of Colonel Seymour, demonstrated the existence of a far better line, with forty-foot grades and but nine miles longer. Placed upon abstract grounds, there was no question of the relative advantage of the two routes. The combined opinion of several of the most skillful railroad managers in the country was unanimous for the lower grade, as essential to rapid and economical transportation. But there was another element in the case which gave a different aspect to the affair. Dey's line terminated at Omaha; Seymour's, at Bellevue. If the new route were selected, all the magnificent dreams of the Omaha land speculators would be summarily dispelled. The territorial population caught the alarm. Public meetings were called. A committee was sent post to Washington. It was asserted, on grounds that were not destitute of plausibility, that the change was attributable quite as much to motives of a stock-jobbing order, as to economic considerations. To this charge Dr. Durant indignantly replied, but this did not appease the clamor. Nor was the dispute ended until after five months of tedious investigation, and a guaranteed promise on the part of the company, that, in adopting the new line, there should be no alteration of terminus.

While Omaha was still in the white-heat of excitement, the contractors had been steadily employed in collecting material for a grand industrial campaign. Distant, in the line of travel then open to them, more than sixteen hundred miles from New York, with the Missouri River as their main avenue for the transportation of rolling stock and machinery west of St. Louis, the men who had undertaken to build the road bent themselves to the task with a vigor and celerity heretofore unequalled in railroad history. Iron from New

England, shipped in coasting-vessels, and working its slow way through the Gulf of Mexico and up the knotted bends of the Mississippi; iron from Pennsylvania by the lower route, and from New York by upper lines; iron in all conditions and shapes, from rails, chairs, and spikes, to car-wheels and steam-engines,—came pouring in week by week, a tonnage beyond all estimate or comparison, and involving, from the want of rail connections, unparalleled expenditures. The transportation of one class of freight alone cost thirteen hundred thousand dollars. All other expenses were upon the same magnificent scale. Nebraska, though admirably adapted for agriculture, is singularly destitute of woodland. The lumber for building, and the cross-ties for track-laying, could only be obtained in small quantities and at great distances. Many of the sleepers travelled two hundred miles before they found repose on the road-bed. The labor-market also was but scantily supplied, and agents for procuring navvies were despatched east, west, and south. But the splendid energy of the contractors had been fruitful of success. A vast aggregate of forces stood ready at the melting of the winter's snow and the click of the telegraph key to spring into enormous activity.

About the middle of April, 1866, the message came, and the work began. Along the dead level of the Platte Valley, through endless reaches of prairie, and behind the meagre shelter of outlying hills, the rails are still falling in place,—a continuous belt of iron out-rolled over black loam and arid sand,—mile after mile, day after day; and with the close of the present year there will stretch an unbroken line of five hundred and twenty miles of rail across the Plains to the foot of the Black Hills. There is no occasion to dilate upon the wonderful systemization of labor which has characterized the work of construction. The public is already well apprised of the details, from the pens of industrious and graphic newspaper correspondents. The company itself has

been by no means laggard in celebrating its enterprise. Excursion parties of capitalists, editors, and Congressmen have severally given in their testimony; but, after all, the one fact that in less than twenty months American energy has brought the Rocky Mountains within two and one half days' journey of New York—though the distance is two thousand miles—tells the whole story. One of the chief difficulties of this Nebraska route has been, as we have intimated, the scarcity of suitable material for cross-ties, and of fuel for the engines. The employment of Burnetized cottonwood, and the discovery of a very considerable quantity of cedar in the interior, have, however, effectually solved one phase of this problem; while for the production of steam science now offers petroleum as a practical substitute for wood and coal. But independently of this, the road has already reached the bituminous beds of the Black Hills, where it will probably find a plentiful supply for its necessities. Water also is obtained in sufficient quantities by digging from ten to twenty feet down to the sand which filters the waters of the Platte.

Shortly after the Nebraska Company had thrown off the drag-weight of local embarrassment, the Kansas line began to disentangle itself from legal complications; and on July 1, 1865, the enterprise passed into the hands of a management which, if powerless to retrieve the past, was at least determined to make the future secure. At the head of this new organization was John D. Perry of St. Louis; and associated with him were a body of capitalists in Missouri and Pennsylvania whose financial ability was unquestioned, and who have since evinced a vigor and commercial prescience which elevate them to the level of their Eastern rivals. Perceiving that the miserable Fremont-Hallett quarrel had effectually frustrated all rivalry in the construction of a track to the one hundredth meridian, they made application to Congress for an extension of their line to Denver, by the

Smoky Hill Fork, with the privilege of connecting at that point with the Union Pacific. The request was readily granted, and the usual land gift of twelve thousand eight hundred acres per mile accorded for the entire route. No further issue of government bonds was allowed; but as the company was now possessed of adequate capital, and as the loans to the other companies must all eventually be paid back, there was really very little difference in financial advantage on the side of the Nebraska line. Moreover, the slight balance against the Kansas route was quite made up in the greater fertility of the soil which it would traverse, and the large preponderance of its local business, the population along the line being treble that of the upper road. These considerations gave an elasticity to the Kansas project, and under the new management the work of construction has gone on rapidly. The present year will probably find the road halting at not less than three hundred and fifty miles west of Wyandotte, now the junction-point of the Union Pacific, Eastern Division, with the Missouri Pacific Railroad. But this company is not satisfied with a simple connection with the Nebraska road. It proposes, after making this connection, to continue its main line to San Francisco by an extensive detour southward, avoiding the difficult mountain systems between Denver and Sacramento, and at the same time availing itself of that immense trade which lies visible or latent throughout Arizona, New Mexico, and Southern California. Escaping the overwhelming snows of the Rocky Mountains, this route will pass through a salubrious region abounding in timber and bituminous coal.* By intersecting the Rio Grande at Albu-

querque, it will hold out to the Southern States a tempting invitation to form connections, and share to the fullest extent in the benefits of this great national enterprise. In this way the Pacific Railroad stands ready to second Congress in the work of "reconstruction."

Of the Central Pacific Road we have not as yet spoken adequately, and shall now be compelled to give the history of its achievements in a wholly insufficient space. Unlike the Eastern roads, it has allowed no pause in its work from the day of the first track-laying to the present moment. Unlike these roads, also, it has had to contend with great engineering difficulties from the start, while the material for its construction required to be brought over distances to which the transportation annoyances of the other lines offer no parallel. All the rolling stock, rails, etc. doubled Cape Horn. The timber for the trestle-work of bridges was brought from Puget's Sound. For laborers it had recourse to China. To reach the crest of the Sierra, they were obliged to pierce the hillsides fifteen times, the tunnelling alone amounting in continuous line to 6,262 feet. The eight-hour labor movement was an additional embarrassment. Embankments built up with incalculable labor, and protected by every device of engineering science, settled in many cases, and were repaired only after much delay and vast expense. Nevertheless, the indomitable projectors of the enterprise have proved themselves equal to their task. The Summit Tunnel was cut through in August of this year; and by November the road will have been extended, not only to the crest of the mountains, but far down the eastern slope. Hunter's, which is

* The point suggested for this divergence southward is in the vicinity of Pond Creek, four hundred and twenty miles west of the Missouri River. Thence it will deflect to the southwest, touching the base of the mountains one hundred and seventy miles beyond Pond Creek, near the boundary-line between Colorado and New Mexico. Thus, having passed through Southeastern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, it finds its way northward, through the marvellously fertile region of Southern California, to San Francisco. It is noteworthy that this project

offers to Mexico immediate participation in our commerce, affording the basis of a far more enduring and auspicious alliance than would now result from annexation. It is possible that in no far-distant future, if this scheme is achieved, San Francisco will find a rival in San Diego, — four hundred and fifty-six miles southeast of the former, and a much nearer port for the purposes of this route. The project of a mountain line from Denver to Salt Lake City, connecting at that point with the Central Railroad, is also said to be entertained by the Kansas company.

the wagon depot of the Nevada miners, two hundred and seventy-four miles from San Francisco, and one hundred and fifty miles from Sacramento, is the point which the locomotive is certain to reach by the close of 1867.*

Thus far there have been built six hundred and fifty miles of completed road. Adding the water route to San Francisco, there are about eight hundred miles of continuous steam communication. Despite also the bleakness of the Plains in winter, and the protracted rigors of the Sierra, it is demonstrated that snow can be no more an obstacle to the railroads than icebergs have proved to the Atlantic cable. Including the Eastern connections with New York as the Atlantic terminus, we have, therefore, two thousand two hundred and fifty miles of the interoceanic railroad already in actual operation.

From Hunter's, in Nevada, to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, stretches the long space of unfinished work, ten hundred and fifty-four miles of railroad line, with three sharp crests and a gently rolling intra-mountain desert, where the dew never falls, where the twilight lingers long into the evening, and the eye wearies of the wastes of sage-bush, and the tracts of scant grass between arid breadths of dazzling

white alkaline sand. A glance at the grades discloses one of the difficulties with which the Union Pacific has now to grapple. From the Black Hills, within thirty miles the track must rise to its first and loftiest ascent, 8,242 feet above the sea-level. Then comes a descent of a thousand feet for the same distance, succeeded by equal alternations of rise and fall for eight successive points. Beyond Bear River, however, these gigantic mountain waves lengthen, and the vast interior basin rolls broadly and heavily, with an average level of forty-five hundred feet, past Weber Cañon and Humboldt Wells. Here the line strikes Humboldt River, and runs southwesterly to the Big Bend of the Truckee River, along a region singularly favorable in its alignments, and described as well supplied with wood and water. In this respect recent surveys essentially corroborate the testimony of Fremont.

The difficulties to be overcome by the Central Pacific in its route over and through the mountains to meet its eastern branches have already been described. But, notwithstanding these, the company claims that it can readily construct its line at the rate of one mile per day for five hundred working-days. It has nearly ten thousand laborers at work, most of them Chinese. The portion of the road completed, with its excellent rails, its ties of red-wood and tamarack, and its granite culverts, has elicited praise from government commissioners for the thoroughness of its execution.

Though none of the routes are as yet completed, the net earnings of each of the three companies, over and above the interest on its bonds, have surpassed all expectation. In 1865 and 1866 the net earnings of the Central Road amounted to \$936,000 in gold, and in 1867 they are estimated at one million dollars; and this surplus is applied to the construction of the road. The net earnings of the Union Pacific (Nebraska) Road for the quarter ending July 31, 1867, were \$376,589 in currency. Those of the Eastern or Kan-

*Up to the present time, the Nebraska line has expended about twenty-five millions; the Central Railroad, twenty-two millions. On two hundred and fifty-nine miles of the Kansas Road there were also expended, in cost and equipment, eleven millions. All this has been obtained from the sale of bonds, paid-in stock, and the net earnings of the roads. The bonds have been made a popular loan, sold by New York agents, and chiefly taken in New England, New York State, and Eastern Pennsylvania. The purchasing class, though largely composed of heavy capitalists, consists also of those who have small sums of money to invest, and who seek this means as especially secure.

The stockholders of the Union Pacific number from one to two hundred, but most of the shares are in a few hands; the Credit Mobilier, Durant, and the Ames are the principal owners. The Central Railroad also exhibits the same phenomenon of few shareholders; all of them, of course, large capitalists. This gives great power in pushing the work on, and illustrates the tendency of the day toward consolidation. Hereafter, when the Central and Nebraska lines shall have combined, this commanding influence of a comparatively few men will make itself signally felt in our politics.

sas branch, for the month of August alone, \$235,000. Of course these estimates of the profit of the roads under the present circumstances are but faint indications of the wealth which must accrue to them upon their completion, and after the fuller development of the resources upon which they depend. At the sources of this future wealth we shall glance presently.

There can be no possible occasion for rivalry between these three companies. Each road will take its place in the great work of interoceanic communication, and each will find its capacities meagre as compared with the commerce which awaits it. But apart from a merely commercial view, there are certain points of comparison between the various routes which demand a brief notice. The Kansas route will probably prove most attractive to the tourists, especially in the event of its making the detour through New Mexico above alluded to. The Nebraska route will be more monotonous, running across the level and treeless valley of the Platte for three hundred miles. To the traveller there will always be presented the same swift but shallow river at his side, the same bare, misty hills along the horizon, the same limitless stretch of the plain before and behind, and the same solitary sky above, save as it is varied by sunrise and sunset, until the Black Hills come to his relief, and he enters upon the snow-whelmed Sierra. The Central route is more picturesque, and also has more elements of grandeur, than either of the others. The Nebraska Road, on account of the character of the country through which it passes, will probably derive its main revenue from the through trade; while the Kansas—if its present purpose be carried out—will depend upon the local trade and its multifarious connections.

Having traced the history of these Pacific roads, the difficulties which they have met and in a large degree conquered, and their general features, our consideration of them must from this point grow out of their national impor-

tance and world-wide significance. For the Pacific Railroad is not simply a gigantic public work, it is the world's great highway. The world has had several grand routes, along the line of which, for certain periods of time, the life-blood and intelligence of humanity have coursed. Such was the route which history discloses as the most ancient from India overland to the Mediterranean, whence it was continued by that old Phœnician Coast Navigation Company to the shores of Britain. Along this overland line grew up the great cities of Asia, depending upon it for their wealth, refinement, and power; and when commerce was diverted from the inland, and the riches of India took the ocean path westward, the glory of these cities departed. Such also was that later route which gave the Italian cities their opulence and strength in the Middle Ages. When the Cape of Good Hope was doubled, these Italian centres grew comparatively weak and lustreless. The Roman road to Britain laid the foundation of that power, the full development of which has given to London its present position as the European metropolis. New York City also owes her rapid and stupendous growth to that peculiar conjunction of circumstances which has secured her the control of the grand Transatlantic commercial route of present times. The railroads leading westward from that city, converging upon the termini of the Pacific lines, continue this world-route of the incoming era to San Francisco, and there, through the Golden Gate, we grasp the wealth of Eastern Asia, whence the first great world-route started. Events more powerful than tradition have thus revolutionized the old system of travel and commerce, calling them eastward. America becomes at once interoceanic and mediterranean, commanding the two oceans, and mediating between Europe and Asia. By the Pacific Railroad, Hong Kong via New York is only forty days distant from London. The tea and silks of China and the products of the Spice Islands must pass through America to Europe. In this

connection, also, there is a profound significance in our alliance, every year growing stronger, with Russia, whose extreme southern boundary joins Japan, our latest and warmest Asiatic ally.

But the development of American commercial power as against the world is secondary to the internal development of our own resources, and to the indissoluble bond of national union afforded by this inland route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and by its future connections with every portion of our territory. In thirty years, California will have a population equal to that of New York to-day, and yet not be half full, and the city of St. Louis will number a million of souls. New York City and San Francisco, as the two great *entrepôts* of trade; Chicago and St. Louis as its two vital centres; and New Orleans at the mouth of our great national canal, the Mississippi, — will become nations rather than cities, outstripping all the great cities of ancient and modern history. As far as the resources of the West are concerned, one Pacific railroad, with two or three branches, will not suffice; we may need a road along every parallel. The West is still in a large degree *terra incognita*. We know it only in parts. We are indeed aware that California is already competing with Russia and the cis-Mississippi States in the production of cereals, and that the mineral region of the West now annually yields gold and silver worth one hundred millions of dollars. But California's agricultural resources are almost untouched; while the best "leads" of the vast mineral region are not worked, from the fear of a savage race. Missouri extends over thirty-five millions of acres of arable land, two millions of which are the alluvial margins of rivers, and twenty thousand high rolling prairie; but five sevenths of the soil is yet fallow. We see Denver and other cities of the Far West spring up in a day; but their growth, marvellous as it is, arises from the circumstance that they are great mineral centres, and is cramped and partial, depending upon a

wearisome and insecure overland route, extending over hundreds of miles, via Salt Lake, to Atchison. The Pacific Railroad will quicken this development to its full possibilities; it will populate the West in a few years; and along its lines will spring up a hundred cities, which will advance in the swift march of national progress just in proportion to their opportunities for rapid communication with the older centres of opulence and culture.

The Indians also, whose sad plaint against the inevitable civilization of the locomotive is still ringing in all ears, must succumb before the presence of this new power. When we reflect that a single regiment of soldiers costs a million a year, we must see that the railroad as a peace instrument will render more than an equivalent for all government assistance given to it. Moreover, our frontier posts must soon be rendered unnecessary by the operation of commerce. The same influence will also dissipate the power which the Mormons have gained solely by their isolation.

But beyond these immediate considerations arise the magnificent commercial certainties which the logic of history reveals. Space fails us at this point of fruitful speculation; but it will suffice to say that the corollary of the Pacific railroads is the transfer of the world's commerce to America, and the substitution of New York for Paris and London as the world's exchange. In the train of these immeasurable events must come the wealth and the culture which have hitherto been limited to Europe. With the year 1866 began the *rapid* work of this revolutionizing enterprise. The year of grace 1870 will witness its completion. The four years' civil war is followed by the four years' victory of peace. Already the Western cities are tremulous with the aspirations which it excites; and the metropolis of the East, with its new steamship lines to Brazil, its Cuban cable, and its hundred prospective enterprises, awaits the moment which shall lift it to imperial importance.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY: THE GREAT SNOW.

IT had been snowing all day, and when father came in at dark he said that the wind was rising, and the storm gathering power every moment, and that before morning all the roads would be fast locked.

Grandmother is a gentle, sweet old lady, whom I remember always with the same serene face, bearing all earthly troubles with such holy patience as lifts this common life to heaven; she sits for hours in unbroken silence, while her face wears the rapt, mystical look of one who talks with angels, and then we move softly about her, and not one of us would by words of our own call her down from the mount of vision. Within a year or two she has grown quite deaf, and since this her life seems yet more isolated; sometimes, however, like most deaf persons, she hears words spoken in low tones that are not meant for her, perhaps because at times the spirit is vividly awake, and more than usually quick to catch at and interpret what else might beat in vain upon the dull, corporeal sense.

She put by her knitting at father's words, and rose and walked feebly to the window, where she stood a long time looking out at the death-white waste, shut in by the morose, ominous sky. Then, turning slowly, her face alight and beautiful with that beauty which is fairer than youth, she said, "It puts me in mind of the Great Snow, Ephraim, — it puts me in mind of a good many things!"

Then she came back to the fire, and sat down again in her corner. Memory was stirring, the Past unfolding its scroll. The knitting-work fell unheeded from the old, trembling fingers. She was a girl again, and the story of that far-off girlhood fell softly upon the evening silence.

"I was only eighteen years old, Ephraim, when your grandfather moved down from the new State. I had lived

up there in the wilderness all my life; and I was as shy as a wild rabbit, and, in my own fashion, proud. Father was poor in those days, for there were six of us children to feed and clothe, and mother was delicate and often ill; so we moved into a low, one-story house, that was old too, as well as small; but as we had always lived in a log-house, and this was a frame one, we were more than satisfied. We did not mind if the snow blew in at the cracks in the roof, and nestled in little drifts on the counterpane, for we were used to it. I remember that one bright star always peeped down at me in the winter through the open spaces between the boards, and shone so calm and clear that I used to fancy it was God's home, and somehow my prayers seemed surer of getting to him when I said them in the pure light of this star. But that was while we were in the new State. When we moved down country, I was a grown-up girl, able to turn my hand to any chore about the house; and I went to meeting in the meeting-house at the Corner, and had got over my childish notions.

"Elder Crane was a very pious man, and he always preached long sermons and made long prayers. The sermons were easier to bear than the prayers, for the people sat through the sermon; but if you had sat down during the prayer, you would have been thought dreadfully wicked, and the Elder might have called your name right out the next Sabbath, and prayed for you as a poor sinner whom Satan was tempting. And so you stood up, of course, though the children sometimes got asleep and fell down, and often the girls used to faint away and be carried out. Semantha Lee did, at one time, almost as regularly as the Sabbath came round, until at last a church committee was sent to labor with her. But Semantha was a very free-spoken girl, and she said

some hard things against Elder Crane's prayers. I always thought that it was more her corsets than the length of the prayers.

"I never fainted; for up in the new State I had run wild in the woods, and, though I was a frail thing to look at, I had a deal of strength in me. But my thoughts rambled a great deal too often; and sometimes I doubted if I was as near God in Elder Crane's church as I used to be lying on my bed in the chamber of the log-house, and saying my prayers to the bright star that looked down so friendly. I asked mother about it one day, and she said that surely God was about us everywhere; but she added that the church was the appointed means of grace, and that I must follow Elder Crane closely, and try to make my heart feel the words. I did try, but there was so much about the Israelites in the house of bondage, and Moses, and the sacrifices, that, do what I would, I always lost myself in the Red Sea, and the chosen people entered the Promised Land without me. At such times, when my thoughts went wandering, my eyes followed them, and most frequently they went right over to Mr. Jacob Allen's pew. I could not well help it, indeed, for his was a wall pew, directly opposite ours. Mr. Allen seldom came to meeting, being old and rheumatic, but his wife and girls came, and his son, Ephraim.

"At first I noticed Ephraim Allen just as I did the cobwebs upon the walls, and the yellow streaks in the wainscoting; afterward I began to see what a fine figure he had,—a whole head above his companions,—and how broad-shouldered and erect and manly he was; the narrow-backed, short-waisted coat that made the rest look so pinched and uncomfortable sat gracefully and easily upon him. He had a wide, white forehead,—though I did not notice this for a long time,—and short curly hair, that looked very black beside the fair skin. Then his cheeks were as bright as a rose, and his eyes—but I seldom got so far as his eyes, because by some chance they always met

mine, and then I was much confused and ashamed. But always, in going out of meeting, he used to bow to me in passing, and say, 'Good morning, Mercy'; and then I saw that his eyes were a clear, dark blue, and I thought they were very honest, tender ones. They said that Semantha Lee had been setting her cap at him a good while, and I wondered if he liked her.

"This was all the acquaintance we had for two years and more. There was not much chance for young people to meet in those days, especially where they were strictly brought up, as I was; for father and mother were both very pious, and at that time church-members thought it was sinful to join in the profane amusements of the world. So when an invitation came for me to a husking-frolic, or a paring-bee, or a dance, I was not allowed to go. I was shy, as I told you, but I had a girl's natural longing for company; and many were the bitter tears I shed up in my garret because I could not go with the rest. Mother used to look at me as if she pitied me, and once she ventured to speak up in favor of my going; but father said sternly that these sports were the means Satan used to win away souls from God,—and father was a good deal set in his way, and mother gave up to him, as she always did.

"Once or twice Ephraim Allen came to our house, but somehow my shyness came over me when I heard his voice at the door, and I hid myself in the pantry, and pretended to be very busy turning the cheeses; and so I was, for I turned them over and over again, till mother came and said I must n't waste any more butter. Ephraim stayed and stayed, and kept talking about the ox-bow he had come to see about a great deal longer than I thought there was any need of; and I could not get courage enough to go out, though I was sore ashamed and vexed at my foolish shyness.

"So the whole two years slipped away, and good morning was all we had ever said to each other. About this time I

began to notice that Deacon Lee got in the way of looking at me in meeting, and his face was very sober, as if something displeased him. Semantha, too, would push past me in going in and out, and didn't speak to me as she always used to do before she went down to Boston to make that long visit among her relations. Deacon Lee had a brother living in Boston who was said to be a very rich man. Father was at his house once when he went down to sell the butter and wool,—as he did every winter,—and he said we could not imagine how beautiful it was,—carpets on all the floors, and even in the entry, which mother thought must make a deal of work with people coming in and out, especially in wet weather. But then father said the Lees had negro servants to do the work, and that Mrs. Lee and her daughters had nothing to do but sit in the parlor all day long. When Semantha came back after her long visit, she brought a great many fine things that her cousins had given her. She used to come into meeting, her high-heeled slippers clattering, and her clocked stockings showing clear down to the peaked toe; she wore a pink crape gown, and over that a white muslin cape that came just down to the waist in the back, and crossed over in front, and was pinned to her gown at the corners; it was bound around with blue lutestring, and her bonnet had a blue bow on it. It was a Navarino bonnet, and cost an extravagant price, seeing that it could n't be done over.

"None of us had ever seen such fine things before; and when Semantha came in, Elder Crane might as well have sat down, for everybody looked at Semantha. I thought it was well that her bonnet hid her face; for if she was like me, it must have been crimson. I am sure I should have died of mortification to have been so stared at.

"Mother said she feared it was sinful for a deacon's daughter to make such a display, and wondered if Semantha

remembered what the Apostle Paul says of the ornaments that women ought to wear.

"But in talking of Semantha, I have forgotten Deacon Lee's queer behavior. He would look at me awhile, and then at Ephraim Allen. It was so curious, I began to fear that he was deranged. But at last I found out what it meant.

"One day as I was coming out of meeting, and Ephraim had just said, 'Good morning,' I looked around and there was Deacon Lee close beside us, watching us with a severe expression in his face. 'Young man,' said he, and the tone was so awful that I trembled all over,—'young man, I have noticed for some time past your attempts to attract the attention of this young woman, who, I am grieved to say,'—turning to me,—'does not receive this notice as she ought. Instead of assuming an expression of severe reproof, she blushes from time to time, and casts down her eyes, and I cannot discover from her face that this ungodly conduct is displeasing to her.'

"I was so overwhelmed by this rebuke that I could not look up or speak, and in a minute more I should have cried in good earnest. It was Ephraim's voice that stopped me. 'I am sure I beg Mercy's pardon and yours, Deacon, if I have done anything improper. I suppose I looked at her because my eye could n't find a pleasanter resting-place. You won't pretend that Elder Crane is handsome enough to make it a pleasure to look at *him*.'

"I was astonished, and Deacon Lee looked horrified, but Ephraim's face glowed all over with smiles.

"'Ephraim Allen,' said the Deacon sternly, 'if you were a professor, I should present you to the church for irreverence. As it is, I have done my duty';—and with that he went away.

"Most of the people had left the meeting-house by this time, but a good many of them were turning back to look at me where I stood near Deacon Lee and Ephraim Allen. I suppose they did n't know what it could mean; for in those

days we always walked soberly home from service, not profaning the holy day by common talk. And this was the reason that I was surprised and frightened when Ephraim, instead of going away by himself, walked down the steps with me, and along the road at my side. It was a good two miles home, and I had happened to come alone that day, father being laid up with a cut in his foot, and mother staying at home to nurse him.

"The path was a beautiful one, leading through deep, still woods, now coming out into the edge of a clearing, and now running along a brookside where there were flowers nodding over the water, and bird's-nests in the thick grass on the bank; I thought sometimes that the walk did me as much good as going to church, particularly if I came alone, and stopped now and then to read my Bible by the way.

"So we walked along, Ephraim and I; and presently we passed a great clump of witch-hazel bushes that were in all their bridal white, and Ephraim picked a bunch of the flowers, and gave them to me. He had not spoken a word since we started, but now he said, 'Are you very much put out with Deacon Lee, Mercy?'

"This made me feel very much ashamed again, but I said I hoped I knew better than to bear anger against anybody; and then — quite excited and eager — I said I wanted him to forgive me if I had looked his way more than was proper, and not think I meant to be forward or unmaidenly. And Ephraim made reply that he would never believe any ill of me, no, not if all the deacons in the world were to testify to it; and he said that he owed Deacon Lee thanks for so bringing us together, for he should never have had the courage to come to me, though he longed for a sight of my face every day, and was constant at church, never missing a Sunday, so that he might see me. All this he said in such an earnest, sincere manner, and his voice was so gentle that I could not rebuke him, though I feared that his heart was in a

dark, unregenerate state, if he cared so much more for me than for Elder Crane's sermons.

"You won't care to have an old woman tell any more of her love-story. Now-a-days these things are all written in novels, and I should think the bloom of a girl's delicacy must be long gone before she hears such words said to herself. Then it was different. I had never dreamed of anything so beautiful.

"The woods were very still all around us, only once in a while a bird would sing out, and then the silence fall again all the sweeter for the song. When the woods opened we caught glimpses of the green grain-fields and orchards in blossom. A chipmonk darted across the path, and, scampering up into a beech-tree, clung to the great brown bole, and looked down at us, perking his head so mischievously that I could not help thinking he knew our secret. And so on and on. I've often thought that walk was like the life we lived together, and a prophecy of it, — bright, and full of songs and flowers and sweetness, leading sometimes through shady places, but never losing sight of God's sweet heaven, never missing the warm winds of its inspiration and its hope.

"But before this a dark time was to come.

"We must have been a good while going home, for when we came in sight of the house there was mother standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching for us, and all at once I remembered that she must have been anxious; there were bears in those woods, and the next winter one was killed in the very path where we walked.

"When mother saw us coming, she smiled, and came down to the road to meet us, and shook hands with Ephraim in such a friendly way that my heart danced; I had been thinking what if father and mother should not approve of him.

"Father was friendly too, and while they sat in the fore-room, and talked, mother made some of her cream biscuits for tea. Now I knew by this that

Ephraim would find favor in her eyes, because in our house all unnecessary labor was forbidden on the Sabbath, and no small thing could have tempted mother to break over this rule. When I went to call them to supper, I knew that Ephraim had been speaking to father, and that he was kindly disposed towards Ephraim. Father named me in asking the blessing, and Ephraim also, speaking of him so tenderly that it brought the tears to my eyes.

"All the rest of that summer is very dear to remember. When I think over my life, much of it seems misty and far away; but that summer is as distinct to my mind as it was when its roses had but just faded, just as sweet and wonderful in its sunshine, its blue skies, its fresh-blowing winds, its birds and flowers, as it seemed to me then, — only now I know what it was that so glorified it.

"Ephraim had a much greater flow of spirits than I had. I was grave beyond my years. But I caught the love of fun from him, and mother and father wondered at the change in me. I think a girl always changes when she is engaged. A whole world of feeling that has slept is now awakened. Even shallow women bloom out for a brief time, and sparkle and shine wonderfully. To be sure they fade full soon oftentimes, and only the dry leaves are left of all the charm and fragrance.

"And so autumn came, and winter, and with the winter the frolics which Ephraim was so fond of, and which he persisted stoutly were as innocent as church-going. But father was so disturbed when I spoke of going that I gave it up at once, and told Ephraim that, as long as I lived at home, I could n't feel right to disobey father. So at first Ephraim stayed contentedly with me, but by and by the old love stirred. A bit of dance-music would start his color, and set his feet in motion, and it was plain to see where his heart was. I was sorely grieved at this; nay, I was more than grieved. I wanted him all to myself. I could not bear that he should need anything but me. Ephraim said I

was exacting, and I thought him cold and unkind. And so there gradually grew up a coldness between us; and yet the coldness was all on my side. Ephraim was always gentle, even when I was pettish and cross. For so I was. It was partly physical. I was not well that winter. I did not sleep, or when I did by fits and starts, I woke frightened and crying. Now, my doctor would call it nervous sensitiveness; but then people did not give fine names to their humors, and mother only looked sorry, and said she was afraid I was growing ill-tempered.

"While things were in this state, Ephraim's mother invited me to come and spend a week with them. I did n't feel acquainted, and I was shy about going; but Ephraim urged it, and mother advised it, and so at last I consented to go.

"I was a good deal mortified that I had nothing nice to wear. My best gown had been in use two winters, and there were only three breadths in the skirt, and Samantha Lee said that nobody in Boston thought of making up less than four. But mother's wise counsel reconciled me. She said that the Allens knew we had no money to spend on fine clothes, and would only expect me to be clean and neat and well-behaved.

"Ephraim, too, praised me boldly to my face, and pretended to think that nothing could be so becoming as my faded hood. It was yellow silk, and was made out of a turban that mother had worn when she was a girl.

"After I was in the sleigh with Ephraim, all my unhappiness and anxiety fled, and I enjoyed every bit of the ride. It was a lonely road, and part of the way it went through the woods where the lately fallen snow lay in pure white sheets that were written all over with the tracks of birds, and rabbits and other wild animals; and the stillness of the great woods was so deep and solemn that our love-talk was silenced, and we rode on singing hymns. Then out of the woods, and sweeping down into a hollow where

pleasant farms were nestled snugly together, and so up to Ephraim's door. Mr. Jacob Allen was a forehanded farmer, and the house was by far the best in town.

"When we drove up to the door, Mary Allen was at the window, watching for us. She ran out to the sleigh, and when Ephraim told her here was her sister Mercy, she laughed, and shook hands, — women did not kiss each other then, — and said she was glad I was come to stay a week. So my meeting her was not at all dreadful.

"While Ephraim went around to put up the horse, Mary took me into the fore-room, where there was a fire, and helped me with my things, and was as sociable as if she had known me all her life.

"The room was a great deal nicer than anything I had ever seen. I was almost afraid to step on the carpet at first; but then I remembered that it must have been meant to be stepped on, or it would n't have been laid on the floor.

"Pretty soon Mrs. Allen and Prudence came in. Mrs. Allen was a very notable woman, and when she had told me how she made her cheese, and that she put down her butter in cedar firkins, — she seemed to think that pine ones were not fit for a Christian to use, and that my mother must be a terribly shiftless person to put up with them, — she said she must go and see to the pies that were baking. I don't think she was still five minutes at a time while I was there, but just driving about the house from morning till night. And yet there were her two girls to help her, and mother and I did the work for eight, and took in spinning all the year round.

"I think Prudence did n't like housework. She was very intimate with Samantha Lee; and what Samantha said and did and wore was pretty much all her talk. All that week she was at work on old gowns, altering them to be like Samantha's. Prudence did n't seem to fancy me at the very first; and though I don't want to speak evil of her, she was

certainly rather a hard person to get along with.

"One day she would remark that I would be quite good-looking if my nose was n't such a pug. And another day that it was a pity I had red hair, for really my other features were not so bad; and she said that my gown was just like one she had hung up in the garret; and so in this way she picked me to pieces, until it seemed as if she could n't find a good thing in me. But this was not as bad as the way in which she talked to me about Samantha.

"Nobody was so handsome or so good or so smart as Samantha; and Deacon Lee was the most forehanded man in town. As a great secret, she told me that Ephraim and Samantha were once as good as engaged, and she did n't doubt, if anything should happen to break up the match between Ephraim and me, that Ephraim would go back to Samantha.

"I was terribly angry at this, and I felt my lips stiffen, and it was as much as I could do to say, 'What could happen to break our engagement? Ephraim is solemnly promised to me, and it is just the same in God's sight as if we were married.'

"Prudence looked at me a minute, and then said she 'had no idea I had such a temper. She had heard that I talked of uniting with the church, but after what she had seen, she should n't think —' And here she stopped, and it was as much what was not said as what she did say that vexed me so. I was heartily thankful that she was only a half-sister to Ephraim, for I began to fear I should hate her.

"With all this Mary did not seem to dare to be her own pleasant self, and even Ephraim acted as if he was n't quite at his ease. I began to be sadly homesick. I almost hated the sight of the carpet on the floor, and the high-curtained bedstead, and the tall chimney-glass, and I longed for the love and peace of my humble home.

"I had been at Mrs. Allen's three days, when Samantha Lee came over to spend the day. She came in the morn-

ing, and sent back the hired man with the sleigh, because she meant to stay all night with Prudence.

"Semantha was dressed very elegantly. She had a scarlet cloth cloak that came down to the bottom of her gown, and the gown itself was green silk, with great bishop sleeves lined with buckram, so that they stood out, and rattled like a drum when they hit against anything. Mary laughed at her because she could not go through our chamber door without turning sidewise; but Semantha said they were all the fashion in Boston.

"She was very lively and full of fun that day, though she did n't take much notice of me. In the evening we had popped corn and apples, and when we pared the apples and threw down the long coils of peel, Semantha's took the shape of a letter E. She laughed and blushed, and pretended to be very much vexed, but she was really as pleased as she could be. Mary whispered to me not to mind, and said Prudence had given the peel a sly push with her foot to shape the E; but for all that I could hardly help crying.

"That night all of us girls slept in the great double-bedded room. Semantha was with Prudence; and long after Mary was asleep I could hear them whispering, and every minute or two I would catch Ephraim's name.

"I did not sleep much that night, and in the morning I was almost sick. Ephraim was very kind, and when Prudence said she was going to invite in some of the young people of the neighborhood that evening, he wanted her to put it off; but Prudence said she guessed I would be better,—she thought people could throw off sickness if they tried to do so. At this Semantha laughed so disagreeably, and looked over at Ephraim in so significant a way, that I am afraid I almost hated her.

"The company came in the evening,—five or six merry young girls and young men. If my head and heart had been right, I could have enjoyed it too. But my head ached, and for the rest you would have thought it was Seman-

tha who was engaged to Ephraim, and not I.

"There was a young man there named Elihu Parsons. He was very handsome,—too handsome for a man,—and what with this and his pleasant ways he was a great favorite with the girls. I had only seen him once or twice, but he remembered me, and came and sat by me while the games were going on. I thought this was very good of him, for nobody was so much called for as he; but he would not leave me, and was so sociable and pleasant that I tried to brighten up and entertain him as well as I could. We were in the midst of our talk, when I happened to glance up and saw Ephraim looking over at us,—looking, too, as I had never seen him. All at once it flashed upon me that I could make him suffer as he had made me. From that moment an evil spirit possessed me. I felt my cheeks flush; my heart beat fast; I was full of wild gayety. I sang songs when they asked me. Elihu asked me to dance, and I danced,—I, who had never taken a step before in my life. I felt as light as air; I seemed to float through the figure.

"Ephraim never came near me the whole evening, but Elihu kept close to me, and we had a great deal of talk that I am glad to have forgotten. But I remember that he laughed at Semantha Lee, and made fun of her hair that he said was like tow, and her eyes that squinted, and her mincing gait; and I listened, and felt a malicious pleasure in this dispraise of Semantha. Through it all my head ached terribly, and I stupidly wondered how I dared be such a wicked girl, and what my mother would say if she knew it.

"By and by it was ten o'clock, and then Semantha suddenly discovered that she must go home. Mrs. Allen tried to persuade her to stay. But no! It was going to snow, she said, and she would not stay. Then Prudence said, if she *must* go, Ephraim would take her home in the sleigh, which, of course, was just what Semantha wanted.

"I don't know what made me do it,

but upon this I rose and went over to where they were standing, and said that Elihu Parsons was going directly past Deacon Lee's, and would be happy to take Semantha, and that I would rather Ephraim should not go.

"Prudence lifted up both hands, as if she was too horrified to speak, and looked at Semantha. Semantha giggled. She was one of those girls who are always laughing foolishly.

"As for Ephraim, his face was dark, and his voice was cold and hard, as he said, 'From what we have seen to-night, Mercy, I don't think it can make much difference to you what I do'; and then, without another word, went out.

"Presently I heard the sleigh-bells, and in a moment Ephraim came in at the front door. I hurried out to him. I would make one more effort, I thought.

"He stopped on seeing me.

"Are you going to leave me for Semantha? You are very unkind to me!" I said passionately.

"You are foolish, Mercy. Semantha is our guest, and I have shown her no more attention than she has a right to."

"Can't you see, Ephraim?" I cried. "Don't you know that she came here on purpose to make trouble between you and me, and that Prudence is helping her?"

"He looked surprised, then wholly incredulous. 'You are mistaken, Mercy. You are prejudiced against Semantha.'

"I grew angry. I did not know that many men, acute enough to all else, are stone-blind where the wiles of a woman are concerned. 'You may go then, if you like. I see you don't care for me,' I said bitterly.

"You know I do care for you," said Ephraim. His voice was softer. I might have won him then, if I would have stooped to persuade. But I would not. My pride was hurt. I turned away from him.

"Presently Semantha came out and they drove off.

"Pretty soon Elihu Parsons brought his sleigh round, flung down the reins, and came in to say good night. He

held my hand and lingered, talking, when I was eager for his going. My gayety had fled, and every word cost me a pang. At last he said, 'I am going by your house. Can I carry any message for you?'

"A wild thought darted into my mind. 'Going by our house? O, if I might go too!'

"You can!" he said eagerly. 'I will take you with the greatest pleasure.'

"In an instant I had resolved to go. It seemed to me that I should die if I stayed under that roof another night. So I begged him to wait a minute, ran up stairs, packed my things, and came down and told the family that I was going home. They seemed thunder-struck. Only Prudence spoke.

"Very well," said she. "But I suppose you know it is all over between you and Ephraim if you go off in this way."

"I told her that I knew it was all over, thanks to her, and I hoped it was a pleasure to her to reflect that she had separated two persons who would never have had a hard thought of each other but for her. Mary came out into the entry to me crying, and said she hoped we should make it up. But I told her that was not likely. And so we drove away.

"I was dull enough now, and Elihu had the talk mostly to himself. It was not till we were almost home that he said something which roused me up. And then I was angry with him, and asked him what he thought of me to suppose I would so readily on with the new love before I was off with the old. But I had no sooner made this speech than I burst into tears, and prayed him to forgive me, for I knew I had done wrong, and not say any more to me, since I was so wretched. I do not know well what reply he made, for before I had done speaking I was at home. There was the dear old house I had so longed for,—the little, homely, unpainted house, with the well-sweep taller than itself, and the great clump of lilacs by the front door.

"I went up the path unsteadily; my

head was swimming, and there was a curious noise in my ears. I pushed open the door. There was father with the open Bible before him, and his spectacles lying upon it; the room was bright with the fire and the light of the pine-knot, and mother was spinning on the little wheel, as she frequently did in the evening. Her face wore its own sweet, peaceful look, but when she saw me the expression changed to one of alarm. She said afterward that I looked more like a ghost than anything else.

"Why, Mercy!" she cried.

"Father turned slowly round, and beyond that I remember nothing. I fell on the floor in a dead faint.

"Mother said I talked all night about what had been troubling me. Through all my delirium, I had an aching consciousness that Ephraim was lost to me forever. I would rise to go to him, as I thought, but when I reached the place where he had been, there was only Prudence or Semantha.

"In the morning the doctor came, and said it was scarlet fever. The other children had got over it in childhood, but it had waited for me till now.

"I was very sick for a whole month. All that time mother was an angel of goodness to me. When I was able to sit up, she told me that Ephraim had been to inquire for me often. But she said no more, and I could not tell her the trouble then.

"I was wasted to a shadow, and was as weak as an hour-old babe. Mother used to tuck me up in the great arm-chair, and then the boys would push the chair to the window, where I could look out.

"A great snow had fallen during my sickness. It had begun the night I came home, as Semantha predicted, and the roads had been almost impassable. But they were quite good again now, and father said the time had come for him to go down below. It was late in February, and he said we should not have a great deal more snow, he thought, and if he waited till the spring thaws came, there would be no getting to Boston.

"It was arranged that the oldest boy at home should go with father, so that there would be nobody left with mother and me but Jem and David. Jem was eight years old, and David six come May; but they were both smart, and we thought, with their help, we could take care of the cattle till father came back.

"I could not do much yet, and I sat in my arm-chair while mother fried dough-nuts, and baked great loaves of bread, and made puddings, and roasted chickens, for them to take for food on the journey. Father's way was to carry his own provisions, and stay at night with friends and relations along the road; even if the sleighing was good, and nothing happened, he would be a week or more in going to Boston. So, of course, the supply must be pretty generous.

"It was a still, bright morning when they set off, with a sky so clear that father thought there would be no storm for many days. After the excitement of their starting passed away, it seemed very quiet and lonesome; for you remember, though I have not said anything about it, that my heart was aching for its lost love.

"I had said nothing about it to mother yet, but after they were gone, and the chores done up for the night, and the boys playing with their cob-houses in the corner, she sat down beside me, saying, 'Now, Mercy, tell me all about the trouble between you and Ephraim.' As well as I could for crying, I told her, feeling very much ashamed when I came to the part about Elihu. But mother was very gentle, and only said, 'I fear, my child, that savors of an unregenerate heart.'

"That was true. But while I had been sick I had thought very seriously, and I was thankful I had not been taken away while my heart was in such a state. I did not dare to tell mother how God's goodness had shone down upon me while I lay ill in my bed, but I hoped and prayed that it would not leave me.

"It was a relief as well as pain to see that mother blamed Ephraim. She

said he should not have allowed himself to be deceived and influenced by Prudence. I told her I was sure he could not have loved me as he ought, and that I thought I would send back to him the little presents he had made me, and say that I did not hold him to his promise.

"Mother agreed with me, and the next day I made up the package. There was a string of gold beads, and a pair of silver shoe-buckles, and a Chinese fan, and a hymn-book, the bunch of witch-hazel blossoms he picked for me that day in the woods, and, more precious than all the rest, a letter, six foolscap pages in length, that he had written in the fall, while I was visiting my cousin in Keene.

"I could not help crying while I was putting them up, and I took out the letter twice, thinking I might keep that. But mother said, if we were indeed to be separated, it was my duty to forget my love for Ephraim, else it would darken all my life; and life, she said, was given us for cheerful praise, and work, which is also praise.

"After I had sent my package by the mail-rider, who passed Mr. Allen's house every other day, I thought my trouble would be easier to bear. But every day made it harder. I fell into a miserable torpid state, taking no interest in anything, and feeling only my misery acutely. I could not even pray for help, for prayer itself was a cross.

"Mother was very good to me; she gave me light, pleasant work to do, thinking to keep me busy. But however busy my hands were, my thoughts were free, and used their freedom to make me suffer.

"Father had been gone eight days, when one afternoon mother came in from the barn, where she had been to shake down some hay for the cows, with a face so sober that I was frightened at once.

"'Why, mother! what is the matter?' I cried.

"'I'm worried about your father, child,' she said, and then she went to the window and looked out.

"'Why, mother, if he started for home yesterday—'

"'He would be just in season to be caught in the snow,' she interrupted, with a vehemence unnatural to her.

"'Snow, mother!'

"I rose, and went to the window. The sky was full of great masses of gray clouds, that sometimes parted, and showed a steel-colored background, intense and cold, and immeasurably distant. Wide before us spread the waste, white, uninhabited fields,—the nearest house a mile away, and its chimney only visible above the hills which hid it. A tawny, brazen belt of light lying along the west, where the sun had gone down, illuminated the snow, and gave a weird character to the whole scene. There was a high wind swaying the tops of the tall trees before the house; and once in a while you would see a fragment of cloud caught from the great gray curtain, and torn into shreds, or ravelled into a thin web, which seemed for a moment to shut close down upon us. It was a strange night, a strange sky.

"I felt a vague alarm. But I tried to speak cheerfully. 'It is too cold to snow, mother!'

"She pointed to the window. Even as I spoke the air was suddenly darkened by a multitude of fine flakes, that crowded faster and faster, and were swirled about by the wind, and quickly built up a wall around the door.

"As it grew dark the storm increased. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all day, rose to a gale. It tugged at the doors and windows; it thundered down the chimney; it caught the little house, and shook it till the timbers creaked; the noise was truly awful. We got the boys into the trundle-bed as soon as we could, and then mother brought out her wheel, and I took my knitting. There was a great blazing fire on the hearth, and the room was so warm that the yarn ran beautifully. Mother made out her stint that night; she was a famous spinner, and the wheel went as fast and the yarn was as even as if she had not

been so dreadfully worried about father. But every few minutes she would stop and say she hoped he had not started, or that, having set out, he would be warned in time, and stop by the way.

"It was so strange to see mother, who was usually calm, so put about that I got very nervous, and was glad when she stopped the wheel, and twisted up the yarn she had spun. But as she turned around toward me with it in her hand, she looked so strange that I cried out to know what was the matter.

"'It is nothing,' she whispered; but I took hold of her, and steadied her down into the arm-chair, and then ran for the camphor. That brought her round; but now she looked feverish, and was shaking all over, and I knew that she was going to have one of her ill turns,—possibly lung-fever,—for her lungs were but weak, and she rarely got over the winter without a fever. The thought made me half wild, but I dared not wait to cry or fret. I knew there was no time to be lost, and I hurried around, and gave her a warm foot-bath, and kept hot flannels on her chest, and made her drink a nice bowl of herb tea as soon as she was in bed; for I thought when the perspiration started she would be relieved. I was glad enough when the great drops stood on her forehead. Yet the hard breathing and the rattling in the chest were not cured. I kept renewing the steaming flannels, as the doctor always directed, till she fell asleep. She slept almost all night, and I sat in the chair by her, occasionally rousing up to put more wood on the fire, and listen to the wind, which still held as fierce as it was at sundown.

"By and by I dozed,—I don't know how long, but I was wakened by hearing Jem call out, 'Mercy! why don't it come day?'

"I started up. My fire had gone down, and the room was dark. Mother was breathing heavily beside me.

"'I say, Mercy, is n't it morning? Why don't we get up?'" persisted Jem.

"I begged him to be still, and, rising, made my way to the clock. I could

not see the face, but by touching the hands I made out that it was eight o'clock. I knew now that we were snowed up, and that was the reason why it was so dark.

"I kindled up the fire and lighted a pine knot. Jem and David came up to the hearth to dress, half crying and fretting for mother. But I pacified them with a breakfast of bread and milk, and while they were eating it I ventured to open a door. There was a solid wall of snow. I looked into the fore-room,—it was as dark as a cellar. Then I ran up my stairs, and here the little courage I had forsook me, and I grew weak and sick. For the snow was already even with the ledge of the chamber window, and all the outbuildings were as completely hidden as if the earth had swallowed them in the night.

"I ran down stairs hastily, for I heard mother call.

"She looked up at me anxiously. 'How is it, Mercy?'

"'I'm afraid, mother, we are snowed up,' I said.

"'And I'm sick!'

"Mother was sick. That was the worst side of the trouble. It was a settled fever by this time, I was sure. We both knew it, we both knew that no help was to be had, and that she might die for want of it. We were both silent, neither daring to speak, not knowing how to encourage and strengthen the other.

"Mother grew worse all day, in spite of all that I could do for her. The darkness in the house was most depressing, and made the situation tenfold more painful; though I kept a fire and a light burning as at evening, I had to be economical of both, for there was only a small stock of fuel and a handful of pine knots in the house. It was painful to hear the poor cows at the barn lowing for food, and to know that it was impossible to reach them. I might, perhaps, have gone out on snow-shoes and managed to get into the barn by the window in the loft; but father's shoes were loaned to a neigh-

bor, and, even if they had been at hand, I should hardly dare to risk my strength, not yet renovated after my sickness, and, which was so essential to mother's safety, in an effort that might fail.

"So the hours went on, and the day that was like night wore to a close. In the evening mother brightened up a little. She was calm now, and for the time free from pain. There was an unearthly beauty in the large, bright hollow eyes, and the thin cheeks, where the rose of fever burned. The disease had worked swiftly. Even this revival might be only a forerunner of death.

"I want to tell you, dear," she said, "what to do in case I should not get well."

"I hid my face in the quilt, and tried not to sob, while she went on, in a sweet, calm, thoughtful way, to tell me of the things that in my inexperience I might forget. I must not be wasteful of food or fuel; if the snow—which was still falling—should cover the chimney so that I could not make a fire, I must wrap myself and the children in all the warm things I could find,—there were some new blankets in the chest in the chamber, she said, that she had meant for me. I must get those if I needed them. 'And if I am not here to encourage you, my child,' she said tenderly, 'don't give up hoping. Help cannot be very far off. Some of the neighbors will come to us, or father will work his way through the snow, and get home. And, Mercy, don't be afraid of the poor body that I shall leave behind me. Think of it as the empty house that I have used for a little while, and be sure it can do you no harm.'

"I promised all she asked, and hid my tears as well as I could. While she slept, and I could do nothing for her, I kept the children quiet with playthings and stories. I cooked bread and meat, and made a great kettle of porridge against the time when we might not be able to have a fire; I hunted in the garret for bits of old

boards and broken furniture that might serve for fuel.

"For two days the wind held, and then there fell an awful silence as of the grave.

"Sometimes I read from the Psalms, or from the Gospel of John, which mother dearly loved; and though she did not take much notice, but lay in a stupor most of the time, the holy words were comfort and company to me. At other times I sat in mute grief, watching her painful breathing, and the gradual pinching and sharpening of her features as the relentless disease worked upon them. O, it was hard! I don't think many lives know so much and such utter misery. In my anxiety and grief, and the mental bewilderment resulting from loss of sleep, I forgot to reckon the days as they passed.

"But one day, as I sat by mother's pillow, my mind full of the dread that seemed now as if it might any moment be realized,—of the awfulness of being left alone in that living tomb with the marble image of what was and yet was not my mother, the clock struck nine in the morning. Somewhere the sun was shining, I thought. Somewhere there were happy lovers, merry-makings in divers places, wedding-bells ringing.

"A faint sound disturbed my reverie. I started up and listened intently; but the noise did not recur, and I dropped my head again, thinking my fancy had cheated me.

"I don't know why it was that what failed to reach my strained ear found its way to mother's; but all at once, from having been in a stupid state from which I could hardly rouse her, she opened her eyes, and said, 'What is that?'

"'Do you hear anything?' I asked, trembling. But before she could answer, I too heard a shout.

"Help was at hand! And mother might yet be saved!

"I burst into tears, and Jem and David set up a loud cry for company. Those outside heard it, for the next instant there was a great halloo. They

were cutting their way through the drift, — they came every minute nearer and nearer. Pretty soon I heard a voice that set my heart beating and made me sob again. It was Ephraim's.

"Are you all alive?" he cried.

"We are all alive, but mother is very sick."

"I don't know how long it took to tunnel that huge snow-drift. I sat holding mother's hand till there was a noise at the door. I sprang up then, and the next instant stood face to face with Ephraim. And we did not meet as we had parted.

"I was glad to think that we owed our deliverance to him. He had roused up the neighbors, and they came over that trackless waste on snow-shoes. On snow-shoes Ephraim went for the doctor, and mother began to mend from the time of his coming.

"It was a week before father got

home. Yet he had come as fast as the roads would let him, travelling night and day in his eagerness to reach us. He told us of houses snowed up, and people and animals perishing miserably. And by God's grace we were saved, even to the cows, which in their hunger had broken loose from their stalls, and eaten the hay from the mow.

"And so my life's greatest joy and pain came to me by the storm. It gave Ephraim back to me. For forty years as man and wife we had never a hard word.

"'Tis thirty years since he went, — thirty years of Heaven's peace for him. I did not think to wait so long when he went. The children have been very good to me, but I've missed their father always. But I shall go to him soon. Son Ephraim, I am ninety-two to-morrow!"

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?

Your blue eyes have scarcely seen

Summers three, my fairy queen,

But a miracle of sweets,

Soft approaches, sly retreats,

Show the little archer there,

Hidden in your pretty hair:

When didst learn a heart to win?

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,

"I can't tell you if I try!

'T is so long I can't remember:

Ask some younger Miss than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,

Do your heart and head keep pace?

When does hoary Love expire,

When do frosts put out the fire?

Can its embers burn below

All that chill December snow?
 Care you still soft hands to press,
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
 When does Love give up the chase?
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise-old lips reply,
 "Youth may pass and strength may die;
 But of Love I can't foretoken:
 Ask some older Sage than I!"

AMONG THE WORKERS IN SILVER.

EXCURSIONISTS to Lake Superior, when they get away up in the northern part of Lake Huron, where are those "four thousand islands" lying flat and green in the sun, without a tree or a hut upon them, see at length, in the distance, a building like a large storehouse, evidently not made by Indian hands. The thing is neither rich nor rare; the only wonder is, how it got there. For many hours before coming in sight of this building, no sign of human life is visible, unless, perchance, the joyful passengers catch sight of a dug-out canoe, with a blanket for a sail, in which an Indian fisherman sits solitary and motionless, as though he too were one of the inanimate features of the scene. On drawing near this most unexpected structure, the curiosity of the travellers is changed into wild wonder. It is a storehouse with all the modern improvements, and over the door is a well-painted sign, bearing the words,

RASPBERRY JAM.

If the present writer, when he first beheld this sign, had read thereon, "Opera-Glasses for hire," or "Kid Gloves cleaned by a new and improved method," he could not have been more surprised or more puzzled. The explanation, however, was very simple. Many years ago, it seems, a Yankee

visiting that region discovered thousands upon thousands of acres of raspberry-bushes hanging full of fruit, and all going to waste. He also observed that Indian girls and squaws in considerable numbers lived near by. Putting this and that together, he conceived the idea of a novel speculation. In the summer following he returned to the place, with a copper kettle, many barrels of sugar, and plenty of large stone jars. For one cent a pail he had as many raspberries picked as he could use; and he kept boiling and jarring until he had filled all his vessels with jam, when he put them on board a sloop, took them down to Detroit, and sold them. The article being approved, and the speculation being profitable, he returned every year to the raspberry country, and the business grew to an extent which warranted the erection of this large and well-appointed building. In the Western country, the raspberry jam made in the region of Lake Huron has been for twenty years an established article of trade. We had the curiosity once to taste tarts made of it, and can testify that it was as bad as heart could wish. It appeared to be a soggy mixture of melted brown sugar and small seeds.

But that is neither here nor there. The oddity of our adventure was in discovering such an establishment in

such a place. Since that time we have often had similar surprises, especially in New England, where curious industries have established themselves in the most out-of-the-way nooks. In a hamlet of three or four houses and a church, we see such signs as "Melodeon Manufactory." At a town in Northern Vermont we find four hundred men busy, the year round, in making those great Fairbanks Scales, which can weigh an apple or a train of cars. There is nothing in St. Johnsbury which marks it out as the town in the universe fittest to produce huge scales for mankind. The business exists there because, forty years ago, there were three excellent heads in the place upon the shoulders of three brothers, who put those heads together, and learned how to make and how to sell scales. All over New England, industries have rooted themselves which appear to have no congruity with the places in which they are found. We heard the other day of a village in which are made every year three bushels of gold rings. We ourselves passed, some time ago, in a remarkably plain New England town, a manufactory of fine diamond jewelry. In another town — Providence — there are seventy-two manufactories of common jewelry. Now what is there in the character or in the situation of this city of Roger Williams, that should have invited thither so many makers of cheap trinkets? It is a solid town, that makes little show for its great wealth, and contains less than the average number of people capable of wearing tawdry ornaments. Nevertheless, along with machine-shops of Titanic power, and cotton-mills of vast extent, we find these seventy-two manufactories of jewelry. The reason is, that, about the year 1795, one man, named Dodge, prospered in Providence by making such jewelry as the simple people of those simple old times would buy of the passing pedler. His prosperity lured others into the business, until it has grown to its present proportions, and supplies half the country with the glittering trash which we all de-

spise upon others and love upon ourselves.

But there is something at Providence less to be expected even than seventy-two manufactories of jewelry: it is the largest manufactory of solid silver-ware in the world! In a city so elegant and refined as Providence, where wealth is so real and stable, we should naturally expect to find on the sideboards plenty of silver plate; but we were-unprepared to discover there three or four hundred skilful men making silver-ware for the rest of mankind, and all in one establishment, — that of the Gorham Manufacturing Company. This is not only the largest concern of the kind in existence, but it is the most complete. Every operation of the business, from the melting of the coin out of which the ware is made, to the making of the packing-boxes in which it is conveyed to New York, takes place in this one congregation of buildings. Nor do we hesitate to say, after an attentive examination of the products of European taste, that the articles bearing the stamp of this American house are not equalled by those imported. There is a fine simplicity and boldness of outline about the forms produced here, together with an absence of useless and pointless ornament, which render them at once more pleasing and more useful than any others we have seen.

It was while going over this interesting establishment, that the raspberry-jam incident recurred to us. *This* thing, however, is both rich and rare; and yet the wonder remains how it got there. It got there because, forty years ago, an honest man began there a business which has grown steadily to this day. It got there just as all the rooted businesses of New England got where we find them now. In the brief history of this one enterprise we may read the history of the industry of New England. Not the less, however, ought the detailed history to be written; for it would be a book full of every kind of interest and instruction.

It was an honest man, we repeat, who founded this establishment. We believe there is no house of business of the first class in the world, of thirty years' standing, the success of which is not clearly traceable to its serving the public with fidelity. An old clerk of Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York informed us that, in the day of small things, many years ago, when Mr. Stewart had only a retail dry-goods store of moderate extent, one of the rules of the establishment was this: "*Don't recommend goods; but never fail to point out defects.*" Now a man struggling with the difficulties of a new business, who lays down a rule of that nature, must be either a very honest or a very able man. He is likely to be both, for sterling ability is necessarily honest. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Stewart is now the monarch of the dry-goods trade in the world; and we fully believe that the history of all *lasting* success would disclose a similar root of honesty. In all the businesses which have to do with the precious metals and precious stones, honesty is the prime necessity; because in them, though it is the easiest thing in the world to cheat, the cheat is always capable of being detected and proved. A great silver-house holds itself bound to take back an article of plate made forty years ago, if it is discovered that the metal is not equal in purity to the standard of the silver coin of the country in which it was made. The entire and perfect natural honesty, therefore, of Jabez Gorham, was the direct cause of the prosperity of the house which he founded. He is now a serene and healthy man of eighty-two, long ago retired from business. He walks about the manufactory, mildly wondering at the extent to which its operations have extended. "It is grown past me," he says with a smile; "I know nothing about all this."

In the year 1805, this venerable old man was an apprentice to that Mr. Dodge who began in Providence the manufacture of ear-rings, breastpins,

and rings,—the only articles made by the Providence jewellers for many years. In due time Jabez Gorham set up for himself; and he added to the list of articles the important item of watch-chains of a peculiar pattern, long known in New England as the "Gorham chain." The old gentleman gives an amusing account of the simple manner in which business was done in those days. When he had manufactured a trunkful of jewelry, he would jog away with it to Boston, where, after depositing the trunk in his room, he would go round to all the jewellers in the city to inform them of his arrival, and to say that his jewelry would be ready in his room for inspection on the following morning at ten o'clock, and not before. Before the appointed hour every jeweller in the town would be at his door; but as it was a point of honor to give them all an equal chance, no one was admitted till the clock struck, when all pushed in in a body. The jewelry was spread out on the bed, around which all the jewellers of Boston, in 1820, could gather without crowding. Each man began by placing his hat in some convenient place, and it was in his hat that he deposited the articles selected by him for purchase. When the whole stock had been transferred from the bed to the several hats, Mr. Gorham took a list of the contents of each; whereupon the jewellers packed their purchases, and carried them home. In the course of the day, the bills were made out; and the next morning Mr. Gorham went his rounds and collected the money. The business being thus happily concluded, he returned to Providence, to work uninterruptedly for another six months. In this manner, Jabez Gorham conducted business for sixteen years, before he ever thought of attempting silver-ware. Such was his reputation for scrupulous honesty, that, for many years before he left the business, none of his customers ever subjected his work to any test whatever, not even to that of a pair of scales. It is his boast, that, during the whole of his business career of more

than half a century, he never sold an article of a lower standard of purity than the one established by law or by the nature of the precious metals.

About the year 1825, some Boston people discovered that a tolerable silver spoon could be made much thinner than the custom of the trade had previously permitted, and that these thin spoons could be sold by pedlers very advantageously. The consequence of this discovery was, that silver spoons became an article of manufacture in Boston, whence pedlers conveyed them to the remotest nooks of New England. One day, in 1830, the question occurred to Jabez Gorham, Why not make spoons in Providence, and sell them to the pedlers who buy our jewelry? The next time he took his trunk of trinkets to Boston, he looked about him for a man who knew something of the art of spoon-making. One such he found, a young man just "out of his time," whom he took back with him to Providence, where he established him in an odd corner of his jewelry shop. In this small way, thirty-seven years ago, the business began which has grown to be the largest and most complete manufactory of silver-ware in the world. For the first ten years he made nothing but spoons, thimbles, and silver combs, with an occasional napkin-ring, if any one in Providence was bold enough to order one. Businesses grew very slowly in those days. It was thought a grand success when Jabez Gorham, after nearly twenty years' exertion, had fifteen men employed in making spoons, forks, thimbles, napkin-rings, children's mugs, and such small ware. Nor would Mr. Gorham, of his own motion, have ever carried the business much farther; certainly not to the point of producing articles that approach the rank of works of art. We have heard the old gentleman say, that he often stood at a store-window in Boston, wondering by what process certain operations were performed in silver, the results of which he saw before him in the form of pitchers and teapots.

But in due course of time Mr. John

Gorham, the present head of the house, eldest son of the founder, came upon the scene,—an aspiring, ingenious young man, whose nature it was to excel in anything in which he might chance to engage. The silversmith's art was then so little known in the United States that neither workmen nor information could be obtained here in its higher branches. Mr. John Gorham crossed the ocean soon after coming of age, and examined every leading silver establishment in Europe. He was freely admitted everywhere, as no one in the business had ever thought of America as a possible competitor; still less did any one see in this quiet Yankee youth the person who was to annihilate the American demand for European silver-ware, and produce articles which famous European houses would servilely copy. From the time of Mr. John Gorham's return dates the eminence of the present company, and of the production of the costlier kinds of silver-ware, on a great scale, in the United States. From first to last, the company have induced sixty-three accomplished workmen to come from Europe and settle in Providence, some of whom might not unjustly be enrolled in the list of artists.

The war gave an amazing development to this business, as it did to all others ministering to pleasure or the sense of beauty. When the war began, in 1861, the Gorham Company employed about one hundred and fifty men; and in 1864 this number had increased to four hundred, all engaged in making articles of solid silver. Even with this great force the company were sometimes unable to supply the demand for their beautiful products. On Christmas morning, 1864, there was left in the store in Maiden Lane, New York, but seven dollars' worth of ware, out of an average stock of one hundred thousand dollars' worth. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised at this. Consider our silver weddings. It is not unusual for several thousands of dollars' worth of silver to be presented on these occasions,—in one recent instance, sixteen

thousand dollars' worth was given. And what lady can be married, now-a-days, without having a few pounds of silver given to her? For Christmas presents, of course, silver-ware is always among the objects dangerous to the sanity of those who go forth, just before the holidays, with a limited purse and unlimited desires.

What particularly surprises the visitor to the Gorham works at Providence is to see labor-saving machinery—the ponderous steam-hammer, the stamping and rolling apparatus—employed in silver work, instead of the baser metals to which they are usually applied. Nothing is done by hand which can be done by machinery; so that the three hundred men usually employed in solid ware are in reality doing the work of a thousand. The first operation is to buy silver coin in Wall Street. In a bag of dollars there are always some bad pieces; and as the company embark their reputation in every silver vessel that leaves the factory, and are always responsible for its purity, each dollar is wrenched asunder and its goodness positively ascertained before it is thrown into the crucible. The subsequent operations, by which these spoiled dollars are converted into objects of brilliant and enduring beauty, can better be imagined than described.

New forms of beauty are the constant study of the artist in silver. One large apartment in the Gorham establishment—the artists' room—is a kind of magazine or storehouse of beautiful forms, which have been gathered in the course of years by Mr. George Wilkinson, the member of the company who has charge of the designing, and who is himself a designer of singular taste, fertility, and judgment. Here are deposited copies or drawings of all the former products of the establishment. Here is a large and most costly library of illustrated works in every department of art and science. Mr. Wilkinson gets ideas from works upon botany, sculpture, landscape,—from ancient bass-reliefs and modern porcelain; but, more frequently, from those large vol-

umes which exhibit the glories of architecture. "The first requisite," he maintains, "of a good piece of silver-plate is that it be *well built*." The artist in silver has also to keep constantly in view the practical and commercial limitations of his art. The forms which he designs must be such as can be executed with due economy of labor and material, such as can be easily cleaned, and such as will please the taste of the silver-purchasing public. It is by his skill in complying with these inexorable conditions, while producing forms of real excellence, that Mr. Wilkinson has given such celebrity to the articles made by the company to which he belongs.

Few of us, however, will ever be able to buy the dinner-sets, the tea-sets, the gorgeous salvers, and the tall épergnes with which the warerooms of this manufactory are filled. A silver salver of large size costs a thousand dollars. A complete dinner-set for a party of twenty-four costs twelve thousand dollars. The price of a nice tea-set can easily run into three thousand dollars. We noticed one small vase (six or eight inches high) exquisitely chased on two sides, which Mr. Wilkinson assured us it cost the company about seven hundred dollars to produce. There are, as yet, but two or three persons in all America who would be likely to become purchasers of the articles in silver which rank in Europe as works of art, and which are strictly entitled to that distinction. The wonder is who buys the massive utilities that are stacked away in such profusion in Maiden Lane. The Gorham Company have always in course of manufacture about three tons of silver, and usually have a ton of finished work for sale.

An important branch of their business is one recently introduced,—the manufacture of a very superior kind of plated ware, intended to combine the strength of baser metal with the beauty of silver. The manufacture of such ware has attained great development in England of late years, owing chiefly to the

application of the mysterious power of electricity to the laying-on of the silver. We must discourse a little upon this admirable application of science to the arts.

Hamlet amused his friend Horatio by tracing the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a bung-hole. If we trace the course of discovery that resulted in this beautiful art, we shall have to reverse Hamlet's order: we must begin with the homely object, and end with magnificent ones. Electroplating, electrotyping, the electric telegraph, and many other arts and wonders, all go back to that dish of frogs which the amiable and fond Professor Galvani was preparing for his sick wife's dinner one day, about the year 1787. It was a curious reflection, when we were illuminating our houses to celebrate the laying of the first Atlantic cable, that this bewildering and unique triumph of man over nature had no more illustrious origin than the legs of an Italian frog. We are aware that the honor *has* been claimed for a Neapolitan mouse. There *is* a story in the books of a mouse in Naples that had the impudence, in 1786, to bite the leg of a professor of medicine, and was caught in the act by the professor himself, who punished his audacity by dissecting him. While doing so, he observed that, when he touched a nerve of the creature with his knife, its limbs were slightly convulsed. The professor was struck with the circumstance, was puzzled by it, mentioned it, and it was recorded; but as nothing further came of it, no connection can be established between that mouse and the splendors of silver-plated ware and the wonders of the telegraph. The claims of Professor Galvani's frog rest upon a sure foundation of fact. Signora Galvani—so runs one version of the story—lay sick upon a couch in a room in which there was that chaos of domestic utensils and philosophical apparatus that may still be observed sometimes in the abodes of men addicted to science. The Professor himself had prepared the frogs for the stew-pan, and

left them upon a table near the conductor of an electrical machine. A student, while experimenting with the machine, chanced to touch with a steel instrument one of the frogs at the intersection of the legs. The sick lady observed that, as often as he did so, the legs were convulsed, or, as we now say, were *galvanized*. Upon her husband's return to the room, she mentioned this strange thing to him, and he immediately repeated the experiment.

From 1760 to 1790, as the reader is probably aware, all the scientific world was on the *qui vive* with regard to electricity. The most brilliant reputations of that century had been won by electric discoveries. Franklin was still alive, to reward with his benignant approval those who should contribute anything valuable after his own immense additions to man's knowledge of this alluring and baffling element. It was, therefore, as much the spirit of the time as the genius of the man, that made Galvani seize this new fact with eagerness, and investigate it with untiring enthusiasm. It was a sad day for the frogs of the Pope's dominions when Signora Galvani observed those two naked legs fly apart and crook themselves with so much animation. There was slaughter in the swamps of Bologna for many a month thereafter. For mankind, however, it was a day to be held in everlasting remembrance, since it was then that was taken the first step toward the galvanic battery!

As fortune favors the brave, so accident aids the ingenious. After Professor Galvani had touched the muscles and nerves of many frogs with the spark drawn from the electrical machine, another accident occurred which led directly to the discovery of the galvanic battery. Having skinned a frog, he chanced to hang it by a *copper* hook upon an *iron* nail; and thus, without knowing it, he brought together the elements of a battery,—two metals and a wet frog. His object in hanging up this frog was to see if the electricity of the atmosphere would produce any effects, however slight, similar to those pro-

duced when the spark of the machine was applied to the creature. It did not. After watching his frog awhile, the Professor was proceeding to take it down, and while in the act of doing so the legs were convulsed! Struck with this occurrence, he replaced the frog, took it down again, put it back, took it down, until he discovered that, as often as the damp frog (still hanging upon its copper hook) touched the iron nail, the contraction of the muscles took place, as if the frog had been touched by a conductor connected with an electrical machine. This experiment was repeated hundreds of times, and varied in as many ways as mortal ingenuity could devise. Galvani at length settled down upon the method following: he wrapped the nerves taken from the loins of a frog in a leaf of tin, and placed the legs of the frog upon a plate of copper; then, as often as the leaf of tin was brought in contact with the plate of copper, the legs of the frog were convulsed.

People regard Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of roast pig as a most extravagant and impossible fiction; but, really, Professor Galvani comported himself very much in the manner of that great discoverer. It was no more necessary to employ the frog's nerves in the production of the electricity, than it was necessary to burn down a house in roasting pig for dinner. The poor frog contributed nothing to it but his dampness,—as every boy in a telegraph office now perceives. He was merely the *wet* in the small galvanic battery. Professor Galvani, however, exulting in his discovery, leaped to the conclusion that this electricity was not the same as that produced by friction. He thought he had discovered the long-sought something by which the muscles move obedient to the will. "All creatures," he wrote, "have an electricity inherent in their economy, which resides specially in the nerves, and is by the nerves communicated to the whole body. It is secreted by the brain. The interior substance of the nerves is endowed with a conducting

power for this electricity, and facilitates its movement and its passage from one part of the nervous system to another; while the oily coating of these organs hinders the dissipation of the fluid, and permits its accumulation." He also thought that the muscles were the Leyden jars of the animal system, in which the electricity generated by the brain and conducted by the nerves was hoarded up for use. When a man was tired, he had merely used his electricity too fast; when he was fresh, his Leyden jars were all full.

The publication of these experiments in 1791, accompanied by Galvani's theory of animal electricity, produced a sensation in scientific circles only inferior to that caused by Franklin's demonstration of the identity of lightning with electricity, thirty years before. The murder of innocent frogs extended from the marshes of Bologna to the swamps of all Christendom. "Wherever," says a writer of the time, "frogs were to be found and two different metals could be procured, every one was anxious to see the mangled limbs of frogs brought to life in this wonderful way." Or, as Lamb says, in the dissertation upon Roast Pig: "The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction." At first the facts and the theory of Galvani were equally accepted; and a grateful world insisted upon styling the new science, as it was deemed, "Galvanism." Thus a word was added to all the languages, which has been found useful in its literal sense, and forcible in its figurative. Whatever we may think of Galvani's philosophy, we cannot deny that he immortalized his name. He died a few years after, fully satisfied with his theory, but having no suspicion of the many, the peculiar, the marvellous results that were to flow from the chance discovery of the fact, that a moist frog placed between two different metals was a kind of electrical machine.

Among the Italians who caught at Galvani's discovery, the most skilful and learned was Professor Volta, of

Como, who had been an ardent electrician from his youth. Many of our readers have seen this year the colossal statue of that great man, which adorns his native city on the southern shore of the lake. The statue was worthily decreed, because the man who contributes ever so little to a grand discovery in science — provided that little is essential to it — ranks among the greatest benefactors of his species. And what did the admirable Volta discover? Reducing the labors of his long life to their simplest expression, we should say that his just claim to immortality consists in this, — he found out that the frog had nothing to do with the production of electricity in Galvani's experiment, but that a wet card or rag would do as well. This discovery was the central fact of his scientific career of sixty-four years. It took all of his familiar knowledge of electricity, acquired in twenty-seven years of entire devotion to the study, to enable him to interpret Galvani's apparatus so far as to get rid of the frog; and he spent the remaining thirty-seven years of his existence in varying the experiment thus freed from that "demi, damp, moist, unpleasant body." It was a severe affliction to the followers of Galvani and to the University of Bologna to have their darling theory of the nervous electricity so rudely yet so unanswerably refuted. "I do not need your frog!" exclaimed the too impetuous Volta. "Give me two metals and a moist rag, and I will produce your animal electricity. Your frog is nothing but a moist conductor, and in this respect is not as good as a wet rag." This was a decisive fact, and it silenced all but a few of the disciples of the dead Galvani.

Volta was led to discard the frog by observing that no electric results followed when the two plates were of the same metal. Suspecting from this that the frog was merely a conductor (instead of the generator) of the electric fluid, he tried the experiment with a wet card placed between two pairs of plates, and thus discovered that the secret lay in the metals being hetero-

geneous. But it cost thousands of experiments to reach this result, and ten years of ceaseless thought and exertion to arrive at the invention of the "pile," which merely consists of many pairs of heterogeneous plates, each separated by a moist substance. The weight of so much metal squeezed the wet cloth dry, and this led to various contrivances for keeping it wet, resulting at last in the invention of the familiar "trough-battery," now employed in all telegraph offices and manufactories of electro-anything. Instead of Galvani's frog or Volta's wet rag, the conductor is a solution of sulphuric acid, which Volta himself suggested and employed. The negative electricity is conveyed to the earth by a wire, and the positive is conducted from pair to pair, increasing as it goes, until, if the battery is large enough, it may have the force to send a message round the world. And the current is continuous. The galvanic battery is an electrical machine that goes without turning a handle. By the galvanic battery, electricity is made subservient to man. Among other things, it sends his messages, faces his type with copper, silvers his coffee-pot, and coats the inside of his baby's silver mug with shining gold.

The old methods of covering metals with a plating of silver were so difficult and laborious, that durable ware could never have been produced by them except at an expense which would have defeated the object. In those slow and costly ways plated articles were made as late as the year 1840; and thus they might be made at the present moment, if Signora Galvani had been looking the other way when the student touched the frog with his knife. More than fifty years elapsed before that chance discovery was made available in the art we are considering. For many years the discoveries of Galvani and Volta did not appear to add much to the resources of man, though they excited his "special wonder." Elderly readers can perhaps remember the appalling accounts that used to be published, forty years ago or more, of the gal-

vanizing of criminals after execution. In 1811, at Glasgow, a noted chemist tried the effect of a voltaic "pile" of two hundred and seventy pairs of plates upon the body of a murderer. As the various parts of the nervous system were subjected to the current, the most startling results followed. The whole body shuddered as with cold; one of the legs nearly kicked an attendant over; the chest heaved, and the lungs inhaled and exhaled. At one time, when all the power of the instrument was exerted, we are told that "every muscle of the countenance was simultaneously thrown into fearful action. Rage, horror, despair and anguish, and ghastly smiles, united their hideous expression on the murderer's face, surpassing far the wildest representations of a Fuseli or a Kean. At this period several of the spectators were obliged to leave the room from terror or sickness, and one gentleman fainted." The bodies of horses, oxen, and sheep were galvanized, with results the most surprising. Five men were unable to hold the leg of a horse subjected to the action of a powerful battery.

So far as we know, nothing of much importance has yet been inferred from such experiments as these. Davy and Faraday, however, and their pupils, did not confine their attention to these barren wonders. Sir Humphry Davy took the "pile" as invented by Volta, in 1800, and founded by its assistance what may be styled a new science, and developed it to the point where it became available for the arts and utilities of man. The simple and easy process by which silver and gold are decomposed, and then deposited upon metallic surfaces, is only one of many ways in which the galvanic battery ministers to our convenience and pleasure. If the reader will step into a manufactory of plated ware, he will see, in the plating-room, a trough containing a liquid resembling tea as it comes from the teapot. Avoiding scientific terms, we may say that this liquid is a solution of silver, and contains about four ounces

of silver to a gallon of water. There are also thin plates of silver hanging along the sides of the trough into the liquid. The galvanic battery which is to set this apparatus in motion is in a closet near by. The vessels to be plated, after being thoroughly cleaned and exactly weighed, are suspended in the liquid by a wire running along the top of the trough. When all is ready, the current of electricity generated by the small battery in the closet is made to pass through the trough, and along all the metallic surfaces therein contained. When this has been done, the spectator may look with all his eyes, but he cannot perceive that anything is going on. There is no bubbling, nor fizzing, nor any other noise or motion. The long row of vessels hang silently at their wire, immersed in their tea, and nobody appears to pay any attention to them. And so they continue to hang for hours,—for five or six or seven hours, if the design is to produce work which will answer some other purpose than selling. All this time a most wonderful and mysterious process is going on. That gentle current of electricity, noiseless and invisible as it is, is taking the silver held in the solution, and laying it upon the surfaces of those vessels, within and without; and at the same time it is decomposing the plates of silver hanging along the sides of the trough in such a way as to keep up the strength of the solution. We cannot recover from the wonder into which the contemplation of this process threw us. There are some things which the outside and occasional observer can never be done marvelling at. For our part, we never hear the click of a telegraphic apparatus without experiencing the same spasm of astonishment as when we were first introduced to that mystery. The beautiful manner, too, in which this silvering work is done! The most delicate brush could not lay on the colors of the palette so evenly, nor could a crucible melt the metals into a completer oneness.

And here is the opportunity for

fraud. In five minutes an article is coated with silver in every part, inside and out; and that mere "blush" of silver, as the platers term it, will receive as brilliant a polish, and look as well (for a month) as if it were solid plate. Nay, it will look rather better; since the silver deposited by this exquisite process is perfectly pure, while the silver employed in solid ware is of the coin standard, — one tenth alloy. The plater can deposit upon his work as little silver as he chooses, either by weakening his solution, or by leaving the articles in it for a very short time; and no man can detect the cheat with certainty except by an expensive and troublesome process. Nor will it suffice for the operator to attend to the strength of his solutions, and keep his eye upon the clock. As in certain conditions of the atmosphere we can scarcely get a spark from the electrical machine, so there are times when the galvanic battery works feebly, and when the silvering goes on much more slowly than usual. To guard against errors from this cause, there is no sure resource but a system of careful weighings. In such establishments as that of the Gorham Company of Providence, Tiffany's or Haughout's of New York, Bailey's of Philadelphia, and Bigelow Brothers and Kennard's, or Palmer and Batchelder's, of Boston, each article is weighed before it is immersed in the solution, its weight is recorded, and it is allowed to remain in the solution until it has taken on the whole of the precious metal it was designed to receive.

There was a lawsuit the other day in New York, which turned upon the quantity of silver deposited upon sundry gross of forks and spoons. The plater agreed to put upon them twelve ounces of silver to the gross, which is about as much as is ever deposited upon spoons or forks. If he had performed his contract, he would have spread over each table-spoon about as much silver as there is in a ten-cent piece; and such is the nature of silver that these spoons would have worn

well for five or six years. In fact, there are no better plated spoons yet in use than these were designed to be. The plater meant to comply with the usage of the trade. He meant to put upon those spoons the quantity of silver which, in the trade, *stands* for twelve ounces to the gross, which is about ten ounces to the gross. Such was probably his virtuous intention, and he supposed he had carried out that intention. But when the spoons were put to the test, it was discovered that upon one hundred and forty-four table-spoons there were but three ounces and a half of silver. It came out on the trial that the plater never weighed his work, and trusted wholly to the length of time he left it in the solution. He appeared to be honestly indignant at the testimony showing that his spoons, which had been left four hours subject to the action of the battery, had acquired only a film of silver. To the eye of the purchaser, these spoons would have presented precisely the same appearance as the best plated ware in existence. For two or three months, or even for six months, they would have retained their brilliancy. What their appearance would have been at the end of a year or two we need not say, for most readers have encountered the spectacle in their pilgrimage through a world which is said to resemble plated articles of this quality in being "all a fleeting show."

Every one is familiar with the gold lining that is now so generally seen in silver vessels. This is laid on by the same process as that which covers the outside with silver. The vessel is filled with a solution of gold, and in this solution a thin plate of gold is suspended. The electric current being made to pass through the interior thus prepared, the liquid bubbles up like soda-water, and in three or four minutes enough gold is deposited upon the inside surface for the purpose designed. When this is accomplished, nothing remains but to polish the vessel, within and without, and we have

a piece of ware which is silver when we look at it, and golden when we drink from it.

The obstacle to the introduction of the superior plated ware now made by the Gorham Company is its costliness. The best plated ware costs five times as much as the worst, and one fourth as much as solid silver. We saw the other day three large salvers, which, at a distance of six feet, looked very nearly alike. All of them bore a most brilliant polish, and all were elaborately decorated. One of them was a trashy article, made of an alloy of lead and tin, covered with a "blush" of silver. It had been stamped out and shaped at one blow by a stamping-machine, and left in the silver solution subject to the action of the battery for perhaps fifteen minutes. It was very heavy, and when it was suspended and struck it gave forth a dull leaden sound. The price of this abomination was thirty-seven dollars and a half, and it would last, with careful occasional usage, for a year. Daily use would disclose its real quality in a few weeks. Another of these salvers was of solid silver, to which no objection could be made except that its price was nine hundred and fifty dollars. The third was of that superior plated ware introduced recently by the Gorham Company of Providence. The base of this article was the metal now called nickel silver,—a mixture of copper, nickel, and zinc,—a very hard and ringing compound, perfectly white, and capable of a high polish. Upon this hard surface as much silver had been deposited

as upon the best Sheffield plated ware, which is about as much as can be smoothly put upon it by the electroplating process. When this salver was struck, it rang like a bell, and it would not bend under the weight of a man. Such a salver, used continually, will retain its lustre for a whole generation, and when, after that long period, it begins to lose its silver coating, it can be re-silvered and made as good as ever. But the price of this article was two hundred dollars,—more than five times the cost of the leaden trash, and a fourth of the price of the solid silver. Nevertheless, plated ware of this quality is the only kind which it is good economy to buy. There are few more extravagant purchases we can make in housekeeping than lead and brass ware, covered with a film of silver so thin that one ounce of the precious metal can actually be spread over two acres of it.

One fact can easily be borne in mind: good serviceable plated articles cost, and *must* cost, from one fourth to one third as much as similar articles of solid silver. Anything of a much lower standard than this is trash and vulgarity.

For our part, we prefer good plated ware to solid plate. In plated ware we can now have all the beauty of form, all the brilliancy of surface, all the durability and utility of solid silver, without its excessive costliness, without appearing to be guilty of ostentation, without putting our neighbors to shame, and without offering a perpetual temptation to burglars.

WHAT WE FEEL.

IT would seem to be folly for any one to maintain that grass is not green, that sugar is not sweet, that the rose has no odor and the trumpet no tone. A man would seem to be out of his senses deliberately to doubt what the world thinks to be simple truths. Yet this paper will deliberately question these truths. It will endeavor to demonstrate that the greenness, the sweetness, the fragrance, the music, are not inherent qualities of the objects themselves, but are cerebral sensations, whose existence is limited to the senses of organized beings.

Is grass green? First let us inquire what green is,—what color is. Light is now understood to be an undulation of the interstellar ether, that inconceivably rare, elastic expanse of matter which occupies all space,—an undulation communicated by the incandescent envelope of suns. It moves with such wondrous rapidity as to traverse hundreds of thousands of miles in a second. Such is the generally received explanation of the phenomenon of light; but there is much yet to be explained for which this simple undulation of matter seems to be an insufficient cause. These waves of motion have different lengths and rates of velocity; but the union of them all gives to the human eye the impression of white light. When a prism intercepts their flow, it, so to speak, assorts these differing waves; and, being separated, they then impress the eye with the color of the spectrum, the retina being differently affected by the differing velocities with which it is touched by the ethereal waves. Color, then, is the sensation of the brain, responsive to the touch of the motion of ether; and the brain is only thus affected when these waves are thrown back from some object to the eye. The multiplicity of tints and hues are reflections from the objects which ap-

pear to possess them as structural characters. Some of the waves pass into the objects and through them, others are arrested by them and absorbed, others rebound from them like a ball from a wall; and these last, breaking upon the optic nerve, give to it certain sensations which we designate as colors. A wave of a certain velocity and length gives us a certain sensation which we call blue; another awakens the sensation we call yellow. The two series of waves, mingling, produce a new sensation which we call green. The necessity of reflection for the production of these sensations is evident. The mingled waves have no color in their incident flow; but, striking some object, these waves become separated, some being absorbed, and the reflected ones produce the peculiar sensation we call color.

We know that these varying conditions of light which affect us as color have an absolute being. The photographer carries on his nice operations behind a yellow screen undisturbed, when the substitution of a pink one would at once allow of the chemical action of the other rays of light on his plate, to the destruction of his image. Still, the pink and the yellow, as colors, are brain sensations. We feel them with our eyes, and the feeling they awaken we call color. The optic nerve receives the undulations of ether thrown back from grass, and the peculiar sensation thus awakened by their touch is called green. The color is not a part of the grass, not a quantitative constituent, like its carbon or silicic acid. The grass has no color, because color is something existent in the eye of the beholder, not in the object awakening that something by its peculiar mode of reflecting light. A looking-glass does not possess, as a constituent part, the image of a human face; but that face, when put before it, appears to

be a part of the glass; and if no looking-glass had ever existed except with a certain face before it, that face would be just as much a part of the glass as the color green is of grass. They both reflect. Some people are color-blind. They cannot perceive any difference between the rose and the leaves around it. Color is inconceivable to them. Let us suppose, then, that all men were color-blind. They would be fully cognizant of light, shadow, darkness; but the nicer sensations of the brain which we call colors would be utterly unknown to senses unable to feel their delicate touch. At the same time, the different undulations of the different colors might have been detected by other means than the sense of sight, as unseen gases have been discovered by the chemist. And we cannot say that Nature may not possess an inconceivable variety of influences inappreciable by our senses. We say grass is green; but is it always so? What varying colors does it possess under the varying light to which it is exposed. The same grass is light green in the sun, dark green in the shadow, almost black in the twilight, and at night what color is it? We may say that it is green, but that we cannot see it. By no means. If greenness were an inherent attribute, it would be persistent. The weight, density, chemical construction, and size of the plant do not change from midday to midnight. They are identical in the dark and the light. But the color depends entirely on the character of light poured upon it; as that color is only a peculiar reflection of that light, or part of it, and that reflection is only green when it stimulates an optic nerve to a sensation peculiar to its touch. The same grass becomes yellow or brown in autumn, possessing then new powers of absorption and reflection. The very limited capacity of the eye to receive sensation from light rays is proved by the discovery that the spectrum possesses other rays, called heat-rays, which the eye cannot perceive. Only about

a third of the spectrum is visible to the eye. The other portion appears in the form of heat, inappreciable by the optic nerve as light.

Color, therefore, is not a physical thing,—a quantity in Nature. Her beauty and glory, visible in her tints and hues, are in the brain of the observer,—a play of light reflected from the myriad objects upon which it breaks in infinite diversity of ethereal wavelets. One may see colors which do not exist as undulations. For example, let one look fixedly at a brilliant red object for a while, and then close his eyes. He will behold an image of the same object of a green color. This green color, then, is a sensation in the optic nerve, which, being powerfully stimulated by the red, undergoes a reaction, resulting in a sensation similar to that which it would experience were it looking at the object in green. The color green, in this case, is certainly only nervous sensation. As light is now known to be the motion of matter, color, as the result of light, must inevitably be limited by it. The touch of the light-waves upon our nerves causes certain contractions which we call color, the contractions ceasing when the touch is withdrawn. A pane of green glass will cast upon a white marble a green light. Let us suppose that this play of light had always existed, so far as those two objects were concerned. The marble would appear to be permanently green, and not white; and if we had not a simple way of removing the light, we should certainly say it was green marble. Could we as effectually change the play of light which causes grass to appear green, we should at once demonstrate as readily, that its color was an appearance to the eye, not a part of the grass itself. It is very probable that we are extensively deceived in this way,—that many appearances in nature are only simulations which we have no means of detecting. Isomerism in minerals has been discovered,—a state in which quite different physical properties are coexistent with identity of component parts. What we always see, and

what seems to be permanent, we naturally accept as a physical fact; and yet we can understand that our senses may, in many instances, be the sport of appearances which, because permanent, we conceive to be reality. Thus color is a cerebral sensation only, and grass is not green.

Is sugar sweet? That sugar has certain chemical constituents which go to make up a saccharine compound we know. But what evidence have we of its sweetness, except that the nerves of taste are peculiarly affected when brought in contact with it. Its sweetness is not measurable in the chemist's scales. It can be analyzed, and its constituent elements accurately defined. But sweetness is not one of those elements. The test of that is the tongue. Pure sugar of milk has scarce any sweetness at all; nevertheless, it is pure sugar. The influence which it has on the nerves of taste is only different from that of cane-sugar. Destroy the nice nervous connection between the tongue and the brain, and sweetness disappears. A severe cold will accomplish this, and while the touch of the sugar is felt, the delicate sympathy which is awakened by the sugar and is felt in the brain as sweetness is destroyed. The sweetness, like the color, is a nervous sensation. We can conceive of a development of the nerves of taste which might receive a host of new impressions from contact with objects now tasteless. The saccharine compound does exist as a chemical quantity, and has a special effect on the nerves of taste, exciting them peculiarly, the result of the excitement being the idea of sweetness.

Is the rose fragrant? The sense of smell is indeed only a continuation of that of taste. In smelling, the nerves are touched by only infinitesimally small particles of the substances reaching them, and are only able to receive an impression from this excessive distribution. This is also true of taste, to a certain degree, as it is impossible to fully perceive a flavor until the substance is tolerably comminuted, as we

smack our lips to obtain it. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the whole of taste may not lie in the capabilities of different substances for great subdivision of particles. If quartz could be made to dissolve into excessively minute particles as readily as sugar, it might have its own special flavor. Some odors are offensive in dense quantities which are highly agreeable when wafted to us in delicate atoms, — musk, for instance. The rose secretes a volatile oil, the wonderfully small atoms of which, on touching the nerves of smell, communicate a peculiar sensation. This odor, like the sweetness, exists only in the nerves affected; and a trifling disaffection of the nerves suffices to destroy it entirely. The chemist can also analyze the oil, but he does not enumerate in its elements odor. In fact, we have no words to express the sensation of smell. We say sweet, sour, bitter; but have no terms to express the differing sensations produced on us by the rose, lily, violet, and pink. Their oily atoms awaken different sensations in the delicate nerves they touch. The sensation awakened may be due to chemical action induced by them in the system. But whether chemical or physical, the result of their touch is a motion of matter, an impulse communicated to the brain, the sensation of the organ being — the reception of this initiative force being — what we designate as odor. The fragrance of the rose lies, then, in the contractions of special nerves, which thus respond to the touch of the oily particles that are blown against them.

Does the trumpet sound? A vibration of matter causes the surrounding air to vibrate in consonance with it; and the waves of air thus created, breaking against the auditory nerve, awaken a peculiar sensation which we call sound. The trumpet, vibrating variously, as the valves are moved and the air forced through it, initiates waves of air of different lengths; and as they are communicated to the surrounding air with amazing rapidity, they successively strike the listener's ear. As the waves

of light touch the optic nerve, so do the grosser waves of air touch the auditory nerve. But sound is only a recognized sensation when the waves of air are within a certain measurement, a maximum and minimum of length. The rush of a whirlwind has no sound, except when arrested by some object, and smaller waves of the vast billows of rolling air are created. We say that the wind roars. But the tremendous currents above us, which sweep along the vast masses of vapor, are noiseless until they touch the earth, and some little trifling eddies are made in their lower sweep by hills and trees and houses. It is then only noise. The ear requires yet smaller waves of air to experience the sensation of tone. The lowest note of a piano has barely enough of it to give a definite idea. As the waves become shorter, the ear begins to be pleasantly affected, and the realm of music is reached. Within a certain restricted length of air-waves lies all of the pleasurable sensation which we call musical tone. But as we rise in the scale the tone begins to become uncertain, until the highest note of the instrument is again indefinite noise. The attenuated tone-waves of Nature are also inappreciable by the auditory nerves, and an obscure hum or buzz is all that can be perceived, until, finally, the eye detects motion which the ear utterly fails to perceive as sound. The results of the air-waves are appreciable by sight and feeling; but the waves which are heard are not those which create the disturbance in nature we see and feel. The wild gust which seizes a tree and bows it to the earth is only heard when the branches it sways, or the leaves which it rustles, give out a secondary and far more attenuate series of waves. A locust, on a warm, sunny day, will agitate the air around him with a series of waves which affect the ear far more powerfully than the wind which sighs in the waving trees above him. Thus sound is the answering sensation of the auditory nerve to the touch of air-waves; and these waves must be within certain cir-

cumscribed limits of magnitude to awaken that sensation at all. The greater or less violence with which they strike the ear causes them to appear loud or soft. We can imagine a development of the nerves, or of the ear apparatus, which might allow them to be influenced by waves of greater volume and less rapid flow, and also by those of diminished size and accelerated movement. The trumpet then does not sound; the ear sounds, and in the ear alone lies the music that it makes. The deaf man, whose auditory nerves are not sensitive to air-waves, sees the clouds move and the trees sway, the brook ripple and the trumpeter with his tube at his lips; but the air-waves they all create pass by him, and sound is inconceivable. That sound is a mere nervous sensation is further proved by the fact that we have disturbances of the auditory nerve which we call singing in the ears. No waves of air create this disagreeable music. It arises from some affection of the nerve, which irritates it to a vibration similar to that which it undergoes when air-waves of a certain intensity reach it.

We say the sound rolled on, the odor was wafted, the color was printed, our language and our thoughts implying that the sound, the odor, the color, are things, when in reality they are all mere sensations, answering to the touch of physical agents. All sensation is nerve-motion. Outer stimulus, applied to the nerves, causes contractions which, communicating with the brain, give the idea of color or taste or sound.

The sense of feeling is a recognition of the existence of objects by a duller perception than the others, though all of the senses attain their perceptions by feeling, in the strict meaning of the word. We say things feel hard or soft, the varying density of the objects being the cause of the varying sensations they awaken. Smoothness and roughness are varying outlines of surface, existing as physical conformation; the pleasurable or disagreeable sensations awakened in us by contact being due to the greater or less irritation of the nerves of feeling that attrition with it

occasions. Motion is absolutely necessary to give us an idea of the density or configuration of an object. The mere touch of that object is insufficient to possess us with its nature. Iron and down are indistinguishable, unless we, to a certain extent, manipulate them. Glass would be indistinguishable from sand-paper did we not to a certain extent pass our fingers over the different surfaces. Mere touch would not suffice. We have the evidence of all of our senses to prove to us the nature of an object. It tastes or smells or vibrates or is colored; the varied sensations thus awakened combining to give us our totality of conception. The rose reflects light-waves which the eye feels red; it emits oil-particles which the nose feels fragrant; it touches our tongue, and feels pleasantly; it touches our fingers, and feels soft and smooth. It exists in nature as a physical structure, and its existence is evident to us through the various sensations it creates in different nerves of our bodies, and through them alone.

One of the ancient philosophies maintained that all Nature is but the phantasm of our senses. Had it, after first granting that the senses themselves were evidences of matter and motion, maintained that Nature was only evident to us through them, it would have been simple truth. Our perceptions of Nature are limited to the capacity of our nervous structure. We frequently make the mistake of endowing matter with attributes which it does not possess, and which are resident only in the impression communicated to us by forces emanating from it, the forces being we know not what. And we can understand that there may be forces in nature as powerful as those which we perceive by our senses, but which are utterly unrecognized by them. We can understand that it were possible for organized beings to possess fifty instead of five senses, which might receive from nature other impressions and awaken other emotions as beautiful and as beneficent as those arising from sight and hearing.

SONNET.

RATHER, my people, let thy youths parade
 Their woolly flocks before the rising sun;
 With curds and oat-cakes, when their work is done,
 By frugal handmaids let the board be laid;
 Let them refresh their vigor in the shade,
 Or deem their straw as down to lie upon,
 Ere the great nation which our sires begun
 Be rent asunder by hell's minion, Trade!
 If jarring interests and the greed of gold,
 The corn-rick's envy of the minéd hill,
 The steamer's grudge against the spindle's skill, —
 If things so mean our country's fate can mould,
 O, let me hear again the shepherds trill
 Their reedy music to the drowsing fold!

LITERATURE AS AN ART.

AS one looks forward to the America of fifty years hence, the main source of anxiety appears to be in a probable excess of prosperity, and in the want of a good grievance. We seem nearly at the end of those great public wrongs which require a special moral earthquake to end them. Except to secure the ballot for woman,—a contest which is thus far advancing very peaceably,—there seems nothing left which need be absolutely fought for; no great influence to keep us from a commonplace and perhaps debasing success. There will, no doubt, be still need of the statesman to adjust the details of government, and of the clergyman to keep an eye on private morals, including his own. There will also be social and religious changes, perhaps great ones; but there are no omens of any very fierce upheaval. And seeing the educational value to this generation of the reforms for which it has contended, and especially of the antislavery enterprise, one must feel an impulse of pity for our successors, who seem likely to have no convictions that they can honestly be mobbed for.

Can we spare these great tonics? It is the experience of history that all religious bodies are purified by persecution, and materialized by peace. No amount of accumulated virtue has thus far saved the merely devout communities from deteriorating, when let alone, into comfort and good dinners. This is most noticeable in detached organizations,—Moravians, Shakers, Quakers, Roman Catholics,—they all go the same way at last; when persecution and missionary toil are over, they enter on a tiresome millennium of meat and pudding. To guard against this spiritual obesity, this carnal Eden, what has the next age in reserve for us? Suppose forty million perfectly healthy and virtuous Americans, what is to keep

them from being as uninteresting as so many Chinese?

I know of nothing but that aim which is the climax and flower of all civilization, without which purity itself grows dull and devotion tedious,—the pursuit of Science and Art. Give to all this nation peace, freedom, prosperity, and even virtue, still there must be some absorbing interest, some career. That career can be sought only in two directions,—more and yet more material prosperity on the one side, Science and Art on the other. Every man's aim must either be riches, or something better than riches. Now the wealth is to be respected and desired, nor need anything be said against it. And certainly nothing need be said in its behalf, there is such a vast chorus of voices steadily occupied in proclaiming it. The instincts of the American mind will take care of that; but to advocate the alternative career, the striving of the whole nature after something utterly apart from this world's wealth,—it is for this end that a stray voice is needed. It will not take long; the clamor of the market will re-absorb us to-morrow.

It can scarcely be said that Science and Art have as yet any place in America; or if they have, it is by virtue of their prospective value, as with the bonds of a Pacific railway. I use the ordinary classification, Science and Art, though it is literature only of which I now aim to speak. For under one of these two heads all literature must fall; it may be either a contribution to science through its matter, or to art through its form. The *form* of literature is usually called *style*; and of the highest kind of literature, called poetry or *belles-lettres*, the style is an essential, and almost the essential part. It is in this aspect that the matter is now to be considered,—literature as an art.

The latest French traveller, Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne, says well, that,

for what he calls the academic class—or class devoted to pure literature—there is as yet no place in America. Such a class must conceal itself, he says, beneath the politician's garb, or the clergyman's cravat. We may observe that, when our people speak of literature, they are very apt to mean a newspaper article, or perhaps a sermon, or a legal plea. One editor said that it could be no more asserted that literature was ill paid in America, since Governor Andrew received ten thousand dollars for an argument against the prohibitory liquor law. Even in our largest cities, there are scarcely the rudiments of a literary class, apart from the newspapers. Now, journalism is an invaluable outlet for the leisure time of a literary man; but his main work must be given to something else, or his vocation must change its name. He needs the experience of journalism, as he needs that of the lyceum and the caucus,—nay, as he needs the gymnasium and the wherry,—to keep himself healthy and sound. But when he gives the main energy of his life to either, though he may not cease to be useful, he ceases to be a literary man.

It is useless to complain that, in America, Science is preceding Art; that is inevitable. As yet there is a shrinking even from pure science,—that is, from all science which is not directly marketable; and while this is so, art must be still further postponed. We have hitherto valued science for its applications, natural history as a branch of agriculture, mathematics for the sake of life-assurance tables, and even a college education as a training for members of Congress. Just so far as any of these departments have failed of these ends, there is a tendency to disparage them. We are a little like the President Dupaty of the French Assembly, who told the astronomer Laplace that he considered the discovery of a new planet to be far less important than that of a new pudding, as we have already more planets than we know what to do with, while we never can have puddings enough. We are now outgrowing this

limited view of science, but in regard to literature the delusion still remains; if it is anything more than an amusement, it must afford solid information; it is not yet owned that it has value for itself, as an art. Of course, all true instruction, however conveyed, is palatable; to a healthy mind the *Mécanique Céleste* is good reading; so is Mill's "Political Economy," or De Morgan's "Formal Logic." But words are available for something which is more than knowledge. Words afford a more delicious music than the chords of any instrument; they are susceptible of richer colors than any painter's palette; and that they should be used merely for the transportation of intelligence, as a wheelbarrow carries brick, is not enough. The highest aspect of literature assimilates it to painting and music. Beyond and above all the domain of use lies beauty, and to aim at this makes literature an art.

A book without art is simply a commodity; it may be exceedingly valuable to the consumer, very profitable to the producer, but it does not come within the domain of pure literature. It is said that some high legal authority on copyright thus cites a case: "One Moore had written a book which he called 'Irish Melodies,'" and so on. Now, as Aristotle defined the shipbuilder's art to be all of the ship but the wood, so the literary art displayed in Moore's *Melodies* was precisely the thing ignored in this citation.

To pursue literature as an art is not therefore to be a mathematician nor a political economist; still less to be a successful journalist, like Greeley, or a lecturer with a thousand annual invitations, like Gough. These careers have really no more to do with literature than has the stage or the bar. Indeed, a man may earn twenty thousand dollars a year by writing "sensation stories," and have nothing to do with literature as an art. But to devote one's life to perfecting the manner, as well as the matter, of one's work; to expatriate one's self long years for it, like Motley; to overcome vast physical obsta-

cles for it, like Prescott or Parkman; to live and die only to transfuse external nature into human words, like Thoreau; to chase dreams for a lifetime, like Hawthorne; to labor tranquilly and see a nation imbued with one's thoughts, like Emerson,—this it is to pursue literature as an art.

There is apparently something in the Anglo-Saxon mind which causes a slight shrinking from art as such, perhaps associating it with deception or frivolity,—which tolerates it, and, strange to say, even produces it in verse, but really shrinks from it in prose. Across the water, this tendency seems to increase. Just as an Englishman is ashamed to speak well, and pooh-poohs all oratory, so he is growing ashamed even to write well, at least in anything beyond a newspaper; and we on this side have emancipated our tongues more than our pens. What stands between Americans and good writing is usually want of culture; we write as well as we know how, while in England the obstacle seems to be merely a boorish whim. The style of English books and magazines is growing far less careful than ours,—less finished, less harmonious, more slipshod, more slangy. What second-rate American writer would see any wit in describing himself, like Dean Alford in his recent book on language, as “an old party in a shovel”? These bad examples are to be regretted; for doubtless ten times as many original works are annually published in England as in America, and we have an hereditary right to seek from that nation those models of culture for which we must now turn to France.

In a late English magazine, there is an elaborate attempt to prove the inferiority in manliness of the French mind as compared with the English. “Frenchmen are less manly, and Frenchwomen less womanly, than English men and women.” And one of the illustrations seriously offered is this: “In literature they think much of the method, style, and what they themselves call the art of making a book.”

The charge is true. In France alone among living nations is literature habitually pursued as an art; and, in consequence of this, despite the seeds of all decay which imperialism sows, French prose-writing has no rival in contemporary literature. We cannot fully recognize this fact through translations, because only the most sensational French books appear to be translated. But as French painters and actors now habitually surpass all others even in what are claimed as the English qualities,—simplicity and truth,—so do French prose-writers excel. To be set against the brutality of Carlyle and the shrill screams of Ruskin, there is to be seen across the Channel the extraordinary fact of an actual organization of good writers, the French Academy, whose influence all nations feel. Under their authority we see introduced into literary work an habitual grace and perfection, a clearness and directness, a light and pliable strength, and a fine shading of expression, such as no other tongue can even define. We see the same high standard in their criticism, in their works of research, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, in short, throughout literature. What is there in any other language, for instance, to be compared with the voluminous writings of Sainte-Beuve, ranging over all history and literature, and carrying into all that incomparable style, so delicate, so brilliant, so equable, so strong,—touching all themes, not with the blacksmith's hand of iron, but with the surgeon's hand of steel?

In the average type of French novels, one feels the superiority to the English in quiet power, in the absence of the sensational and exaggerated, and in keeping close to the level of real human life. They rely for success upon perfection of style and the most subtle analysis of human character; and therefore they are often painful,—just as Thackeray is painful,—because they look at artificial society, and paint what they see. Thus they dwell often on unhappy marriages, because such things

grow naturally from the false social system in France. On the other hand, in France there is very little house-breaking, and bigamy is almost impossible, so that we hear delightfully little about them; whereas, if you subtract these from the current English novels, what is there left?

Germany furnishes at present no models of prose style; and all her past models, except perhaps Goethe and Heine, seem to be already losing their charm. Yet for knowledge we still go to Germany, and there is a certain exuberant wealth that can even impart fascination to a bad style, as to that of Jean Paul. Such an author may therefore be very useful to a student who can withstand him, which poor Carlyle could not. There was a time, it is said, when English and American literature seemed to be expiring of conventionalism. Carlyle was the Jenner who inoculated and saved us all by this virus from Germany, and then died of his own disease. It now seems a privilege, perhaps, to be able to remember the time when all literature was in the inflammatory stage of this super-induced disorder; but does any one now read Carlyle's French Revolution? Every year now shows that the whole trick of style with which it was written was false from beginning to end. For surely no style can be permanently attractive that is not simple.

Simplicity must be the first element of literary art. This assertion will no doubt run counter to the common belief. Most persons have an impression of something called style in writing, — as they have an impression of something called architecture in building, — as if it were external, superadded, whereas it is in truth the very basis and law of the whole. There is the house, they think, and, if you can afford it, you put on some architecture; there is the writing, and a college-bred man is expected to put on some style. The assumption is, that he is less likely to write simply. This shows our school-boy notions of culture. A really cultivated person is less likely to waste words on

mere ornamentation, just as he is less likely to have gingerbread-work on his house. Good taste simplifies. Men whose early culture was deficient are far more apt to be permanently sophomoric than those who lived through the sophomore at the proper time and place. The reason is, that the habit of expression, in a cultivated person, matures as his life and thought mature; but when a man has had much life and very little expression, he is confused by his own thoughts, and does not know how much to attempt or how to discriminate. When such a person falls on honest slang, it is usually a relief, for then he uses language which is fresh and real to him; whereas such phrases in a cultivated person usually indicate mere laziness and mental undress. Indeed, almost all slang is like parched corn, and should be served up hot, or else not at all.

But it is evident that mere simplicity of style is not enough, for there is a manner of writing which does not satisfy us, though it may be simple and also carefully done. Such, for instance, is the prose style of Southey, which was apparently the model for all American writing in its day. We see the result in the early volumes of the *North American Review*, whose traditions of rather tame correctness were what enabled us to live through the Carlyle epoch with safety. The aim of this style was to avoid all impulse, brilliancy, or surprise, — to be perfectly colorless; it was a highly polished smoothness, on which the thoughts slid like balls. But style is capable of something more than smoothness and clearness; you see this something more when you turn from Prescott to Motley, for instance; there is a new quality in the page, — it has become alive. *Freshness* is perhaps the best word to describe this additional element; it is a style that has blood in it. This may come from various sources, — good health, animal spirits, outdoor habits, or simply an ardent nature. It is hard to describe this quality, or to give rules for it; the most obvious way to acquire it is to keep

one's life fresh and vigorous, to write only what presses to be said, and to utter that as if the world waited for the saying. Where lies the extraordinary power of "Jane Eyre," for instance? In the intense earnestness which vitalizes every line; each atom of the author's life appears to come throbbing and surging through it; every sentence seems endowed with a soul of its own, and looks up at you with human eyes.

The next element of literary art may be said to be *structure*. So strong in the American mind is the demand for system and completeness, that the logical element of style, which is its skeleton, is not rare among us. But this is only the basis; besides the philosophical structure of a statement which comes by thought, there is an artistic structure which implies the education of the taste. So, in the human body, there is a symmetry of the bony frame, and there is a further symmetry of the rounded flesh which should cover it; and in literature it is not enough to have a perfectly framed logical skeleton,—there should be also a well-proportioned beauty of utterance, which is the flesh. Unless this inward and outward structure exist, although a book may be never so valuable, it hardly comes within the domain of literary art.

These different types of structure may perhaps be illustrated by three different books, all belonging to the intermediate ground between science and art. I should say that Buckle's "History of Civilization," with all its wealth and vigor, is exceedingly loose-jointed in all its logical structure, and also very defective in its literary structure, although it happens to have an element of freshness which is rare in such a work, and carries the reader along. Darwin's "Origin of Species" is better; that has at the bottom a strong logic, whether conclusive or otherwise, but is so rambling and confused in its merely literary statement, that it does itself no justice. A third book, Huxley's "Lectures," combines with its logic a power of clear and symmetrical statement that gives it a rare charm,

and makes it a contribution, not to science alone, but to literature.

In what is called poetry, *belles-lettres*, or pure literature, the osseous structure is of course hidden; and the symmetry suggested is always that of taste rather than of logic, though logic must be always implied, or at least never violated. In some of the greatest modern authors, however, there are limitations or drawbacks to this symmetry. Margaret Fuller said admirably of her favorite Goethe, that he had the artist's hand, but not the artist's love of structure; and in all his prose writings one sees a certain divergent and centrifugal habit, which completely overpowers him before the end of "Wilhelm Meister," and shows itself even in the "Elective Affinities," which is, so far as I know, his most perfect prose work.

In Emerson, again, one observes a similar defect; his unit of structure is the sentence, and the periods seem combined merely by the accident of juxtaposition; each sentence is a pearl, and the whole essay is so much clipped from the necklace; but it is fastened at neither end, and the beads roll off.

Yet it is not enough for human beauty to possess symmetry of structure, within and without: there must be a beautiful coloring also, wealth of complexion, fineness of texture. So the next element of literary art lies in the *choice of words*. Style must have richness and felicity. Words in a master's hands seem more than words; he can double or quadruple their power by skill in using; and this is a result so delightful, as to give to certain authors a value out of all proportion to their thought. There are books which are luxuries, *livres de luxe*, whose pages seem builded of more potent words than those of common life. Keats, for example, in poetry, and Landor in prose, are illustrations of this; and perhaps the representative instance, in all English literature, of the prismatic resources of mere words is the poem of "The Eve of St. Agnes." But thus to be crowned monarch of the sunset, to trust one's self with full daring in these

realms of glory, demands such a balance of endowments as no one in English literature save Shakespeare has attained.

In choosing words, it is to be remembered that there is not a really poor one in any language; each had originally some vivid meaning, but most of them have been worn smooth by passing from hand to hand, and hence the infinite care required in their use. "Language," says Max Müller, "is a dictionary of faded metaphors"; and every writer who creates a new image, or even reproduces an old one by passing it through a fresh mind, enlarges this vast treasure-house. And this applies not only to words of beauty, but to words of wit. "All wit," said Mr. Pitt, "is true reasoning"; and Rogers, who preserved this saying, added, that he himself had lived long before making the discovery that wit was truth.

A final condition of literary art is *thoroughness*, which must be shown both in the preparation and in the revision of one's work. The most brilliant mind yet needs a large accumulated capital of facts and images, before it can safely enter on its business. Coleridge went to Davy's chemical lectures, he said, to get a new stock of metaphors. Addison, before beginning the *Spectator*, had accumulated three folio volumes of notes. "The greater part of an author's time," said Dr. Johnson, "is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book." Unhappily, with these riches comes the chance of being crushed by them, of which the agreeable Roman Catholic writer, Digby, is a striking recent example. There is no satisfaction in being told, as Charles Lamb told Godwin, that "you have read more books that are not worth reading than any other man"; nor in being described, as was Southey by Shelley, as "a talking album, filled with long extracts from forgotten books on unimportant subjects." One must not have more knowledge than one can keep in subjection; but every literary man needs to accumulate a whole tool-chest in his

memory, and another in his study, before he can be more than a journeyman at his trade.

Yet the labor of preparation is not, after all, more important than that of final revision. The feature of literary art which is always least appreciated by the public, and even by young authors, is the amount of toil it costs. But all the standards, all the precedents of every art, show that the greatest gifts do not supersede the necessity of work. The most astonishing development of native genius in any direction, so far as I know, is that of Mozart in music; yet it is he who has left the remark, that, if few equalled him in his vocation, few had studied it with such persevering labor and such unremitting zeal. There is still preserved at Ferrara the piece of paper on which Ariosto wrote in sixteen different ways one of his most famous stanzas. The novel which Hawthorne left unfinished — and whose opening chapters when published proved so admirable — had been begun by him, as it appeared, in five different ways. Yet how many young collegians have at this moment in their desks the manuscript of their first novel, and have considered it a piece of heroic toil if they have once revised it!

It is to rebuke this literary indolence, and to afford a perpetual standard of high art, that the study of Greek ought to be retained in our schools. The whole future of our literature may depend upon it; to abandon it is deliberately to forego the very highest models. There is no other literature which so steadily reproaches a young writer, — nothing else by which he may sustain himself till he forms a high standard of his own. Not that he should attempt direct imitations, which are almost always failures as such, however attractive in other respects; witness Swinburne's "Atalanta." But the true use of Greek literature is perpetually to remind us what a wondrous thing literary art may be, — capable of what range of resources, of what thoroughness in structure, of what perfection in detail. It is a remarkable fact, that the most

penetrating and fearless of all our writers, Thoreau, — he who made Nature his sole mistress, and shook himself utterly free from human tradition, — yet clung to Greek literature as the one achievement of man that seemed worthy to take rank with Nature, pronouncing it “as refined, as solidly done, and as beautiful almost as the morning itself.”

These are the qualities of style that seem most obviously important, — simplicity, freshness, structure, choice of words, and thoroughness both of preparation and of finish. Yet, in aiming at literary art, it must be remembered that all the cardinal virtues go into a good style, while each of the seven deadly sins tends to vitiate a bad one. What a charm in the merit of humility, for instance, as it is sometimes seen in style, leading to a certain self-restraint and moderation of tone, however weighty the argument! How great the power of an habitual under-statement, on which in due season one strong thought rises like an ocean-crest, and breaks, and sweeps onward, lavishing itself in splendor! What a glorious gift of heaven would have been the style of Ruskin, for instance, could he but have contained himself, and put forth only half his strength, instead of always planting, in the words of old Fuller, “a piece of ordnance to batter down an aspen-leaf”!

It would be hardly safe to illustrate what has been said by any multiplication of examples from our own literature. Yet perhaps there will be no danger in saying that America has as yet produced but two authors of whom we may claim that their style is in all respects adequate to their wants, and the perfect vehicle of their thought. It is not always the greatest writers of whom this is true, for one’s demands upon the vehicle of thought are in proportion to his thoughts, and great ideas strain language more than small ones. We cannot say of either Emerson or Thoreau, for instance, that his style is adequate to his needs, because the needs are immense, and Thoreau, at least, sometimes disdains effort. But

the only American authors, perhaps, whose style is an elastic garment that fits all the uses of the body, are Irving and Hawthorne.

This has no reference to the quality of their thought, as to which in Irving we feel a slight mediocrity; no matter, there is the agreeable style, and it does him all the service he needs. By its aid he reached his limit of execution, and we can hardly imagine him, with his organization, as accomplishing more. But in Hawthorne we see astonishing power, always answered by the style, and capable of indefinite expansion within certain lateral limits. His early solitude narrowed his affinities, and gave a kind of bloodlessness to his style; clear in hue, fine in texture, it is apt to want the mellow tinge which indicates a robust and copious life. Even such a criticism seems daring, in respect to anything so beautiful; and I can conceive of no other defect in the style of Hawthorne.

Perhaps the conclusion of the whole matter may seem to be that literary art is so lofty a thing as to be beyond the reach of any of us; as the sage in *Rasselas*, discoursing on poetry, only convinces his hearers that no one ever can be a poet. After so much in the way of discouragement, it should be added, — what the most limited experience may teach us all, — that there is no other pursuit so unceasingly delightful. As some one said of love, “all other pleasures are not worth its pains.” But the literary man must love his art, as the painter must love painting, out of all proportion to its rewards; or rather, the delight of the work must be its own reward. Any praise or guerdon hurts him, if it bring any other pleasure to eclipse this. The reward of a good sentence is to have written it; if it bring fame or fortune, very well, so long as this recompense does not intoxicate. The peril is, that all temporary applause is vitiated by uncertainty, and may be leading you right or wrong. Goethe wrote to Schiller, “We make money by our poor books.”

The impression is somehow conveyed

to the young, that there exists somewhere a circle of cultivated minds, gifted with discernment, who can distinguish at a glance between Shakespeare and Tupper. One may doubt the existence of any such contemporary tribunal. Certainly there is none such in America. Provided an author says something noticeable, and obeys the ordinary rules of grammar and spelling, his immediate public asks little more; and if he attempts more, it is an even chance that it leads him away from favor. Indeed, within the last few years, it has come to be a sign of infinite humor to dispense with even these few rules, and spell as badly as possible. Yet even if you went to London or to Paris in search of this imaginary body of critics, you would not find them; there also you would find the transient and the immortal confounded together, and the transient often uppermost. Even a foreign country is not always, as has been said, a contemporaneous posterity. It is said that no American writer was ever so warmly received in England as Artemus Ward. It is only the slow alembic of the years that finally eliminates from this vast mass of literature its few immortal drops, and leaves the rest to perish.

I know of no tonic more useful for a young writer than to read carefully, in the English Reviews of sixty or seventy years ago, the crushing criticisms on nearly every author of that epoch who has achieved lasting fame. What cannot there be read, however, is the sterner history of those who were simply neglected. Look, for instance, at the career of Charles Lamb, who now seems to us a writer who must have disarmed opposition, and have been a favorite from the first. Lamb's "Rosamond Gray" was published in 1798, and for two years was not even reviewed. His poems appeared during the same year. In 1815 he introduced Talfourd to Wordsworth as his own "only admirer." In 1819 the series of "Essays of Elia" began, and Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt that year: "When I think of such a mind as Lamb's,

when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?" These Essays were published in a volume in 1823; and Willis records that when he was in Europe, ten years later, and just before Lamb's death, "it was difficult to light upon a person who had read Elia."

This brings us to a contemporary instance. Willis and Hawthorne wrote early, side by side, in "The Token," about 1827, forty years ago. Willis rose at once to notoriety, but Mr. S. G. Goodrich, the editor of the work, states in his autobiography, that Hawthorne's contributions "did not attract the slightest attention." Ten years later, in 1837, these same sketches were collected in a volume, as "Twice-Told Tales"; but it was almost impossible to find a publisher for them, and when published they had no success. I well remember the apathy with which even the enlarged edition of 1842 was received, in spite of the warm admiration of a few; nor was it until the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," in 1850, that its author could fairly be termed famous. For twenty years he was, in his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America"; and it is the thought to which the mind must constantly recur, in thinking of Hawthorne, How could any combination of physical and mental vigor enable a man to go on producing works of such a quality in an atmosphere so chilling?

Probably the truth is, that art precedes criticism, and that every great writer creates or revives the taste by which he is appreciated. True, we are wont to claim that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; but it sometimes takes the world a good while to acknowledge its poor relations. It seems hard for most persons to recognize a touch of nature when they see it. The trees have formed their buds in autumn every year since trees first waved; but you will find that the great majority of persons have never made that discovery, and suppose that Na-

ture gets up those ornaments in spring. And if we are thus blind to what hangs conspicuously before our eyes for the whole long winter of every year, how unobservant must we be of the rarer phases of earthly beauty and of human life? Keep to the conventional, and you have something which all have seen, even if they disapprove; copy Nature, and her colors make art appear incredible. If you could paint the sunset before your window as gorgeous as it is, your picture would be hooted from the walls of the exhibition. If you were to write into fiction the true story of the man or woman you met yesterday, it would be scouted as too wildly unreal. Indeed, the literary artist may almost say, as did the Duke of Wellington when urged to write his memoirs, "I should like to speak the truth; but if I did, I should be torn in pieces."

Therefore the writer, when he adopts a high aim, must be a law to himself, bide his time, and take the risk of discovering, at last, that his life has been a failure. His task is one in which failure is easy, when he must not only depict the truths of Nature, but must do this with such verisimilitude as to vindicate its truth to other eyes. And since this recognition may not even begin till after his death, we can see what Rivarol meant by his fine saying, that "genius is only great patience," and Buffon, by his more guarded definition of genius as the aptitude for patience.

Of all literary qualities, this patience has thus far been rarest in America. Therefore, there has been in our literature scarcely any quiet power; if effects are produced, they must, in literature as in painting, be sensational, and cover acres of canvas. As yet, the mass of our writers seek originality in mere externals; we think, because we live in a new country, we are unworthy of ourselves if we do not Americanize the grammar and spelling-book. In a republic, must the objective case be governed by a verb? We shall yet learn that it is not new literary forms we need, but only fresh inspiration, com-

bined with cultivated taste. The standard of good art is always much the same; modifications are trifling. Otherwise we could not enjoy any foreign literature. A fine phrase in *Æschylus* or Dante affects us as if we had read it in Emerson. A structural completeness in a work of art seems the same in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* as in "The Scarlet Letter." Art has therefore its law; and eccentricity, though sometimes promising as a mere trait of youth, is only a disfigurement to maturer years. It is no discredit to Walt Whitman that he wrote "Leaves of Grass," only that he did not burn it afterwards. A young writer must commonly plough in his first crop, as the farmer does, to enrich the soil. Is it luxuriant, astonishing, the wonder of the neighborhood; so much the better,—in let it go!

Sydney Smith said, in 1818, "There does not appear to be in America, at this moment, one man of any considerable talents." Though this might not now be said, we still stand before the world with something of the Swiss reputation, as a race of thrifty republicans, patriotic and courageous, with a decided turn for mechanical invention. What we are actually producing, even to-day, in any domain of pure art, is very little; it is only the broad average intelligence of the masses that does us any credit. And even this is easily exaggerated. The majority of members of Congress talk bad grammar; so do the majority of public-school teachers. I do not mean merely that they speak without elegance, but that in moments of confidence they say "We was," and "Them things," and "I done it." With the present predominance of merely scientific studies, and the increasing distaste for the study of language, I do not see how this is to diminish. For all that, there are already visible, in the American temperament, two points of great promise in respect to art in general, and literary art above all.

First, there is in this temperament a certain pliability and impressibility, as compared with the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race; it shows a finer grain and

a nicer touch. If this is not yet shown in the way of literature, it is only because the time has not come. It is visible everywhere else. The aim which Bonaparte avowed as his highest ambition for France, to convert all trades into arts, is being rapidly fulfilled all around us. There is a constant tendency to supersede brute muscle by the fibres of the brain, and thus to assimilate the rudest toil to what Bacon calls "sedentary and within-door arts, that require rather the finger than the arm." It is clear that this same impulse, in higher and higher applications, must culminate in the artistic creation of beauty.

And to fortify this fine instinct, we may trust, secondly, in the profound earnestness which still marks our people. With all this flexibility, there is yet a solidity of principle beneath, that makes the subtle American mind as real and controlling as that of the robust race from which it sprang. Though the present tendency of our art is towards foreign models, this is but a temporary thing. We must look at these till we have learned what they can teach, but a race in which the moral nature is strongest will be its own guide at last.

And it is a comfort thus to end in the faith that, as the foundation of all true greatness is in the conscience, so we are safe if we can but carry into science and art the same earnestness of spirit which has fought through the great civil war and slain slavery. As "the Puritan has triumphed" in this stern contest, so must the Puritan triumph in the more graceful emulations that are to come; but it must be the Puritanism of Milton, not of Cromwell only. The invigorating air of great moral principles must breathe through all our literature; it is the expanding spirit of the seventeenth century by which we must conquer now.

It is worth all that has been sacrificed in New England to vindicate this one fact, the supremacy of the moral

nature. All culture, all art, without this, must be but rootless flowers, such as flaunt round a nation's decay. All the long, stern reign of Plymouth Rock and Salem Meeting-House was well spent, since it had this for an end,—to plough into the American race the tradition of absolute righteousness, as the immutable foundation of all. This was the purpose of our fathers. There should be here no European frivolity, even if European grace went with it. For the sake of this great purpose, history will pardon all their excesses,—overwork, grim Sabbaths, prohibition of innocent amusements, all were better than to be frivolous. And so, in these later years, the arduous reforms into which the life-blood of Puritanism has passed have all helped to train us for art, because they have trained us in earnestness, even while they seemed to run counter to that spirit of joy in which art has its being. For no joy is joyous which has not its root in something noble. In what awful lines of light has this truth been lately written against the sky! What graces might there not have been in that Southern society before the war? It had ease, affluence, leisure, polished manners, European culture,—all worthless; it produced not a book, not a painting, not a statue; it concentrated itself on politics, and failed; then on war, and failed; it is dead and vanished, leaving only memories of wrong behind. Let us not be too exultant; the hasty wealth of New York may do as little. Intellect in this age is not to be found in the circles of fashion; it is not found in such society in Europe, it is not here. Even in Paris, the world's capital, imperialism taints all it touches; and it is the great traditions of a noble nation which make that city still the home of art. We, a younger and cruder race, yet need to go abroad for our standard of execution, but our ideal and our faith must be our own.

A YOUNG DESPERADO.

WHEN Johnny is all snugly curled up in bed, with his rosy cheek resting on one of his scratched and grimy little hands, forming altogether a perfect picture of peace and innocence, it seems hard to realize what a busy, restive, pugnacious, badly ingenious little wretch he is! There is something so comical in those funny little shoes and stockings sprawling on the floor, — they look as if they could jump up and run off, if they wanted to, — there is something so laughable about those little trousers, which appear to be making vain attempts to climb up into the easy-chair, — the said trousers still retaining the shape of Johnny's little legs, and refusing to go to sleep, — there is something, I say, about these things, and about Johnny himself, which makes it difficult for me to remember that, when Johnny is awake, he not unfrequently displays traits of character not to be compared with anything but the cunning of an Indian warrior, combined with the combative qualities of a trained prize-fighter.

I'm sure I don't know how he came by such unpleasant propensities. I am myself the meekest of men. Of course, I don't mean to imply that Johnny inherited his warlike disposition from his mother. She is the gentlest of women. But when you come to Johnny — he's the terror of the whole neighborhood.

He was meek enough at first, — that is to say, for the first six or seven days of his existence. But I verily believe that he was n't more than eleven days old when he showed a degree of temper that shocked me, — shocked me in one so young. On that occasion he turned very red in the face, — he was quite red before, — doubled up his ridiculous hands in the most threatening manner, and finally, in the impotency of rage, punched himself in the eye. When I think of the life he led his mother and Susan during the first eighteen months after his arrival, I shrink from the re-

sponsibility of allowing Johnny to call me father.

Johnny's aggressive disposition was not more early developed than his duplicity. By the time he was two years of age, I had got the following maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is particularly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be in some mischief. And I must say there was a novelty, an unexpectedness, an ingenuity, in his badness that constantly astonished me. The crimes he committed could be arranged alphabetically. He never repeated himself. His evil resources were inexhaustible. He never did the thing I expected he would. He never failed to do the thing I was unprepared for. I am not thinking so much of the time when he painted my writing-desk with raspberry jam, as of the occasion when he perpetrated an act of original cruelty on Mopsey, a favorite kitten in the household. We were sitting in the library. Johnny was playing in the front hall. In view of the supernatural stillness that reigned, I remarked, suspiciously, "Johnny is very quiet, my dear." At that moment a series of pathetic *meows* was heard in the entry, followed by a violent scratching on the oil-cloth. Then Mopsey bounded into the room with three empty spools strung upon her tail. The spools were removed with great difficulty, especially the last one, which fitted remarkably tight. After that, Mopsey never saw a work-basket without arching her tortoise-shell back, and distending her tail to three times its natural thickness. Another child would have squeezed the kitten, or stuck a pin in it, or twisted her tail; but it was reserved for the superior genius of Johnny to string rather small spools upon it. He never did the obvious thing.

It was this fertility and happiness, if I may say so, of invention, that prevented me from being entirely dejected over my son's behavior at this period.

Sometimes the temptation to seize him and shake him was too strong for poor human nature. But I always regretted it afterwards. When I saw him asleep in his tiny bed, with one tear dried on his plump velvety cheek and two little mice-teeth visible through the parted lips, I could n't help thinking what a little bit of a fellow he was, with his funny little fingers and his funny little nails; and it did n't seem to me that he was the sort of person to be pitched into by a great strong man like me.

"When Johnny grows older," I used to say to his mother, "I'll reason with him."

Now I don't know when Johnny will grow old enough to be reasoned with. When I reflect how hard it is to reason with wise grown-up people, if they happen to be unwilling to accept your view of matters, I am inclined to be very patient with Johnny, whose experience is rather limited, after all, though he is six years and a half old, and naturally wants to know why and wherefore. Somebody says something about the duty of "blind obedience." I can't expect Johnny to have more wisdom than Solomon, and to be more philosophic than the philosophers.

At times, indeed, I have been led to expect this from him. He has shown a depth of mind that warranted me in looking for anything. At times he seems as if he were a hundred years old. He has a quaint, bird-like way of cocking his head on one side, and asking a question that appears to be the result of years of study. If I could answer some of those questions, I should solve the darkest mysteries of life and death. His inquiries, however, generally have a grotesque flavor. One night, when the mosquitoes were making lively raids on his person, he appealed to me, suddenly: "How does the moon feel when a skeeter bites it?" To his meditative mind, the broad, smooth surface of the moon presented a temptation not to be resisted by any stray skeeter.

I freely confess that Johnny is now and then too much for me. I wish I

could read him as cleverly as he reads me. He knows all my weak points; he sees right through me, and makes me feel that I am a helpless infant in his adroit hands. He has an argumentative, oracular air, when things have gone wrong, which always upsets my dignity. Yet how cunningly he uses his power! It is only in the last extremity that he crosses his legs, puts his hands into his trousers-pockets, and argues the case with me. One day last week he was very near coming to grief. By my directions, kindling-wood and coal are placed every morning in the library grate, in order that I may have a fire the moment I return at night. Master Johnny must needs apply a lighted match to this arrangement early in the forenoon. The fire was not discovered until the blower was one mass of red-hot iron, and the wooden mantelpiece was smoking with the intense heat.

When I came home, Johnny was led from the store-room, where he had been imprisoned from an early period, and where he had employed himself in eating about two dollars' worth of preserved pears.

"Johnny," said I, in as severe a tone as one could use in addressing a person whose forehead glistened with syrup,— "Johnny, don't you remember that I have always told you never to meddle with matches?"

It was something delicious to see Johnny trying to remember. He cast one eye meditatively up to the ceiling, then he fixed it abstractedly on the canary-bird, then he rubbed his ruffled brows with a sticky hand; but really, for the life of him, he could n't recall any injunctions concerning matches.

"I can't, papa, truly, truly," said Johnny at length. "I guess I must have forgot it."

"Well, Johnny, in order that you may not forget it in future —"

Here Johnny was seized with an idea. He interrupted me.

"I'll tell you what you do, papa, — *you just put it down in writin'.*"

With the air of a man who has set-

tled a question definitely, but at the same time is willing to listen politely to any crude suggestions that you may have to throw out, Johnny crossed his legs, and thrust his hands into those wonderful trousers-pockets. I turned my face aside, for I felt a certain weakness creeping into the corners of my mouth. I was lost. In an instant the little head, covered all over with yellow curls, was laid upon my knee, and Johnny was crying, "I'm so very, very sorry!"

I have said that Johnny is the terror of the neighborhood. I think I have not done the young gentleman an injustice. If there is a window broken within the radius of two miles from our house, Johnny's ball, or a stone known to come from his dexterous hand, is almost certain to be found in the battered premises. I never hear the musical jingling of splintered glass, but my *porte-monnaie* gives a convulsive throb in my breast-pocket. There is not a doorstep in our street that has n't borne evidences in red chalk of his artistic ability; there is n't a bell that he has n't rung and run away from at least three hundred times. Scarcely a day passes but he falls out of something, or over something, or into something. A ladder running up to the dizzy roof of an unfinished building is no more to be resisted by him than the back platform of a horse-car, when the conductor is collecting his fare in front.

I should not like to enumerate the battles that Johnny has fought during the past eight months. It is a physical impossibility, I should judge, for him to refuse a challenge. He picks his enemies out of all ranks of society. He has fought the ash-man's boy, the grocer's boy, the rich boys over the way, and any number of miscellaneous boys who chanced to stray into our street.

I can't say that this young desperado is always victorious. I have known the tip of his nose to be in a state of unpleasant redness for weeks together. I have known him to come home frequently with no brim to his hat; once he presented himself with only one

shoe, on which occasion his jacket was split up the back in a manner that gave him the appearance of an over-ripe chestnut bursting out of its bur. How he will fight! But this I can say,—if Johnny is as cruel as Caligula, he is every bit as brave as Agamemnon. I never knew him to strike a boy smaller than himself. I never knew him to tell a lie when a lie would save him from disaster.

At present the General, as I sometimes call him, is in hospital. He was seriously wounded at the battle of The Little Go-Cart, on the 9th instant. On returning from my office yesterday evening, I found that scarred veteran stretched upon a sofa in the sitting-room, with a patch of brown paper stuck over his left eye, and a convicting smell of vinegar about him.

"Yes," said his mother, dolefully, "Johnny's been fighting again. That horrid Barnabee boy (who is eight years old, if he is a day) won't let the child alone."

"Well," said I, "I hope Johnny gave that Barnabee boy a thrashing."

"Did n't I, though?" cries Johnny, from the sofa. "I bet!"

"O Johnny!" says his mother.

Now, several days previous to this, I had addressed the General in the following terms:—

"Johnny, if I ever catch you in another fight of your own seeking, I shall cane you."

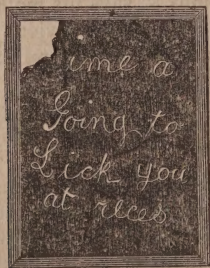
In consequence of this declaration, it became my duty to look into the circumstances of the present affair, which will be known in history as the battle of The Little Go-Cart. After going over the ground very carefully, I found the following to be the state of the case.

It seems that the Barnabee Boy—I speak of him as if he were the Benicia Boy—is the oldest pupil in the Primary Military School (I think it *must* be a military school) of which Johnny is a recent member. This Barnabee, having whipped every one of his companions, was sighing for new boys to conquer, when Johnny joined the institution. He at once made

friendly overtures of battle to Johnny, who, oddly enough, seemed indisposed to encourage his advances. Then Barnabee began a series of petty persecutions, which had continued up to the day of the fight.

On the morning of that eventful day the Barnabee Boy appeared in the school-yard with a small go-cart. After running down on Johnny several times with this useful vehicle, he captured Johnny's cap, filled it with sand, and dragged it up and down the yard triumphantly in the go-cart. This made the General very angry, of course, and he took an early opportunity of kicking over the triumphal car, in doing which he kicked one of the wheels so far into space that it has not been seen since.

This brought matters to a crisis. The battle would have taken place then and there; but at that moment the school-bell rang, and the gladiators were obliged to give their attention to Smith's Speller. But a gloom hung over the morning's exercises,—a gloom that was not dispelled in the back row, when the Barnabee Boy stealthily held up to Johnny's vision a slate, whereon was inscribed this fearful message:—



Johnny got it "put down in writin'" this time!

After a hasty glance at the slate, the General went on with his studies composedly enough. Eleven o'clock came, and with it came recess, and with recess the inevitable battle.

Now I do not intend to describe the details of this brilliant action, for the sufficient reason that, though there were seven young gentlemen (connected with the Primary School) on the field as war correspondents, their accounts of the engagement are so contradictory as to be utterly worthless. On one point they all agree,—that the contest was sharp, short, and decisive. The truth is, the General is a quick, wiry, experienced old hero; and it did n't take him long to rout the Barnabee Boy, who was in reality a coward, as all bullies and tyrants ever have been, and always will be.

I don't approve of boys fighting; I don't defend Johnny; but if the General wants an extra ration or two of preserved pear, he shall have it!

I am well aware that, socially speaking, Johnny is a Black Sheep. I know that I have brought him up badly, and that there is not an unmarried man or woman in the United States who wouldn't have brought him up very differently. It's a great pity that the only people who know how to manage children never have any! At the same time, Johnny is not a black sheep all over. He has some white spots. His sins—if wiser folks had no greater!—are the result of too much animal life. They belong to his evanescent youth, and will pass away; but his honesty, his generosity, his bravery, belong to his character, and are enduring qualities. The quickly crowding years will tame him. A good large pane of glass, or a seductive bell-knob, ceases in time to have attractions for the most reckless spirit. And I am quite confident that Johnny will be a great statesman, or a valorous soldier, or, at all events, a good citizen, after he has got over being A Young Desperado.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The First Canticle [Inferno] of the Divine Comedy of DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston : De Vries, Ibarra, and Company.

WHILE we must own that we have no sympathy with the theory of free translation, we recognize the manifold merits of execution in this work, and accept it as one which, together with Mr. Longfellow's version of the whole of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and Mr. Norton's translation of the *Vita Nuova*, will make the present year memorable in our literature. It does not necessarily stand in antagonism to works executed in a spirit entirely different, and we shall make no comparison of it with the "Inferno" by Mr. Longfellow, the admirers of which will be among the first to feel its characteristic and very striking excellences.

In substituting the decasyllabic quatrain for the triple rhyme of the Italian, we suppose Dr. Parsons desired rather to please the reader's ear with a familiar stanza, than to avoid the difficulties (exaggerated, we think, by critics) of the *terza rima*, and he could certainly have chosen no more felicitous form after once departing from that of his original. He has almost re-created the stanza for his purpose, giving it new movement, and successfully adapting to the exigencies of dialogue and of narrative what has hitherto chiefly been associated with elegiac and didactic poetry. Something of this may be seen in the following passages (from the description of the transit through the frozen circle of Caina), which moreover appear to us among the best sustained of the version.

"And as a frog squats croaking from a stream,
With nose put forth, what time the village maid
Oft in her slumber doth of gleaning dream,
Stood in the ice there every doleful shade.
Livid as far as where shame paints the cheek,
And doomed their faces downward still to hold,
Chattering like storks, their weeping eyes bespeak
Their aching hearts, their mouths the biting cold."

"A thousand visages I saw, by cold
Turned to dog-faces; horror chills me through
Whenever of those frozen fords I think.
And as we nearer to the centre drew,
Towards which all bodies by their weight must
sink,

There, as I shivered in the eternal chill,
Trampling among the heads, it happened, by luck,
Or destiny — or, it may be, my will —
Hard in the face of one my foot I struck.
Weeping he cried, 'What brings thee bruising us?
Unless on me fresh vengeance thou wouldst pile
For Mont' Aperti, why torment me thus?'
And I: 'My Master, wait for me awhile,
That I through him may set one doubt at rest;
Then, if thou bid me hasten on, I will.'
My leader stopped; and I the shade addressed
Who kept full bitterly blaspheming still,
'Say, who art thou whose tongue so foully speaks?'
'Nay, what art thou that walk'st the withering air
Of Ante iora, smiting others' cheeks
That, wert thou living, 't were too much to bear?'
'Living I am; and thou, if craving fame,
Mayst count it precious,' — this was my reply, —
'That I with other notes record thy name.'
He answered thus: 'Far other wish have I.
Trouble me now no longer, — get thee gone:
Thine is cold flattery in this waste of Hell.'
At this his hindmost hairs I fastened on,
And cried, 'Thy name! I'll force thee now to tell,
Or not one hair upon thy head shall grow.'
He answered thus: 'Although thou pluck me
bare,
I'll neither tell my name, nor visage show;
Nay, though a thousand times thou rend my hair.'

"I held his tresses in my fingers wound,
And more than one tuft had I twitched away
As he, with eyes bent down, howled like a
hound;
When one cried out, 'What ails thee, Bocca?
say, —
Canst thou not make enough clack with thy jaws,
But thou must bark too? What fiend pricks
thee now?'
'Aha!' said I, 'henceforth I have no cause
To bid thee speak, thou cursed traitor thou!
I'll shame thee, bearing truth of thee to men.'
'Away!' he answered: 'what thou wilt, re-
late;
But, shouldst thou get from hence with breath
again,
Mention him too so ready with his prate."

The encounter of Dante with Farinata and Cavalcante in their fiery tombs is also painted with such animated and fortunate strokes that we must reproduce some of them here: —

"O Tuscan! thou who com'st with gentle speech,
Through Hell's hot city, breathing from the
earth,
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech:
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth.
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung,
Which in my day perchance I somewhat vexed,
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I trembling stood with fear perplexed.
Then as I closer to my master drew,

'Turn back ! what dost thou ?' he exclaimed in haste ;
'See ! Farinata rises to thy view ;
Now mayst behold him upward from his waist.'

"Full in his face already I was gazing,
While his front lowered, and his proud bosom swelled,
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held."

In this scene, however, the radical defect of Dr. Parsons's work appears : it is unequal, and unsustained even in some of its best parts. It seems scarcely credible that the poet who could produce the grand lines just given, could also mar the whole effect of the father's frantic appeal to know if his son Guido be no longer alive, by putting in his mouth the melodramatic words,

"Sayest thou, 'he had' ? *what mean ye !* is he dead ?"

But our translator does this, and he makes Ugolino report little Anselm as saying,

"Thou look'st so, father ! what's the matter, what ?"
— a line that Melpomene herself could not read with tragic effect, — for,

"Disse ; tu guardi sì, padre ; che hai ?"

As he likewise causes Francesca to say,

"Love quick to kindle every gentler breast
Fired this fond being with the lovely shape
Bereft me so !"

for,

"Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende ;
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta " ;

and,

"Where Po descends in Adria's peace to rest
Raging with all his rivulets no more,"

for,

"Su la marina dove 'l Po discende
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui."

Indeed, we have to confess that the present is on the whole not a satisfactory translation of the episode of Francesca da Rimini. The inscription on the gate of hell, also, is rendered in a manner scarcely to be called successful, and not bearing comparison with that of the other rhyming translators, — Ford, Wright, and Cayley. As to the beginning of the seventh canto, we must think that Dr. Parsons was chiefly moved by the prevailing sentiment of mankind to translate

"Pape Satan ! pape Satan aleppe !"

into

"Ho ! Satan ! Popes — more Popes — head Satan here !"

These and other blemishes arrest the most casual glance. The merits of any work are harder to prove than its faults, though they are quite as deeply felt ; and, as we have already intimated, it is the misfortune of Dr. Parsons that some of his greatest defects are in passages otherwise the most generally successful. There are probably few pages of the translation which do not offend by some lapse ; but at the same time there is no page which will not command admiration by sublime and striking lines. We think the whole of the following passage from the thirteenth canto (it is the well-known description of the sentient wood into which the self-violent are turned) has a peculiar strength and dignity : —

"Amid the branches of this dismal grove,
Their loathsome nests the brutal Harpies build,
Who from the Strophades the Trojans drove
With woful auguries erelong fulfilled.
Huge wings they have, men's faces, human throats,
Feet armed with claws, vast bellies clothed with plumes :
From those strange trees they pour their doleful notes.

'Now, ere thou further penetrate these glooms,'
Said my good master, 'thou shouldst understand
Thou'rt in the second circlet, and shalt be,
Until thou come upon the horrid sand.
Give good heed then : more wonders thou shalt see,

Yea, to confirm all stories I have told.'
On every side I heard heart-rending cries,
But not a person could I there behold :
Wherefore I stopped, bewildered with surprise.
Methinks he thought I thought the voices came
From some that, hiding, in the thicket lay :
Because the Master said, 'If thou but maim
One of these plants, yea, pluck a branch away,
Then shall thy judgment be more just than now.'
Therefore my hand I slightly forward reached ;
And while I wrenched away a little bough
From a huge bush, 'Why mangle me ?' it screeched.

Then, as the dingy drops began to start,
'Why dost thou tear me ?' shrieked the trunk again,
'Hast thou no touch of pity in thy heart ?
We that now here are planted, once were men ;
But, were we serpents' souls, thy hand might shame
To have no more compassion on our woes' ;
Like a green log, that hisses in the flame,
Groaning at one end, as the other glows, —
Even as the wind comes sputtering forth, I say,
Thus oozed together from the splintered wood
Both words and blood. I dropped the broken spray,
And, like a coward, faint and trembling stood."

This picture, also, of the apparition of the angel who opens the gates of Dis is done with a hand as firm as it is free : —

"As frogs before their enemy, the snake,
Quick scattering through the pool in timid
shoals,
On the dank ooze a huddling cluster make,
I saw above a thousand ruined souls
Flying from one who passed the Stygian bog,
With feet unmoistened by the sludgy wave ;
Oft from his face his left hand brushed the fog
Whose weight alone, it seemed, annoyance gave.
At once the messenger of Heaven I kened,
And toward my master turned, who made a sign
That hushed I should remain, and lowly bend.
Ah me, how full he looked of scorn divine !"

Ornithology and Oölogy of New England : containing full Descriptions of the Birds of New England, and adjoining States and Provinces, arranged by a long-approved Classification and Nomenclature ; together with a complete History of their Habits, Times of Arrival and Departure, their Distribution, Food, Song, Time of Breeding, and a careful and accurate Description of their Nests and Eggs ; with Illustrations of many Species of the Birds, and accurate Figures of their Eggs. By EDWARD A. SAMUELS, Curator of Zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet. Boston : Nichols and Noyes.

THE strong point of this book is, that it monopolizes the ground, and has no rivals. While no branch of natural history has called forth in America such arduous research as ornithology, or such eloquent writing, there has yet been for many years no popular manual in print. Audubon, Wilson, Nuttall, are all practically inaccessible to the ordinary purchaser. Moreover, there have been great advances in scientific classification, and also in field knowledge, since those earlier works appeared. There is therefore an admirable field for any new writer.

Mr. Samuels frankly acknowledges on his first page that he is mainly indebted to Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institute for what is by far the most valuable portion of his book, — the classification, the nomenclature, and the generic and specific descriptions. He is only responsible for the popular descriptions ; but even these consist so very largely of quotations that the whole book must evidently be judged rather as a compilation than as an original work.

Considered as a compilation, it is valuable, though its title-page unfortunately promises more than any work on natural history ever yet performed, and so prepares

the way for disappointment. Mr. Samuels appears to be a zealous and accurate ornithologist, with plenty of field-knowledge, but very little descriptive power. Being apparently conscious of this, he is shy of delineating the rarer birds, because he does not personally know them, while he passes hastily over the more familiar, because "their habits are known to all." This last piece of abstinence is greatly to be regretted. For a local manual has two main objects, to furnish to young students the means of identifying species, and to give remote students the means of comparing species. For both purposes the commonest birds are most important, since everybody begins with these. A boy wishes, for instance, to identify the wood-thrush ; or a Southern naturalist wishes to compare its traits with those of the mocking-bird. He finds that in this book the wood-thrush is dismissed with two pages, while there is a quotation from Wilson seven pages long upon the habits of the mocking-bird. When will naturalists learn that the first duty of each observer is to make a thorough study of his own locality, and meanwhile to let the rest of the world alone ?

One looks in vain in these pages for any good description of the song-sparrow, the blue-bird, the blue-jay, the kingfisher, or the oriole. These birds are allowed but a page or two each, although, for some reason, more liberal space is given to the robin and the crow. But there is no bird so familiar that it does not offer subjects for interesting speculation and study. The pretty nocturnal trill of the hairbird ; the remarkable change which civilization has wrought in the habits of the cliff-swallow ; the disputed question whether the cat-bird is or is not a mocker ; — these and a hundred similar points relate to very common birds, and are accordingly unnoticed by Mr. Samuels. Eggs really interest him, and his descriptions and measurements of these constitute the most original part of the book, and are highly valuable. On the other hand, the notes of birds are very inadequately described, and sometimes not at all ; he does not mention that the loon has a voice.

Again, he does full justice to the chronology of bird biography, and gives ample dates as to their coming and going, nesting and hatching. But as to their geographical distribution the information is scanty, and not always quite reliable. Thus the snowy-owl is described (p. 78) as occurring "principally on the sea-coast," whereas it is toler-

ably abundant in the very heart of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, etc.; the snow-bird is described as nesting in the White Mountains (p. 314), while the more remarkable fact that it nests on Monadnock is omitted; the meadow-lark is described as only remaining in New England through "mild winters" (p. 344), whereas near Newport it remains during the coldest seasons, more abundantly than any other conspicuous bird. These, however, are subordinate points, and there is no important matter in which we have seen any reason to impugn the author's accuracy.

The inequality which marks the internal execution of this book marks also its externals. The plates of eggs—four in number, comprising thirty eggs—are admirable; while the plates representing birds are of the most mediocre description, and do discredit to the work. With all these merits and demerits, the book is of much value, because an unsatisfactory manual is far better than none. It does not take the place of that revised edition of Nuttall, which is still the great desideratum, but we may use meanwhile an eminently ornithological proverb, and say that a Samuels in the hand is worth two Nuttalls in the bush.

Richmond during the War. Four Years of Personal Observation. By a Richmond Lady. New York: G. W. Carleton and Company.

MR. CURTIS, in his charming book, "Prue and I," speaks of the novel effect of landscape which Mr. Titbottom got by putting down his head, and regarding the prospect between his knees; and we suppose that most ingenious boys, young and old, have similarly contemplated nature, and will understand what we mean when we say that the world shows to much the same advantage through the books of Southern writers. Especially in Southern histories of the late war is the effect noticeable. The general outline is the same as when viewed in the more conventional manner, with ideas and principles right side up; the objects are the same, the events and results are the same; but there is a curious glamour over all, and the spectator has a mystical feeling of topsy-turvy, ending in vertigo and a disordered stomach.

The present book is in the spirit of all other subjugated literature concerning the war,—a vainglorious and boastful spirit

as to events that led only to the destruction of the political power of the South; a wronged and forgiving, if not quite cheerful, spirit as to the end itself. Vivid and powerful presentation of facts would not perhaps be expected of an author who calls herself "A Richmond Lady," and there is nothing of the sort in the book. It contains sketches of public Rebels in civil and military station, washed in with the raw yellows, reds, and blues of Southern eulogy; and there is a great deal of gossip concerning private life in Richmond, where everybody appears to have spoken and acted during the four years of the war as if in the presence of the photographers and short-hand writers, and with an eye single to the impression upon posterity. It is an eloquent book, and—need we say?—a dull one.

Kathrina: her Life and mine, in a Poem.

By J. G. HOLLAND, Author of "Bittersweet." New York: Charles Scribner and Company.

LET us tell without any caricature of ours, in prose that shall be just if not generous, the story of Mr. Holland's hero as we have gathered it from the work which the author, for reasons of his own, calls a poem.

The petted son of a rich widow in Northampton, Massachusetts, whose father has killed himself in a moment of insanity, reaches the age of fourteen years without great event, when his mother takes him to visit a lady friend living on the other side of the Connecticut River. In this lady's door-yard the hero finds a little lamb tethered in the grass, and decked with a necklace of scarlet ribbon, and, having a mind for a frolic with the pretty animal, the boy unties it. Instantly it slips its tether from his hand, leaps the fence, and runs to the top of the nearest mountain, whither he follows it, and where, exalted by the magnificence of the landscape, he is for the first time conscious of being a poet. Returning to his anxious mother, she too is aware of some wondrous change in him, and says:

"My Paul has climbed the noblest mountain height
In all his little world, and gazed on scenes
As beautiful as rest beneath the sun.
I trust he will remember all his life
That to his best achievement, and the spot
Nearest to heaven his youthful feet have trod,
He has been guided by a guileless lamb.
It is an omen which his mother's heart
Will treasure with her jewels."

Resolved to give him the best education-

al advantages. his mother sends him to Mr. Bancroft's school ; or, as Mr. Holland sings, permits him

"To climb the goodly eminence where he
In whose profound and stately pages live
His country's annals, ruled his little realm."

Here the hero surpasses all the other boys in everything, and but repeats his triumphs later when he goes to Amherst College. His mother lives upon the victories which he despises ; but at last she yields to the taint which was in her own blood as well as her husband's, and destroys herself. The son, who was aware of her suicidal tendency, and had once overheard her combating it in prayer, curses the God who would not listen to her and help her, and rejects Him from his scheme of life.

In due time he falls in love with Kathrina, a young lady whom he first sees on the occasion of her public reception into the Congregational Church at Hadley. Later he learns that she is staying with the lady whose pet lamb led him such a chase, — that she is in fact her niece, and that she has seen better days. We must say that this good lady does everything in her power to make a match between the young people ; and she is more pleased than surprised at the success of her efforts. It has been the hero's idea that human love will fill up the void left in his life by the rejection of God and religion ; but he soon finds himself vaguely unhappy and unsatisfied, and he determines to glut his heart with literary fame. He goes, therefore, to New York, and succeeds as a poet beyond all his dreams of success. For ten years he is the most popular of authors ; but he sickens of his facile triumph, and imagines that to be happy he must write to please himself, and not the multitude. He writes with this idea, but pleases nobody, and is as unhappy as ever.

Meanwhile, Kathrina has fallen into a decline. On her death-bed she tells him that it is religion alone which can appease and satisfy him ; but she pleads with him in vain, till one day, when he enters her room, and is startled by a strange coincidence : the lamb, which led him to the mountain-top and the consciousness of poetic power, had a scarlet ribbon on its neck, and now he finds this ribbon

"at her throat
Repeated in a bright geranium-flower !"

Then Kathrina tells him that his mother's spirit has talked with her, and bidden her say to him this : —

"The lamb has slipped the leash by which his hand
Held her in thrall, and seeks the mountain-height ;
And he, if he reclaim her to his grasp,
Must follow where she leads, and kneel at last
Upon the summit by her side. And more,
Give him my promise that, if he do this,
He shall receive from that fair altitude
Such vision of the realm that lies around,
Cleft by the river of immortal life,
As shall so lift him from his selfishness,
And so enlarge his soul, that he shall stand
Redeemed from all unworthiness, and saved
To happiness and heaven."

Whereupon, having delivered her message, Kathrina bids him kneel. It is the supreme moment of her life. He hears his mother's voice, and the voice of the innumerable heavenly host, and even the voice of God repeating her mandate. He kneels, and she bids him pray, and, as before, all the celestial voices repeat her bidding. He prays and is saved.

Such is the story of Kathrina, or rather of Kathrina's husband, for she is herself scarcely other than a name for a series of arguments, with little of the flesh and blood of a womanly personality. We have too much reverence for high purposes in literature not to applaud Mr. Holland's good intent in this work, and we accept fully his theory of letters and of life. Both are meagre and unsatisfactory as long as their motive is low ; both must yield unhappiness and self-despite till religion inform them. This is the common experience of man ; this is the burden of the sayings of the sage from the time of Solomon to the time of Mr. Holland ; and we can all acknowledge its truth, however we may differ as to the essence of religion itself. But we conceive that repetition of this truth in a long poem demands of the author an excellence, or of the reader a patience, all but superhuman.

How Mr. Holland has met the extraordinary demand upon his powers is partly evident from the outline of the poem as we have given it. It must be owned that it is rather a feeble fancy which unites two vital epochs by the incident of the truant lambkin, and that the plot of the poem does not in any way reveal a great faculty of invention. A parable, moreover, teaches only so far as it is true to life ; and in a tale professing to deal with persons of our own day and country, we have a right to expect some fidelity to our contemporaries and neighbors. But we find nothing of this in "Kathrina," — not even in the incident of a young gentleman of fourteen sporting with a lambkin ; or in the talk of young people who make love in long arguments concern-

ing the nature and office of genius and the intermediary functions of the teacher. Po-
lemically considered, there is nothing very
wrong in the discussions between those
metaphysical lovers, and no one need raise
the question as to how far Kathrina's pe-
culiar ideas are applicable to the work of
genius bearing her name.

"The greatest artists speak to fewest souls.
... The bread that comes from heaven
Needs finest breaking. Some there doubtless are,
Some ready souls, that take the morsel pure
Divided to their need; but multitudes
Must have it in admixtures, menstruums,
And forms that human hands or human life
Have moulded."

Such passages, though they add nothing
to the verisimilitude of Kathrina's char-
acter, help to make her appear consistent
in not laughing at a certain weird poem
which her lover reads to her. Few ladies
in real life, however great a tenderness they
might feel for a morbid young poet, could
practise Kathrina's self-control, when, de-
picting himself as a godless youth impris-
oned by phantoms "among the elves of
the silent land," he sings:

"Under the charred and ghastly gloom,
Over the flinty stones,
They led him forth to his terrible doom,
And, plunged in a deep and noisome tomb,
They sat him among the bones."

Where, crouching, he beholds, through a
"loop" in the wall, "a sweet angel from
the skies":—

"Could she not loose him from his thrall,
And lead him into the light?
'Ah me!' he murmured, 'I dare not call,
Lest she may doubt it a goblin's wail,
And leave me in swift affright!'"

The question is of the poet himself, im-
mersed in his own gloomy thoughts, and
of Kathrina, who could rescue him from
them; but she has heard "only a wild,
weird story," and her lover is obliged to
explain it, and still we are to suppose
that she did not laugh. Nay, we are told
that she instantly accepted the poet, who
exclaims:

"Are there not lofty moments when the soul
Leaps to the front of being, casting off
The robes and clumsy instruments of sense,
And, postured in its immortality,
Reveals its independence of the clod
In which it dwells?—moments in which the earth
And all material things, all sights and sounds,
All signals, ministries, interpreters,
Relapse to nothing, and the interflow
Of thought and feeling, love and life, go on
Between two spirits, raised to sympathy
By an inspiring passion, as in heaven,
The body dust, within an orb outlined,
It shall go on forever?"

We have no reason to suppose that this
is not thought a fine passage by the author,
who will doubtless find readers enough to
agree with him, if he should not care to
accept our estimate of his whole poem.
Nevertheless, we must confess that it ap-
pears to us puerile in conception, destitute
of due motive, and crude and inartistic in
treatment. But we should be unjust both
to ourselves and our author, if we left his
work without some allusion to its highly
embellished style, or, having failed to ap-
prove the whole design, refused to notice
at all the elaborate ornamentation of the
parts. Not to be guilty, then, of this un-
fairness, let us cull here some of the fanci-
ful tropes and figures which enamel these
flowery pages. The oriole is "a torch of
downy flame"; the "reiterant katydid
rasp the mysterious silence"; a mother's
loss and sorrow are "twin leeches at her
heart"; the frosty landscape is "fulgent
with downy crystals"; Kathrina wears a
"pale-blue muslin robe," which the hero
fancies "dyed with forget-me-nots"; and
the landscape has usually some effect of dry-
goods to the poet's eye. We might almost
believe that this passage,

"We touched the hem
Of the dark mountain's robe, that falls in folds
Of emerald sward around his feet, and there
Upon its tufted velvet we sat down,"

was inspired by perusal of Dr. Holmes's ode
to "Evening—by a Tailor":—

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs."

But Mr. Holland's fancy is of a quality
which transcends all feigning in others.
Whatever it touches it figures in gross ma-
terial substance, preferably wood or some
sort of upholstery. When, however, his
hero first stood in Broadway, he seems to
have found no fabric of the looms, no vari-
ety of plumage, no sort of precious wood
or dye-stuff equal to the allegory, and he
wrecks himself in the following tremendous
hydraulic image:—

"I saw the waves of life roll up the steps
Of great cathedrals and retire; and break
In charioted grandeur at the feet
Of marble palaces, and toss their spray
Of feathered beauty through the open doors,
To pile the restless foam within; and burst
On crowded caravansaries, to fall
In quick return; and in dark currents glide
Through sinuous alleys, and the grimy loops
Of reeking cellars, and with softest plash
Assail the gilded shrines of opulence,
And slide in musical relapse away."

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